

mon part is sustained by the merchant. His mind bears weighty responsibilities. Unremitting and careful attention alone can secure his success:—

“Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares,”

Nay, he too often finds the residue of a life spent in bustling agitation and solicitude, yielding him little but disappointment and regret.

Such a precious sacrifice of nature's serene enjoyments ought surely to be rendered with high aims, or exacted by claimant necessities. Many, indeed, there are, banished for life from nature's smiling endearments, who know not the bitterness of their exile. Pity their privations. Numbers, still less happy, bask in the glow of nature's delights, till, neglecting and neglected of the world, they feel the galling pressure of material miseries. Pity and woe to them. There is, however, a more numerous class in civilized communities who are compelled by the stern realities of life to

“Renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!”
“Where the blue sky and glowing clime extend,
They have the passion *not* the power to roam.

Whatever be the lot of those who yield so far to the bonds of our social compact, they are not left without a recompense. All they may forego of rich deep feeling is repaid by energies and powers braced and invigorated. Their destiny too is high:—

“Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day,
Sow the seed withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!
Men of action aid and cheer them
As ye may;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into grey;
Men of thought and action
Clear the way!”

After all, it may not be that we are placed beyond the pale of nature's legitimate enjoyments when we press in the serried ranks, that wage the incessant war of life. “Any thing,” says Anon, “may become nature to man, the rare thing is to find a nature that is truly natural.” That condition which most completely develops the nobler part of man's nature, cannot be one of unnatural sterility. He thrives amid

“The feverish strife,
The bustling, eager, self-devoted throng.”

Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, says, “Somehow or other, amid their crowding and confinement, the human mind finds its fullest freest expansion. Unlike the dwarfed and dusty plants which stand around our suburban villas, languishing like exiles for the purer air and freer sunshine that kiss their fel-