

pertaining wholly to the present life, it often works this wholesome intended effect. But in what pertains to the spiritual life, it fails utterly, nay, works the contrary of the effect intended, through the perverseness and contradictoriness of sinners, till God informs with His Spirit that restorative power which He originally put in it, and makes it the medicine of immortality. Thus does this natural passion (like all our passions) find its highest place and noblest use and development in religion.

7. The necessity of repentance, I trust we all see. Repentance is unto salvation—in no other way can salvation be attained. If we repent not, we die. *Have we this repentance?* How necessary is it to bring this question solemnly before our minds! Standing at only the starting point of godly sorrow and holy purpose, we look eagerly towards the glorious goal of salvation, shining in immortal splendors; and our longing eyes dwell not upon the intermediate way, skipped with more than lightning rapidity—the long, patient path of *Repentance*. Have we the “repentance unto salvation not to be repented of,”—never followed by a single regret for all its bitterness, and all its toilsome severities?—Every sinner has cause to lament his sins, that is—in their consequences; and many do bitterly lament them in the present bitter experience of their bitter effects on mind, body, and estate; and many more perhaps are sorry for (though they can hardly be said to lament) the possible consequences of them through a long eternity. But this is not godly sorrow. Those who grieve for their sins only because of injurious consequences to their person or estate, would grieve as much for the same injuries effected by a fever, or an inundation—or other natural causes, or unavoidable accidents. Those who are sorry for their sins for no other reason than that endless perdition awaits them, can no more be said to repent than the traitor, who is sorry that his treason brings him to the scaffold, and then only sorry, when he finds that the scaffold cannot be escaped. And much, very much of that which many feel sure is godly sorrow, which excites grief and violent indignation—is not such. It is too often a subtler form of selfishness and pride. We are indignant at ourselves that we should have been again overpowered by, or entrapped into, what we had so often resolved, and prayed, and vowed against; what we had so often renounced and