

her chickens under her wings, I may well repeat : " Your sons grow up as the young plants, and your daughters as the polished corners of the temple." When I ride between your almost spontaneous harvests and your untended flocks, I may again exclaim : " Your garner's are filled with all manner of store, and your sheep bring forth thousands and ten thousands in your streets." When I observe your gigantic cattle lending their patient strength to your ploughs and again replacing the loan out of the cheap pastures of your plains, I may still ejaculate : " Your oxen are strong to labour, and there is no decay." When I consider, that you know war and bondage only as the scourges of other lands, I utter the words of the Jewish monarch in the proud and grateful spirit of a British subject : " There is no leading into captivity, and no complaining among you." When I reflect that, through the pious bounty of Europe, you are peacefully basking in the beams of a far brighter dispensation than that which the Jews were commanded to purchase with their labour, and obliged to defend with their lives, I echo with tenfold force the closing summary of the royal psalmist : " Happy are the people that are in such a case ; yea, blessed are the people that have the Lord for their God."

END.