

earth's high places cannot be filled by all, that since only a few can reach the summit, that since a large percentage of us must remain, as it were, mere clods of clay; therefore our usefulness is not gone. Even as the clod of clay forms the soil of our fields, the walls and floors of our houses, the pottery, stoneware and china for our use, the alum, the "mordant," the alumina, the aluminium, so the chance for usefulness in this life must come to us all. But even though it never come in this life, yet, as the gem glittering on the brow, or at the throat of beauty, is but the transformed clay of Pre-Laurentian Time,—so it may be the Divine Will and purpose to transform the meanest and poorest of us into brilliant gems hereafter. Here we may be obscured, trodden upon, or thrown on one side as useless; there, amid the realities of eternity, in the "life to come," the transformation may be accomplished, by what means God Himself knows best. Meantime, let us be content to do fully and cheerfully our duty, in whatever sphere we are placed, and leave the rest to God.

Closely connected with this thought is the second lesson, taught to St. Peter upon the housetop, that there is nothing common or unclean in the universe of God, and that Divine laws and plans can be traced, however faintly, in all things around us, and although we may despise them, yet the "very stones cry out." This permit me to illustrate by a short story, entitled, "The Cottage by the Cathedral." A young girl, a cripple, lay dying in a little wooden cottage, hard by one of those wonderful cathedrals which have defied the ravages of time, within whose walls have been celebrated for centuries, the daily offering of the Holy Eucharist, and the daily service of praise and prayer, which walls have echoed

and re-echoed with the grand old Gregorian music and the imperishable compositions of the great masters. Her one great wish was to be carried therein, and to join priests, white-robed choir, and vast congregation in the worship of God. One Christmas she had particularly desired that this should be done; but finding her too weak, her father promised to take her at Easter. Ere Easter came, however, she had faced the great mystery, and had entered into another cathedral—the Paradise of God. While slowly passing away, however, she had learned that this great earth, the blue sky, the golden sun, the green trees, the cities, cathedrals, lakes and rivers, and to these I add the laws and facts of science, literature and art, were but as her own humble room beside the great stone edifice. Even so, I add that as the Gregorian music floated out through the many-coloured windows of the cathedral, through the little windows of the room gladdening and cheering the heart of the dying one; so the great plan of the universe, of which we are units, flows out gladdeningly and cheerfully to us from the great Arcanum of God.

[NOTE.—The reader who is acquainted with geology will observe that I have made no mention of the growth and formation of our calcareous rocks. Although many of our clays are calcareous, notably the Erie clay, I desired as little as possible to complicate the subject, and to refer only to mechanically formed, argillaceous sediments. It will be found, too, that I have hardly mentioned the part taken by glaciers in the formation of rocks. I have done so advisedly. If any one will read the admirable papers upon "the Mechanics of Glaciers, and the Formation of Northern Lakes," by the Rev. A. E. Irwine, in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, November, 1883; if he will also read the equally admir-