

which had no parents to care or provide for it should come into existence in a state of maturity sufficient to enable it to care and provide for itself; it is equally necessary that the contemporary vegetable, its food, should be created in a condition that fitted it for *being* food. Had the first man and first woman been created mere infants, they would, humanly speaking, have shared the fate of the "babes in the wood." Had the productions of the vegetable kingdom been created in an analogous state of immaturity, "the horse," to borrow from an old proverb, "would have died when the grass was growing." But *it is* contrary to the laws which control human belief, that the all-wise Creator should be a maker of churchyards full of the broken debris of carcasses,—of skeletons never purposed to compose the framework of animals,—of watches never intended to do aught than perform the part of stones.*

* In the pages of no writer is the argument drawn from the miracle of creation — if argument it may be termed — at once so ingeniously asserted and so exquisitely adorned, as in the pages of Chateaubriand. The passage is comparatively little known in this country, and so I quote it entire from the translation of a friend.

"We approach the last objection concerning the modern origin of the globe. 'The earth,' it is said, 'is an old nurse, whose decrepitude everything announces. Examine its fossils, its marbles, its granites, and you will decipher its innumerable years, marked by circle, by stratum, or by branch, like those of the serpent by his rattles, the horse by his teeth, or the stag by his horns.'

"This difficulty has been a hundred times solved by this answer, — 'God *should* have created, and without question has created, the world, with all the marks of antiquity and completeness which we now see.'

"Indeed, it is probable that the Author of nature at first planted old forests and young shoots, — that animals were produced, some full of days, others adorned with all the graces of infancy. Oaks, as they pierced the fruitful soil, would bear at once the forsaken nest of the crow and the young posterity of the dove; the caterpillar was ohrysalis and butterfly; the insect, fed on the herb, suspended its golden egg amid the forests, or trembled in the wavy air; the bee which had lived but a single morning