

amid the life which reigns around *him*? shall *his* spirit alone be languid and dormant, when even the echoing low of the cattle, and the musical carol of the birds invite him to adoration and praise? No; let him be “as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a “morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the “earth by clear shining after rain.”

And when “the day goeth away, and the shadows of the evening “are stretched out,”—when a sober stillness reigns upon the scenes of nature, and every thing partakes of the tranquillity which seems to drop from heaven, it is a most favorable period for the legitimate exercises of the mind and heart. Though the sun hath sunk, he leaves a twilight radiance behind him—he shows the traces of his splendor and his power in the unnumbered hues which dye the fantastic clouds of heaven, and in the beauteous, though diminished, brightness which still lingers upon the variegated world. The songs of the birds hath died away, but an unchanging music still greets the listening ear. The low murmur of the brook, and the soft whisper of the breeze, can rivet for awhile the attention of the listener—whilst the cooling stillness of declining day is peculiarly congenial to the heart which also seeks *its* repose from the tumults and agitations of the world.

At such times does all nature present us with a temple of the Deity—where there is every thing around us to awaken the deepest impressions of his power, and the liveliest sense of his goodness—where we may at all times breathe the acknowledgments of our thankfulness, and pour forth the plaint of our unworthiness. In the *morning*, then, let us lift up our grateful orisons to that good and gracious God—in the *evening*, let us raise our vesper hymn to the same adorable Being.

We see that He “visits the earth and waters it,”—that the summer sun is not permitted to blight and wither the herbage of the fields, and with them all the hopes and dependencies of those who have cultivated them with faith and confidence in His indulgence—but that they who have sown in hope have reaped in abundance. He never deserts the children who rest on him for subsistence and comfort, but through the course of favoring months he “greatly enriches the earth; “waters the ridges thereof abundantly; he settles the furrows thereof; “he maketh it soft with showers—he blesseth the springing thereof.” In viewing the progress of this his tender and unceasing care, we witness, as now, the full maturity of its influence, and readily acknowledge—“thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy clouds “drop fatness: thy pastures are clothed with flocks; the vallies also “are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing.”

But what reflections and feelings should the present aspect of nature excite in us? What sentiments and acknowledgments should it call forth from those who have so recently experienced the peculiar goodness and unfailing bounty of their Maker? Let them turn an attentive