

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XIII.—No. 4.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1866.

Whole No. 628.

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QUEEN STREET,  
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## The Intelligencer.

CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND RISEN WITH JESUS.

BY MR. GEORGE MULLER, OF BRISTOL.

An address delivered at a Conference of Christians held at the Victoria Rooms, Bristol, on the 7th of Nov. 1865.

How may we know that we are crucified with Christ, that we have died with Him, and that we are risen with Him? Possibly some believers may not know how to settle this point. It is of the deepest moment to have a clear understanding of it. It is not by a voice from heaven, nor by some powerful impression made on us in a dream; or otherwise; but simply by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, trusting in Him for the salvation of our souls, that we settle the point that we are united to Him, that with Him we were crucified, that with Him we died, that with Him we are raised again, and with Him sit in heavenly places. We have simply to say to ourselves, "Do I know I am a guilty, wicked sinner, deserving nothing but judgment? Do I trust, at the same time, in the Lord Jesus for the salvation of my soul? If so, then Jesus is my Substitute, then Jesus died in my room and stead. Then an I looked upon by God as one united with Christ. Then have I been punished for my sin in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. Then was I hanged, as it were, on the cross with Jesus—God having accepted Him as my Substitute. Then was I buried with Christ, and have been raised again with Him. Then, in my Forerunner, I am seated at the right hand of God in heaven. Then, as assuredly as the Lord Jesus is there so shall I be.

These are precious truths, not man's inventions. The Book of God speaks of them again and again. The Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, and others, are full of these glorious truths. But what we need is, that they become increasingly realities to us. Not so much that we are able to speak with clearness about them, but that more and more we know their power in our hearts. We have, therefore, to say to ourselves, "I am a wicked, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and had not been in the riches of his grace, given the Lord Jesus to die in my stead, hell must have been my portion for eternity; but it pleased God to deliver Him up for me, and since I trust in the Lord Jesus for salvation, I shall not be punished, because my blessed Substitute, the Lord Jesus Christ, was punished in my room and stead. Now, what follows? My sins are forgiven. Not, shall be forgiven. I die. Not, I shall find out some day that they are forgiven; but they are forgiven—are now forgiven." By the grace of God, I am as certain that my sins are forgiven as I am certain that I am speaking to you. Not because I deserve it. I am a guilty, wicked, hell-deserving sinner; but I trust in the Lord Jesus for the salvation of my soul, and God declares that all who put their trust in Him shall have forgiveness. As it is written in Acts x. 43, in reference to the Lord Jesus, "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." I do believe in Him—that is, I do put my trust in Him, and therefore my sins are forgiven.

Now, let me affectionately press this point on you, because it is a matter of deep moment that we be assured our sins are forgiven, and habitually assured of it. Because it is just this which makes heaven certain to us, that we know God has nothing against us. The knowledge and the enjoyment of the forgiveness of our sins will keep our hearts from going out towards this present world.

To be heavenly minded really and truly, we must be assured our sins are forgiven, and this we know simply from the divine testimony that those who put their trust in Jesus have the forgiveness of their sins. But this is not all. Through faith in Jesus we are now the sons of God. Not only are we reconciled because of our Substitute and Surety, and God is well pleased with us, but we are also children of God, and as children heirs of God, and as heirs of God joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now this brings us to another point. If we are the children of God, if we are the heirs of God, and joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ, then all who believe in the Lord Jesus constitute one family. They may be scattered all over the world, may be in ten thousand things differ as to the present life, and in ten thousand things have differed as to their manner of life before they were brought to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus—may differ after conversion as to their position in life, and in numberless ways, also as to attainments in knowledge and grace; but, nevertheless, as assuredly as they believe in the Lord Jesus for the salvation of their souls, do they constitute one heavenly family—they are brethren. We glorify God by living as such here. In heaven we shall be together. Throughout eternity we shall be unseparably happy, and love one another perfectly and habitually. But we are to glorify God by manifesting this love now, while on the earth, while in weakness, and exposed to conflict, while the struggle is going on—now we are to be united together, and to manifest that we are one family—the heavenly family. This is the way to bring glory to God.

