

nature or chance, takes no further care or thought for the worlds to which he had given being.

But what is this mighty and next to omnipotent power?

“ This great-grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature ever young, but full of eld ;
Still moving, yet immoved from her sted ;
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld ;
Thus sitting in her throne——”

as quaintly sings our great bard of allegory.*

Now this great-grandmother of the whole creation, who, according to our author, takes all trouble off the hands of the God of Gods, sitting as it were in his throne, and directing and upholding all things by the word of her power,— what is she? Is she not at least a secondary spirit, co-extensive with the physical universe which she forms, and the limits of which alone terminate her action? This the various and wonderful operations attributed to her by this her worshipper would proclaim her to be. How then are we surprised and astonished when studying and weighing every scruple of his definitions of this his great Diana of Ephesus, and casting them up, we find at the foot of the account that she literally amounts to NOTHING. That she is a compound of attributes without any subsistence to hang them upon. His primary character of her, on which he insists in every part of his works, declares her to be an *Order of Things*. What idea does this phrase convey to the mind? That of things arranged and acting in a certain order. But no; this is not his meaning. She is an order of things composed of objects independent of matter. These objects are all metaphysical, and are neither beings, nor bodies, nor matter. But if she is not a *being*, she can have no existence. Yes, says our author, she is composed of

* Faerie Queene, B. vii. c. vii. st. 13.