

there is a certain unalterable quantity in the universe; when combined, their compounds exhibit new chemical affinities, new mechanical laws. Who gave these different laws to the different substances? who proportioned the quantity of each? But suppose this done. Suppose these substances in existence; in contact, in due proportion to each other. Is *this* a world, or at least our world? No more than the mine and the forest are the ship of war and the factory. These elements, with their constitution perfect, and their proportion suitable, are still a mere chaos. They must be put in their places. They must not be where their own properties would place them. They must be made to assume a particular arrangement, or we can have no regular and permanent course of nature. This arrangement must again have additional peculiarities, or we can have no organic portion of the world. The millions of millions of particles which the world contains, must be finished up in as complete a manner, and fitted into their places with as much nicety, as the most delicate wheel or spring in a piece of human machinery. What are the habits of thought to which it can appear possible that this could take place without design, intention, intelligence, purpose, knowledge?

In what has just been said, we have spoken only of the constitution of the inorganic part of the universe. The mechanism, if we may so call it, of vegetable and animal life, is so far beyond our comprehension, that though some of the same observations might be applied to it, we do not dwell upon the subject. We know that in these processes also, the mechanical and chemical properties of matter are necessary, but we know too that these alone will not account for the phenomena of life. There is something more than these. The lowest stage of vitality and irritability appears to carry us beyond mechanism, beyond affinity. All that has been said with regard to the exactness of the adjustments, the combination of va-