

# Religious Intelligence.

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McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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## THE FIRST STEP ON THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

"The first step on the way to heaven!" I think I hear some anxious inquirer say; "Oh, what must I do to become a Christian?" "Dear friend, I have a message for you, but before you listen to it, ask of God to make it His own word to your soul."

How many mistakes are made at the outset for want of taking counsel of God, and seeking direction from the Scriptures of truth! Jesus Christ has said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." If, then, we desire to find peace and joy, and salvation, it must be by Christ, and by Him only. "By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; unclean to meet the eye of a holy God. Our whole nature is defiled, and incapable of that which is good. We are utterly hopeless, under a sentence of wrath and condemnation, and our only hope is to give up all confidence in our own merits, and to accept of the righteousness which is freely provided for us. Salvation by works is altogether impossible—that way to heaven is for ever blocked up; but the new and living way, of salvation by grace, is open to you, to me, and to every one who will pursue it. You remember what the Israelites did when they were bitten by the serpent in the wilderness? They did not apply remedies of their own, nor go to earthly physicians; but they followed the divine direction, they looked at the brazen serpent, and were made whole. So one look, one earnest look, at the cross of Christ, will bring back life and health to the diseased soul. "Look unto me," says the blessed Redeemer, "O ye, how many there are who consume their precious time in unprofitable ceremonies and outward forms; who pore over volumes after volume with feverish anxiety, hoping to find rest in their souls, but despise the sacrifice which God has provided, and turn a deaf ear to the overtures of divine love! They cannot consent to owe their salvation entirely to grace, without money and without price, so they perish in their sins."

Oh, ye weary and heavy laden, listen again to the gracious words of Him who speaks as a merciful Father! "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Are ye so deaf that ye cannot hear? So blind that ye cannot see? No, not all. Turn with me one moment, and mark that little group of restless anxious wanderers. They are struggling and toiling, feeling that nothing yields them the pittance of enjoyment they fondly anticipate. They are pining for something the world cannot give. They are saying impudently, "Who will show us any good?" Observe the effect of the Saviour's invitation on them.

Ah! replies one, that is not the kind of rest and satisfaction I desire. What I seek is a present good; I desire exemption from all trial, from earthly care.

Ah! replies another, but this coming to Jesus involves the giving up of my worldly pleasures—my carnal indulgences—my easily-tempting joys. How can I turn my back on my cherished habits and pursuits to follow Him?—It is impossible.

But there is one individual, the most earnest and anxious of the number, who leans the ear, and with alacrity obeys the command so gently given. At first he rushes on with bounding steps; but soon his pace slackens. The enemies of his soul—Satan and all the principles and powers of darkness, the world and his own sinful lusts, are trying to obstruct his way. Onward, however, he still presses; "faint yet pursuing." His eye is directed to the cross. He feels at every step the new and powerful attraction, and now his lips utter that piercing cry, "Lord save me—I perish!" "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me!"

Never, never, was the petition uttered in vain. He who is Spirit inspired will answer it. "He is mighty to save—strong to deliver." That hard so powerful to recover, is stretched out, and to the powers of darkness, fall back rebuked; the world and its lusts, of all our enemies the most subtle, cannot hurt a soul once taken under the Redeemer's care. Observe the tired and weary spirit, prostrate at the foot of the cross, relieved of the burden of sin, satisfied with the assurance of Divine forgiveness, love, and praise! Behold again, the once polluted soul is washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and arrayed in a robe of spotless righteousness—the Saviour's gift.

See the entire change. The bond slave of sin and Satan is liberated; the spirit of fear has given place to the spirit of adoption; and the joy because he is "accepted in the Beloved." To him the Saviour speaks in language the most cheering and affecting: "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

"I am able to keep to the end that which you have committed to me." "Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken to you." "Fear not for I have redeemed you: I have called for thee by thy name; I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." "Abide in me, and in you."

"If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you." "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "Search the Scriptures; for they are they which testify of me."

