

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

HOLINESS, OR THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY J. HOKE.

PERFECT LOVE.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."—1 John iv. 18.

The term perfect love is sometimes used to designate the state of grace, otherwise denominated holiness or sanctification. I propose in this article to institute an examination of the scripture above quoted, upon which this Christian grace is predicated.

Love in its usual acceptation may be defined "as a pleasurable sense of delight, excited by a perception of something that we admire or approve in another." The Christian loves God with the love of complacency or delight, as a wise, merciful, and holy Being, as well as for the gracious manifestation of the divine benevolence in the gift of our Lord Jesus Christ. He also loves God with the love of gratitude for the benefits and blessings he bestows on him.

"Fear is a painful emotion of the mind; an uneasiness produced by the expectation of some future evil likely to befall us. A state of doubt and uncertainty as to our religious condition also produces fear." There is a principle called *filiol fear*, akin to love, which springs from a perception of the divine character and incites us to obedience to his laws, and a shunning of everything that is displeasing to God. Then there is also a *slavish fear*, which results from ignorance of the true character of God, and a conscious dread of his wrath, with no relieving assurance that he is our children and delivered from that impending wrath. This is tormenting and peace-disturbing.

For a better understanding of the application of these principles to the various grades of Christian character, we divide the human family as follows:

1. The natural man. One in his natural, unawakened, and unconverted state. This person neither loves nor fears God, unless at times under special dangers he may dread to meet God.

2. The convicted sinner. One who is partially awakened to a realization of his lost condition. In this state God is *feared*, but not *loved*.

3. The justified, regenerated one. This individual has, to some extent, been brought to appreciate the fact that "God is love," that in this conscious deliverance from the guilt of sin and the wrath of God he is enabled to say, "We love him because he first loved us." The person is, at times, liable to fall into doubts and distressing fears as the result of carnal reasoning, the uprising of the carnal mind, as well as from a fluctuating between the law and the gospel, the former "gendereth to bondage," the latter to liberty. (Gal. iv. 24-26.) Mr. Wesley says of this class: "The evangelical state of love is frequently mixed with the legal." Of this class it may be truthfully said: "He that feareth is not made perfect in love." That deliverance from this "fear that hath torment" is possible, is plainly evident from the scripture upon which this article is founded as well as from the general teachings of God's word.

4. There is still another class who have advanced to that higher plane of Christian attainment wherein "perfect love casteth out fear." To deny that this state is attainable in this life is palpable folly, if not wickedness, in the face of the unequivocal utterances of God's word, of which no clearer testimony is needed than that furnished in the quotation at the head of this article. How large a majority of sincere Christians live in the state expressed in the following:

"This is a point I long to know:
Of this I am anxious to doubt;
Do I love the Lord or not?
Am I his or am I not?"

That such was not the experience of the apostles nor the New Testament saints is evident in their exultant strains, their fervid zeal, and their bright and assured hopes so abundantly and strongly expressed throughout the scriptures, and especially throughout the New Testament. That the provisions of the gospel contemplate a more elevated piety than the type which the present race of professors furnishes, is an almost universally admitted fact. To declare to the contrary would be a reflection upon the wisdom and benevolence of God. If this provision is made for deliverance from "the fear that hath torment," it is folly and sin not to avail ourselves of it.

Assuming, then, that this position is established or conceded, I proceed to enumerate some of the peculiar forms of fear from which the believer is delivered:

1. The fear arising from an uncertainty as to our religious condition. The incidental and collateral evidences of personal piety are safely to be relied on only so far as they are needed or received as *incidental or collateral*, and no farther. The sound scriptural doctrine of the direct witness of the Spirit is of vital importance to be set aside for that which is only incidental, and upon which it is not safe to rely. The interests at stake are too vast to be left in jeopardy, and where provision is made to furnish "the full assurance of faith," blind infidelity, or stolid, stubborn ignorance and prejudice, alone debar the doubting disciple from availing himself of those gracious provisions. Then, doubting discipline, there is help for you. But it is not a gradual growing out of this habit—for all experience shows that this habit becomes more inveterate by age; neither is it in any half-way attainment, nor in the incidents of trial piety, but alone in perfect trust in Jesus. Accept this remedy, and your deliverance is assured; reject it, and you are doomed to a life-long wandering in the wilderness.

