

ready have too much science in our schools. I take the risk. Such as it is we have entirely too much of it; such as it might be, not nearly enough.

Books in themselves are not science, nor can they ever become so. The foundation of Science lies in facts gleaned by observation. There are some, however, who make the great mistake of going to the other extreme, banishing books altogether. But books are a necessary guide to your study. Again, many great laws and principles have been evolved, abundant facts gathered, which are inaccessible to you except from books. You must make use of these, but they are to be made use of only after you have made observations for yourself. Correct reasoning and proper deductions do not come of themselves but can be stimulated by following the reasonings and deductions of others. No greater boon could come to you than associating with a trained mind. Still you should always remember that the educational value of observations and deductions from those observations are of primary importance and cannot be replaced by any amount of reading.

I hope you have not forgotten the story of Melampus, how he rescued two little snakes from death, nourished them, cared for them, and when they grew up, they bethought how they might reward him. So one day when he was asleep they crept up, one on each side and with their sharp tongues gently licked his ears and ever after he understood the songs of birds and the voices of animals. It was a worthy reward for a noble deed. Now if you too would understand the voices of nature like Melampus you must be in sympathy with her.

You talk of studying science, of studying nature. Do you know what it means? How sacred it is? It is the law of God. It is His handiwork. First study yourself. If in your soul you find some spark of that divine fire then nature's treasury will open to you, but till you have the magic key naught else can open it. What is this key? It is the love of God, love of His works. The least, the simplest, to those who love these are full of interest.

It is no idle fancy as we sit by the brook and listen that it speaks:

"I am calling, I am calling,  
As I ripple, run and sing;  
Come up higher, come up higher,  
Come and find the fairy spring!"

"Who will listen? Who will listen  
To the wonders I can tell,  
Of a palace built of sunshine,  
Where the sweetest spirits dwell?"