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

Then, that solemn prayer arises on his behalf: "Father, I pray not that thou shouldst take him out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep him from the evil, and when thou shalt gather thy elect from the four corners of the earth, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Thus spoke the Saviour, and the redeemed one arises and goes on his way rejoicing. Strong in the Lord and in the Power of His might, he meets his fiercest enemies undismayed. Mark him on his way: often worried and oppressed, by reason of the length and toilsomeness of his journey, but still sustained and strengthened by the arms of mercy which encircle him. Now all around him dark clouds, obscuring the brightness of his earthly prospects, and the streams of creature comfort seem to be dried up; but the eye of faith is fixed on the Cross, and can discern through the mist the Sun of Righteousness shining as brightly as ever. Often the old enemies of his soul assail him, and many, alas, are his slips and falterings! but the Lord is his shield and buckler, so that he cannot greatly fall. A little longer must be endured this body of sin and death; a little longer struggle with weakness and infirmity; but soon will the joyful summons come, and the ransomed spirit return to its native skies, to that land whose excellency and glory were told "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Beloved reader, yours may be the experience of this ransomed child of God; you too are toiling along the journey of life. Like him, you feel wearied and dissatisfied in the midst of the vanities and pleasures of the world. You find them all too empty, light, and unstable to meet the cravings of your immortal soul. Like him, you are grievously burdened with sin, and taken under its weight in all the helplessness of man's unaided condition. Like him, you are hest on every side by the fierce enemies of your soul, so that your spirit can obtain no rest.

The same word which brought such joy to his soul, is addressed to you. Do not, I beseech you, turn a deaf ear to that voice of love and mercy. Do not refuse the salvation so freely offered. If your sins are crimson, he can make them white as snow, and present you faultless before his presence with exceeding joy.

If you are so burdened with infirmity, and so brought under the power of your fleshly lusts, that you are constrained to cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Christ answers, "My grace is sufficient for thee." For "my strength is made perfect in weakness." "Oh, seek might from Him who is almighty, and grace while it may be found! Lay aside your own fancied righteousness, and accept the wedding robe" so graciously provided; consent to fall into the open arms of a waiting Saviour, and let Him undertake for you.

Look unto Jesus—look now. This is the first step in the way to heaven—be looking always, for each look will bring you nearer to the kingdom.

Oh! raise thy downward eyes and see! Numbers do now his throne surround; There were all sinners once like thee, But there have fallen salvation found. Oh, yield not, then, to unbelief; Courage, poor soul, there yet is room! Though of all sinners thou art chief, Come quickly—battered sinner, come!

## SALT LAKE CITY.

The following description of Salt Lake City is from a writer in *Harper's Weekly Journal*.

We enter at the north gate of the city wall, climb an elevation to our left, and Salt Lake City lies before us. It is a small city spread over a large surface. It has about 15,000 inhabitants, and covers an area of six square miles. Of these 15,000 inhabitants, at least 10,000 are females. A large proportion of the men in this city are polygamists; almost all the "authorities of Zion" live here with families comprising from twenty-five to two wives each, and there are many more girls than boys born. The proportion is increased by many married men being absent on missions; and would be still larger were it not for the number of single young men who are compelled to be bachelors from the scarcity of single females. This population is perfectly heterogeneous; at least two-thirds are English and Scotch people. Welsh, Danes and Americans compose the remaining third part. I think that certainly not cover one-sixth of the inhabitants of Salt Lake City are Americans; and they are generally from the Western frontiers, with the narrow prejudices and ignorance common to their birth-place.

The city is divided into square blocks containing ten acres each, and intersected at right angles by streets one hundred and thirty-two feet wide. At the edges of the sidewalks flow little streams of cold, clear water. These are conducted all over the city. They are obtained from several of the mountain creeks that pour down their melted snows into the Salt Lake. Their water is used for irrigating the soil, without which neither spring flowers, early vegetables nor cereals could be cultivated. Along the margins of these streams—which materially help to enhance the beauty of the place, as well as to ease the comfort of the inhabitants—are planted many cotton-wood, locust, and

other rapidly growing trees. Their green liveries give the city a very charming relief, in contrast with the desert and desolate valley. From our point of view Heber, C. Kimball's block of buildings are to our right. To our right, a little below, is the Temple Block, surrounded by a wall and trees. Parallel with this is the Tubing Office—here are deposited the contributions of the faithful. On a line with this are the buildings of Brigham Young.

