

Is there to be found the individual, who does not love to turn back and dwell with delight on the scenes of by-gone days, when he was with loved and loving parents? How fondly does memory struggle to recal the features lit up by that approving smile, which rewarded our little efforts to please—how does each instance of indulgent kindness and gentle forbearance come before our view,—and, oh how bitterly do we regret the waywardness and impatience of restraint which we then manifested—how do we mourn that death has robbed us of the opportunity of making some return for all the love which was shewn to us, some compensation for all our thoughtless neglect and giddy disobedience; how does the heart swell with grateful love even at the distant recollection of the benefits which we have received from a Father's or a Mother's tender care!—If the bond which unites the child to the parent be so strong, that even corroding time cannot wear it away, what shall we say of the closest of all relations, creature to Creator, the very germ of every other connexion? “God the Lord created the Heavens, and stretched them out, he spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it—he giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein.”

But God should be the object of our supreme Love, not merely as our Creator, but as our Preserver. To Him we are indebted not merely for life, but for every advantage of every kind which we possess,—that we are in health and in the enjoyment of the blessings which he has conferred upon us, is all the bounty of His preserving care,—that we are happy in the circumstances wherein he has placed us, and in the occupations to which he has called us—that our wants are sup-

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