

under the influence of a cold and withering selfishness.

Were it true, that as we grow up to the stature of manhood we cast behind us our passions and affections—that the judgment determining between right and wrong, and the will carrying us into action, are but the measured consequences of abstract reason pointing to us the greatest good; then might the system of utility have some claim to our acceptance. But this is not our moral nature. Our will is swayed by passion and affection: and if we suppress all the kindly emotions which minister to virtue; do we thereby root up the bad passions that hurry us into crime? Incontestably not. On the contrary, we destroy the whole equilibrium of our moral nature, giving to the baser elements a new and overwhelming energy—we *sow the wind and reap the whirlwind*—we unchain the powers of darkness which, in sweeping over the land, will tear up all that is great and good and lovely within it, will upset its monuments of piety, and shatter its social fabric into ruins; and should this hurricane be followed by a calm, it will be the calm of universal desolation. These are no ideal evils. The history of man is too often but a sanguinary tale of the devastations produced by the licence of bad passion.

It is notorious that no man acts up to the pure rule of his religion—that many are indifferent to it, or openly deny its sanction. In examining the effects of the utilitarian philosophy, we have no right to bind up its maxims with the book of life, thereby producing an incongruous system, offensive alike to sound philosophy and true religion—we must try it among men acting on worldly princi-