On the corner of the main street is the Council House. This is a stone structure forty-five feet square. It was built by the Church, and used as a court-house and legislative hall. Subsequently it has been employed as an enrollment room, but is now occupied by the "Church press." Thence is issued the Mormon weekly newspaper; and from Brigham Young's office to these premises the Mormon devil often has to run for copy for the *Deseret News*.

We are now opposite to Temple Block. It covers an area of ten acres, and is surrounded by an adobe wall, with a neat stone coping, around which are trees. We enter the block at the east gate. Right before us are the foundations of the Mormon Temple. This is already—though not quite level with the ground—quite a stupendous undertaking. It is in the shape of a parallelogram, with four octagonal towers—one at each corner. It is intended to measure 193 feet in length from east to west, and 105 feet from north to south, both through the centre of the building. Its entrance will front the east, with a massive gateway. Its foundations, which are foolishly costly, are of solid rock.

They are six feet deep, and as much wide. With the wall surrounding the block, they have already cost \$1,000,000 in labor and materials—more than the entire cost of the whole Nauvoo Temple. It was designed to build it of adobe from the first story upward, but they have now resolved to erect it entirely of cut stone. Its plans are publicly exhibited, and should it ever be completed, it will form a very magnificent pile. Its architecture will be original, and is meant to be allegorical. The buttresses at the first story will represent the moon in all its phases; and the second tier, the sun in all its phases; at the basement ceiling, a series of globes, changing their positions on each buttress, beginning with the southeast corner. On the side-buttresses will be Saturn, with his rings and satellites. All these are to be of sculptured sandstone. Besides these, to use the Mormon sententious style, "Every stone will have its moral lesson, and all will point to the celestial world." To the right are the workshops of the artisans employed on the Temple. They are supported by the tithing contributed by the people. All clothed and half-starved, hundreds are obliged to work here, because unable to obtain any other employment. They are paid in anything that is brought in as tithing, after the leading men have had their selection of articles. By some singular system of book-keeping, although these unfortunate men are never half paid, they are always found to be in debt, should they wish to leave. They pretend to pay the most extravagant prices for labor, to produce effect abroad, on the minds of the poor saints—But they charge still more exorbitantly for articles, and never pay in money, so that in reality they are miserably paid.

At the northwest corner of this block is the Tabernacle. This is an adobe building, and is 126 feet long and 64 feet wide. The inside is built in the shape of a long, elliptical arch—its span being the width of the building. It is plastered and seated to accommodate 2,500 persons. Here, on Sabbath, Brigham Young and his confidants give the word of the Lord to the people. It is generally well filled. Adjoining this is the Bowery—a wooden frame erection which will accommodate 8,000 persons. At their half-yearly conferences this immense square is completely filled, although at its extremities they can only see, but not hear the speaker. It is a singular scene to witness when Brigham gets full of his prophetic afflatus, and desires, especially, to curse some individual, or threaten the United States Government; the whole mass of the people will be swayed by his full, clear voice, his energetic gestures, his coarse thoughts, couched in vulgar but vigorous language, and will thunder out a series of Amen's to his profane vituperation. At the southeast corner of the Temple Block is the Enrollment House. It is an adobe building, with the singularly narrow doors; and in it are administered the secret orders, sacred ordinances, and solemn mysteries of Mormonism. The house, in the minds of these fanatics, partakes of the holy nature of its ceremonies, and is consequently viewed with especial veneration. Hundreds are initiated every year; and both before and after their initiation they consider it as the most sacred act of their lives. Their elders promise the enrollment to their neophytes abroad, as a God-given recompense for their sufferings and privations. They are forbidden, under penalty of death, to reveal anything of its mysteries; and their ambiguous laudis only more effectually excite aspiration, and enhance its value in the estimation of their votaries. It consists of ridiculous representations of parts of the Bible, bastardized masonry, oaths of continual antipathy against the United States Government, covenants of unlimited and implicit obedience to the priesthood, obligations of inviolate secrecy, and of compliance at all iniquity by a vow to "speak no evil against the Lord's anointed." The chains forged and fastened in that house

bind the initiated terribly together, and form a great engine of power in the hands of the authorities.

