

fellow-labourers. Now each is right in the admiration he renders to the grace and grandeur of that field which himself has explored ; but all are wrong in the distaste they feel, or rather in the disregard they cast on the other fields which they have never entered. We should take the testimony of each to the worth of that which he does know, and reject the testimony of each to the comparative worthlessness of that which he does not know ; and then the unavoidable inference is that that must be indeed a replete and a gorgeous universe in which we dwell—and still more glorious the Eternal Mind, from whose conception it arose, and whose prolific fiat gave birth to it, in all its vastness and variety. And instead of the temple of science having been reared, it were more proper to say, that the temple of nature had been evolved. The archetype of science is the universe ; and it is in the disclosure of its successive parts, that science advances from step to step—not properly raising any new architecture of its own, but rather unveiling by degrees an architecture that is old as the creation. The labourers in philosophy create nothing ; but only bring out into exhibition that which was before created. And there is a resulting harmony in their labours, however widely apart from each other they may have been prosecuted—not because they have adjusted one part to another, but because the adjustment has been already made to their hands. There comes forth, it is true, of their labours, a most magnificent harmony, yet not a harmony which they have made, but a pre-existent harmony which they have only made visible—so that when tempted