

whom alone he holds his gift of life, and by whose providence all his blessings have been enjoyed. He feels his unworthiness and debasement, and is oppressed by the sense of guilt. But when, from the lowliness of his penitence, he looks upwards to the Being he has offended, he sees as it were a father's face bending over him in mercy; he hears the voice of encouragement and hope; he is received again to that favor which he feared he had forfeited, and with what a blessed experience of its truth does he exclaim, God, thou art love!

Thus do the evils of life, which are apparent objections to this truth, bear their united and strong testimony to its reality. And I have chosen this method of presenting it, because it seems to me to be the most convincing and striking. If the very difficulties which seem to oppose its acknowledgment tend to illustrate and confirm it, who can doubt it? Yet might it be proved, as I have intimated, by a more direct process. It might be shown to beam forth in all the joys of life; to irradiate, as by a sunbeam, all the gladsome scenes of our earthly pilgrimage, and to shine out in bright effulgence over the path to immortality. But wherever and however it may so enter the heart as to mingle with and purify our affections, and elevate and sanctify our sympathy with all that is lovely and good, it will be clung to and cherished as the dearest and most valued of all holy truths. It cannot, indeed, be understood and appreciated by the mind, where the power of Christianity is unheeded and unfelt. Over the troubled waters of the sinful heart the divine spirit must move, or they cannot be stilled to that calmness and clearness in which the image of the God of love may be purely reflected.