We are deeply impressed with the thought how easily religious infatuation may become legal crime by coupling it with political ambition, and turn from the Temple Block, whose gates are now being locked for the night. We walk down the wide streets, notice the houses built in all sorts of shapes and sizes, from the mud hovel and log hut to the comfortable mansion, and of every shade of color from decided dirt to dull white. We observe that all are built twenty feet back from the fence, and that the centers of the blocks are generally well cultivated. We remark many thousands of peach trees that thrive in this city, and a few shade trees in places. We pass a few roughly dressed persons, some of whom look inquisitively at us, while others frown, and we can catch the mutter through the clenched teeth, "The cursed Gentiles!"

We now approach the Mormon theatre. It is an adobe building 73 feet long by 33 feet wide. During the winter season there is a Mormon amateur company, who perform representations from Shakespeare's tragedies to Coleman's farces. There are more farces than tragedies performed, from the fact that Brigham prefers to laugh and make the people laugh. He is a regular attendant, having two whole seats appropriated to his family, and much amusement may be derived from seeing him "shake his bulky sides, and deeply laugh."

The bills are always well attended. Brigham works hard in the ball-room, never missing "his number." He and Kimball have sometimes had fifty to twenty ladies between them, without any other male escort. As they are very jealous, nothing but cotillions, contra-dances, and reels are danced, as waltzes, polkas, schottishes, etc., would "make people too intimate and familiar, and perhaps worse!" The number of females is always twice that of the males present at these balls, and some Mormon genius has invented conditions with two ladies to each gentleman.

Salt Lake City is rapidly increasing, much emigration constantly coming in. Manufactories of various kinds are growing up; and although the people have suffered from short crops for the last three seasons, and snows in the winter, that are growing deeper every season, are killing their cattle, they believe that the destiny of their city is immortally with themselves. Nature seems at war with them. When they went there, in 1847, they found large mountain streams, some rain in the summer, and not very deep snow in the winter. Their crops were fabulous as to quantity and quality. The summers are becoming more and more arid. The trees are being cut down on the mountains; springs are drying up and streams shrinking in consequence. Failure of water for irrigation, when once it is being constantly and increasingly needed, makes hard labor and scarcity of harvest. Grass-hoppers have for the last three years ravaged their farms, blue worms and smut their wheat. Snows for three winters, have buried up the feed, and cattle have died by hundreds. Last winter the snow there was deeper than ever; this spring rain is scarcer than ever. None but Mormons could have lived there so long, and to judge the future by the past, even Mormons will not be able to live there much longer.

## NOVEL READING DANGEROUS AND INJURIOUS.

Novel reading is not only dangerous, and acts on the mind as ardent spirits do on the body, but it is also a waste of precious time, for which God will require a strict account. Dr. Hawes gives it as his opinion, that "no habitual reader of novels can love the Bible, or any other book that demands thought, or inculcates a serious duties of life." They become disgusted with the plainness and simplicity of truth, and require and search for something new and exciting to the imagination.

But, again, the taste for novel reading when once acquired, is hard to get rid of. Take an example: "A young lady who had indulged for some time in the habit of novel reading, on becoming pious, found, to her sorrow, that her imagination had become so fascinated, and her taste so vitiated by this pernicious reading, that she could not fix on any thing permanently." "I would make any earthly sacrifice," said she, "could I thrust after the Bible, as I have after the novels. The greatest daily cross I am now compelled to take up is to pass a novel without reading it. I would urge it as a warning to all my sex, to beware of this fatal rock. Beware of wasting not only days, but nights, in making yourselves fools all the rest of your life, if not absolutely wretched."

But, again, it sometimes leads to insanity! A physician in Massachusetts says: "I have seen a young lady with her table loaded with volumes of fictitious trash, poring day after day and night after night over highly-wrought scenes, and skillfully portrayed pictures of romance, until her cheeks grew pale, her eyes became cold and restless, and her mind wandered, and was lost. The light of intelligence passed behind a cloud, her soul forever benighted. She became insane, incurably insane, from reading novels!"

