

tion not only despoiled of *goodness, innocence* and *felicity*, but exposed (unless restored by means of the Divine exertion) to all the evil of sin, the malignity of Satan, and the darkness of misery and death;—but oh! with angels let human hearts rejoice.—The God of love, unchanged, tho' we have fallen, seeks his favoured, tho' fallen creature—and oh! stupendous, wondrous love!—for the cure of this defection in the heart of man, it seems, ever since it took place, to have been the grand aim of the Divine Agency, in all his transactions with the human race.

Sometimes like a fond indulgent father—he makes a feast, as with the fatted calf, prepares for the returning prodigal; though he sees him but at a distance, the robe and ring—Sometimes he issues forth his mandates, as the avenging judge; and with a seeming angry tone, calls the unjust steward to give an account of his stewardship; and, with all the appearance of incensed wrath, threatens imprisonment till the very last farthing of the accumulated debt is paid, (i. e.) till punishment effects what love could not effect, and the rebel submits to the terms of ransom.—Sometimes, again, and that very frequently, he gently rebukes the cruel, kindly reproves the covetous, and with authority and long sufferings he exhorts the uncharitable; and tells what he himself is, and consequently what we must be before we can be like him, or happy in ourselves.—God is love; and he who dwelleth in love, (i. e.) in the love

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