

upon us into the distinction between a good and a bad affection. Benevolence, itself of immortal quality, would immortalize its objects : malignity, if not appeased by an infliction short of death, would destroy them.* The one is ever strengthening itself upon old objects, and fastening upon new ones ; the other is ever extinguishing its resentment towards old objects by the pettier acts of chastisement, or, if nothing short of a capital punishment will appease it, by dying with their death. The exterminating blow, the death which "clears all scores"—this forms the natural and necessary limit even to the fiercest revenge ; whereas, the outgoings of benevolence are quite indefinite. In revenge, the affection is successively extinguished ; and if relumed, it is upon new objects. In benevolence, the affection is kept up for old objects, while ever open to excitement from new ones ; and hence a living and a multiplying power of enjoyment, which is peculiarly its own. On the same principle that we water a shrub just because we had planted it, does our friendship grow and ripen the more towards him on whom we had formerly exercised it. The affection of kindness for each individual object survives the act of kindness, or rather is strengthened by the act. Whatever sweetness may have been originally in it, is enhanced by the exercise ; and, so far from being

* So true it is, that he who hateth his brother with implacable hatred is a murderer.