

Conduct, may not have been, as correct as it might, or
ought to have been, at all times; and in all things -

But we are not our own Keepers; And it is hard to
tell, how we would Conduct under such trials; until
we Experience them in ourselves. Tho, we may often
dictate to others, when in the light of prosperity -

Tho, I am not Conscious that I have so Conducted as to
produce moral Reflections on my own transactions.

The memory of my Dear departed Worth, has
ever been near to me, Day and Night, since laid
beneath the Clouds of the valey, & the frequent Recol-
lection of which has had its influence on my mind.

We ought to be Cautious how we let our
affections, go out after the objects of time & Sense,
to the neglect of more Important Concerns.

But oh where is the Balm, that Can afford, my
troubled mind relief - Grows it not, in a
distant clime? And must I seek an Asylum
amongst Strangers -