2. Fear arising from anticipated future trials and afflictions. The larger part of the troubles of God's people arise from apprehensions of the future, rather than from present, actual evils. That this distrust is displeasing

to God as well as tormenting to the soul is natural and scriptural. God's declared arrangement is, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Grace for future trials is pledged only in connection with those trials; for he will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will, with the temptation, when it is upon you, also make a way to escape. The ground of all this distrust is unbelief. It is rooted in the very constitution of our nature; but it can be reached and removed by the all-powerful blood of the Lamb. Will you have it applied and your cure effected?

3. The fear of death. It may be required, Does not the justified soul have victory over the fear of death? He may and should have; but that such is not the general experience of believers is evident from Heb. ii. 14, 15: "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. And deliver them, who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Death, as the penalty of violated law, is terrible, and God intended that it should be. And while the atonement of Jesus takes from the King of Terrors his sting, yet he will always prove a foe to our nature and cause it to shrink from his approach. Nature looking through the distorting and magnifying glass of unbelief, sees only the wasting of the body, the physical agony of the last struggle, the heart-rending farewells, the gloomy companionship of silence, solitude, "corruption, earth, and worms," while Faith, elevating the vision above all these, sees prominently the crown, the white robe, the association and companionship of Jesus, angels, and saints, or if at all she glance at the physical aspect, is enabled exultingly to exclaim:

"Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh."

Fearful believer, be assured that while "he that feareth is not made perfect in love," there is deliverance for you so complete as to enable you with Paul to exclaim: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" This deliverance is not in stoical indifference, but in that higher and fuller consecration to Christ so authoritatively pressed upon you in the gospel.

4. The fear of the coming of Christ. "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go into heaven." The period of his advent is unknown. But does the contemplation of the event turn the eye of your soul in upon itself, and shrinkingly say in view of your felt unworthiness, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Not made perfect in love, fear torments you rather than joyful ecstatic expectation. Advance, then, to a higher point of the delectable mountains from whose summit you can discern the Celestial City, in the light of which you can realize the truth of the admonition: "And now, little children, abide in him, that when he shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

5. The fear of judgment. The momentous results of the judgment are calculated to raise emotions of the most solemn character. Out of Christ there is no refuge or safety in that day.

"That awful day will surely come:
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test."

Our God says to us: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."—Mal. iii. 17. Do you still fear and tremble with tormenting anxiety in view of this event? Then seek perfection of love, and you will realize the force of what is written: "Herein is our love made perfect that we may have boldness (that is, confidence) in the day of judgment."

IMMORTALITY.

BY J. H. M. IN "CH. INSTRUCTOR."

You look back a little ways, and you did not exist. By the creative fiat of the Almighty a little spark of immortality was lodged in a lump of perishing clay.

Who can calculate the length of eternity? A certain one has written substantially as follows: "Multiply all the stars of heaven by all the blades of grass on earth, and that product by all the leaves of the forest, and that by every drop of the ocean, and that again by each atom of the globe, and put an age for each unit of the product, and it will all appear an invisible point compared with eternity." Only when God ceases to exist, which can never be, shall the soul die. It shall flourish in eternal youth. It shall be a spectator of the dissolution of all things.

"Unhurl amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."
The Christian's body shall lie in its resting place undisturbed by the roar of artillery or the convulsions of nature, beyond the reach of every earthly sound, but not beyond the penetrating sound of the last trumpet; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

All revelation conspires to show, that the immortality of the Christian shall be a blessed one. For him Christ Jesus has abolished death, has disarmed it of its sting and terror, and brought life, a holy, happy, blessed life of immortality to light. Is it not a grand prospect that opens up before the spiritual vision? The sentence of death pronounced at the fall is removed; the flaming sword set to guard the tree of life is sheathed, the barred doors of Paradise are opened, and restoration to a happiness far exceeding that of

Eden is secured; and manfully, freely, cordially and urgently invited to participate in this blessed immortality. Truly it is an incalculable blessing to be put in possession of a gospel that brings to light such a hidden fountain of eternal joys.

We at once see what an eternity of interests cluster around that word "immortality." The thought is well calculated to fill the mind with profound awe, to awaken the deepest solicitude, and excite the most earnest inquiries how this state of things can be successfully met. There are in it some things to warn, and some to encourage.

