

awe. Blue ethereal curtains drop from the zenith, and hang lightly over the distant verge of the magnificent and undulating prospect before him. He gazes in silent wonder on the flowery field. Anon, he inquires mentally within, for whom is all this waste of ever varying bloom, that squanders its fragrance upon the air? Why bud and blossom all these plants that make the vast arena spread around one endless floral wreath, encircling the fortress whereon he stands? For whom has nature lavished all her store of brilliant hues—her blue and purple—her crimson, and her golden dyes for ages past, to fade and perish, to be born and die unseen, except by savage and untutored man? A solemn stillness everywhere prevails, and loneliness takes up her empire in his heart. The distance betwixt him and domestic firesides and happy homes, appear interminable, and his intercourse with the latter, effectually cut off by the towering walls of ethereal blue, that shut him in on every side. He thinks of the busy multitude that once enlivened the landscape—some of whom may be tenants of the monument under his feet—and fancies their phantoms are flitting around where he is. Jacob, fleeing from his injured and enraged brother, towards Haran, as he pillowed his head on a stone, and covered himself with the canopy of heaven, could not have felt himself farther away from the habitations of men, or more exposed to the eye of Omnipotence, than a lone explorer of the wilds of the West, when he occupies the pinnacle of a prairie mound. What place more fitting for the deliverance of heavenly messages than the tops of such observatories amid these solitudes? Mount Horeb itself

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