

mathematical and experimental philosophy, which forever must stand the boast of wisdom, and the terror of idleness, ignorance and pride.

Let our thought awake—let it take the lightning's wing, and glance from east to west, from pole to pole—behold “one sun by day ; by night, ten thousand shine”—take its flight through the mighty range of the fixed stars,

“Those sov'reign glories of the skies,  
Of independent, native lustre proud,  
The souls of systems, and the lords of life :—

to the region of unassisted sight, add that of the telescope ; and to what the telescope perceives, add what reason demonstrates ; then ask, If such be the effect, what must be the Cause ? if such the work, what must be the workman ? if such the building, how wise, how mighty, the Architect, that reared and beautified, and still sustains the whole ? To the Author of such a mass of wonders, who can forbear to say, “Great and marvellous are thy works !”

Nor let the mind stagger at the position, that all these worlds on worlds, and systems on systems, are inhabited ; the residences of animated, and most likely of intelligent creatures ! As far as analogical reasoning can go, no truth whatever is more certain. If the Author of nature has not left us a drop of water unpeopled ; if over the whole surface of our earth, his bounty has sent the streams of happiness, flowing through millions of channels, to as many forms of life ; can it be for a moment supposed, that he has left those innumerable regions—compared with which our earth is but a corner, an atom, a mere speck—waste, desolate, and void ? Such a supposition is unworthy of our reason, and utterly inadequate to our conceptions of the Author of Nature. And what can possibly be more unreasonable than to suppose those shining orbs were formed merely to give light to the inhabitants of this earth, when, perhaps, not one in ten thousand of them is ever seen, and certainly a single moon would afford us more light than the whole host of them put together ? However, therefore, the mind may labour under the stupendous conception, doubtless the fixed stars, and the thousands of thousands of worlds, that with such rapidity and yet with such calmness, revolve round them, are peopled with