

left his mother-rock, and most of his kindred, in the woods of northern Maine, or New Hampshire, or on the shore of Lake Superior. A large number of his kindred came with him. He rode part of the way on the back of a glacier. By and by he fell off, or got into a hole; and after that he had a severe squeezing. He got crushed and rubbed and rolled and pushed for some thousands of years. But every year he made some progress. By and by there was a great change of weather. The ice-carriage melted away from him, and fine weather returned, and lo! he found himself, one spring, in this field. That was long enough before Adam and Eve set up business in gardening. But here old Hard Head has been lying ever since. And now, we are the very first persons who ever stopped to pay him a moment's attention, and make his acquaintance."

If old Hard Head thinks, he is revolving some handsome compliments on our intelligence. Whatever old Hard Head may think, we are sure the ability to learn something of the method of the world was given us to be exercised. If we go stupidly through the world, without exercising that ability, we do no better than an ox. But if we seek to gain an insight into the method and history of the world, we honor the Author of the world; we read His thoughts. Knowing some of His thoughts, we come into more intimate relations with him. The study of science is a virtue. Attention to geology is a human duty.

To complete our introduction to old Hard Head we must know his name. To call him old Hard Head is like calling a man "Old Russian" or "Old Englishman." He has, besides, his personal name. Now, there is a way of finding out the particular name of each rock. Like a dog with his name on his collar, each mute rock displays a name written on its exterior. Let us look into this subject a few minutes.

Do you see that nearly all these bowlders appear to be mixtures of different colors and kinds of rocks? See one rock with round pebbles—white, red, black—imbedded in a