

are imperfect in other respects. Some of these instruments, like mouth-pipes, do not permit us to pass from *piano* to *forte*; in others, as in all those which are played by percussion, there are no means of maintaining the sound. The organ has two registers—that of the mouth-pipes and that of the reed-pipes—in this point of view resembling the human voice, with its chest register and falsetto. But none of these instruments combines all advantages like the human voice. The vocal organ has, above them all, the advantage of being able to give all the sounds of the musical scale, and all their shades, with a single mouth-pipe, while the most perfect of reed instruments requires a separate pipe for each sound." ("Manuel," tom. ii., chap. ii., p. 197.)

Now, permit me to bring before your notice the arguments of men of great ability, of high education, of diverse mind and bias, and living in various ages of the world, in support of my thesis based upon such marks of design as these.

"If one were to find on a desert island," says Fénelon, "a beautiful marble statue, he would doubtless at once say: 'There have formerly been men here: I recognise the hand of a talented sculptor.' 'These words,' said Janet, 'have had in recent times a curious justification. What has been found, not in a desert island, but in antediluvian deposits, is not marble statues, nor magnificent palaces, but tools, and the rudest possible hatchets as at least is supposed, stones cut in an awkward manner, such as can even sometimes be met with when rocks are broken. And yet, however rude this work may be, the fact that such stones have been met with in great numbers has sufficed to lead to the conclusion that they cannot be a freak of Nature. That mass of objects collected in the same place, cut in the same manner, indicates a relation of finality; they are no longer stones, they are instruments—that is to say, objects destined to cut, to pierce, to strike, to produce this or that effect. This induction does not raise the shadow of a doubt, and yet if a coincidence of unknown causes has been able to produce the wing of the bird so marvellously adapted for flying, why should not another coincidence of unknown causes have been able to produce this heap of rude stones, so imperfectly adapted to their object?' ("Final Causes," book i., chap. i., p. 30.) So far for Fénelon, the Catholic philosopher; now turn in quite another direction. Open the profoundest of Molière's comedies, "Le festin de Pierre" (Act iii., scene 1), and you will hear the good Sganarelle draw out one of the most powerful evidences regarding a Supreme Being, and one of the most ancient that has ever impressed the mind of the philosopher. In trying to convert the unbelieving Don Juan, he says to him; "I have not studied like you, thank God, and no one could boast of ever having taught me anything; but with my small sense, my small judgment, I see things better than books, and understand very well that this world is not a mushroom that has come of itself in a night. I would ask you—who has made these trees, these rocks, this earth, and yonder sky above? and whether all that has made itself. . . . Can you see all the inventions of which the human machine is composed, without admiring the way in which it is arranged, one part with another—these nerves, bones, veins, arteries, these . . . lungs, this heart, this liver, and all these other ingredients that are there . . . ? My reasoning is that there is something wonderful in man, whatever you may say, and which all the savants cannot explain." Though put into the mouth of a valet, this great argument was handled at Athens ages ago by the clear and logical mind of Socrates, Fénelon develops it in his beautiful treatise on the "Existence of God," whilst Cicero has handled the same subject from a pagan standpoint in his "De Natura Deorum," and Kant can never criticize it without treating it, especially as developed by the French divine, with the most respectful sympathy.

So far for Molière. Let us now take a renowned mathematician and astronomer, I refer to the illustrious Kepler. This great thinker was one of those chosen scientific men whose minds seem to expand with religious feeling in proportion as they advance in the course of scientific discovery. The realm of science with him not only harmonized with, but witnessed to the kingdom of religion. He, like most thinkers of his day, engaged his keen and powerful intellect in trying to solve the theory of atoms and their combinations. He passed many days together in such meditations as these. On one occasion, after he had been engaged for many hours in endeavouring to solve the great problem, the dinner-bell rang; and having sat down to table with Barbara his wife, the salad was put upon the table. With his mind full of the subject of his meditations, and feeling that there was, after all, but one reasonable way for accounting for the order, and beauty, and oneness, yet variety, of the world spread out beneath his feet, he suddenly stopped eating and said to his wife: "Dost think," said he, "that if from the creation plates of tin, leaves of lettuce, grains of salt, drops of oil and vinegar, and fragments of hard-boiled eggs were floating in space in all directions and without order, chance could assemble them to-day to form a salad?" "Certainly not so good a one," she replied, "nor so well seasoned as this!" (See Bertrand, "Les fondateurs de l'astronomie moderne," p. 154.)

Evidently, the profoundest thought of the great astronomer, and the natural light of reason in a woman's mind, led straight to one distinct conclusion.

Now, leave the profound philosopher and the woman, and take a little child, and see how his mind would be affected. Let me select, however an intelligent child, the son of a keen Scotch philosopher. I refer to Beattie. This able man had a boy, and when the child was between five and six years of age, in fact, just arriving at the use of reason, his father was anxious to instruct him in religion, and bring before his opening intelligence the fact of the existence of God. The canny Scotchman thought of a clever expedient of bringing home to the child's mind the great truth on which all happiness is based. He went one day quietly to the child's little garden, and sowed some mustard and cress seed there, and so disposed of it that it should, when grown up, exhibit the three initial letters of the child's name. But to give the account in the father's words: "Ten days after," says Beattie, "the child came running to me all amazed, and told me that his name had grown in the garden. I smiled at these words, and appeared not to attach much importance to what he had said. But he insisted on taking me to see what had happened. 'Yes,' said I, in

