

His religion has not made him a misanthrope, nor eradicated that love of society which nature has implanted in every bosom. He only strives to correct what is wrong, and elevate what is low, in social intercourse; and no man takes a deeper interest than he in whatever promotes the general welfare of the community.

The Christian also loves his country. To promote her welfare, to defend her institutions, to preserve her liberties, and to eradicate whatever is unjust, cruel, and debasing, he is ready to make any sacrifices consistent with his duty to God.

He loves science and literature. To cultivate them himself he knows to be the only sure way of giving him enlarged views of truth and duty, and he knows, too, that many of the principles of science will survive the ruin of this world, and become a part of the science of heaven. And to promote knowledge in others he knows to be one of the most important means of the promotion of religion, and of saving piety from degenerating into frigid scepticism or wild fanaticism.

The Christian loves nature. He loves it most because it is the great temple of Jehovah, whose lofty columns and arches show divine wisdom and love in their construction. Wherever he wanders through its vast galleries and labyrinths, he hears God's voice and sees his hand at work. Indeed, all nature is but one vast sounding gallery, echoing and reëchoing with Jehovah's name and Jehovah's praise. He loves nature, too, because he was cradled in her arms and nursed on her bosom, and her sweet voice ever touches a sympathetic chord in his soul, and brings out the sweetest melody to which earth ever listens. Every thing which man's harpy fingers have touched bears the defilement of sin; but nature is untarnished, and her virgin robe reminds us of that which she wore in the bowers of Eden. And therefore does the Christian love nature.