

shall cease to roll over the soul that has broken loose from the great law of rectitude and happiness? O, it is not strange that an inspired writer should declare, that man is not only *wonderfully* but *fearfully* made. His unlimited capacity for misery is surely a most fearful trait in his intellectual constitution.

Not less fearful is the supremacy that is given to Conscience in his moral nature, especially when we recollect with what unbending severity she applies her scorpion lash upon the soul that has fallen under her displeasure. Yet no less promptly does her approving voice cheer the soul that is struggling along the strait and narrow path of duty, and brings down into the heart the spirit of heaven. In short, to the mastery of conscience every one must sooner or later submit. Rightly has it been called God's vicegerent in the soul; and though it be a part of ourselves, we can as easily annihilate the soul as to escape from its dominion. And when we think how terrible are its inflictions sometimes upon the guilty, and recollect our unlimited capacity for misery, we cannot but inquire with solicitude whether its commission does not extend to another world; and though an affirmative answer may shock the ear of guilt, it will make the heart of virtue beat high with delightful anticipations.

Even this slight reference to some of the powers of the human soul show that it is a maze of wonders. What is there in the boldest flights of imagination to compare with it? Here then the ingenuous mind can find enough to feed its strongest love of the new and the wonderful, without the aid of romance.

Another department, no less interesting, is mathematics. And in the entire certainty of its conclusions it possesses an advantage over every other branch of knowledge. I know