

(45.) There is only one more point which my limits will allow me to touch upon. I will go back to my original metaphor. Our giant may be a huge giant and a strong giant, and a good-natured giant, but if he be a sluggard he is no giant worth the name. We have seen that he is a little slow to turn on his axis and roll himself round in his nest. But take him in his relation to the outer world, he is lively enough; he "rejoices *as* a giant to run his course;" and vindicates his credit as a swift runner with a vengeance! Hitherto I have only spoken of the sun *as* a sun, the centre of our system; and, as such, regarded by us as immovable. Even in this capacity he is not *quite* fixed. If he pulls the planets, they pull him and each other; but such family struggles affect him but little. *They amuse them*, and set them dancing rather oddly; *but don't disturb him*. As all the gods in the ancient mythology hung dangling from and tugging at the golden chain which linked them to the throne of Jove; but without power to draw him from his seat: so if all the planets were in one straight line, and exerting their joint attractions, the sun, leaning a little back as it were to resist their force, would not be displaced by a space equal to his own radius; and the fixed centre, or, as an engineer would call it, the centre of gravity of our system, would still lie within the sun's globe.

(46.) But the sun has another and, so far as we can judge, a much vaster part in creation to perform than to sit still as the quiet patriarch of a domestic circle. He is up and active as a member of a community like