

ing the heavens, turns yet more nobly inwards on itself? Above all, what has been metamorphosed into conscience—into that faculty which tells us of right and wrong—of a law and a judge—and which fills us with hopes and fears of rewards and punishments? The hypothesis in question becomes more and more inconceivable the farther we pursue it into its details. It has been already shown that the transformation imagined has not been and could not be gradually accomplished; and the idea of its sudden accomplishment is not less evidently preposterous. Suppose an ape to produce a child, the child would die in the charge of such parentage. Dr. Thomas Reid, the metaphysician, has observed:—‘He must, in my apprehension, have a very strange complexion of understanding, who can survey the various ways in which the young of the various species are reared, without wonder, without the pious admiration of that manifold Wisdom, which hath so skilfully fitted means to ends in such an infinite variety of ways. . . . How common is it to see a young woman, in the gayest period of life, who has spent her days in mirth, and her nights in profound sleep, without