

Put it off as we may, however, there will be at length, a day of reckoning—not only a great day, but a great reckoning day. Few, very few, care or prepare for it. Pearls are found at the bottom of the sea and moisture is to be met in wastes of barren sands; but to what shall we compare the few in number whose plans, principles, and pursuits tell the whole world they are certain they shall account to God for all their gifts and means, moral, intellectual, and temporal?

Our speakers and writers have shunned this subject; some from one motive, and some from another. Delicacy, timidity, or sometimes perhaps a conscious participation in the like sin, has prevented the bold and otherwise willing reprovcr from an encounter with this general and fatal evil. From whatever cause, or motive, or fear, there certainly has been a neglect. On our part there shall be no longer delay; for we are resolved to show a bold front, and break through the obstacles which deterred others. We know indeed that he who smites with the sword is liable to be smitten himself. The cost has been counted. We ask no favours. We have no fears. While in the spirit of scattering the glowing embers of rebuke, we are not unwilling to stand rebuked, if guilty. "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again," is a rule that we would not hand over to our neighbor, and imagine it was applicable to him, and to him only.

Mysterious as all the views and doctrines may be that we find in the rankest sectarianism, the mystery of a disciple of Jesus acting like his Lord, and at the same time devoting his whole life, energies, acquisitions, and means to his own individual interests, is a mystery which we set down as being longer, and broader, and deeper, and higher than the whole doctrinal mysteries of christendom gathered and cemented into one. It is not only a mystery but a novelty. Were the subject of a less serious character, it would be decidedly amusing to picture a fancy sketch of a popular Christian, with his supposed thoughts and affections high up in the heavens, and his eyes, and his hands, and all his plans busy to secure the so-said trifling things of earth. To find a man soberly in the belief that he is dressed in white, soaring like an angel above the skies on wings of love, while at the very moment he is working among the materials of a coal mine, far under the surface, must be considered sufficiently absurd and farcical; but not more so than to find one of our latter-day saints who has his treasure in heaven, and his whole heart intently fixed upon the precious things of the world.

Talk of benevolence?—! What an insult!! Religion in the nine-