

small part or operation, such as a bone, or the pile of a feather, or a bit of membrane or nail or muscle or tendon or root, what a meaningless thing it would look ; and how utterly devoid of all apparent utility or gracefulness ! Yet what use and significance do we behold in each of these parts, when we can comprehensively take in the whole, and see them all united together into one machine or piece of complex symmetry. And it is the same of the universe—that stupendous machine—whereof we only behold a minute and microscopic portion—lost alike in the immensity of its grasp, and in the infinite diversity of its objects and their relations. And when to the littleness of our observation in space, we superadd the littleness of our observation in time, what increased emphasis is given to the lesson. Let us but ascend from the revolution of the planets round the sun to the revolution of the planetary systems around a common centre—and it will appear, that we live in the midst of most magnificent periods, to which the life of one individual, and indeed the whole known history of the species is but a humble and evanescent fraction. We know not what the objects or the scenes in the mighty untravelled distances around us—we know not what the evolutions of the boundless futurity before us. We are beset with mystery and magnitude on every hand—infinitesimals in the midst of undefined vastness—walking in a territory that has no limits—and describing an interval of time that merges at each extreme into the darkness of Eternity. There is apparent disorder and derangement in the universe—but this is only to us, with our