

the blue heavens, or, in her absence, on the innumerable stars that gaily twinkled above me.

I would too, quit my bed in a morning, ere it was yet day, and hie me to a distant hill to watch the opening tints of dawn; and with a devotional reverence behold the sun as it rose in refulgent splendour above the horizon, to diffuse light and gladness over a slumbering world;—and at eve I would repair to the same spot, to see the bright luminary set and sink to rest, and, as it disappeared, the bright but fast fading gleams it threw across the distant waters;—and which I have often since thought, resembled the mournful smile which a dying christian casts on those around his couch, and who though secure in the confidence resulting from a useful and well spent life, yet feels his soul yearn to those dear friends he is about to quit for that shadowed land beyond the grave.

It is to an unbounded indulgence in the excess of enthusiastic feeling to which such moments would naturally give birth, I may attribute the romanceful propensity to revel in the fairy world of ideal felicity which strongly characterised my earlier life; and which, I must candidly own, has become the second nature of my maturer years.—And illusive and trifling as it may appear to be, it is a species of mental enjoyment which I feel I would not—I could not forego, so intensely is it identified with my very being. And when the petty cares and anxieties of this world rise up in array against me, I fly to one of my own creation, and peopling it with beings of imagination—in their sweet society my troubles and their dread reality are alike forgot.

To a mind disposed to dreams of retrospection and anticipation, there cannot be a more happy inspiration