

Uranus, may have all their plants and animals, and yet they may be as devoid of rational, accountable creatures, as were the creations of the Silurian, Old Red Sandstone, Carboniferous, Oolitic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary periods. They may be merely some of the 'many mansions' prepared in the 'Father's House,' for the immortal existence of kingly destiny made in the Father's own image, to whom this little world forms but the cradle and the nursery.

"But the effect of this extended geologic basis may be neutralized, the infidel may urge, by extending it yet a little further. Why, he may ask, since we draw our analogies regarding what obtains in the other planets from what obtains in our own,—why not conclude that each one of them has also had its geologic eras and revolutions,—its Silurian, Old Red Sandstone, Carboniferous, Oolitic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary periods; and that now, contemporary with the creation of which man constitutes the master-existence, they have all their fully-matured creations, headed by rationality? Why not carry the analogy thus far? Simply, it may be unhesitatingly urged in reply, because to carry it so far would be to carry it beyond the legitimate bounds of analogy; and because analogy pursued but a single step beyond the limits of its proper province is sure always to land the pursuer in error. Analogy is not identity. . . . A sagacious guide in its own legitimate field, it is utterly blind and senseless in the precincts that lie beyond. It is nicely correct in its *generals*, perversely erroneous in its *particulars*; and no sooner does it quit its proper province,—the general for the particular,—than there start up around it a multitude of solid objections, sternly to challenge it as a trespasser on grounds not its own. How infer, we may well ask the infidel,—admitting, for the argument's sake, that all the planets come under the law of geologic revolution,—how infer that they have all, or any of them save our own earth, arrived at the stage of stability and ripeness essential to a fully-developed creation, with a reasoning creature as its master-existence? Look at the immense mass of Jupiter, and at that mysterious mantle of cloud, barred and streaked in the direction of his *trade-winds*, that for ever conceals his face. May not that dense robe of cloud be the ever-ascending steam of a globe that, in consequence of its vast bulk, has not sufficiently cooled down to be a scene of life at all? Even the analogue of our Silurian creation may not yet have begun in Jupiter. Look, again, at Mercury, where it bathes in a flood of light, enveloped within the sun's halo, like some forlorn smelter sweltering beside the furnace-mouth. A similar state of things may obtain on the surface of that planet, from a different though not less adequate cause. But it is unnecessary to deal further with an analogy so palpably overstrained, and whose aggressive place and position in a province not its own so many unanswerable objections start up to elucidate and fix."