

the conviction which we feel, on the one hand, that the innumerable and varied special adaptations, and, on the other hand, that the order, manifest in the universe, have been the result of intelligence ; only, in either of these cases, the unlikelihood of the effect being due to chance, is so great as to transcend, not only the power of numbers to express, but even of imagination to conceive it.

From this it follows, that, if we desire to arrive at a strictly scientific persuasion of the existence of God—a persuasion having the character of absolute certainty, and in which there shall be no place for even the most infinitesimal element of doubt—we must have recourse to other than Cosmological considerations. Whether we argue from the special adaptations, or from the order, of nature, we cannot possibly infer more than that there is an incalculable probability in favour of the conclusion that the universe has been fashioned by intelligence. But what is of still greater moment : even were it absolutely certain that the order and special adaptations which we perceive in nature, must be ascribed to an intelligent Being, this is not tantamount to saying that the Being whose agency we recognise, is *infinite*, or that the universe was *created* by Him. Our authors admit that Cosmology is insufficient to prove the Being of an infinite Creator. "It is not pretended," they observe—after giving some instances of the principle of order—"that these facts do of themselves prove that there is a living and personal God, clothed with every perfection. But they are fitted to deliver us from several painful and degrading notions, which may be suggested by the human heart in times of unbelief, or by persons who have been lost in a labyrinth built by themselves, and who are not unwilling that others should become as bewildered as they are. They prevent us from feeling that we, and all things else, are the mere sport of chance, ever changing its procedure, without reason and without notice, or, what is still more dreadful, that we may be crushed beneath the chariot wheels of a stern and relentless fate, moving on without design and without end. They show us what certainly looks very like a method pursued diligently and systematically—very like a plan designed for some grand end ; so very like it, that it behoves the sceptic to take upon himself the burden of demonstrating that it can be anything else. Taken along with their proper complement ; the special adaptation of parts, they exhibit to us an enlarged wisdom, which prosecutes its plans methodically, combined with a minute care, which provides for every object, and every part of that object."

Some persons, in their zeal for the great fundamental doctrine of religion, may be displeased at our plainly affirming the inadequacy