

be seen to receive some of them. What floods of light are continually poured from the sun, we cannot estimate; but the immensity of the sphere which is filled with particles, even if it reached no further than the orbit of the earth, we can in some sort compute; and we have reason to believe that throughout this whole region, the particles of light lie, in latitude at least, near to one another. The spissitude of the sun's rays at the earth is such, that the number which falls upon a burning-glass of an inch diameter is sufficient, when concentrated, to set wood on fire.

The tenuity and velocity of particles of light, as ascertained by separate observations, may be said to be proportioned to each other; both surpassing our utmost stretch of comprehension; but proportioned. And it is this proportion alone which converts a tremendous element into a welcome visitor.

It has been observed to me by a learned friend, as having often struck his mind, that if light had been made by a common artist it would have been of one uniform *colour*; whereas, by its present composition we have that variety of colour which is of such infinite use to us for the distinguishing of objects, which adds so much to the beauty of the earth, and augments the stock of our innocent pleasures.

With which maybe joined another reflection, viz. That considering light as compounded of rays of seven different colours, (of which there can be no doubt, because it can be resolved into these rays by simply passing it through a prism,) the constituent parts must be well mixed and blended together, to produce a fluid so clear and colourless as a beam of light is when received from the sun.