

There is a God

HES, there is a God! This sublime exclamation surges from the bottom of our hearts when the sentiment of good and virtue inspires it. Thus, also cries the repentant sinner, moved by remorse, when the sight of his crime frightens him. And to the echo of such a sublime voice, are formed the saintly resolutions that come to convert evil into good, and sorrow into joy. There is a God! We hear repeated at every moment, I do not know, by what mysterious voice, when we are good, when we love, when we perceive that, which is beautiful and pleasant, when the sentiment of love exalts our moral being, hatred is changed into charity, pardon into forgiveness, doubt into faith, sorrow into hope.

This sweet voice which invites us to live a fructuous life, fertile life of faith and virtues, reaches our ear, surging, now from the interior of our spirit and then from the bosom of nature itself which surrounds us. There is a God! We hear repeated, looking at the blue vaulted heaven populated with stars, and when at rising from sleep at daybreak, we perceive the bright day, and see the light, Oh! The beautiful light of the sun that rejoices our sight!

At last, when at the hour of death we feel that all which we loved here disappear, yet the sentiment of immortality sweetly comes to our ear: There is a God!

Only while we are evil the voice which thus speaks in us, we pretend to throttle and then it grows dumb, because now its echo from heaven cannot console us.

God is affirmed by the proud denying Him. His existence proclaims it, the impious, and the blasphemous who do not want Him to exist so as not to obey Him, and do not condemn and punish their excesses.