by Quintus Enward. I am aware that change
when directed in proper channels, in searching
out the hidden brother of Nature, in contempl-
ating the motion and laws of the planet-
ets, in speculating on those lurking gems
of light, the fixed stars, and in the culiva-
tion of poetry and the fine arts, has accom-
plished some of the most beneficial discov-
eries for mankind as well as cheered the
hearts of millions of wretched mortals. But
when an am from the beam and stillness
of Nature into his own dark pond, and
has no better companion than his own
gloomy reflection, then he leaves that
narrow path, this slender stream and wan-
ders into the dark forest of misanthropy and
despair. Then he plunges desperately into the
great ocean of Atheism, skepticism and infidel-
ity, and when he has taken this last step
he endeavors to justify his course before his fellow-
beings, and make it as attractive as possible, either
because he desires to appear plausible before
in the opinion of other men; or he prefers par-
take of the nature of his great and paganism enemy
that he becomes a malignant being, and although
he pre iih hit his doctrines and exceeds rend