

up the surface, stagnation and death must have reigned over all the earth. In the unhealthiness of low, flat countries, at present, we see the terrible condition of things in a world without valleys. Can we doubt, then, that it was the hand of benevolence that drove the ploughshare of ruin through the earth's crust, and ridged up its surface into a thousand fantastic forms?

It will more deeply impress us with this benevolence to remember that most of the sublime and the beautiful in the scenery of a country depends upon this disturbing agency. Beautiful as vegetable nature is, how tame is a landscape where only a dead level is covered with it, and no swelling hills, or jutting rocks, or murmuring waters, relieve the monotonous scene! And how does the interest increase with the wildness and ruggedness of the surface, and reach its maximum only where the disturbance and dislocation have been most violent!

Some may, perhaps, doubt whether it can have been one of the objects of divine benevolence and wisdom, in arranging the surface of this world, so to construct and adorn it as to gratify a taste for fine scenery. But I cannot doubt it. I see not else why nature every where is fitted up in a lavish manner with all the elements of the sublime and beautiful, nor why there are powers in the human soul so intensely gratified in contact with those elements, unless they were expressly adapted for one another by the Creator. Surely natural scenery does afford to the unsophisticated soul one of the richest and purest sources of enjoyment to be found on earth. If this be doubted by any one, it must be because he has never been placed in circumstances to call into exercise his natural love of the beautiful and the sublime in creation. Let me persuade such a one, at least in imagination, to break away from the slavish routine of business or pleasure, and in the height of balmy summer to accompany me to a few spots, where his soul will swell with new and strong emotions, if his natural sensibilities to the grand and beautiful have not become thoroughly dead within him.

We might profitably pause for a moment at this enchanting season of the year, (June,) and look abroad from that gentle elevation on which we dwell, now all mantled over with a flowery carpet, wafting its balmy odours into our studies.