

because more and more lorded over by those foul imaginations, which are lighted up to him from almost every object he sees or thinks of; and which now he scarcely has the power, because he never had the honest or sustained will, to bid away. That may truly be called a moral chastisement under which he suffers. The more he has sinned, the more helpless is the necessity under which he lies of sinning—a bondage strengthened by every act of indulgence, till he may become the irrecoverable slave of those passions which war against the principles of a better and higher nature. And he is domineered over by passions, because domineered over by thoughts; and it is only by the force or mastery of counteracting thoughts, that the spell is broken—or, in other words, it is through an intellectual medium, that the moral distemper is cleared away. If he be rescued from his delusions to sobriety and virtue, ideas will be the stepping-stones of his returning path—the sirens that will recall him to himself, by chasing away the fascinations wherewith he is encompassed. Could the percipient part of his nature be set right, the pathological part of it would become whole. He would yet behave himself aright, did he only bethink himself aright; and noble recoveries have been effected, even from most deep and hopeless infatuation, simply by the power of thoughts—when made to dwell on the distress of friends, the poverty and despair of children, the ruin of health as well