

matters of every kind, placed as it were by chance, and without the smallest apparent design. Examining with a more strict attention, we discover sunk mountains, caverns filled, rocks split and broken, countries swallowed up, and new islands rising from the ocean; we shall also perceive heavy substances placed above light ones, hard bodies surrounded with soft; in short we shall there find matter in every form, wet and dry, hot and cold, solid and brittle, mixed in such a sort of confusion as to leave room to compare them only to a mass of rubbish and the ruins of a wrecked world.

We inhabit these ruins however with a perfect security. The various generations of men, animals, and plants, succeed each other without interruption; the earth produces sufficient for their sustenance: the sea has its limits and laws; the currents of air are also regulated: the returns of the seasons are certain and regular; the severity of the winter has never failed to be followed by the beauties of spring: every thing appears in order, and the earth, formerly a *chaos*, is now a tranquil and delightful abode, where all is animated and regulated by such an amazing display of power and intelligence as fills us
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