

that all the burthens of raging passion, unholy desire, and of low, mean aims, should fall from him like a garment, and that he should be clothed anew with angelic purity and joy; that the exhausted fountains of his soul should be filled with the flooding life and light of heaven; and in fine — to specify only one distinct affection — that all hatred, envy, jealousy, and selfishness departing from him, his mind should be filled with one absorbing emotion of disinterested love — love to God, and love to men. What then would follow? Call it a miracle, but admit that the miracle were wrought. What then would follow? He would step forth into a new world. The heavens and the earth would wear a new aspect, and one brighter than the visual ray ever kindled. An ocean of goodness would be flowing around him; and infinite love would enkindle in him boundless joy. Man would be dear to his love, and to his very patience. He would have contests with him; but he would sustain them with magnanimity, candor, and gentleness. Temptations and sorrows would assail him; but seeing the love and loving purpose of God in them all, he would meet them with faith, courage and cheerfulness. Good thoughts would come fast as the moments came, and kind affections frequent as occasions called; and when nothing abroad demanded thought or affection, they would retire to the sanctuary of humility and prayer within.

It is said that this would be a miracle! Let me remind you, however, that even love in the ordinary sense — that which commonly bears this name — often works a miracle, very like to this. But I grant that this spiritual work, done in a moment, would be a miracle. Yet done in the long experience of life, it is not a miracle, but