

has reserved to himself alone; the power of creating and annihilating are his peculiar attributes; while that of changing, destroying, unfolding, renewing, and producing, are the only privileges he has conferred on this or any other agent. Nature, the minister of his *irrevocable* commands, the depository of his *immutable* decrees, never deviates from the laws he has prescribed to her; she never changes any part of his original plan, but in all her operations she exhibits the will and design of the eternal Lord of the universe. This grand design, this unalterable impression of all existence, is the model upon which she invariably acts; a model of which all the features are so strongly impressed, that they can never be effaced; a model which the infinite number of copies, instead of impairing, only serve to renew.

We may therefore affirm that every thing has been created, but nothing annihilated; Nature acts between the two without ever reaching either the one or the other. It is in some points of this vast space, which she has filled and traversed from the beginning of ages, that we must endeavour to lay hold of her to bring her into view.

What an infinity of objects, comprehending an infinity of matter, which would have been  
created