

nature's sensibility—whether in the tears that compassion sheds over the miseries of the unfortunate, or in the smiles and endearments which are lavished by a mother upon her infant family—we seldom reflect how little of the real and proper character of virtue is there. We accredit man, as if they were his own principles, with those instincts which the Divinity hath implanted within him; and it aggravates the error, or rather the guilt of so perverse a reckoning—that, while we offer this incense to humanity, we forget all the while the hand of Him, by whom it is that humanity is so bountifully gifted and so beautifully adorned.