It is lamentable to think that so many miss a happy immortality. This eternal inheritance is barred away for a few fleeting delusions. When we consider the evanescent nature of this life, the brevity of earthly enjoyment, and the certainty of death, we would suppose, that gospel hearers would be wise, and use every effort to secure that which is imperishable; but universal experience informs us, that there is a dilatoriness about this matter that is perfectly inexorable and positively sinful.

People desire to be happy. They are engaged in a wild chase after physical and mental enjoyment; but they rebel against the preparation necessary to make them happy.

The road to happiness is the road to holiness. My friend, if you are to enjoy the favor of God, there must be a radical change in your nature. Think you that those feet are prepared to tread the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, which have only been accustomed to running the foul and devious paths of sin?

Think you those eyes will look with delight on the transcendent glories of the new heavens, which have been accustomed to cast a pleasurable glance at images of impurity? Think you, those ears, which have been accustomed to welcome the obscene jest and drunkard's song, will drink in the music of the better world? Think you, those tongues, which have been employed in giving expression to ribald jests, lewd thoughts and blasphemous oaths, are prepared to sing the song of redeeming love? Think you, those limbs, which have in this life only yielded themselves up as instruments of unrighteousness, are prepared to do the work of the Master? How can you love the purity of heaven when, now you are so averse to it? How can you with pleasure live so near the Sun of Righteousness when now you have both his name and nature? There is danger that your immortality may be to you a never-ending curse, an immortality of wailing and gnashing of teeth, an immortality of vain regrets.

But there are many encouragements. Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. He has abolished death—broken down the barriers, and invites us to follow. Heaven's blessedness is offered to us as a free gift. The prospect is bright enough to arouse the most languid natures, to excite to ecstasy the dulled imaginations, and to excite to effort the most reluctant wills.

As strangers and pilgrims let us seek a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

THY WORKS.

"I know Thy works" are the clarion words repeated in each of the memorable messages to the Seven Churches of Asia. Works, works, Works ring out from each of the solemn charges—Thy works, not works without faith, but such abounding overcoming faith, that it must work. Upon Sardis the fearful sentence was, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead." The Church is not a hospital but a workshop. Posted all about upon its walls are notices "No idlers nor loungers allowed here." "To every man his work." The Church on earth is for work, the rest is beyond. Its watchword from its Founder is "French the Gospel." It is a call to the latent activity. Even the weak in body and infirm of spirit often render most effective service in soul work. But, alas for the drones. Here is a plerotic professor. He uses the Church as a housewife does her fruit-jar, simply to bottle up his piety for fear of its spoiling. He never dreams of using it in earnest, holy activity for saving lost souls.

There is a pleasure-seeking professor. The Church to her is a spiritual Saratoga to gratify her tastes. "She would raise her hands in surprise at the idea of work." "O, dear how very absurd." At her church the "quartette is so exquisite, the prayers so beautiful, the preaching so powerful, grand, and stirring, and so delightful to the ears and the heart, and so delightful to the soul, that she and her friends in the delightful nectar and rides away in her coach, imagining herself in a holy ecstasy.

It may be well enough for Dorcas to look after the poor, but not for our exquisite professor.

Here is our retired professor. He went through the usual experience and forms of admission to the church, and has retired upon this capital. He dives into the world, rolls up his sleeves for sharp bargains, smart trades, all for self, from Monday morning until Saturday night. On Sunday he puts on his religious coat and airs, and attends "divine service." When he has a full purse, and less business, he may do something for the Lord. Just now he can only go to church on a Sunday. He did his duty by joining the church in the usual way. He is a retired professor. It seems a great pity that the Lord should permit him to make the fatal mistake of retiring into the church militant rather than into the church triumphant.

Here is our talkative professor. He is always ready for discussions or resolutions. He loves crowded assemblies, conventions, any place for remarks, and always inquires for every occasion. Ask him to visit some out-of-the-way place, to preach Christ, to head a subscription, or to do mission work, and he makes pompous promises, and escapes from work. He is simply a nuisance, the son of Saywell, of Frating-row. There is a certain foal bird that is said to stalk about, squeaking out, "Do, do, do," but is itself the laziest and most ill-mannered of all the birds in the world. The race is said to have died out now,

being too lazy to live long. Happy would it be for the honor of Christ and His cause if this race of professors who are forever talking and lamenting, but never doing, should die out also. In the last day the Lord will say, "I know thy works." Not the hearers of the Word, but doers of it shall receive a reward. All others build a house on the sand.—The Christian at Work.

