

than habitual; when the good man has attained that state in which reflection is but a kind of mental prayer, and every object around is to him a subject of adoration, and a motive for gratitude. Praise flows from the lips of such a person like those natural melodies, to which the ear has long been accustomed, and which the voice delights to call forth.

The contemplation of a venerable old man sinking gently into the arms of death, supported by filial affection, and animated by religious hope, excites a serious yet not unpleasant sensation. When the gay and busy scenes of life are past, and the years advance which 'have no pleasure in them,' what is left for age to wish, but that its infirmities may be soothed by the watchful solicitude of tenderness, and its darkness cheered by a ray of that light 'which cometh from above?' To such persons life, even its last stage, is still agreeable. They do not droop like those flowers which, when their vigour is past, lose at once their beauty and their fragrance; but have more affinity to the fading rose, which, when its enchanting colours are fled, still retains its exhilarating sweetness, and is loved and cherished even in decay.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between a beautiful cultivated valley and its savage boundaries. It seems like beauty reposing in the arms of horror, and sheltered in its safe retreat from the tempests which spread their force above.

In those moments, when employed in the contemplation of Nature, we utter the exclamations of admiration and wonder, the soul becomes conscious of her native dignity; we seem to be brought nearer to the Deity; we feel the sense of his sacred presence; the low-minded cares of earth vanish; we view all nature beaming with benignity and with beauty; and we repose with benign confidence on Him who has thus embellished his creation. In the country, the mind borrows virtue from the scene. When we tread the lofty mountain, when the ample lake spreads its broad expanse of waters to our view, when we listen to the fall of the torrent, the awed and astonished mind is raised above the temptations of guilt; and when we wander amid the softer scenes of nature, the charms of the landscape, the song of the birds, the mildness of the breeze, and the murmurs of the stream sooth the passions into peace, excite the most gentle emoti-

ons, and have power to chase 'all sadness but despair.' 'Can man forbear to smile with nature? Can the stormy passions in his bosom roll, while every gale is peace, and every grove is melody?'

It will ever be found that great talents derive new energy from the virtue of the character; as when the sun-beam plays upon gems, it calls forth all their scattered radiance.

Perfect good-breeding undoubtedly requires the foundation of good sense; as the oak, which is the most solid and valuable, is also the most graceful tree of the forest.

There is a tranquillity of soul which is not like the sweet glow of a summer morning, enlivened by sunshine, and the exulting song of the birds: it has more affinity to the pensive stillness of the evening, when the mildness of the air, and the fading charms of the landscape, excite in the mind a soft and tender sensation, which has a nearer alliance to melancholy than to joy.

The occasional acts of beneficence, which proceed either from ostentation or fear, resemble those scanty spots of verdure to which a sudden shower will sometimes give birth in a stony and sterile soil; which pure genuine philanthropy flows like those unseen dews which are only marked in their benign effects, spreading new charms over creation.

Fondness for children, even in one not a parent, is an affection very natural to a tender heart; for what is more interesting than the innocence, the helplessness, the endearing simplicity of childhood?

In the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, the charms of friendship, and the delightful intercourse of elegant and cultivated minds, the stream of time flows not like the turbulent torrent which rushes in unequal cadence, as impelled by the tempestuous winds, nor like the sluggish pool, whose waters rest in dull stagnation: it glides cheerfully along, like the clear rivulet of the valley, whose surface is unruffled by the blast of the mountains, and whose bosom reflects the verdant landscape through which it passes.

Many people have an everlasting propensity to speak, from the want of sufficient understanding to be silent.