

beauteous expansion coming forth of the death-like Chrysalis; and a wide spread efflorescence of glory over the whole landscape issuing afresh from a soil which owes its fertility to loathsome putrefaction; and the sublimest virtues in the moral world nurtured into maturity and strength by dark misfortune or the still darker vices wherewith it is contiguous—and just as of old a goodly world is said to have emerged from a chaos, we know not among the births of this labouring creation, what beauty and blissfulness are afterwards to ensue from amid the warring elements which encompass us, and which look so inextricable. Man is but a learner among the mysteries which surround him; and his part is the docility of a learner. Whether we regard the littleness of his narrow sphere, or the littleness of his passing day—we see him closely hemmed on all sides by the limit which separates the known from the unknown. His true Philosophy is a sense of his own utter inability to penetrate the gloom that lies beyond it—and should the light of any manifestation arise in the midst of this darkness, its disclosures should be as much more precious in his eyes, as the stable realities of Truth and Nature are of surpassing worth to all self-willed or speculative imaginations.

10. And just as by thus keeping in the path of sober investigation, we have found a more graceful and magnificent Philosophy than we ever could have feigned—there is reason to hope that by a like sacrifice we shall arrive at a like result in Theology. Let us seek Truth first—and all other things shall be added unto us. What we