

repetition of it hardly diminishes the interest, nay, almost the wonder, with which it is beheld. We have dispossessed the old warlocks and brownies ; and yet, though we can now trace, it may be, the source from which the stones were brought, and the manner in which they were borne to their present sites, their history still reads like a very fairy tale. There they lie crusted over with mosses and lichens ; tufts of heather and harebell and fern nestle in their rifts, while all around perhaps is bare bleak moorland. How came they there ? The whole record of their derivation and transport rises before the mind with fresh novelty, and we find ourselves instinctly going over again the old familiar induction. They have not tumbled from any cliff, for they rise boldly above the soil, where not another vestige of naked rock appears within sight. They have not been transported by rivers, for they stand perched on the summits of the hills, high above all the streams, and even out of hearing of their sound. They cannot have been washed up by floods and oceanic convulsions, for some of them are not only of enormous size, but consist of rock foreign to the district, and not to be found nearer than perhaps fifty or sixty miles, beyond successive ranges of hills and valleys. What force, then, could carry these huge masses to such great distances across wide and deep valleys, and lines of high hills ? And so we are led back once more to the ice-sheet, and recognise how amply its former presence is proved.

A little examination of the boulders suffices to show the march of the ice. The direction of their transport always coincides with that of the striæ on the rocks, and proves both to be due to the same cause. Thus, dotted over the chains of the Sidlaw and Ochil Hills, lie blocks of gneiss and schist that have come across from the opposite ranges