

quainted with the sciences upon which I have touched. But I wished to give a sample of the wonders that will meet him at every step, who resolutely engages in the study of any department of science. I say a sample only; for the farther he advances, the more enchanting will the prospect become, and the richer and more plenteous the gems that will reward his search. But not so with the devotee of romance. Though for a time he may seem to be quaffing nectar, yet, ere long, to use the graphic language of inspiration, *it shall even be as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty: or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold he drinketh; but he awaketh, and behold he is faint, and his soul hath appetite.*

Will it not be pardoned if one who for thirty years has been almost constantly engaged in the examination of nature should bear testimony, from his own experience, to the charms and pleasures of science? I know it would be vanity for me to pretend to a profound acquaintance with science, or to distinction in it. But I cannot feel that it is vanity to profess a strong attachment to it. Indeed, how ungrateful in me not to recommend with enthusiasm that which has spread before me so many and such delightful prospects along the path of life; which has furnished a delightful retreat from the agitations and vexations of the world; which has thrown so many gleams of light into the darkest part of my path; which has led me to many a clear and sparkling fountain, and permitted me to breathe an atmosphere of peace and happiness! Often have I known the time, when, through feeble health, the languid eye looked out with indifference, if not absolute disgust, upon all the ordinary objects of life; but never has a view of nature, dressed in the garb of science, failed to rally back the sinking powers; relume the leaden eye, and diffuse animation and joy