coming to the place, 'I see well enough that it is so; but there is nothing wonderful in this, it is a mere accident,' and went away. But he followed me, and walking beside me, said very seriously: 'That cannot be an accident. Some one must have prepared the seed, to produce this result.' Perhaps these were not his very words, but this was the substance of his thought. 'You think, then,' said I to him, 'that what here appears as regular as the letters of your name, cannot be produced by chance?' 'Yes,' he said firmly, 'I think so.' 'Well, then, look at yourself, consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and all your members, and do they not seem to you regular in their appearance, and useful in their service? Doubtless they do.' 'Can they, then, be the result of chance?' 'No,' replied he, 'that cannot be; some one must have made me them.' 'And who is that some one?' I asked him. He replied that he did not know. I then made known to him the name of the great Being who made all the world, and regarding His Nature I gave him all the instruction adapted to his age. The lesson struck him so profoundly, that he has never forgotten either it or the circumstance that was the occasion of it."

Now let us shift the scene again: let us leave the pure atmosphere of Beattie's home, and plunge for a moment, in imagination, into the brilliant and depraved society of Parisian Atheists who, in the days when Atheism was rampant in France, frequented the drawing-room of Baron d'Holbach. One of the frequenters of that drawing-room and society, the Abbé Galiani, was one of the most gifted of the clergy of that day, and renowned through society as a remarkably witty improvisatore. But I will allow Abbé Morellet to give his own version of the matter. "After dinner and coffee," says Morellet, "the Abbé sits down in an arm chair, his legs crossed like a tailor, as was his custom, and, it being warm, he takes his wig in one hand, and gesticulating with the other, commences nearly as follows: 'I will suppose, gentlemen, that he among you who is most fully convinced that the world is the effect of chance, is playing with three dice, I do not say in a gambling-house, but in the best house in Paris—his antagonist throws sixes once, twice, thrice, four times—in a word, constantly. However short the duration of the game, my friend Diderot, thus losing his money, will unhesitatingly say, without a moment's doubt, 'The dice are loaded; this is a gambling-house!' What, then, philosopher? Because ten or a dozen throws of the dice have emerged from the box so as to make you lose six francs, you believe firmly that this is in consequence of an adroit manoeuvre, an artificial combination, a well-planned lottery; and yet seeing in this universe so prodigious a number of combinations, thousands of times more difficult and complicated, more sustained and useful, &c., do you not recognise the skill and intelligence of Him in whose hands are the ends of the earth, and who has ordered all things in number, in weight and measure?' Fénelon the Catholic Divine, Tillotson the Protestant, and Cicero the Pagan orator and philosopher, are convinced by, and make use of the same character of proof. Possibly Fénelon borrowed much of his Treatise from the *De Natura Deorum*; anyhow, both he and Cicero, to show the absurdity of the supposition that the world came together by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, ask the pertinent question whether the throwing of four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet together would ever result in the formation of one single verse of the *Iliad*? While Tillotson asks, "If twenty thousand blind men were to set out from different places in England remote from each other, what chance would there be that they would end by meeting, all arranged in a row, upon Salisbury Plain?" Kant, the great German philosopher, who perhaps has exerted a greater sway over English thought than any other modern thinker, throws his proofs of God's existence and unity into a four-fold division in the following order: first, he maintains, there are everywhere in the world manifest signs of an order regulated by design; secondly this harmonious order does not necessarily belong to the things of the world, but only contingently, that is, it must have been produced *ab extra*, from outside; thirdly, therefore, there must exist one sublime wise cause, which must have produced the world as an Omnipotent Being, not acting blindly, but freely and intelligently; and, finally, and fourthly, he deduces the unity of this cause from that of the relations of the parts of the world looked upon as the different pieces of a work of art. Janet shows, with great clearness of illustration, what we should have to admit did we refuse to admit the existence of an intelligent Creator. "If the elements of things," he says, "be conceived as mobile atoms, moving in all possible directions, and ending by lighting on such a happy combination as results in a planetary globe, a solar system, or an organized body, it will have to be said as well that it is in virtue of a happy combination that the atoms have ended by taking the form of a human brain, which, by the mere fact of that combination, became fit for thought. Now what is this but to say that letters thrown haphazard might form the *Iliad* in their successive throws, since the *Iliad* itself is only one of the phenomena produced by the thinking activity? But the human mind, whether in the arts or in the sciences, has produced, and will produce, similar phenomena without end. It would not then be a single verse, a single poem, it would be all thought, with all its poems, and all its inventions, which would be the result of a happy throw." ("Final Causes," book i., chap. v., p. 152.)

Let us now turn to the proof of God's existence from the world within, and I begin by bringing before you the views of one of the most subtle thinkers of the present age, and one of the most conscientious; a man who has passed a long life in the consideration of the gravest religious problems. I refer to Dr. Newman, of the London Oratory. Fortunately, in his "Apologia," he has been, through accident, forced, if I may so speak, to make his interior mind and spirit known, as it otherwise never would have been. There are two remarkable and profound observations regarding his view of the existence of God, in the "Apologia;" and in the "Grammar of Assent" he draws out, what evidently for him is the most cogent proof amongst so many of the Theist's Doctrine. In his early youth he said he was led to "rest in the thought of two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, himself and his Creator." (Apologia, p. 4.) "Of all points of faith," he says further on, "the being of a God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power." Further on