

of his own thoughts, ay, and even with the happier world which the brutes actually have. The plentiful provision made for beast and bird and insect, and the evident ease of their subsistence, make the scantiness and difficulty of human living still stranger.

O, go outside any town on a summer's evening! the insects are sporting for very joy in the last rays of light, whilst the melody of gladness rises from bush and tree, blending as it ascends with the song of the lark; and the fragrance of the air, which is really superabundant life, is a sweet savor, like what primitive man imagined that God might be pleased with,—it is insensate nature's silent thanksgiving. Thus ends the day with irrational creatures; with them all, excepting those which are under man's control. But man's own day ends far otherwise;—how often in the weariness of over-work, or the worse misfortune of having found no work to do; in the bitterness of industry disappointed of its just reward; in sickness of the heart, as little by little and one by one life's reasonable expectations perish; in the loathsomeness of sensuality, which so many resort to as an escape from their thoughts, or as a pitiful mode of filling up that void of happiness in their hearts, for which they find otherwise no provision made; and in that distractedness so horrible to many persons, and which, in some season or other of external quiet, makes itself felt in every heart which is unchristian. And then there are the pains, the exhaustion, and the agony which always so many are enduring,—the result of the delicate organization of the human frame. With the larger portion of men, the day ends in fatigue or suffering, and, if they think of themselves and their prospects, with dissatisfaction. Very few they are