

heart, and have read the painful exercises of a mind immersed in sorrow, contemplating the cheerless prospect of the future, compelled to pursue a path of darkness and dreariness, and excluded from all the beauties which nature's variety present, — could you have beheld that trembling form, not crushed by the pressure of age, but reduced by corroding care and wasting disease, — nature's sensibilities would have aroused all its sympathies, and the falling tear might have dropped unrequited. Now follows the sad condition of deep dependence, and the appalling connecting circumstances, to be dreaded by every sensitive mind, — such as unmeaning sympathy, mortifications of wounded sensibilities, inability to discharge social and relative responsibilities, pinchings of poverty, and many other shocks of chilling import, peculiar to that condition. This combination of woes gave a settled appearance of dejection and sadness; while on every lineament of the countenance were visibly depicted the deep furrows of adversity. Nature, after repeated struggles during a lapse of fifteen years, gradually yielded; and sorrow, being refined and sublimated by the powerful aid of religion, patiently submitted to its lot; and now, when a smile lights up the care-worn brow, you may there read the workings of a grateful heart, and the persuasion of a contemplative mind, that firmly believes that all is for the best, and that "there is nothing true but heaven."

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