

may perhaps come when its historic actuality will be made plain as the fact of its geological existence. Whatever the power and greatness of the old Atlantids, all now is vanished as a dream, lost and engulfed in a barren wilderness of waters. Festivals, processions, the meetings in the market-place, and uproar of congregated thousands, all is silent now. The ocean keeps its secret: summer and winter, sleet and sunshine, pass over its surface, but no sound or echo comes to tell of the sleepers below. Yet here, haply, were human affections and friendships, and all the incidents and realities of life. And when the suddenness of desolation fell upon them, it must have been with no ordinary pang that these children of the morning resigned the rich blessings they enjoyed, and descended into that darkness where as yet no Teacher had gone before. Buried thus in the lava and scoriæ of volcanic action, who can tell what subtle agencies of nature have since been at work? Who can say whether the infiltrated fluid, charged with calcareous or silicious earth in solution, may not, in the interval preceding the final submersion, have lapidified these sleepers, have turned them into stone, like the fossils and reliquiæ which form the study of the curious? If so, it may be that when, in the oscillations of the earth's crust, the Island of Atlantis, covered with its subsequent deposits, again rises to the surface, some future geologist may lay bare the secrets of that last convulsion, may gaze with reverence on the first-born of our race, and again expose to air and sunshine the reveller with his rose-wreath, the hierarch with his staff, and the mailed monarch with his sceptre and his crown.