A NURSERY FOR MINISTERS.

The prayer-meeting is a school for young preachers. It is a nursery for ministers. Many a pastor, whose name is fragrant in our churches for effective service, can trace his first yearnings for the ministry to activity in the prayer-room. The love of Jesus, struggling for utterance in accents of prayer, has kindled a desire for entire consecration to his service. A love for souls, prompting to earnest exhortation in the conference room, has grown by practice into an unquenchable yearning to preach the Gospel at home or abroad. The trembling lipings of the young convert, touching many hearts by their pathos, are a prophecy of sermons that sway great congregations by their eloquence. Or it may be that one has no thoughts of the ministry himself, feeling unworthy of the sacred office, and deficient in the needed qualifications. But a sagacious pastor, or discerning Christian, seeing in the fidelity and earnestness of youthful laborers, and in their power to edify by both prayer and exhortation, the promise of gifts which may be useful in a higher sphere of labor, suggests the duty of preparing for the ministry.

The churches most fruitful in ministers, have living prayer-meetings which develop freedom and activity. It has been said that the Episcopal church cannot shed its own preachers. Unless it draw from other denominations, its ministry would die out for lack of candidates. The want of a training school in the prayer-room may explain the phenomenon. Ministers are born of an active, energetic piety, and where this is not in exercise, there is no power for children to come to the birth. It is much the same in our own churches. Where formal rules, and spontaneity is repressed; where the prayer meeting is given over to the pastor and deacons, and a few older Christians, a crop of ministers is rarely produced. They do not spring from such a soil. I was told recently of a church in one of our larger towns, which has been prominent in the denomination for more than a century, but has sent out in its whole history only five ministers. It has been noted also for its conservatism, and for the decorum rather than the life of its devotional meetings. The latter fact may shed some light on the former. I know another church whose first pastor believed in training every convert to work, and practical his creed, and this church in the first twenty-five years of its history, sent nearly thirty men into the ministry, many of them filling important posts at home and abroad. Little churches in the country, struggling for life in a sparse population, begot more ministers than large city churches, for the simple reason that a great responsibility is thrown on young members, and trained early to work for Christ, loving the work by practice, they long to enter a larger field, and do more effective service for the Master.—Heman Lincoln.

REFLECTIONS.

A man is in the sight of God what his habitual and cherished wishes are. There is nothing right in the sight of God till the heart is right.

Some people sink all enjoyment of present comfort in the foreboding apprehension of coming evils, which may never happen. Faith is not to supersede prudence, nor prudence to supersede faith.

Sin brought sorrow into the world; it was this that made the world a vale of tears, brought showers of trouble upon our heads, and opened springs of sorrow in our hearts, and so deluged the world.

The present state is the infancy of eternity. Time bounds the hope of the unbelieving man.

It is true wisdom to understand the real value of life. In the knowledge of God is the only true wisdom; in the service of God the only true freedom; in the love of God the only true felicity; and these are all so vast, that though they have their seed time on earth, room for the harvest can be found in heaven and eternity.

Life is a wasting thing: it is a candle that will soon burn out.

Man is a little world, consisting of heaven and earth, soul and body.

It is a dangerous thing to treat with a temptation, which ought at first to be rejected with disdain and abhorrence.

Our brightest moments are chiefly those which arise to us from the bosom of care and anxiety, the gems that sparkle upon the dark ground.

A right education is not the mere reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves and others. It is not simply to acquire influence over our fellow creatures, but to make that influence subservient to moral excellence and piety.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more fortunate who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

True humility consists in receiving praise, and rendering it to God untouched.

Sometimes we may compare the trouble we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great handful of figs, too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole bundle at once; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us to carry each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load, before we are required to bear it.

I see in this world, said a good man, heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I fear

take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.

MARTYRDOM OF PASCHAL.

