

bliss upon the hills of God." "Let the reader imagine," he writes in glowing periods, "the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country, dark with graceful woods and soft with



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deepest pasture, filled to the utmost horizon with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life. Let him then conceive this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hand from one end of the horizon to the other like a woven garment, and shaken