

thousand blessings and beatitudes in its train, and turn our earth into an elysium—whereas nothing so distempers the human spirit, and so multiplies distress in society, as the vice and the violence and the varieties of moral turpitude wherewith it is infested. Would a God who loved iniquity and who hated righteousness have created such a world? Would He have so attuned the organism of the human spirit, that thê consciousness of worth should be felt through all its recesses, like the oil of gladness? Or would he have so constructed the mechanism of human society, that it should never work prosperously for the general good of the species, but by means of truth and philanthropy and uprightness? Would the friend and patron of falsehood have let such a world out of his hands? Or would an unholy being have so fashioned the heart of man—that, wayward and irresolute as he is, he never feels so ennobled, as by the high resolve that would spurn every base allurements of sensuality away from him; and never breathes so ethentially, as when he maintains that chastity of spirit which would recoil even from one unhallowed imagination; and never rises to such a sense of grandeur and godlike elevation, as when principle hath taken the direction, and is vested with full ascendancy over the restrained and regulated passions? What other inference can be drawn from such sequences as these, but that our moral architect loves the virtue He thus follows up with the delights of a high and generous complacency; and execrates the vice He thus follows up with disgust and degradation? If we look but to