

artificer. The truth is, that with laws and without collocations or dispositions, we should still have but a heaving, turbid, disorderly chaos—whereas it is by the collocations as adapted to the laws that the only decisive indications of counsel or contrivance are given. We can imagine all the present and existing laws of matter to be in full operation; and yet, just for the want of a right local disposition of parts, the universe might be that wild undigested medley of things, in which no one trace or character of a designing architect was at all discernible. Bodies may have gravitated from all eternity through the wide expanse of nature, as they do now. Light may have diffused itself by emanation from various sources with its present velocity. Fluids may have commixed with solids; and each class of substances have had the very properties which they possess at this moment. All the forces whether of mechanics or of chemistry, or even of physiology, might have been inherent in the various substances of nature; and yet in the random play of all these physical energies, nothing still but a chaos might have emerged, that gave no indication whatever of a presiding Mind, which directed the principles and the processes of this immense universe, to any one end or object that mind can be conceived as set upon. A headlong gravitation might have amalgamated all the matter of the universe into one mass. And what of this matter was in a liquid or aerial form, might have buoyed all the lighter substances to the exterior of this rude mundane system. And motion might have been excited by