
Solicitude, and disappointment, are common occurrences, and enter into the history of every man's life! But he is but half provided for his journey, who finds but an advocate, for his happy aims; while, for his Mirths of delight, and distress, no Sympathising Partner is prepared.

And the days of my youth, when in prosperity, ever joyful.

But ah me, why this long, and lingering pain! Why do I seek REFUGE in vain! In vain I rant thee, sleeping sleeper; restless and pale, here and yonder; while gentle Slumber flies.

These tedious days, and nights, of grief, These month's of woe, and no relief; When will they cease? When will my heart, and sighing cease? When shall I greet thee, smiling peace? And when will pleasure dawn?

My ways, O God, are right, and may I bow with Submission to thy will. Hope, the Strong Anchor of the Mind. May we yet hope and not despair. I had hung my hopes, too hastily on alluring prospects, of happiness; and suffered my affections, to be enchanted by an object, too high, too far above me. Whom I approached with hope and submission, I obtained with joy. But I have been a stranger to that.