

mands an appropriate recognition ; for each presents in some peculiar form the physical activity of nature, which is, in fact, the spiritual energy of God. If, in the picturesque spirit of ancient times, we had our annual festivals for remembering the several aspects of our lot, and bringing successively before the eye the many-colored phases of human existence, we should cast lots among the days of spring for an anniversary of life and health, when earth is unburthening her mighty heart to God, and framing from a thousand new-born melodies an anthem of brilliant praise. For the celebration of disease and death we should resort to the days of the declining year : and instead of leaping on the green sod and pouring forth the hymn of joy, we should kneel upon the rotting leaves and pray. However constant the visitations of sickness and bereavement, the fall of the year is most thickly strewn with the fall of human life. Everywhere the spirit of some sad power seems to direct the time : it hides from us the blue heavens ; it makes the green wave turbid ; it walks through the fields, and lays the damp, ungathered harvest low ; it cries out in the night-wind and the shrill hail ; it steals the summer bloom from the infant cheek ; it makes old age shiver to the heart ; it goes to the churchyard, and chooses many a grave ; it flies to the bell, and enjoins it when to toll. It is God that goes his yearly round ; that gathers up the appointed lives ; and, even where the hour is not come, engraves by pain and poverty many a sharp and solemn lesson on the heart.

How then shall we render the fitting worship of the season ? We do so, when we think of these things in the *spirit of religion* ; when we regard them in their relation to the great Will which produces them ; when, instead of