

species only to ridicule them. It is human pride personified that he represents as exclaiming,—

“ For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,  
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;  
Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew  
The juice nectarious and the balmy dew.  
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;  
For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;  
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;  
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.”

You will farther remember how the poet, after thus reducing the claims and lowering the position of the species, set himself to show that man, viewed in relation to the place which he occupies, ought not to be regarded as an imperfect being. Man is, he said, as perfect as he ought to be. And, such being the case, the Author of all, looking, it would seem, very little after him, has just left him to take care of himself. A cold, unfeeling abstraction, like the gods of the old Epicurean, the Great First Cause of this school is a being

“ Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall ;  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.”

Such, assuredly, was not that God of the New Testament whom the Saviour of mankind revealed to his disciples as caring for all his creatures of the dust, but as caring most for the highest of all. “ Are not two sparrows,” he said, “ sold for a farthing ? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. Fear ye not therefore ; ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

It was the error of this ingenious but very unsolid school, that it regarded the mere *order* of the universe as itself an end or final cause. It reasoned respecting creation as if it would be true philosophy to account for the origin and existence of some great city, such as the city of Washington in the United States, built, as we know, for purely political pur-