

has the man exerted himself less heartily than the boy. In the roughest, severest labors of the field I have never yet met a competitor. But my labors have been all in vain. I have seen the evil bewailed by Solomon, the righteous man falling down before the wicked." I could answer only with a sigh. "You are in the right," he continued, after a pause, and in a more subdued tone: "man is certainly misplaced; the present scene of things is below the dignity of both his moral and intellectual nature. Look around you" (we had reached the summit of a grassy eminence, which rose over the wood and commanded a pretty extensive view of the surrounding country); "see yonder scattered cottages, that in the faint light rise dim and black amid the stubble-fields. My heart warms as I look on them, for I know how much of honest worth, and sound, generous feeling shelters under these roof-trees. But why so much of moral excellence united to a mere machinery for ministering to the ease and luxury of a few of perhaps the least worthy of our species — creatures so spoiled by prosperity that the claim of a common nature has no force to move them, and who seem as miserably misplaced as the myriads whom they oppress?

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave, —
By nature's law designed, —
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"I would hardly know what to say in return, my friend," I rejoined, "did not you yourself furnish me with the reply. You are groping on in darkness, and, it may