In order to this let us keep before us—"Crucified with Christ." What does this imply? That we deserve to be crucified—that we are sinners, wicked, guilty sinners—I and every one—all the members of the heavenly family—all sinners, and such sinners that we deserve nothing but hell. And in order that we might escape the torments of hell, the blessed Lord Jesus Christ died in our room, and became a curse that we might escape it.

Where is boasting then? Who has ground for boasting? Perhaps one says—"Ah, but I have made much greater attainments in knowledge and grace than others." But what does Paul say, "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." The child of God has nought wherein to glory but the cross of Christ. Therefore if we boast, let it be that the blessed Lord Jesus died for our guilty hell-deserving sinners. And if we have a little more light and a little more grace than some of our fellow-believers, let us testify that it is by the grace of God we have it.

Now because we love one another we may speak freely. It has been said that if we are of one mind about the foundation truths, we should agree to differ about minor points, in order that this brotherly love may not be hindered. Allow me to say, that according to Philippians iii. 15, 16, I am of a different judgment. We should not agree to differ, but should expect and pray, that

we and other believers may have further light given to us; yea, we should remember, that the day is coming, when we shall see eye to eye. In the meantime, however, we should act according to the light which the Lord has given to us already, always seeking, at the same time, to exercise gentleness, tenderness, and forbearance, towards those from whom we differ, remembering that we are what we are by the grace of God, and that we know by the grace of God, and that a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven. Instead of agreeing to differ, let us agree to love one another because of Christ's love to us. While in weakness and infirmity let us agree to walk together, having the same precious blood of Christ to make us clean, being of the same heavenly family.

Perhaps some present are not prepared for eternity. I cannot sit down without speaking one word to you, my fellow-sinners. I know the state in which you are, for I was once in the same state. You may be seeking for happiness—you will not find it except you find it in Jesus. Seek it never so much and never so eagerly, you will not find it except you find it in the crucified, risen, and ascended Lord Jesus. Let me, as one who has been brought to the knowledge of Christ, tell you of the blessedness I have experienced as a disciple of Christ. Times without number might I have gone back into the world if I had desired to do so; but as unexpectably blessed and precious have I found it for forty years of the world, that I find that, if the attractions of the world were a thousand times greater than they are, by the grace of God I should have no desire for them. Well then, as one who eagerly sought happiness in the present world, and never found it, and now for forty years knows the sweetness and preciousness of walking with Jesus, I affectionately beseech you to seek Him. Poor sinner, only put your trust in Him, only depend on Him for the salvation of thy soul, and all thy sins, numberless as they are, shall be instantly forgiven; thou wilt be reconciled to God, brought into the road to heaven, and when this life is over, have eternal happiness as thy blessed portion.

## VISITING THE MORMONS.

BY LIEUT. GOV. WILLIAM BROSSE, OF ILLINOIS.

Driven out from Illinois and Missouri in 1847, if we mistake not, the Mormons took up their line of march westward, intending, no doubt, to swing down to the Southwest and settle in Mexico. Arriving in the vicinity of Salt Lake, with provisions and strength nearly exhausted, Brigham Young and several of his elders climbed up a mountain peak, and here "the prophet" had or pretended to have a revelation, that in this valley the saints were to live and flourish, safe from all pestiferous Gentiles, for all time to come. Judging from the few trappers who, up to that time, had ever traversed these distant inhospitable regions, there seemed much truth in the visions of Brigham Young. How to win a subsistence from the desolation that surrounded them was the great, all-absorbing problem. Some of them had heard of irrigation as a means of rendering barren soils fruitful. The beautiful crystal streams were deflected from their beds, seeds were planted, and by a scanty supply of grain and vegetables was raised, which, with the game they were able to take, enabled the saints to live through their first and most trying winter. But Providence did not intend that polygamy should inhere in itself at the centre of the continent, and reveal in its wickedness, unchallenged by the Christian civilization of the world. Gold was about this time discovered in California, and an immense flood of emigration poured across the country, and in many cases emigrants were enabled to go on their way rejoicing by what they were able to buy of the "saints."

