

We too often, indeed, forgetful of our higher destiny, fix our affections on some of the objects which surround us, and, in the calm but temporary delight we experience, imagine we have found that rest for which our souls earnestly pant. Yet it often happens, when we think not that evil is near, the fair prospect is suddenly overcast,—the scene changes,—the objects of our affections are removed, and we are left unavailingly to lament the disappointment of our fondest hopes.

One of the most painful trials which humanity is doomed to endure from the changes which are continually going on in the world, arises from our separation from those beloved objects to whom we have been united by the ties of nature or of virtuous friendship. Without those social relations, from which spring up our domestic happiness and public virtues, man would not only be unable to sustain the shocks which assail his infancy and youth, but utterly unprepared to act well his part in discharging the duties of matured life. Without some degree of confidence in each other, and the exercise of mutual affection, springing from the interchange of good offices, the business of life would stand still, and, in the selfishness of his heart, each one would consult his own welfare at the expense of another's interests. To counteract the operation of a principle so destructive of human sympathy, the beneficent Author of our nature hath endued us with