

this time, on a morning of early spring, to take my first lesson from thee in a sandstone quarry.

I have elsewhere recorded the history of my few first days of toil ; but it is possible for two histories of the same period and individual to be at once true to fact, and unlike each other in the scenes which they describe and the events which they record. The quarry in which I commenced my life of labor was, as I have said, a sandstone one, and exhibited in the section of the furze-covered bank which it presented, a bar of deep-red stone beneath, and a bar of pale-red clay above. Both deposits belonged to formations equally known at the time to the geologist. The deep-red stone formed part of an upper member of the Lower Old Red Sandstone ; the pale-red clay, which was much roughened by rounded pebbles, and much cracked and fissured by the recent frosts, was a bed of the boulder clay. Save for the wholesome restraint that confined me for day after day to the spot, I would perhaps have paid little attention to either. Mineralogy in its first rudiments had early awakened my curiosity, just as it never fails to awaken, with its gems, and its metals, and its hard glittering rocks, of which tools may be made, the curiosity of infant tribes and nations. But in unsightly masses of mechanical origin, whether sandstone or clay, I could take no interest ; just as infant societies take no interest in such masses, and so fail to know anything of geology ; and it was not until I had learned to detect among the ancient sandstone strata of this quarry exactly the same phenomena as those which I used to witness in my walks with Uncle Sandy in the ebb, that I was fairly excited to examine and inquire. It was the necessity which made me a quarrier that taught me to be a geologist. Further, I soon found that there was much to be enjoyed in a life of labor. A taste for the beauties of natural scenery is of itself a never-failing spring of delight ; and there was scarce a day in which I wrought in the open air, during this period, in which I did not experience its soothing and exhilarating influence. Well has it been said by the poet Keats, that " a thing of beauty is a joy forever." I owed much to the upper