

lous acts, of the nature of which *man knows nothing*. But I have not thought out the subject any further: you have, in the statement already made, my entire *argument*." "Ay, I see," the author of the "Essay on Miracles" would probably have remarked; "you deem it unlikely that Deity should not only work in part, as he has always done, by means of which *men*, — clever fellows like you and me — think they know a great deal but that he should also work in part, *as he has always done*, by means of which they know nothing at all. Admirably reasoned out! You are, I make no doubt, a sound, zealous unbeliever in your private capacity, and your argument may have great weight with your own mind, and be, in consequence, worthy of encouragement in a small way; but allow me to suggest that, for the sake of the general cause, it should be kept out of reach of the enemy. There are in the Churches Militant on both sides of the Tweed shrewd combatants, who have nearly as much wit as ourselves." I think I understand the reference of the author of the "Vestiges" to the *dream* "of a special action of Deity in every change of wind and the results of each season." Taken with what immediately goes before, it means something considerably different from those fancies of the "untutored Indian," who, according to the poet,

"Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

There is a school of infidelity, tolerably well known in the capital of Scotland as by far the most superficial which our country has yet seen, that measures mind with a tape-line and the callipers, and, albeit not Christian, laudably exemplifies, in a loudly expressed regard for science, the Christian grace of loving its enemy. And the belief in a special Providence, who watches over and orders all things, and without whose permission there falleth not even a "sparrow to the