

air, and through this medium hears the rolling thunder. The sound of the troubled ocean is heard from afar. The gale that disturbs its rest has its echo in the auditory apparatus of man. But the eye reigns peerless among its fellows. It carries us to the encircling horizon beyond. It glances upward and onward, through the silent and voiceless air—through the planetary expanse where worlds are but twinkling stars, whose sole end at first seemed to be to illumine the mirky night of earth. It beholds the sidereal zones, whose orbs have not been numerically distinguished, and where, in solemn silence, they move round some great attractive centre, being guided in their course through the trackless regions of space by the finger of Omnipotence. The visual organs may bid adieu for a time to the planetary systems, and turn the spirit-lighted windows of the soul to the contemplation of the organization of the microscopic world, or the form and functions of atomic life. In its tour of exploration *here* it stands matchless above its sensitive associates. The ear is deaf to the cry and wail of that life which covers animated nature. How many of the fabrics of the lower world does man overthrow! How many tiny minarets and pseudo halls does our thoughtless tread shake and dash into ruins! How secure have the little mortals thought themselves, on the sunny side of some miniature hillock—or in the silky folds of the leafy plant—or in the pure and limpid stream, which gives drink, and also confers the boon of life upon them! But man with his restless mind and stalwart arm snaps the strings of their existence asunder. Yet he hears no notes of woe from their desolated cities when ruin's plough-share has passed through them. No; man's ear hears not the appeals and remonstrances of the injured millions beneath his proud feet, nor the joyous anthems of the living myriads which sport in the sun-beam. So much for human hearing. The senses of touch and smell do not add one iota to our knowledge of this animalcular world, and the rude touch of the human finger would fail to distinguish either the outlines or the properties of the infinitesimal world. It is for the eye to explore the fruitful granules, nuclei and cells of vegetable and animal structure, because it is only the optic inquirer who can unfold the mysterious and wonderful tabernacles which wrap up and envelope the fountains of intellectual and organic life. It is the eye alone which spreads before the mind a new world, more wonderful by far than the pen of fiction could paint, or Arabian tales could depict. A living and dying world hitherto beyond man's boasted knowledge. There is also a negative idea in connection with this view, viz:—Conceive this world tenanted with occupants sightless and revolving in space upon the surface of this "terrestrial ball", with no bright sun to lighten the gloom—whirling round and round in the "moonless air," with darkness as a pall hanging its sombre folds over the world. Were our food and our

drink tasteless, and no fragrance breathed from the beauteous flower or plant, hunger and thirst would still be assuaged, and the lily and the rose and the geranium would delight the eye. Were the chords of the harp or the lyre struck in vain by skilful fingers—and the old familiar melodies of earth—and the jocund glee—and the voice of love which soothes, and even the startling sounds of alarm, mute forever, the harmony of colours would replace, however imperfectly, the symphony of sounds, and the varied expression of the face would still utter the language of reproof, or the gentle accents of seraphic affection and heaven-kindled sympathy. Without the ear man might have held communication and interchanged his tasks with his fellow. Though the rattle of the iron wheel were inaudible and the watchman deaf to the warning cry, the coloured beacon or the waving banner would have guided him in his course, and the mariner might have conducted his ship round the globe, though the lullaby of old Ocean might not woo slumber to his hammock, though he heard not the howl of the gale which shattered his rigging, nor the roar of the waters which threatened to engulf him; Let him only see the white-crested billows, and his faithful compass, and the light that streams afar through the cloudy night to save the storm-tossed wanderer, and he will reach the desired haven in safety. But if man were bereft of the powers of vision, with the external world in the same relation to his animated organism as it is now, how far would his explorations extend? How many noble pillars would he erect in the temple of Science? How many trophies would he cast around the shrine of Fame?—Could a blind man catch, as a Franklin, the forked lightnings which flash athwart the fearful gloom of the darkened clouds, and with his puny arm say to heaven's artillery "come" and it obey him—"go" and it hasten to fulfil his mandate? Could the vacant stare of the sightless eye-balls trace fiery Mars in his course? or meek eyed Venus, or thundering Jupiter, or Saturn with his zones of light? Would the hollow sockets with inquisitive search dive into the depths of the sea, and explore the coral reefs and the wrecks of man's proudest fleets, which sway hither and thither in the fluctuating waves, while their requiem is sung by the wailing tempest? Would anything in man save the heaven-kindled eye, detect the finger of—"Nature's God" in the strata of earth—pointing out the outlines of animal and botanic creation in the indurated rocks, which slept the sleep of death before Eden bloomed? The eye has its satellites in the other senses, but it reigns monarch in our physical system. It is a beautiful emblem of that mental and moral eye which can pierce the veil that hangs between time and eternity,—of that eye of faith which beholds the river of life, and the wreaths of immortality, and the trees that ever blossom, and the snow-white banner of celestial liberty which waves over the citadel of Heaven, and