

cold. Yes, far away in that last great Life-Age of Earth's History, the hills and dales of Greenland, now buried below thick-ribbed ice, were the home of a flora so luxuriant as to dwarf into insignificance the fields and woods of to-day. True, very much of this flora has been lost; true, much could never have been preserved; but what has been left entombed in the Miocene rock of Greenland tells equally with the Miocene of Britain and of Switzerland its own story of gigantic pine and towering red-wood, of magnolia and tulip-tree, of home-like maple and beech, and of hundreds of other familiar form with sub-tropical to sub-temperate undergrowth in dense, massy jungle. How this enormous wealth of verdure bore the inevitable four months' Polar night we know not; certain it is that the sun low down on the sky and spirally skirting the horizon lighted up a landscape of more than equatorial richness; certain it seems that the increasing cold of the Pliocene forced the southern migration of this same, along as has been said certain lines of longitude to present or nearly present habitats. More dare not be said at present; yet it may not be unsafe to conjecture that our little phlox with then as now its primitive unchanging features, preserved to-day on pine-barren or fertile garden-border, took its way along the mountain chains to its Appalachian home, whence in many after centuries it was carried to its northern Canadian limit.

And with this brief, hurried sketch of our little plant, we ask traveller

and reader to wend their homeward way through "forest and stream." "Forest and stream!" Happy combination of words, recalling breezy, wooded uplands, shadowed vales, shady lanes, sparkling brooks, mazy, sluggish rivers, calm lakes mirroring all Heaven in their depths! Magic words, recalling many a holiday ramble in bright, sunny, promising Spring, or in calm, clear, mature Autumn! And yet not merely a poetic combination, when stern hand, experimental science teaches with equal force "no stream, no forest," and the converse, "no forest, no stream." Far up upon the highlands are the trees gathering, holding in their tops the vapours, condensing them, and allowing them to slide gently down roughened branch and bark by natural channels to root and soil, and by shading the ground, giving the excess of moisture to rivulet, spring, brook and stream. Strip our highlands of their forests, and lo! spring and well are dry, our rivers are brooks, our brooks are threads. So, again, dry up our rivers and springs, and tree, shrub and herb faint and die. Thus, then, are "forest and stream" happily interdependent, happily correlated; as words, magic words indeed; as facts interdependent, correlated links in the chain-like plan of Him whose Psalmist ever sings throughout the centuries:

He scudeth the spring sinto the rivers,
Which ran among the hills.

The trees of the Lord also are full of sap,
Even the cedars of Sibanus which He hath
planted.

KILIMANDJARO.—Some fresh details of the ascent of Kilimandjaro (near the Equator in East Africa) by Dr. Mayer, of Leipsic, have reached London. As Dr. Mayer took with him the proper instruments for measuring altitude, there can be no doubt that he

has obtained its height, which is now placed at 20,000 ft. It is not literally accurate to say that Dr. Mayer reached the top. He found it surmounted with a cap of ice, which stopped him within 200 ft. of the summit.