

on the other a mystery impenetrable may hang over the general design of creation. The lesson that there is a presiding intelligence, may shine most vividly forth in the details of the universe—and yet the drift, or what we should term the policy of the universe, may be wrapt in profoundest secrecy from our view. The world may teem all over with the indications of contrivance—and yet the end which the contriver had in view, the moving cause which impelled him to the formation of the world, or the final destination that awaits it, may all baffle the comprehension of men, who nevertheless can read the inscription of a manifold and marvellous wisdom on every page in the volume of nature. So that on the one hand there may be overpowering light, while on the other there is hopeless and unconquerable darkness. In the workmanship of nature we behold an infinity of special adaptations to special objects, each of which bespeaks a sovereign mind that plans and purposes—yet there may the deepest obscurity hang over the question, what is the plan or purpose of this workmanship on the whole? It is just as when looking to an individual man, we cannot but recognise the conceptions of an architect in the teeth, and the eyes, and the hands, and all the parts of manifest subserviency which belong to him—yet remain unable to solve the enigma of his being, or to fathom the general conception of the Divinity in thus ushering a creature to existence, that he may live in restless vanity, and die in despair. And what is true of an individual is true of a species or of a universe. Throughout,