

thickness of ice streamed northwards into the Moray Firth, passing north-westwards across the low plains of Caithness and the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and forming with the Norwegian ice-sheet a vast glacier that stretched probably in one unbroken wall of ice for some 1500 miles from Cape Clear to beyond the North Cape.

Among the many contrasts which geology reveals between the present and the past there is surely none that appeals more vividly to the imagination than that which the records of the Ice Age bring before us. These records are so abundant, so clear and so indisputable, that there can be no hesitation in accepting the picture which they present to us of the condition of this country at a comparatively recent geological period. Everywhere the trail of the ice meets our eye and sets us thinking of the difference between what is now and what was so lately, that there has not yet been time for nature to efface its vestiges. The contrast perhaps appeals most to our sense of wonder when it meets us among scenes rich in human associations and full of the life and bustle of modern civilisation. To sit, for instance, on one of the Highland hills that overlook the Firth of Clyde, and watch the ships as they come and go from all corners of the earth; to trace village after village, and town after town, dotting the coast-line far as the eye can reach; to see the white steam of the distant railway rising like a summer cloud from among orchards and cornfields and fairy-like woodlands; to mark, far away, the darker smoke of the coal-pit and the iron-work hanging over the haunts of a busy human population; in short, to note all over the landscape, on land and sea, the traces of that human power which is everywhere changing the face of nature;—and then to picture an earlier time, when these waters had never felt the stroke of oar or paddle, when these