

When, after a dark and tempestuous night, the mariner first perceives the dawn of returning day; although that dawn discover to his view the evil plight to which the storm has reduced his vessel, why does he still hail day's harbinger as his greatest relief, but because without the aid of light he could not possibly extricate himself from the difficulties of his situation? Or, when the child, awakened from its sleep, finds itself alone in darkness, why is it overwhelmed with terror, and why does it call out for protection, but from the influence of those undefined fears, which naturally occur to the mind under the privation of light?

There is something so congenial to our nature in light, something so repulsive in darkness, that, probably on this ground alone, the very aspect of inanimate things is instinctively either grateful or the reverse, in consequence of our being reminded by that aspect of the one or of the other: so that on this principle, perhaps, particular colours throughout every province of nature are more or less acceptable in proportion as they approach nearest or recede farthest from the character of light, whether reflected immediately from the heavenly bodies, or from the azure of the sky, or from the thousand brilliant hues with which the setting or the rising sun illuminates its attendant clouds.

In illustration of the principle just advanced,