It is impossible to conceive of any sight more beautiful and refreshing than when the traveller, having trudged his weary way for more than a thousand miles, with only sage-brush to relieve the scene from stark savage desolation, emerges from the deep gorge in the mountains, and for the first time looks down upon Great Salt Lake City. To the right, twenty miles distant, the lake itself stretches far away to the north. Twenty-five miles across the valley of the Jordan is a high range of mountains; for miles, north and south, the valley is covered with splendid farms; and at your feet, with its broad streets and houses embowered in trees, is the far-famed city of "the saints." As you enter it, you observe a pure stream of water sparkling along each side of all the streets, from which each thrifty Mormon, as it bubbles along, leads a little thread into his garden, and around among his fruits and flowers, forming a perfect paradise of beauty. Soon in June, as we saw it, Salt Lake is certainly one of the most delightful cities upon the continent.

Brigham Young and other dignitaries and the merchants of Salt Lake, are earnest, energetic, and apparently sincere men. Sincerely wrong in one respect they surely are; but there was much less fanaticism and bigotry than we had expected to see. They were intelligent, shrewd, and very able business men. In this regard they will, in our judgment, compare favorably with an equal number of business men in any city in the land. Seeing them, and mingling with them, unless the topic were introduced, one would not suspect them of practising polygamy. Within the last few years they have grown wealthy. The sources of their riches are easily understood. During the California emigration, scores, and in some years hundreds, and even thousands, of emigrants would arrive at Salt Lake with their teams broken down, or half of them dead, and, therefore, unable to proceed. Of course, the Mormons were ready, in true Yankee style, to trade good animals for those that were about worn out, pocketing a handsome difference in hard cash. In a few months at most, these broken-down animals would be fat and sleek, and Mr. Mormon elder was ready to trade with the next emigrant that came along. Of course, many goods and provisions were sold to emigrants. Within the last four years there has been a great rush of emigration to Montana and Idaho, and the Mormons have been able to sell all their surplus grain at provisions, at fabulous prices. With corn at three to six dollars a bushel, and wheat at eight to ten dollars, and provisions of all kinds at proportionate figures, the Mormons have become content. Now, the hundred thousand people of Utah give a tenth of all they produce or manufacture to the church. Brigham Young and his

elders are the church, and hence the untold wealth they have been able to place in their coffers. Two of the merchants of Salt Lake assured us that their freight-bills alone would amount during the present year to \$150,000.

## MORMON WOMEN.

Thus much of the Mormon men; my readers will ask for our views of the condition and social status of the Mormon woman. With very few exceptions, the Mormons did not introduce us to their wives, and we were told that it is their usual custom. From all we could observe, however, and from the assurance of our Gentile friends, some of whom have lived in Salt Lake for years, we became satisfied that there is not a cheerful, contented, and real happy Mormon woman in all Utah. As we saw them in the streets, the tabernacle, and elsewhere, they appear to us dejected and broken hearted. Perhaps we can better illustrate their condition, if pardoned for revealing the following incident: On the evening we left Chicago, a large number of ladies and gentlemen called at my house to bid the speaker and myself good-by. Some of my lady friends gave me a mischievous nudge, and said: "You will take Salt Lake on your journey." I replied: "Certainly, that lies directly on our route." "Well," they said, "don't stay there too long, and let those Salt Lake beauties steal away your heart." Pointing to a maid, I said: "Do you see that pale-faced lady there among the crowd?" "Yes, I see Mrs. B," I said: "That feeble woman, always in delicate health, has ruled me perfectly for twenty-five years, and what in the world could I do with half-a-dozen strong, healthy wives?" Talking playfully with several Mormon gentlemen on polygamy, I told them this little incident, when one of them remarked, with significant emphasis: "If you had half-a-dozen wives, it would be your place to rule." That's it exactly. The Mormon women are ruled, and, from the very position in which they are placed, they must be. They are and must be, slaves not only to the will, but to the lusts of men. When a woman ceases to be the equal and the glory of her husband she becomes hopelessly degraded. Envy, jealousy, and her other baser passions subside, and, so to speak, sponge out the higher and the nobler principles of her nature. Thus it often happens that the more wives a man has, the more all but the last one will urge him to take. For instance, No. Five is the youngest, and the pet of the husband. In order to bring down her high looks, the first four regard with favour the prospect of the sixth being added to their number, and often even conspire with womanly art to bring the match about. The difference between a fifth and a sixth part of a husband's attentions, as the mathematicians sometimes say of infinitesimal quantities, is so small that it may be neglected. In this way, as in many others, the tendency of polygamy is to extend and increase the insupportable evils by which Providence has surrounded it. The certain results of this system do not yet appear, for the leading men among the Mormons grow to manhood in New and Old England, New York, and other states; but, if permitted to exist—as it surely should not—for two or three generations, the essential brutality of degrading women to the position of a mere animal, to give birth to other human animals, will be manifest in all its glaring and stupendous wickedness. May the nation be spared from the sin and the reproach of such a spectacle.

