

Norwich, Saturday, January 5th 1814.

My dear Madam,

I take my pen with an intention of wishing you an happy New Year, - not merely because it is an ancient custom, but because I really desire for you all the enjoyments that the wish expresses. As the last hours of a departing year awaken the heart to reflection, the first hours of the opening year seem calculated to excite its gratitude. That we are continued in life, while many have gone down to the place of silence; - that we are in circumstances of comfort, while many pine in poverty and want; - that our habitations are peaceful, while many fly before the ravages of war, or see the flames rise from their dwellings; - these and other innumerable favours so common that they are scarcely recognized ought to inspire grateful emotions, and raise the eye of the soul to One who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. Our national prospects are indeed darkened, and we cannot but lament over our deluded, suffering Country, yet looking from the confusion that surrounds us, up to the just One that holds the balances of equity, and remembering that he superintends every event, we may strengthen the basis of our confidence and hope. The belief in a constant, wise, and merciful providence, and the

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consolations of our peaceful religion, are given to us while many grope in heathen darkness, slaves to superstition & ignorance, on whom the day-spring from on high has never shined. We have been for many years, to use the language of Scripture) "a favoured nation, a peculiar people" and it seems incumbent upon us to "Shew forth the praises of Him who has called us out of darkness into his marvellous light."

The whole wide earth is but a stage
On which its Maker moves,
But Man too fit, with closed eye
Cold, or forgetful roves.

Though Nature in her changeable garb,
Abuses the teachers parts,
And strikes her wild harp, loud and high,
To wake his slumbering heart.

The lofty sounds that lead the gale
Or on the breeze roll,
Warn him to raise that soft response,
The music in the soul.

The seasons, in their measured dance
Unceasing care display,
The mighty sun ascends his ear,
Rejoicing on his way.

The planets in their circling orbs,
Unite his power to raise,
And wide Creation strives to swell
The concert of his praise.

For whether Day with blushing brow
From morn's pure cell is led,
Or weary, on the couch of Eve
Reclines her glowing head,
While Twilight casts his dusky robe
To shade her mantle bright,
And thousand thousand starry lamps
Look from the arch of night,
Or the fair moon with graceful step
Glees star'd pavilion brood,
These all with silent gesture point
The mortal eye to God.

Though now no warbling songster pours
His music on the air,
And Winter casts a dreary shade
On what was once so fair,

This shall not chide the grateful glow
That flows, my God, to thee;
Nor shall it stop the lay of praise,
Though weak that lay may be.

My dear Madam, will you be so good as to give my love
to Madam Wadsworth, M and Mr Wadsworth, Mr Terry & family,
and wish them all an happy New Year for me. I wish to see them
very much, and think sometimes of coming to Hartford this winter, as
I have now a recess from my school, which will probably recommence
early in the Spring. But whether I have the pleasure of seeing you, or remain
at a distance, I shall ever bear you on my heart with grateful affection.
Yours affectionately
Ezekiel Hunt