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 ed my rest : through the long lived day, the distresses
 of my country and the dangers and disasters of my
 friends harassed my thoughts. In the mean while,
 the course of nature moved on tranquil and serene,
 without suspension or interruption. The delightful
 vicissitudes of day and night, and the cheering rota-
 tion of the seasons, were what they had been before,
 and what they have continued to be since ; but to my
 feelings they were not the same and brought not the
 accustomed pleasure. If in an early morning walk at
 the rise of the orb of day, in the splendour of his
 beams I beheld the vast creation around me and ex-
 claimed with the poet,

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good !

Almighty ! thine this universal frame,

Thus wondrous fair ;”

instantly my wounded spirit urged the remonstrance,
 “ yet why, thou great source of beneficence, is thy
 chosen creature man, for whose sake this ample provi-
 sion has been made, why is he given up to those pas-
 sions and lusts, those strifes and contentions which fill
 the moral system with disorder, with confusion, and
 every evil work ! Why do I hear the sound of the
 trumpet and the alarm of war, the proud and clamo-
 rous shouts of discord and battle ?” — If again at even-
 tide, on the adjacent hills I meditated on the starry
 firmament, on the planetary systems there hung forth
 to our admiring view, the unnumbered worlds rolling
 over our heads, and reflected on the perfect order and
 harmony with which they continue their unceasing
 movements, their respective revolutions, each in his
 own destined orbit, without any perceptible deviation,
 and regularly, from age to age, shed their benign in-