Of all its opponents, Rome most hated the Vandois. To bind one of the primitive Christians to the stake seemed to give strange satisfaction to their modern persecutors. In September, 1560, Pope Pius IV. and his holy college gathered at Rome to witness one of their favorite spectacles. A pile had been raised in the square of St. Angelo, near the bridge over the Tiber. The people assembled in a great throng. The condemned, a pale and feeble young man, was led forth; when suddenly he began to speak with such rare eloquence and force that the people listened; the pope grew angry and troubled, and the inquisitors ordered the Vandois to be strangled lest his voice might be heard above the flames. Pius IV. then saw the martyrdom in peace, and directed the ashes of his foe to be thrown into the Tiber.

The martyr was John Louis Paschal, a young pastor of great eloquence, who had been called from Geneva to a congregation of Vandois in Calabria. The post of danger had a singular charm for the brilliant preacher. He was betrothed to a young girl of Geneva. When he told her of his call to Calabria, "Alas!" she cried, with tears, "so near to Rome, and so far from me!" Yet she did not oppose his generous resolve, and he went to his dangerous station. Here his eloquence soon drew a wide attention. He courted by his boldness the crown of martyrdom. He was shut up in a deep dungeon, was chained with a gang of galley-slaves, was brought to Rome where Paul had suffered, and was imprisoned in a long confinement. His persecutors strove to induce him to recant; but no bribes nor terrors could move him. He wrote a last fond exhortation to Camilla Guarin, his betrothed; his eloquence was heard for the last time as he was strangled before the stake.—Harper's Magazine for March.

A POINTED ARGUMENT.

Dr. Mason Good once asked of a young scoffer, who was attacking Christianity on account of the sins of its professors:

"Did you ever know an upstart make because an infidel had gone astray from the path of morality?" The young man admitted he had not. "Then you allow Christianity to be a holy religion, by expecting its professors to be holy; thus, by your very scoffing, you pay it the highest compliment in your power."

People are not surprised when they find a rejecter of the Bible living in immorality; but let them detect a man who professes to obey it, pursuing a sinful course, and forthwith, with sneers and scorn, they publish his "inconsistency." What a condemnation they thereby write against themselves! They say that Christianity requires purity of life in its adherents. They ensure those who fail to conform to its requirements. Because of that failure, they excuse themselves from obeying it. Yet they know that it condemns the inconsistency of professors as strongly as they do. Will the sins of disciples excuse them? Did the treachery of Judas lessen the guilt of the Jews and Romans who killed the Lord? It is a tribute to the divinity of the gospel, that it has triumphed over the stabs which it has received from its recruits. Nothing but God's truth could have survived such treachery. But that does not justify either the man who thus wounds it in the house of its friends, or the bitter enemy who makes it responsible for the wounds which are inflicted.—Central Presbyterian.

SAVED ALMOST.

A Philadelphia brother stood up at the Saturday Morning Prayer-Meeting of the Boston Y. M. C. Association last week and said: Two years ago I was a profane, inebriate, my wife and children beseeching me to give up my cups. Resolution after resolution was broken, and passing through nameless sins, at which I shudder when I think of them, I was at the very brink of despair. Nightly I witnessed sad and reckless creatures on the same road, seeking to drown accumulated sorrows in the drunkard's poison. What has saved my soul from the yawning gulph toward which it was rapidly drawing near?

This good brother, at my side passing through our city, put his arms around my neck and talked Jesus Christ to me. He pleaded with me, shed tears upon me, prayed for me, made me pray for myself, and would not give me up, and now for twenty-four months I have been a new man in Christ Jesus. Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new. For two years I have not touched tobacco, whiskey, or any such thing, nor have I had a desire to. My wife is happy, my children are happy, and I am happy, and all because, and only this, Christ Jesus our Lord dwells within us, and fills us with love towards him and one another.—The Congregationalist.

RAPIDITY OF LIFE.—Human life is like a path the end of which is a frightful precipice. We are told so at the beginning. We try to check our onward step; but no, it is decreed that we must march, march. An invincible power drags us on, unceasingly, on to the fearful goal. A thousand troubles, crosses, vexations, beset our path; but what are they, if only we could avoid the frightful end? No, no; march, march, hasten on. From time to time, objects pleasant to the traveller, running waters and flowers which quickly pass, tempt to amusements. We rejoice because our hands grasp a new flower and fruits; flowers which fade ere the close of day, and fruits which are lost in the tasting. What delusion! enchanted, dragged on nearer, nearer the gulph. Already the joys of life lose their brightness; the gardens for us bloom less sweetly; the gay flowers become dim, and the plains lose their smiles, and the waters their transparency.