

upon the wings of the wind—thou waterest the hills from thy chambers,—and the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. Thou causest grass to grow for the use of cattle, and herb for the service of man. Thou hast appointed the moon her seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down. O Lord, how manifold and wondrous are thy works!—in wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches. Though thou dwellest on high in light inaccessible and full of glory,—yet we rejoice to think that thou humblest thyself to behold every thing that is done in this lower world. And we fervently and earnestly pray that thou wouldest now look down with a propitious and approving eye on the present undertaking of thy humble servants. May the Public Monument, the foundation stone of which has now been laid, go on and prosper, and when finished, may it completely answer the laudable designs of those by whom it is undertaken and promoted. We intreat thee, O Lord, to give each of us grace, that we may be enabled in our respective spheres, to emulate the virtues of those great and brave and good men, the memory of whose heroic deeds this column is intended to perpetuate. Enable us more and more to cherish and cultivate the genuine spirit of christian benevolence, which is ever ready to pity the objects of misery, and relieve subjects of distress—which ever fills the heart with the tenderest sympathy and the warmest compassion,—and which ever disposes us to regard our fellow-creatures with the purest sentiments of affection and the sincerest dispositions to promote their welfare and happiness.—Whatever diversity of religious sentiment may be found to exist among us, may we all be united in this grand essential of the religion of Jesus, “charity towards all men.” And