

less romantic but tenderer passion, that sought the welfare of its object even more than the object itself. But it was in his moral nature—in those sentiments of the man which look forward and upward—that the metamorphosis seemed most complete. When a powerful mind first becomes the subject of serious impressions, there is something in Christianity suited to take it by surprise. When viewed at a distance, and with that slight degree of attention which the great bulk of mankind are contented to bestow on that religion which God revealed, there seems a complex obscurity in its peculiar doctrines which contrasts strongly with the simplicity of its morals. It seems to lie as *unconformably* (if we may employ the metaphor) as some of the deductions of the higher sciences to what is termed the common sense of mankind. It seems at first sight, for instance, no very rational inference that the whiteness of light is the effect of a harmonious mixture of color, or that the earth is confined to its orbit by the operations of the same law which impels a falling pebble towards the ground. And to the careless, because uninterested observer, such doctrines as the doctrine of the fall and the atonement appear rational in as slight a degree. But when Deity himself interposes, when the heart is seriously affected, when the divine law holds up its mirror to the conscience, and we begin to examine the peculiar doctrines in a clearer light and from a nearer point of observation, they at once seem to change their character,—to assume so stupendous a massiveness of aspect, to discover a profundity so far beyond every depth of a merely human philosophy, to appear so wonderfully fitted to the nature and to the wants of man, that we are at once convinced their author can be no other than the adorable Being who gave light and gravitation to