

similar purpose have been invented at the East within two or three years, but Mr. B. considers his much superior to either of them, and skillful machinists speak in high terms of it. He says that about one-eighth of the mixed stuff as it comes from the bolt to the machine is saved as fine flour, and that in the very best mills three and a half per cent. of the flour ground will be saved; more, of course, in mills less perfectly built.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

CREATIVE DESIGN.—Lord Bacon assigns to science a two-fold object, the relief of man's estate, and the glory of the Creator. There has never, in this country, been a disposition to underrate its last, and most honoured use. In the same spirit in which they studied the "book of God's word," Englishmen have studied the "book of God's works." Maclaurin heard Newton observe that "he gave him particular pleasure that his philosophy had promoted the attention of final causes, and his followers, who could not rival him in his genius, have not degenerated from his piety." It has been their delight to dwell upon the fact, that though a casual survey of the world proclaimed a Maker marvellous in goodness and in power, yet every hidden law which was brought to light afforded additional evidence of design, and shewed him beyond what man could conceive, "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." With us the exceptions at least have been few, and none of them deserve to be remembered. But in France atheism, without limitation or disguise, has too often been blended with an extensive acquaintance with natural philosophy; and a living man of science, M. Comte, imputing to the works of creation the imperfections which in reality are in his own judgment, has come to be of the opinion of that impious king, who said that if the Deity had condescended to consult him he could have given him some good advice. Supposing it impossible that a philosopher who had run the range of physics, and written a bulky work in which he contends for the utmost strictness of reasoning, could take up a dogma which shocks the instincts of mankind, without some plausible pretence, we read his observations with close attention and painful interest. We laid down the book astounded at their imbecility, and could only re-echo the Psalmist's declaration, that it is the fool which has said in his heart there is no God. His argument might have been penned expressly to prove that there is a credulity of scepticism as well as a credulity of belief, and it is difficult to assign any motive for his creed except the morbid passion for distinction which leads some men, and especially Frenchmen, to prefer the elevation of a gibbet rather than walk upon level ground. Yet he had every advantage, for he only undertook to insinuate objection, which must always be easy on mysterious questions, about which knowledge is imperfect.

Atheists are cowards in discussion; they dare not meet the united evidence, and set out in a formal shape the contending system by which they are bound to establish that the contrivances of the world did not call for a contriver. Even of evils we can fix upon nothing tangible, amidst the cloudy language of M. Comte, except that the arrangements we make are usually superior to the arrangements we find. And this is the argument which is to prove that there is not a maker and a governor of the world! Is it so much as a defect in the scheme that man has often to plan for himself? With every thing ready prepared to our hands, ingenuity would languish for want of stimulus; and if it be a curse to eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, a greater curse still, in our present condition, lights upon him whose forehead neither sweats from toil nor aches from thought. As Alexander wept when no more worlds were left to conquer, so we likewise should

sigh if a too bountiful nature left nothing to be discovered and nothing to be improved. It is a part of our enjoyment here to employ our talents in neutralizing evils, in turning apparent disadvantages into benefits, in finding in hostile agencies elements of power which a presiding genius converts to as many friendly ministers. Nor need we suppose that a progressive development of material advantages, instead of a complete and original perfection, bore hard upon earlier generations, who, living in the infancy of the world, lived also in the infancy of civilization. Man, with respect to corporal comforts, is the creature of habit. To whatever he is accustomed, that he enjoys. The Greenlanders, with his wretched hut and barren soil, believes himself the most favoured of created beings, and pities the lot of nations which are destitute of the luxury of seals. In like manner it is probable that the early inhabitants of Britain were as satisfied with a cave or a cottage of clay, as we with our mansions adorned with all the products of the arts. So, too, in the same age the king would think himself meanly accommodated in the house of the gentleman, the gentleman in the abode of the peasant—and yet custom has adapted each to his own. It is not the absolute degree of refinement that confers the pleasure; it is the improvement on what we are used to, the addition to what we already possess—and this pleasure has been common to every period in which the wants of mankind were sufficiently keen to excite invention and common art to aid nature. But in all our improvements we can only, by the strength and intellect which God has given us, mould the matter which God has made. If we can sail in ships upon the great deep, it is because He supplied us with the wood for their construction, and endowed it with the buoyancy to float upon the waves. If we perform prodigies with steam, it is because he gave it an elastic power, ordained that fire should evolve it out of water, and provided us both with the water and the fire. We merely use the things with which he has presented us, and presented with a foresight of the end to which our capacities and wants would enable us to devote them. We can adapt, but we cannot create. The greatest genius that ever lived is impotent to give being to the most insignificant particle of dust. It required the powers of Sir Isaac Newton to detect many natural laws; but even the Newtons of the human race can only discover laws—they cannot make them. We may worm out the secret powers with which Nature is invested, and by new adaptations produce effects of which the native elements are utterly incapable; but at best we only avail ourselves of properties already existing, merely develop the latent energies innate in our materials. We pull to pieces, and put together, we shape, and we arrange, but we cannot add to the world a single atom, no—nor even take it away. Whatever our triumphs, we never passed this limit to human interference, which teaches everybody, capable of being taught, that we are after all only creatures, and that another is the creator. But M. Comte can believe any fable rather than believe a God. He is willing to imagine that the sun, the earth and the planets may have come into being without an author, being whirled in their orbits, endowed with gravity, peopled with wonder: for parodying Scripture, he asserts that the only glory which the heavens declare is the glory of Newton. The remark is one example out of many that French wit is often nothing but English slippancy. If the heavens declare the glory of Newton, then whose glory does Newton display? But the poison is too weak to take effect, except upon vain and vicious understandings. The arguments of atheists are like chaff in the wind—they may settle for a moment, but from their natural levity the first opposing current sweeps them away. We do not require the lessons of Natural Philosophy to teach us to believe.