

than a ramble in the placidity and stillness of evening. I pretend not to determine the effect which it may produce upon others, but to judge from my own feelings; it is an hour which elicits a peculiar sensation of pleasure and delight.

It is a delicious moment of calm repose, in which we can breathe freely after the fatigues and hurry of the day, and serenely look back on its events, and form plans for the morrow.

It is the jubilee of the soul—if I dare hazard the expression—when its better feelings freed from the shackles of restraint imposed by the cold formalities of society, and waking from the apathy induced by the common place incidents of worldly intercourse, spring into action with a renovated buoyancy, and bestow a foretaste of heavenly enjoyment, if that enjoyment can in the faintest degree be anticipated on earth,—a felicity indeed which may be felt but cannot be described.

It is at this hour, when gazing on the fading glories of the skies, as they gradually die away, and are lost in the approaching dimness—or watching the increasing faintness of the surrounding landscape, till not a gleam of light is left to display its varied hues, and which are fast blending into one universal tint,—that the remembrance of blighted hopes and blissful joys and thwarted views of ambition stealing on us. Deceitful illusions! Once bright and dazzling as that glowing radiance we had just contemplated, and like it, their transitory fascination misled our heated fancies for awhile, and then sank into the dark clouds of disappointment and despair.

And when the soul is enwrapt in the seducing melancholy which reflections like these cannot fail of inspir-