

ignorant ridicule such positions, such arguments as these? Will not reason—untutored reason—immediately assent to the contrary doctrine, that a dead and inert body, containing no principle of life within itself, must have had a beginning and have received its existence from some active and intelligent Being—that matter, having from its very nature, no innate power of motion, could never have moved of its own accord; far less have created the infinite variety of forms and figures with which the universe abounds? To have these difficulties cleared up, these absurdities removed, must we not confess with Moses, “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth:” God—an eternal, self-existent, all-perfect Being: God, of whom we may say with the Psalmist, *Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God—to whom we must ascribe whatsoever our faculties can conceive of great and good, in a degree infinitely superlative—He hath made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth and all things therein.*

The whole visible creation is full of HIM. On every side, we are presented with evidences of his power, with manifestations of his wisdom, and the effects of his goodness. When we mark the regularity of the seasons, the just and regular distribution of heat and cold; and the seasonable interchange of light and darkness:—when we view the revolutions of the planetary system, observe the undeviating regularity, and consider the necessity of that order to produce their due influence upon our globe:—when we reflect on these things, we must necessarily conclude that works which contain within themselves such indisputable marks of intelligent contrivance, such exquisite order and unchanging harmony, could not possibly have been the effect of chance. When we reflect, too, that were the structure or arrangement of these things different from what we observe them to be, they would not answer the ends to which they, at present, serve; we must be still more convinced of the folly of such a conclusion. Out of a thousand fortuitous occurrences, a few might possibly manifest some regularity of appearance; but when the whole are regular—when they are mutually dependent upon each other—and when the united operations of all are requisite to bring about one certain end;—then would it be wild and chimerical to ascribe their formation and arrangement to any thing else than an intelligent Artificer. Such magnificent structures; such happy adaptations of means to the end; such exquisite contrivances; such just proportions; such unchanging regularity, we can only ascribe to the agency of Him who made all the host of the heavens by the breath of his mouth—who said, *Let there be light, and there was light—who spake and it was done; who commanded and it stood fast.* Viewing all these things, we must join in the fervent confessions