## BRIGHAM YOUNG

is a man of about medium height, with an immense chest, giving assurance of tremendous vital energy. His head is large, forehead high, round, and broad, his hair and whiskers incline to auburn, and, though he is sixty-four years of age, scarcely a gray hair can be seen, and not a wrinkle detectable upon his red and expressive face. His nose resembles the hawk's bill, and his lips, firmly closing with his blue and at times flashing eyes, betoken the great force and indomitable energy which he has always manifested. As some one said of Napoleon, "he is one of the favored few born to command." He is also one of the shrewdest and most cunning of men, and sensible to the power money gives, and withal possessed of business talents of the highest order. He is now, it is believed, one of the wealthiest men in the nation. While he lives, the Mormon community—unless he and they determine to defy the laws of Congress on the subject of polygamy—will grow and prosper; but that firm hand and iron will must be long, despite his regular and strictly temperate habits (he uses no tobacco nor liquor of any kind) tremble and bow before the resistless march of time; and when Brigham Young sleeps with his father, then will come the searching test, before which we predict, the whole Mormon fabric will crumble to the dust. It may and doubtless will, continue to exist as a religious sect; but as a compact and tremendously effective organization its power will cease when Brigham Young's heart is forever still. In the settlement of his vast estate among his two-score and more of wives and some sixty children there is ample room for quarrels and lawsuits, potent enough to break up the entire community. But let the future solve all these problems as an all-wise Providence shall direct.

## CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

But another and most powerful influence is already at work to counteract the influence of Mormonism. We found in Salt Lake City a small but an active Congregational church, organized, and in very successful operation, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. McLeod. He is a capital preacher, and a wise and judicious, but thoroughly independent, fearless man. In intellect he is the peer of any of the Mormon dignitaries, and in cultivation and varied learning he is vastly their superior. To us it seemed as if Providence had precisely adapted him to the great work he has given him to do. The Sunday-school is large and highly prosperous. The children of many of the Mormon people are permitted to attend. Under the whole some protection of Gen. Conner and his brave boys in blue, not a few of those who have been disgusted with Mormonism, and who previously had not dared to make their opinions known, are now members or active supporters of Mr. McLeod's church. The opening of the mines in Rush Valley and the building of the Pacific Railway will bring in a large "Gentile" population, and the Government will, in a very few years, be able to enforce the laws against polygamy. In one way or another it must cease. Probably in its pride and arrogance, like slavery, it will with its own hands, dig deep the pit in which our Christian civilization will bury its loathsome, disgusting carcass out of sight forever.—N. Y. Independent.

## SHORT, CLEAR, AND COLD.

A stranger occupied the pulpit of a large country church, one Sabbath afternoon. On their way home, two of the brethren very naturally fell into conversation respecting the merits of the preacher. "The sermon had one good quality," said Mr. Beal, "it was short. Those who slept hadn't a long nap."

"A short sermon is not necessarily a good one," said Mr. Burke.

"It is more apt to be than a long one." "A sermon may, I grant, be too long for profit. In former times, preachers may have erred by continuing their discourses after the attention was exhausted, but the present desire for short services will not introduce a better state of things. If ministers yield to it, the public services of the sanctuary will become very brief."

"Better too short than too long."

"I deem it very undesirable to bring to the worship of God the hurry that is characteristic of nearly all our secular operations."

"You like to hear men speak to the point, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you don't like to hear them keep saying the same thing over and over?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, I think we agree pretty well. The sermon this morning was short and clear. You could understand all he said, and there was no repetition."

