

who cares? It will require several thousand years to accomplish the "closing," and long before that time arrives steamboats and railroads will be obsolete; New York city will be at the bottom of the ocean, and tourists will be making trips in air-ships over where Boston now stands.

Imagine that the drama has been played; that for ages Boston has nestled at the bottom of the ocean; that Atlantis has been restored to the surface; that she has had her age of stone, of bronze and of iron, and that barbarism has given place to civilization. America will then be "the lost continent." Perhaps some ancient coin, stamped with the image of our "Goddess of Liberty," thousands of years old, will be found in the cabinet of an enthusiastic archaeologist. A few scraps of history, mutilated until the original meaning has been lost, may lead him to the conclusion that the ancient Americans, although somewhat in advance of savages, were but heathen idolaters who worshiped a goddess in the form of a woman. Should this happen I am fully persuaded that he will not misjudge us any more than the ancient Orientals have been misjudged by their successors. Let us imagine also that our supposed archaeologist has a scrap of history concerning the city of Portland, in the State of Oregon, that shall have been written after Boston has "gone to its last account." He reads of an expedition (to him as mythical as that of Jason in search of the golden fleece is to us) wherein a party of Portlanders, ladies and gentlemen, made a pleasure trip in the beautiful arial car *Willamette* to the island known as "Washington," supposed to have been in ancient times a mountain belonging to the fabled Appalachian range, once 6,634 feet above the level of the ocean, according to tradition, but now less than a hundred feet. The journey was made in less than a day, as the car flew through the air at the rate of over 200 miles an hour. Attached to the lower portion of the car was a vessel of singular construction, into which the passengers descended by broad stairways. Here was every kind of fishing tackle needed for capturing the finny tribe. The car was so constructed that it could be made to rise in the air like a bird or descend perpendicularly and remain stationary at any desired point. Thus, at any moment, the pleasure party could swoop down, devote an hour to fishing, then rise again and pursue their journey. In one of these descents they found by their reckoning that they were in the exact longitude and latitude of a supposed ancient city called "Boston," where they caught a vast number of codfish.

Having read this our archaeologist suddenly remembers that he has somewhere read a fabulous story about people who once lived in this old city that were called the "codfish aristocracy." Then, perchance, he will puzzle his brains to discover the relation between the codfish aristocracy of A. D. 1884 and the codfish caught by the Portlanders, who dwelt in a city of five millions, in A. D. 2884. Were he to conclude, living in A. D. 4884, that the codfish aristocracy were sort of mermaids and mermen, half human and half fish, he would be about as near the truth as we are when we conclude that the

ancient Orientals believed those queer legends that have been handed down to us in the literal sense in which they are given. True, we find these legends in ancient literature, but we do not know who first wrote them nor how much has been since added. Yet we may feel sure that a people so advanced in science and philosophy as they were never could have thought these and similar legends true in a literal sense. There must have been a meaning, lost by the lapse of time, clear to them, and no doubt beautiful. We misunderstand their meaning and are too ready to pronounce against their intelligence. Future generations may, and probably will, do us the same injustice.

In this dilemma where is man to look for truth? Where can he read the history of the past? Is there nothing reliable and enduring? Is there no truthful record of the earth's history that can be transmitted throughout all time? Yes, she writes her own autobiography, which can perish only with a perishing earth. She needs no amanuensis, no book of parchment, no historian, to record her epochs serene or catastrophes stupendous. Her great volume lies open before us. Even if not mendacious, man is but finite and imperfect. Nature is Infinite in all that she does. The earth rolls through space, impelled and restrained by invisible and infinite forces. Man cannot comprehend them, much less the manifestations of an infinite power that is exercised alike upon a twilight monad or a whirling planet. The great volume of Nature is open for all. In it we may read, in God's own handwriting, which no man can counterfeit or imitate, the history of the illustrious past. Study it; ponder upon it; believe nothing which man has written unless it harmonizes with this grand history.

I have tried to tell you of the Great Northwest as I read it in the records of the rocks. But do not accept a single statement on my mere assertion. Man is always blundering, and in his proudest estates but a mere worm when compared with the Infinite. I am trying to amuse, hoping that I may instruct, or, at least, to stimulate the youth of our country to study the great volume of Nature.

Alaska is a portion of our national territory and deserves a notice in these papers. Alaska, the infant, the youngest born, in its first stages of evolution. The phenomena now being manifested there is but a repetition of what was visible centuries ago on the coast of Oregon. As the youth lays aside the habits of infancy and begins to assume the manners of a man, so has Oregon, especially at the south, outgrown her volcanic disturbances; but she still exhibits her beds of lava and extinguished volcanoes, as the youth preserves the garments which he has outgrown. But Alaska has not yet done with eruptions, burning lava and smoking volcanoes.

Last October, near Cook's Inlet, there was a volcanic disturbance, accompanied by an upheaval and an earthquake wave, similar to that described in this series of papers as having occurred at Nestucca Bay, in this State. It was first observed by some fishermen who have a settlement at English Bay. On the morning of October 6 they heard a heavy report, and looking in the direction