

wondrously harmonious. They move in their natural order even when convulsions are the result of incompatible combinations.

The same kind of order exists in the nature of man. The powers of the mind are admirably related the one to the other, and subserve the one great purpose of a well or ill directed will. Without entering into the detail of this order or mutual dependence, I may simply remind you that the natural order by which the soul operates is by one master-feeling or disposition, giving a bias to the will and a shade or tinge of its own to all the objects presented to the understanding; and through the agency of these, stamping its own character upon all the minor feelings and outward actions of life.

Can, then, that be a true religion which does not take possession of this master-disposition of the soul? And is that a real, a genuine piety which has its seat within the soul perhaps, but only in the awakened conscience, or in one of the subordinate springs of action—such as fear of man, dread of God, desire to gain a good name, a fondness for respectable associations, or a love of external excitement? Is it in the Divine order of nature to cultivate outward forms of worship that they may be a covering for internal sin, and a substitute for sacrifice of the heart? Is it not accordant with our nature, as constituted by God, that a new and righteous external life should not be something appended by the skilful hand of custom and respectability, but be the offspring of a power working from within? Reformation, to be thorough, must be internal before it is external. Life must ascend from the root through all the tissues of the trunk and branches. Artificial flowers are made, real ones grow. The artificial ones existed first in the mind of man and in the materials he used. The real ones existed first in the vital fluid that lay deep down out of the sight and beyond the touch of man. Men may imagine for themselves an outwardly presentable piety, and by the skilful use of the appliances afforded by civilized customs may mould old habits and familiar words together until they gain credit for being an embodiment of true piety. But not such is that religion of which Christ speaks. Its source is in God; its seat in the ruling passion of the soul, and its principle that of an all controlling Love for God