"It was clear, but the thoughts succeeded each other too rapidly to make due impression on the minds of the members of the congregation. There is a difference between a wearisome and unprofitable repetition, and such an expansion or even repetition of the thoughts as is needed to make an abiding impression. Thoughts may be good, but if they are stated in a condensed form, however clearly, and not dwell upon them, they will make but little impression upon a popular audience. A style suited to a judge on the bench is not suited to a promiscuous assembly. Dr. Chalmers was one of the most impressive preachers of his time, and his power of impression was owing to the fact that he dwelt upon his thoughts, and presented them in a great variety of aspects."

"If a man would repeat with the interest that Chalmers did, it would do. We have the reputation without the interest."

"I am not contending for 'vain repetitions.' I think many of the discourses delivered from the pulpit might be greatly improved, not so much by shortening them as by giving greater definiteness to the plan, and more effort at impression. Some men talk for some time before they begin, and continue on talking after they have said all they have to say. If they would spend the same time in delivering a discourse well laid out and properly illustrated, and instinct with feeling, there would be no complaint about the length of the sermon. A short sermon to be a good one, ought to have a great deal of labor bestowed upon it."

"Isn't that true of every good sermon?"

"Yes, but a short one will show the want of labor sooner than a longer one. Besides, in aiming too much at brevity and clearness, feeling is apt to evaporate. This afternoon, the sermon was, as you say, short and clear. It was also cold. Cold preaching, however able, will never do much good. It doesn't touch the heart; and it is with the heart that man believeth unto salvation. A warm, earnest discourse, though not very well constructed, will do more good than a masterpiece of reasoning. I am very glad to see our ministers become learned and able men; but I want them most of all to be mighty in the Scriptures, and warm and tender in their appeals from the pulpit. Short, clear, and cold discourses are less valuable than the earnest exhortations of unlearned men."—N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.

## SHORT SERMONS.

We read with wonder of the time, long ago, when audiences enjoyed sermons two hours long, and ministers prayed an hour "to edification." It seems hardly credible to the men of our generation. But we are certainly going to the opposite extreme, and it may be duty to resist the unwholesome tendencies of the age. Rev. Mr. Thwing, of Quincy, in a recently published sermon, says:

"But while we frankly make these concessions, and cheerfully admit that short sermons, on the whole, are most effective, we believe that if God's word and worship were really precious, we should more patiently endure lengthened services and inconvenient postures, as did the vast congregation at Jerusalem. We cannot help entering a protest against the attempts now making in this direction to circumscribe the power of the pulpit. We speak, not in the spirit of acrimony, but with grief, of the causes at work about us which are beguiling a disservice for Sabbath worship. One hour of public worship a week is all that can be afforded for the presentation of God's claims to our homage and service."

One hour is all that most people can allow for the service of God, when six days, not to say nights, are oftentimes given to "the world, the flesh and the devil."

How must God view these steady in-rads upon His holy day and worship! Not enough is it that theatres, open all the week, shall be again opened and crowded on the Sabbath for concert; enough is it that extra accommodations be furnished for excursionists who wish to ride, or sail, or visit their friends on the Sabbath; not enough is it that the church give up its afternoon service, and but one sermon a week be preached; not enough is it that all these demands be granted, but we are told in the public prints, from time to time, that ministers ought to shorten their pulpit exercises. Yes, some who a whole night in the ball-room cannot sicken, are thoroughly prostrated by more than thirty minutes preaching!

But yesterday we read of a good idea. "A good idea?" What was it? This, the construction of a pulpit which should either be closed by an extinguisher above, or be emptied by a trap door below, exactly at the expiration of thirty minutes after the delivery of the text. This is all the time that can be allowed, this the point of limitation beyond which forbearance is no longer a virtue. Thirty minutes a week—supposing every Sabbath to be pleasant—are all that can be got, or even tolerated for the utterance of God's truth! Along by this we read of a "rich treat." What is that? Midnight revels, dances and farces, "kept up with a whirl and excitement until the hour of separation, between one and two o'clock."

## THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

An old man stood on a New-Year's night at the window, and looked with the eye of lengthened despair up to the immovable, eternal-blooming heaven, and down upon the still, innocent, snow-white earth, upon which now there was no one so joyless and sleepless as he, for his grave was close by him; it was only concealed by the snow of age, not by the green of youth. He brought with him nothing from the abundance of life but error, sin and sickness, a devastated body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an age full of repentance. His beauteous young days now returned to him as a New-Year's night, again to that fair morning on which his father, for the first time, started him on the path of life, which to the right leads upon the path of virtue into a wide and quiet land, full of light and harvest, and full of angels, and which to the left draws down into the mole tracks of vice, into a dark cavern full of dripping poisons, full of serpents ready to dart upon their prey, and dismal with close exhalations.

Ah! the serpents hung around his breast, and the poison-drops upon his tongue, and he knew not where he was. Distracted and unexpectably melancholy, he cried to the heavens above: "Give me my youth again! Oh, father, put me upon the cross road again, that I may choose another!" But his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw the *ignis fatuus* dance upon the moor, and go out upon the graveyard, and he saw "They are my foolish days." He saw a star shooting forth in the heavens; he saw it glimmer in its fall, and vanish upon the earth. "That is me," said his bleeding heart, and remorse with its serpent fangs dug deeper into his wounds.

His glowing imagination pointed out to him the sleeping night-walker on the roof, and the wind-mill raised its arms threatening to crush him, and a mask, which had been left in the empty chamber house, by degrees assumed his own features. Suddenly, in the midst of the conflict, the music for the New Year flowed down from the tower, as a distant anthem. He became less agitated; he looked around the horizon, and over the broad earth, and he thought of his early friends who now were happier and better than he—teachers of the earth, fathers of happy children, and blessed men, and he said: "Oh, I could also have passed this first night in slumber, with dry eyes, as well as you, if I had wished to. Ah! I might have been happy, ye beloved parents, if I had fulfilled your New Year's wish and teachings!"

Amid these feverish recollections of his youth, it appeared to him as if the mask with its own likeness rose up before him; and at last it was changed (through the superstition which, on New Year's night, sees ghosts and futurity) into a living youth.

He could not look at it any more; he covered his eyes. A thousand burning tears gushed forth and vanished in the snow. Disconsolate and sorrowful, he sobbed in a low tone: "Oh, come again, my youth—only come again!"

And it came again, for he had only dreamed thus terribly, on the New Year's night. He was still a young man—only his evil deeds were no dream. But he thanked God that he yet in his youth could retrace his steps, and turn from the squalid path of vice to the sunny road which leads to the fair land of the just.

Turn with him, young reader, lest when thou standest upon the path of sin, this frightful dream shall, in the future, become thy judge; but when thou, full of anguish, shall cry out: "Come again, Oh, my youth!" it should not in like manner return unto you.

## WHY DELAY?

The late Rev. Herman Norton records the following affecting instance. Often have I listened to its recital from his own lips:

An aged procrastinator, taking the servant of God by the hand, said: "Sir, do you think there is any mercy in heaven for a man who has sinned more than eighty years?"

"There is mercy," I replied, "for those who repent of sin, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Still pressing my hand, while tears were flowing down his wrinkled cheeks, and his frame trembling, he more earnestly renewed his inquiry: "My dear sir, do you believe that God will forgive a man who has rebelled against him for eighty-one years in this world?" Before a word was uttered in reply, he cried out in agony: "I know I shall not be forgiven! I shall die in my sins!"

This caused me to ask how he knew, or what induced him to believe, that God would never have mercy on him.

He replied: "I will tell you, and disclose what I have never uttered to any human being. When I was twenty-one, I was awakened to feel that I was a sinner. I was then intimate with a number of young men, and was ashamed to have them know that I was anxious for my soul! For five or six weeks I read my Bible, and prayed every day in secret. Then I said in my heart, one day, I will put this subject off until I am married and settled in life, and then I will attend to my soul's salvation. But I knew that I was doing wrong."

"After I was settled in the world, I thought of the resolution I had made, and of my solemn promise to God then to make my peace with him. But as I had no disposition to do so, I again said in my heart, I will put off this subject ten years, and then prepare to die."