

gle wrong act, which we would not then rejoice to expunge from the unalterable records of our deeds? Do we ever congratulate ourselves on having despised the inward monitor, or revolted against God? To what portions of our history do we return most joyfully? Are they those in which we gained the world and lost the soul, in which temptation mastered our principles, which levity and sloth made a blank, or which a selfish and unprincipled activity made worse than a blank, in our existence; or are they those in which we suffered, but were true to conscience, in which we denied ourselves for duty, and sacrificed success through unwavering rectitude? In these moments of calm recollection, do not the very transgressions at which perhaps we once mocked, and which promised unmixed joy, recur to awaken shame and remorse. And do not shame and remorse involve a consciousness that we have sunk beneath our proper good? that our highest nature, which constitutes our true self, has been sacrificed to low interests and pursuits? I make these appeals confidently. I think my questions can receive but one answer. Now, these convictions and emotions, with which we witness moral evil in others, or recollect it in ourselves, these feelings towards guilt, which mere pain and suffering never excite, and which manifest themselves with more or less distinctness in all nations and all stages of society, these inward attestations that sin, wrong-doing, is a peculiar evil, for which no outward good can give adequate compensation, surely these deserve to be regarded as the voice of nature, the voice of God. They are accompanied with a peculiar consciousness of truth. They are felt to be our ornament and defence. Thus our nature teaches the doctrine of Christian-