

you will find a use for it.' She has kept her beds of coal for millions of years without being able to find a use for them; she has sent them beneath the sea, and the sea beasts could make nothing of them; she had raised them up into dry land, and laid the black veins bare, and still for ages and ages there was no living thing on the face of the earth that could see any sort of value in them; and it was only the other day, so to speak, that she turned a new creature out of her workshop, who, by degrees, acquired sufficient wits to make a fire, and then to discover that the black rock would burn.

"I suppose that nineteen hundred years ago, when Julius Cæsar was good enough to deal with Britain as we have dealt with New Zealand, the primæval Briton, blue with cold and woad, may have known that the strange black stone which he found here and there in his wanderings would burn, and so help to warm his body and cook his food. Saxon, Dane, and Norman swarmed into the land. The English people grew into a powerful nation; and Nature still waited for a return for the capital she had invested in ancient club mosses. The eighteenth century arrived, and with it James Watt. The brain of that man was the spore out of which was developed the steam engine, and all the prodigious trees and branches of modern industry which have grown out of this. But coal is as much an essential of this growth and development as carbonic acid is of a club moss. Wanting the coal, we could not have smelted the iron needed to make our engines; nor have worked our engines when we got them. But take away the engines, and the great towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire vanish like a dream. Manufactures give place to agriculture and pasture, and not ten men could live where now ten thousand are amply supported.

"Thus all this abundant wealth of money and of vivid life is Nature's investment in club mosses and the like so long ago. But what becomes of the coal which is burnt in yielding