

wonderful; but it is in the succession, reproduction, and duration of species, that nature becomes inconceivable. This faculty of reproduction, which resides alone in animals and vegetables; this kind of unity always subsisting, and seemingly eternal; this procreative power, which perpetually exercises itself without being destroyed, is a mystery, the depth of which we are not enabled to fathom.

Inanimate bodies, even the stones and dirt under our feet, have some properties; their existence alone supposes a great number; and the least organic matter has an infinity of relations with the other parts of the universe. We shall not say, with some philosophers, that matter, under whatever form it may be, is sensible of its existence and relative faculties. This is a metaphysical question, and of which we do not here propose to treat, it will be sufficient to observe, that not having a perfect knowledge of our own relation with external objects, we cannot doubt that inanimate matters are still more ignorant; besides, as our sensations do not in the least resemble the objects which cause them, we must conclude, by analogy, that inanimate matter has neither sentiment, sensation, nor a consciousness of its existence; to attribute any