

creation sprang to life to be swept away in six days. I deny that the Adamite land was in the middle of Asia, and that an ocean of five miles deep ever surrounded this Globe, and I deny that Noah had thousands on thousands of living creatures shut up for upwards of a year in the Ark, and more than all, I deny that the great Lawgiver of the Hebrews ever made the statements that are put into his mouth.

Reader, do you, can you believe that vast series of strata, many thousand feet in thickness, pile above pile, with all their embedded hosts of dead, were formed in a week—look at the grain sands of which your mountains are composed—look at the vast forests which have been submerged to form the fields of coal which are spread over all parts of the habitable world—look in almost any rock that is beneath your feet—mark the fragments of shell, of fish, of lizard or of brute—the ancient tenants of a land and an ocean long passed away.

Can you believe the flood placed them there? Can you believe that in one short year a Deluge could have formed sufficient sand to have composed mountains by the side of which, those which surround you are but as Ant hills—and yet not have had the power to wash the leaves off an Olive tree.

Reader, you may still doubt. But wait until you have, as I have, torn from the iron bosom of the rock the debris of the giant dead, till you have stood, as I have, alone amidst the relics of a bygone world, until the soul felt awestruck at the thought that once the pulses beat and the blood ran warm in those colossal forms—that eyes of beauty and of fire flashed light from those empty sockets—that many a call to battle has burst from those fleshless jaws.

Then and not till then disbelieve the mighty monstrous children of Creation's God.