

the emotion—and therefore, although not in contact with the emotion, it may be vested with an effectual control over it. It cannot bid compassion into the bosom, apart from the object which awakens it; but it can bid a personal entry into the house of mourning, and then the compassion will flow apace; or it can bid a mental conception of the bereaved and afflicted family there, and then the sensibility will equally arise, whether a suffering be seen or a suffering be thought of. In like manner, it cannot bid into the breast the naked and unaccompanied feeling of gratitude; but it can call to recollection, and keep in recollection the kindness which prompts it—and the emotion follows in faithful attendance on its counterpart object. It is thus that we can will the right emotions into being, not immediately but mediately—as the love of God, by thinking on God—a sentiment of friendship, by dwelling in contemplation on the congenial qualities of our friend—the admiration of moral excellence, by means of a serious and steadfast attention to it. It is thus too that we bid away the wrong emotions, not separately and in disjunction from their objects, for the pathological law which unites objects with emotions we cannot break asunder. But we rid our heart of the emotions, by ridding our mind of their exciting and originating thoughts; of anger, for example, by forgetting the injury; or of a licentious instigation, by dismissing from our