

himself. The sun is not only a *sun*, he is a STAR also, and that but a small one in comparison with individual stars (one of which, Sirius, would make two or three hundred of him); and among these glorious compeers he moves on a path which is just beginning to become known to us; though in what orbit, or for what purpose, will never be given to man to know. Yet we do know—almost to a nicety—the direction in which that path is leading; and the rate of his travel (though this is less exactly determined). Still this rate, at the very lowest estimate, cannot be taken under four or five hundred thousand miles a day; and yet this speed, vast as it is, in the 2000 years which separate us from the observations of Hipparchus (who made the first catalogue of the stars), would not suffice to carry it (and of course our system along with it) over one sixtieth part of the distance which now separates it from the very nearest of the stars. When we travel through a diversified country, we become aware of our change of situation by the different grouping and presentation of the objects around us. But though travelling at this amazing rate through space, successive generations of mankind witness no change in the order and arrangement of the stars; and Hipparchus, were he to come once more among us, would recognize the old familiar forms of his constellations; and, without better means of observation than he then possessed, would be unable to detect, with certainty, any change in their appearance; though we, who are better provided in that respect, are enabled to do so.

(47.) Such, then, is the scale of things with which we