

lochs of his own Firth of Clyde, he had been collecting materials from the raised beaches of the west to show that the land had undergone a comparatively recent elevation. One day, in company with a friend, he chanced to walk on the beach of a little bay in the Kyles of Bute. His attention was directed to a number of shells lying among the shingle, but different from any which his companion or himself had ever dredged in the adjoining sea. On closer inspection, it was found that the shells had been washed out of a bed of clay, where they existed by hundreds, and that their association on the beach with the recent shells thrown up by the tides was merely an accident. What then constituted the difference between the shells of the clay-bed and those living in the neighbouring kyles and firths? It was at first supposed that some of them were of new species. In order to ascertain if this were the case, and to be better able to compare the contents of the clay-bed with the shells still inhabiting the British Seas, Mr. Smith instituted a careful dredging of the basin of the Firth of Clyde. A more charming employment can hardly be conceived. In the midst of some of the finest scenery in the west of Scotland, within easy reach of all the comforts of home, and yet among scenes almost as lone and retired as the wildest Highland tarn, his self-imposed task was to bring up to the light of day the denizens of these quiet sea-lochs and bays, to explore the deeps and shallows, sunken reefs, shoals, and abysses, and thus, while his vessel perhaps lay asleep on the face of a summer sea, to walk, as it were, in fancy along the sea-floor many fathoms underneath, and to pick up there, from its nestling-place among tangle or sand, many a

is a pleasure to recall his little cabin, with its shelf of geological literature, and its kindly occupant beaming with scientific enthusiasm and the heartiest good-nature.