

former continent—what is there in this to charm into being the embryos of an infant family where-with to stock and to repeople a now desolated world? We see in the sweeping energy and uproar of this elemental war, enough to account for the disappearance of all the old generations—but nothing that might cradle any new generations into existence, so as to have effloresced on ocean's deserted bed the life and the loveliness which are now before our eyes. At no juncture, we apprehend, in the history of the world—is the interposition of Deity more manifest than at this—nor can we better account for so goodly a creation emerging again into new forms of animation and beauty from the wreck of the old one, than that the spirit of God moved on the face of the chaos—and that nature, turned by the last catastrophe into a wilderness, was again re-peopled at the utterance of His word.

20. Those rocks which stand forth in the order of their formation, and are each imprinted with their own peculiar fossil remains, have been termed the archives of nature where she hath recorded the changes that have taken place in the history of the globe. They are made to serve the purpose of scrolls or inscriptions on which we might read of those great steps and successions by which the earth has been brought to its present state. And should these archives of nature be but truly deciphered, we are not afraid of their being openly confronted with the archives of revelation. It is unmanly to blink the approach of light from whatever quarter of observation it may fall upon us—and these are not the best friends of Christianity