

sometimes twenty or thirty in number on a single slope, and wind along the hillsides till they are lost in the distance. Instead of sterility, he beholds grassy slopes, to which, for the exquisite brightness of their verdure, contrasting with the lines of brown crag and the dark blue sea, he would with difficulty find elsewhere a counterpart. I can recall the first impression of astonishment and delight which in boyhood these scenes printed indelibly on my memory. The penning of these lines brings also to my recollection many a subsequent hour of reverie spent among them. Often after a long day of geological activity among the Inner Hebrides have I paused on the homeward journey, to mark how the sinking sunlight, striking along those terraced and crag-crowned slopes, revealed with a vividness that was lost in the glare of noon, their union of dark projecting bars of rock and strips of lovely sward, to see how each little brook, that came tumbling down in white cascades from the uplands beyond, had cut for itself a notch in these bands of cliff, and to conjure up in the imagination a succession of pictures of the same scene from the time when the basalt rolled out in successive streams of molten lava down to the legends of Fingal and Columba. In such musings, hours sped quickly past, until hill-top after hill-top would lose its flush of sunset, as if the dying day were slowly climbing the steps cut along the flanks of these terraced hills, and the chill shadows, struggling upward from dark and lonely glens, would creep up the same gigantic staircase until the whole landscape melted into grey gloom, and the night began to fall.

But it is not only because they form lines of escarpment, and rise into lofty pyramidal hills, that the bedded rocks deserve the attention of the student of Highland scenery. Even where the stratified formations have given birth to no