

ating upon the susceptible imagination of the theorist, is one of those seducing influences which lead men astray from the pursuit of experimental truth—he, in fact, who at the outset resists her fascinations, because of his supreme respect for the lessons of observation, is at length repaid by the discoveries and sights of a surpassing loveliness. The inductive philosophy began its career by a renunciation, painful we have no doubt at first to many of its disciples, of all the systems and harmonies of the schoolmen. But in the assiduous prosecution of its labours, it worked its way to a far nobler and more magnificent harmony at the last—to the real system of the universe, more excellent than all the schemes of human conception—not in the solidity of its evidence alone, but as an object of tasteful contemplation. The self-denial which is laid upon us by Bacon's philosophy, like all other self-denial, whether in the cause of truth or virtue, hath its reward. In giving ourselves up to its guidance, we have often to quit the fascinations of beautiful theory; but, in exchange for these, are at length regaled by the higher and substantial beauties of actual nature. There is a stubbornness in facts before which the specious ingenuity is compelled to give way; and perhaps the mind never suffers more painful laceration, than when, after having vainly attempted to force Nature into a compliance with her own splendid generalizations, she, on the appearance of some