

nor offend against any religious truth. And this is the spirit with which many men have of late years followed this delightful science—devoting the best labours of their lives to its cultivation—turning over the successive leaves of nature's book, and interpreting her language, which they know to be a physical revelation of God's will—patiently working their way through investigations requiring much toil both of mind and body—accepting hypotheses only as a means of connecting disjointed phenomena, and rejecting them when they become unfitted for that office, so as in the end to build only upon facts and true natural causes—All this they have done, and are still doing; so that however unfinished may be the fabric they have attempted to rear, its foundations are laid upon a rock; and cannot be shaken, except by the arm of that Being who created the heaven and the earth—who gave laws to the material world, and still ordains them to continue what they are.

But there is another class of men who pursue Geology by a nearer road, and are guided by a different light. Well-intentioned they may be, but they have betrayed no small self-sufficiency, along with a shameful want of knowledge of the fundamental facts they presume to write about: hence they have dishonoured the literature of this country by *Mosaic Geology*, *Scripture Geology*, and other works of cosmogony with kindred titles, wherein they have overlooked the aim and end of revelation, tortured the book of life out of its proper meaning, and wantonly contrived to bring about a collision between natural phenomena and the word of God. The Buggs and the Penns—the Nolans and the Formans—and some others of