[sc. Prodicus] says that the gods recognized by humans neither exist nor have knowledge, but the ancients out of admiration deified the fruits of the earth and virtually everything that contributed to their livelihood.

It is clear that Persaeus really abrogates and demolishes the divine or knows nothing about it since, in On Gods, he says that Prodicus was not unpersuasive in writing that things which nourish and benefit humans were first considered and honoured as gods, and later the discoverers of foods, shelters and the other arts, such as Demeter, Dionysus and Dioscuri.

Prodicus of Ceos says that the ancients considered as gods the sun, the moon, the rivers, the springs, and in general all the useful things for our life, because of the benefit derived from them, just as the Egyptians deify the Nile. It is for this reason that bread was called Demeter, wine Dionysus, water Poseidon, fire Hephaestus, and so on for everything that is useful.

If you look at our best sophists, they write eulogies in prose to Heracles and the rest, such as the excellent Prodicus.
T5. ei ἔκα καὶ Διόνυσον καλοίμεν καὶ νόμφας καὶ Δήμητρος γόρην ὑπέτον τε Δία καὶ Ποσειδόνα φυτάλμοιν, πλησιάζομεν ἑδὴ ταῖς τελέταις καὶ τὴν Προδίκου σοφίαν τοῖς λόγοις ἐγκαταμέζομεν, ὃς ἱεροσυγίαν πᾶσαν ἀνθρώπων καὶ μυστηρία καὶ πανηγύρεις καὶ τελετᾶς τῶν ἔργων καλῶν ἐξάπτει, νομίζων καὶ θεῶν ἔννοιαν [ms. εὔνοιαν] ἐντεύθεν εἰς ἀνθρώπους ἐλθείν καὶ πᾶσαν εὐσεβείαν ἐγγυώμενον (Them. Or. XXX, 349a-b = DK 84 B5).

If we should also summon Dionysus, the Nymphs, Demeter’s daughter, the rain-bringing Zeus, and nourishing Poseidon, then we approach the rites, and we shall invoke the wisdom of Prodicus in our account, who derived all religious practices of men and mysteries and festivals and rites from the goods of agriculture, believing that the notion [ms. benevolence] of gods came to men from this source and making it the guarantee of all piety.

T6. τῶν γὰρ ὅντων ἀγαθῶν καὶ καλῶν οὐδὲν ἄνευ πόνου καὶ ἐπιμελείας θεοὶ διδάσασιν ἀνθρώποις, ἀλλ’ εἰτε τοὺς θεοὺς ὑλεῖς εἶναι σοι βούλει, θεραπευτέον τοὺς θεοὺς, εἰτε ὑπὸ φύλων εὐθέλεις ἀγαπάσθαι, τοῖς φύλων εὐφρενητησέν, εἰτε ὑπὸ τῶν πόλεως εἰπώμεις τιμᾶσθαι, τὴν πόλιν ὑφελητέον, εἰτε ὑπὸ τῆς Ἑλλάδος πάσης ἁξιοῖς ἐπ’ ἀρετῆς θαυμάζεσθαι, τὴν Ἑλλάδα πειρατεόν εὐ ποιεῖν, εἰτε γῆν βούλει σοι καρποὺς ἀφθόνους φέρειν, τὴν γῆν θεραπευτέον, εἰτε ὑπὸ βοσκημάτων οὐεὶ δεῖν πλουτίζεσθαι, τῶν βοσκημάτων ἐπιμελησέν, εἰτε διὰ πολέμου ὄρμας αὐξάσθαι καὶ βούλει δύνασθαι τοὺς τῆς φύλως ἐλευθεροῦν καὶ τοὺς ἐχθροὺς χειρόσθαι, τῶν πολεμικάς τέχνας αὐτάς τε παρὰ τῶν ἐπισταμένων μαθητέον καὶ ὅπως αὐταίς δεῖ χρῆσαί ἀσκητέον· εἰ δὲ καὶ τῷ σῷματι βούλει δυνατός εἶναι, τῇ γνώμῃ ὑπηρετείν ἐπιστέον τὸ σῶμα καὶ γυμναστέον σὺν πόνοις καὶ ἱδρώτι […] ὅταν δ’ ἔλθῃ τὸ πεπρωμένον τέλος, οὗ μετά λήθης ἀτύμων δεῖναι, ἀλλὰ μετὰ μνήμης τῶν ἄνθροπον ὑμνούμενοι θάλλουσι. τοιαύτα σοι, ὡς τοιαύτα ἄγαθον Ἡρόλεις, ἔξεστι διαπονησαμένω τῷ μαχαιριστικῇ τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν κεκτήσατι (Xen. Mem. II.1.28-33 = DK 84 B2)

For the gods give to humans none of the things that are good and noble without labor and care. Rather, if you want the gods to be gracious to you, you must tend to the gods. If you wish to be loved by friends, you must do good deeds for your friends. If you desire to be honoured by some city, you must benefit the city. If you think that you deserve to be admired for your virtue by all of Greece, you must try to benefit Greece. If you want the earth to bear abundant crops for you, you must tend to the earth. If you think that you ought to become wealthy from livestock, you must care for your livestock. If you have the urge to to increase your power through war and you want to be able to free your friends and subdue yours enemies, you must learn the arts of war themselves from those who know them and practice how one ought to to use them. And if you also want to be powerful in body, you must train your body to serve your mind and exercise with labor and sweat […] . And whenever their appointed end comes, they do not lie forgotten without honour but flourish remembered, celebrated in song for all time. O Heracles, child of good help, by working hard at such things it is possible for you to possess the most blessed happiness.