

habitants. We can picture that dim, long-forgotten time, when the sea rose at least five-and-twenty feet higher in the valley than it does now, and covered with a broad sheet of water the site of the lower parts of the present city of Glasgow. We see the skirts of the dark Caledonian forest sweeping away to the north, among the mists and shadows of the distant hills. The lower grounds are brown with peat-bogs and long, dreary flats of stunted bent, on which there grows here and there a hazel or an alder bush, or, perchance, a solitary fir, beneath whose branches a herd of wild cattle browse. Yonder, far to the right, a few red deer are pacing slowly up the valley, as the heron, with hoarse outcry and lumbering flight, takes wing, and a canoe, manned by a swarthy savage, with bow across his shoulders, pushes out from the shore. The smoke that curls from the brake in front shows where his comrades are busy before their huts hollowing out the stem of a huge oak, that fell on the neighbouring slope when the last storm swept across from the Atlantic. And there stretches the broad river—its surface never disturbed save by the winds of heaven, the plunge of the water-fowl, or the paddles of the canoes—its clear current never darkened except when the rain-clouds have gathered far away on the southern hills, and the spate comes roaring down the glens and waterfalls, and hurries away red and rapid to lose itself in the sea. Such was the landscape when our ancestors first looked upon it. How came it to undergo so total a change? It is not merely that man himself has advanced, that he has uprooted the old forests, extirpated the wild cattle, driven away the red deer to the fastnesses of the mountains, drained the peat-bogs, covered the country with cornfields and villages, and built along the margin of the river a great city. True, he has done all this, and has undoubtedly been the chief agent