

of supplying food to the badger, and both food and clothing to the savage; and yet we know that it was fashioned for some specific purpose, if we could but read and rightly interpret the pages of Nature's wondrous book. If we ask ourselves, Why was this or that made? how seldom can we answer the question! Why did He, who made the world, the sun, and the stars, deck the butterfly's wing with tiny scales, that by a simple change in arrangement produce patterns beside which the most finished painting is a bungling daub? Why exist those microscopic wonders, (diatoms and infusoria,) formed with shells of purest flint, and of the quaintest devices? Why were these atomies, that tenant every roadside pool, which dance in the sunbeam, and float on the wings of the breeze? Why all the prodigal variety of strange forms crowding the sea, forms more wonderful than the poet's wildest dreams ever pictured? Who can tell?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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