

enjoyed my ride. The moon and stars shed my bright  
causing the majestic pines to cast such mystic sombre shadows.  
The unbroken stillness, save by the carriage wheels and an  
occasional remark from some one of our party. O! there  
is so much wild, solemn grandeur, in this dim deep  
forest. I have often felt weary and solitary in crowds but  
never in the forest. I passionately love to roam whether the  
green plain, lofty mountain, gentle rivulet or foaming  
cataract, all alike are beautiful. The birds timing their  
sweet songs, the soft breeze whispering among the trees, every  
plant and leaf seems to have a voice and they all unite  
in one harmonious song of praise to the 'Great Giver' of  
our good and perfect gifts.