

Which law suspends, in orbic race,
 The planets throughout infinite space;
 Behold these planets as they run
 In perfect orbit round the sun;
 Around the sun these moving spheres
 Perform their course in divers years;
 Yet, move with regularity profound,
 They ever pass in orbits round:
 Let men survey earth's varied fanes,
 And say blind chance has raised those towers;
 As well might earthquakes do the same,
 And wrecks of floods build fleets of powers.

And what are fleets of every nation
 Compared to works of God's creation?
 Castles can't raise themselves erect
 Without design of architect;
 And what's in man's experience greater,
 There can't be law without a legislator.

These laws of God, in space profound,
 Propel the stars in orbits round;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine;"
 The mind of man, and instinct show
 The omniscient God created all below.

Without this faith there can't be true conjecture
 About the Universe's glorious architecture;
 These facts proclaim to men of sense
 The wisdom of omnipotence;
 Lucretius, Darwin, Voltaire, Payne, &c.,
 Have written their thoughts, both base and
 vain,
 But the truth, God is, will still remain.

J. S.