

so fashioned the heart of man—that, wayward and irresolute as he is, he never feels so ennobled, as by the high resolve that would spurn every base allurements of sensuality away from him ; and never breathes so ethereally, as when he maintains that chastity of spirit which would recoil even from one unhallowed imagination ; and never rises to such a sense of grandeur and godlike elevation, as when principle hath taken the direction, and is vested with full ascendancy over the restrained and regulated passions ? What other inference can be drawn from such sequences as these, but that our moral Architect loves the virtue He thus follows up with the delights of a high and generous complacency ; and execrates the vice He thus follows up with disgust and degradation ? If we look but to misery unconnected and alone, we may well doubt the benevolence of the Deity. But should it not modify the conclusion to have ascertained—that, in proportion as virtue made entrance upon the world, misery would retire from it ? There is nothing to spoil Him of this perfection in a misery so originated ; but, leaving this perfection untouched, it attaches to Him another, and we infer, that He is not merely benevolent, but benevolent and holy. After that the moral cause has been discovered for the unhappiness of man, we feel Him to be a God of benevolence still ; that He wills the happiness of His creatures, but with this reservation, that the only sound and