

pression of grief and remorse impossible to describe.

Then notwithstanding the blood which flowed from his mouth, coming from internal wounds, he related his history.

"And now," said he, "can you *undo*, UNDO, UNDO the past.

* * * * *

How to undo, is the cry of multitudes of souls, rent and tormented with remorse.

"My past, my past, Oh! deliver me from my past?"

How many people deliberately destroy their strength, their health, their soul; seeming to pursue systematically a course, the end of which is their destruction! How many begin life under the most favorable and promising circumstances, and in a little time are miserable wrecks. How many people hate every thing good which they see in others, and are only satisfied when they fall down to their own level? How many people have a dark blot on their lives, some irreparable act they have committed in a moment of folly or madness, which they would give the world to undo? Without God, man can only work the works of destruction, he is a murderer of others and of himself.

But man cannot sin with impunity; sooner or later, the law of God, in one form or another, asserts its demands.

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