

into occasional fits of religious sorrow, to awaken some feelings of compunction, to squeeze out a few pious tears at the remembrance of past enormities, and lade the air with our sighs:—instead of being a call to pull our sins up by the roots, to extirpate our ungodly and ungoverned passions, to lift up our hearts unto the Lord in affectionate, reverent, permanent, invincible love, to cultivate the temper of heaven in untiring acts of holiness—in a word, *To Repent*. Yes, my brethren, Lent is not a call to sentimentality, but to AMENDMENT!

If you labour successfully to obtain a true sense of your need of this amendment, a true sense of your manifold deficiencies, of your great wretchedness while at a distance from God and not reconciled to Him by hearty repentance; then will follow naturally and spontaneously the penitence that befits this solemn season—tears from the deep fountain of holy grief, prayers winged with importunate desires and the sighs of contrition, devotion glowing and “holy as the fires kindled by the fanning of a cherub’s wing,” and love that aspires perpetually to God, and longs after perfect union with Him.

8. In conclusion, let me once again, my brethren, beseech you to contrast godly sorrow with the sorrow of the world, in their natural effects, that we may be quickened to prosecute with unremitting zeal the “Sorrow that worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of.”—The one is injurious to the health of the body, confirms the vices of the mind, augments the burden of misery, and ends in eternal death. As when it was attempted to console one who mourned for his mother, by saying, that his tears could not bring her back; he replied, “that is the very reason I weep.” But godly sorrow is profitable; its whole progress is towards peace and joy; every step taken in it advances us nearer to the perfection of our nature, and the full satisfaction of its cravings for rest and felicity. Blessed are all its griefs, for they are but the brief darkness (however dense) before the cheering dawn, the glorious sunrise of a day that shall never set. Blessed are its bitterest tears! for they are soft and refreshing to the heart blighted by sin, as the dews of even to the parched and withering flowers;—a gentle stream fertilizing wherever it flows, and scattering profusely along its banks the flowers and fruits of holiness:—unlike