

not conceive of the Divine operations, as if they were analogous to those of finite creatures like ourselves. What absurdity is there in believing that God created the world, as a Cosmos, already "*teres atque rotundus*," with all its arrangements and adaptations complete and perfect in the very instant of its flashing into being? "Is the one God" (it is said) "to be identified with the principle of order, or with the principle of variety?" The assumption on which this question proceeds, viz: that adaptation implies variety, (that is, a variety or multiplicity of primordial principles,) we again deny; and if asked whether the one God is to be identified with the principle of order or with that of adaptation, we answer—pantheistically, with neither; but, as the author of nature, with both: both being at bottom the same.

We have sought to interpret the typical forms and special ends in creation, from the Theistic position, supposed to be already attained; but they may also be considered from another point of view—the Apologetic; that is to say, we may inquire what is the value of the evidence which they furnish for the Divine existence.

The Cosmological argument for the Being of God is based, in both its branches: the teleological and the typological, on the doctrine of probabilities. Why must we in any case suppose intelligence, to account for special adaptation or for order? Because, where the traces of adaptation or of order are of a marked kind, all probability is against their being accidental. To take an illustration which, since the days of Cicero, has become common-place: we find a number of words arranged in such a manner as to form the *Paradise Lost*. Could this have happened by chance? Strictly speaking, it might. If the words composing the poem were shaken together in a bag, and then drawn out, one after another, by a man blind-folded; and if this process were repeated indefinitely; there is a positive chance—which, in fact, by increasing the number of trials, can be made as great as we please—that, after a certain number of times, the words would be drawn out in the precise order which they have in the poem. Even on a single trial, there is a chance, which any person acquainted with the elements of mathematics is able to calculate, in favour of such a result. But the fraction expressing the amount of the chance is so small, that, for all practical purposes, it may be taken as zero. We never hesitate to assert, therefore, that the words composing the *Paradise Lost*, could not have been fortuitously thrown into their present order; while at the same time, it will be seen that our certainty of this is nothing else at bottom than an immense probability. Now such precisely—as far as its essential nature is concerned—is