

DEDICATION.

TO THE

REV. T. WOODBRIDGE,

OF AUSTERLITZ, N. Y.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I should long ago have inscribed to you some one of my books, if I had written one worthy of being dedicated to my earliest and latest Teacher, and my truest Friend. Long study and calm reflection have made you familiar with almost every department of learning: and I am happy in the thought that, while you read this volume as a scholar, you will judge it as a friend.

One of my earliest recollections is of leading you through the gardens, and maple groves, and green fields of the home of my childhood; when I looked up and saw serene cheerfulness always beaming from your face, and heard you talk about all my little sports, I could not then solve the mystery that one whose eyes the holy light of heaven never visited, could sympathize so warmly with everything around him.

Since then the lights and shadows of more than twenty-five years have fallen upon our path—nor have I ever, in all my wanderings, found a fellow-man, to whom you could not say,

“ I see a hand you cannot see;
I hear a voice you cannot hear.”

If I have accomplished any thing in life worthy of your approbation, I owe it chiefly to your sage counsels and generous encourage-