

of remorse. There is, in spite of themselves, the impression of an avenging God—not the less founded upon reasoning, that it is the reasoning of but one truth or rather of but one transition, from a thing intimately known to a thing immediately concluded, from the reckoning of a felt and a present conscience within, to the more awful reckoning of a God who is the author of conscience and who knoweth all things. Now, it is thus, that men are led irresistibly to the anticipation of a future state—not by their hopes, we think, but by their fears; not by a sense of unfulfilled promises, but by the sense and the terror of unfulfilled penalties; by their sense of a judgment not yet executed, of a wrath not yet discharged upon them. Hence the impression of a futurity upon all spirits, whither are carried forward the issues of a jurisprudence, which bears no marks but the contrary of a full and final consummation on this side of death. The prosperity of many wicked who spend their days in resolute and contemptuous irreligion; the practical defiance of their lives to the bidding of conscience, and yet a voice of remonstrance and of warning from this said conscience which they are unable wholly to quell; the many emphatic denunciations, not uttered in audible thunder from above, but uttered in secret and impressive whispers from within—these all point to accounts between God and His creatures that are yet unfinished. If there be no future state, the great moral question between heaven and earth, broken off at the middle, is frittered into a degrading mockery. There is violence done to the continuity of things. The