Dr. Wayland says: "He who meditates with pleasure upon pictures of pollution and crime, whether arguing with himself or with others, renders it evident that nothing but opposing circumstances prevents him

from being himself an actor in the crime which he loves. Let the imagination, then, be most carefully guarded, if we wish to escape temptation, or make progress in virtue."

Hannah More says:

"The constant familiarity with works of fiction, even with such as are not exceptional in themselves, relaxes the mind, that wants hardening; dissolves the heart, that wants fortifying; stirs the imagination, which wants quieting; irritates the passions, which want calming; and, above all, disciplines and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent mining mischief."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

## CLERICAL HEALTH.

A minister in debt, or stinted for means to supply his daily necessities, labors with a mountain weight upon him, and no wonder that, with an average pay of three hundred dollars a year, so many of them sink, in this country, long before their prime, into invalidity, if not into an early grave. "He studied too hard," is the verdict of the people; He died of want, is the verdict of truth—want of that liberal and sufficient support, which would enable him to labor with a cheerful heart and a singleness of purpose, which are essential to high success in any human calling.

We have seen lately, a statement that some seventeen Methodist churches were closed in a small district in New England. Of two hundred Baptist clergymen in Massachusetts, only twenty receive salaries exceeding three hundred and fifty dollars. And when it is remembered, that nine or ten years must be spent, with several thousand dollars in money, to qualify these men for their office, it is a burning shame, a living disgrace to church members of all denominations, that such a neglected provision is made for those learned, self-denying men, who are the salt of the earth, and without whose personal labors, in introducing the people into the knowledge of social, domestic, and civil duties, duties to each other, and duties to the state, as founded on Bible principles, this Democratic government of ours would go to pieces within any five years. We repeat it, as the dishonor of every law-abiding citizen, of every true lover of our Republican institutions, that the men to whose daily lives and labors, and weekly preaching, we owe so much, are permitted, in so many instances, to eke out a painful subsistence by resorting to various kinds of labour, that they may not become bankrupt at the end of the year.—The hardest toil of all, for daily bread, is the toil of the brain. But to have to endure it, under the daily influence of skimp food and clothing, is hard indeed. Well is it, that these men have something to feed upon, of which the world knows nothing, the hope of immortal bliss beyond, in the bosom of their Father.—*Half's Journal of Health*.

## Training Children.

Prov. 22: 6.—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Early principles and early habits are apt to abide through life. In old age we are not very likely to forsake the course which we have followed from our youth up. In whatever way parents desire their children to go through life, in that way they should train them to go when young, and continue it till they are grown up; begin when young, and lead and exercise them in that way all along up to maturity. First, just get into that way yourself, and then you can lead your children in it.

You do not wish your children to be profane! What does the swearer gain? Nothing! "Did you ever catch fish without bait?" said one to a profane fisherman. "Yes," said he; "I have sometimes thrown in the naked hook, and the foolish thing has taken it, and I caught him without bait." Just so the devil catches the swearer; he gives the naked hook, and the fool is caught without bait! He sells himself for nothing, and even makes himself worse than the devil, for devils never swear! They believe and tremble; but the swearer takes in vain that very name which fills the devils with awe!

You would not have your children intemperate. Said one, "It is nobody's business if I do drink." "Yes," said his neighbor, "it is everybody's business. Soon your primary will be gone, you will die, and your family will be on the town; it is everybody's business." So it is; and it is time this evil were abated. The places where drunkards are made should be regarded as public nuisances; the example of the moderate drinker should be shunned as the pathway to death; and if you would save your children from this loutishness and degrading vice, you must not only teach them to shun the allurements to intemperance, but set before them an example, and train them up in the practice of entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

You would not have your children Sabbath breakers. They who throw off the restraints of the Sabbath, soon throw off the fear of God and the restraint of law. They begin a down hill course, and often reach the prison or the gallows; or if they escape these, they are apt to reach the gutter and die drunkards. As you would guard against vice of every kind, teach them to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

You wish your children to be submissive and obedient. Train them up to be so; and

begin when they are young. If you wait till they are old you will never succeed.

