

butes—May I never neglect it, and never forget the worship and grateful praises which are due to Thee, both in private and public; for I can never be without a prompter!

ALL thy works, with unceasing voice, echo forth thy wondrous praises. The splendid sun, with the unnumbered orbs of heaven, thro' the pathless void, repeat their unwearied circuits, that, to the uttermost bounds of the universe, they may proclaim Thee the source of justest order and unabating harmony. This earth rolls round the various seasons of the year, that, in all her changes and appearances, she may speak Thee the original of all beauty; and every other creature that lives thereon seems to rejoice in its state and be happy, that it may pronounce Thee the parent of all wisdom and goodness!

SHALL I then, who am favoured above them all with reason and voice articulate, mar the grand Chorus? Shall I be the only peevish string in the tuneful instrument?—Oh no!—save me, Thou Sovereign Power! Thou Universal Good! save me from such a perverse ungrateful conduct. Let not Me, Me alone, who am here so highly endowed, wander as if deaf, blind and dumb, in the midst of Thy applauding works; but may I walk forth with the morning sun and under the evening sky, while my feeling soul attends, and my consenting heart beats unison, to the voice of nature; for the

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