

notorious, that, in order to attain a high sense of the importance of any science, and of the worth and beauty of the objects which it embraces—nothing more is necessary than the intent and persevering study of them. Whatever the walk of philosophy may be on which man shall enter, that is the walk which of all others he conceives to be most enriched, by all that is fitted to entertain the intellect, or arrest the admiration of the enamoured scholar. The astronomer who can unravel the mechanism of the heavens, or the chemist who can trace the atomic processes of matter upon earth, or the metaphysician who can assign the laws of human thought, or the grammarian who can discriminate the niceties of language, or the naturalist who can classify the flowers and the birds and the shells and the minerals and the insects which so teem and multiply in this world of wonders—each of these respective inquirers is apt to become the worshipper of his own theme, and to look with a sort of indifference, bordering on contempt, towards what he imagines the far less interesting track of his 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