

the Cambrian fauna did not originate by descent from any older fauna. But you will easily infer that I take another view of the facts.

Let us glance over these populations. There are first in order and highest of all, the Trilobites, which I have already described. With them, in the very dawn of this *Æon* were Brachiopods—few and feeble, but in *Lingula* as strong and numerous as in any later age. Here grew also, calcareous sponges—not corals, but forerunners of corals—not plants, though rooted and fixed—poor, humble creatures pinned helplessly to the sea-mud, appointed to an age when the work of nature was still crude and unfinished, yet sensitive, capable, undoubtedly, of suffering, and capable of enjoying life. Death, certainly, was there, and pain. The Trilobite, in the very attitude in which existence ended, reveals conscious suffering and apprehension. We often find their forms closely rolled together, as if shrinking from the felt approach of death. The little trilobite, in his final repose, proclaims suffering and death in the world before “sin entered.”

Glancing down to the next epoch, we find other creatures. Ah, this glance overleaps a million years or more. It is an easy step for thought, but who can realize the slow rolling years, the insensibly changing conditions through which nature was fitted for the slight step in progress which the next epoch reveals? Here are trilobites still, and brachiopods and sponges; and here are those huge orthoceratites of which I spoke—animated sticks and logs suspended in the water—long and slimy tentacles projecting at the open end; fierce, huge eyes looking out for some other creature on which to feed; strong, lance-shaped teeth with which to seize and tear him. From this grim presence all other creatures fled away—save those, alas, which nature fixed in the soil and doomed to serve as food for these monster molluscs. Here were meadows of crinoidal forms which have already been described. Raising their sculptured urns on gently waving stems, they spread their jointed arms and fingers in search of their own aliment, and were nipped for supper by some ravaging *Orthoceras*.