You want them to form habits of industry and economy. Teach them to be industrious and economical, using their time, talents, and property well. Teach them to work and save in order to give, that they may do good. If you would form habits of industry and economy in your children, not only teach them to work and save, but also inculcate the duty of earning and saving that they may be able to give. And in this way teach them a proper self-control, self-government, self-denial, and the right use of time and property.

You wish your children to go in the way of wisdom and piety. Then train them up righteously. Teach them to read their Bibles, to attend the prayer meetings, preparatory lectures, and public worship; to use all the means of grace—to pray—repent—believe in Jesus Christ—to love God and serve him and live to his glory; in a word train them up in the way they should go.

The most important duties are these which are found at home. Some want to go abroad for work as well as for pleasure. Home pleasures are the purest; home work is the best and most important. What a blessed work parents have at home! Were all parents doing their whole duty to their children, what a different state of things would we see! Then our sons would be as plants grown up in their youth; our daughters as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Ps. 144.—*N. Y. Observer*.

## BE POLITE.

It is said that George Mc. Duffie, of South Carolina, was very polite even when a little boy. One evening he was holding a little calf by its ears while his mother milked the cow, and a gentleman passing by said, "Good evening, my little son."

George returned, "Good evening, sir!" with such a polite bow, that the gentleman noticed him and said:

"Why didn't you pull off your hat my little man?"

George answered, "If you will get down and hold my calf for me, I will pull off my hat to you."

George's politeness and shrewd remark were the making of him. That gentleman said to his mother:

"Your son is a smart boy, and if properly trained, will make a great man some day. If you will permit me, I will give George a good education, and give him a start in the world."

The mother thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and let him take charge of her son. George arose from the ears of his calf to the highest rank in the legal profession; he was then sent to the State Legislature—then to Congress—then made Governor of South Carolina.

I wish all my little nephews and cousins to be polite. A polite bow and a "Good evening, sir," cost nothing, but are sometimes worth a great deal. One courteous bow was worth a fortune to little George McDuffie.

Everybody likes polite children. Worthy persons will pay attention to such, speak well of their good manners, and entertain a good opinion of their parents. I fear teachers do not pay sufficient attention to this subject. They ought to lecture their pupils at least once a week upon the "rules of politeness." Little boys and girls are ignorant of these rules, and teachers are the proper persons to teach them. The school is the proper place, too, because it is a little community affording frequent occasion for the exercise of politeness.

When I used to go to school, my teacher made it a rule that every boy should make a bow and every girl a courtesy as we entered the door every morning, and do the same as we left at evening. And our instructor would invariably notice us with a polite bow, unless he happened not to see us. I like every rule that helps to refine our manners and improve our hearts.

My little readers—scholars—salute your teacher every morning with a graceful bow and a "good morning, Mr. M——," and at evening, part with him in the same way; and be polite to everybody, especially to old persons.

One morning as Gorthold was pouring water into a basin, he recollected the words of Scripture: "I will wash mine hands in innocency" (Ps. xxvi. 6)—a text which shows how diligently the Royal Prophet had endeavored to lead a blameless life, and walk habitually in the fear of God. Upon this he mused and said: Henceforth, my God, every time I pour out water to wash with, I will call to mind that it is my duty to cleanse my hands from wicked lusts and desires, that so I may be enabled to lift up holy hands unto Thee, and with unspotted lips and heart worship Thee to the best of my ability. What will it profit me to strive after outward purity, if my heart is filthy and abominable in Thy sight? Can the food nourish me which I have earned with polluted hands or seized with violence and injustice, or eaten with insensibility and ingratitude? Ah! no, my God; far from me be food like this. My first care shall be to maintain a blameless walk; my next, when I have thoughtlessly defiled myself, to cleanse and wash away the stain, and remove mine iniquity from Thine eyes. "Purge me, O my God, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." (Ps. li. 7).—*Gorthold's Emblems*.