

in which case they should be ranked among the figments of mere imagination, and not among the findings of experience. How are we to know but that, in the bosom of our great planetary amplitude, there float, and in elliptic orbits round the sun, pieces of matter, vastly too diminutive for our telescopes; and that thus the large intermediate spaces between the known bodies of the system, instead of so many desolate blanks, are, in fact, peopled with little worlds—all of them teeming, like our own, with busy and cheerful animation? Now, in the powerlessness of our existing telescopes, we do not know but it may be so. But we will not believe that it is so, till a telescope of power enough be invented, for disclosing this scene of wonders to our observation. And it is the same of the moral theory that now engages us. It rests, not upon what it finds among the arcana of the human spirit, but upon what it fancies to be there; and they are fancies too which we cannot deny, but which we will not admit—till, by some improved power of internal observation, they are turned into findings. We are quite sensible of the virtuousness of truth; but we have not yet been made sensible, that we always recognise this virtuousness, because of a glance we have had of the utility of truth—though only perhaps for a moment of time, too minute and microscopical for being noticed by the naked eye of consciousness. We can go no farther upon this question than the