

and had dirtied his soul with clay and mud without getting any of the gold. It's an expensive job going to the *gold-diggings* on that footing. I would rather "try my luck" in a coal pit yet, for though it is an *under-taking*, and though my life should be ended by an explosion of two contrary elements, I would be sure, in my life time, to have got some of the coal. If you even go potato digging without a pair of eyes and hands, what does it matter though you be able to rive the tubers up with your feet, and trample upon them, if you can neither see nor lift them? And what is a Bible to a man if he has got neither eyes to see its truth, nor a soul capable of receiving it? *There must be the honest and good heart.* Ah, how many are getting the letters "learning" painted upon their souls, instead of the "Lamb's name" written upon them!

The point in question came up in the following way. We had just been discussing religion in its various phases, among which Brigham Young came in for a share of what was going. We were just giving him the finishing touch, when our medical friend, on the mention of the word "saint"—by what impulse I can't tell—immediately rejoined, "I should be as happy as a king were I one!"—not a "latter-day saint," of course. This announcement struck those present, and myself, with not a little surprise; and there was silence for a minute. There being another minister present, of greater experience than myself, I did not like at once to say anything. But as he apparently did not feel himself called upon to take notice of what had been said, I felt I did. For, thought I, if we had said, in the same way, that we had toothache or a headache, he, there and then, would have prescribed some suitable medicine, for our relief; and shall not we do what we can to save his soul, not from a night's suffering of twelve hours, but from the damnation of an eternal night? So I mustered all my courage—though, by this time, the conversation had taken a different turn—and addressed him thus:—

"Excuse me, doctor, you said you would be as happy as a king were you a saint—What hinders you?"

"A mighty deal!" he replied some-

what earnestly. "It is an easy thing for you ministers to be saints; but for a fellow like me, travelling the country round, seeing and hearing so many things to engage one's mind otherwise, and having so many temptations sneaking at one's heels, like so many serpents, it is a very different thing."

"But I have lost sight of you," said I. "What do you mean by a saint? Do you mean a *perfect* being? If you do, I should not be surprised at all, though you should not be one in *this* world."

"Beg your pardon," he replied, "I should have made myself plain: I mean a converted man."

"Then" I said, "I think you may soon have your desire." And here I called his attention to the fact that ministers are not saints because they are ministers—for, unhappily, all ministers are not, even in the lowest sense of the term—but are ministers because they are saints; and that, therefore, he should consider himself no exception to the rule, because he had temptations to bear.

"Well" he said, referring to what had been said before, "is it your opinion that I may soon have my desire?—it is not mine!"

"Yes!" I said, "I believe you may, *as soon as you like.*"

"Oh, that's Spurgeon all over," said he, with one of those complacent smiles which have a meaning of their own; "he tells his congregation that they may believe and be saved just where they are sitting. It may be so easy as that, but I have not found it so. I've *tried to believe* over and over again, but have not been able to manage it yet! It is somewhat easier to say it than to do it."

"Well, I grant you that," I answered; "but you don't mean to say that because it is more difficult to build a steeple than a hay-stack, a steeple can't be built."

"Oh! by no means. What I mean to say is this, that I have *tried to believe*, earnestly, but can't manage it!"

"But, excuse me," I said; "we are harping upon words and trying to clear away difficulties, of which, as yet, we have no definite understanding. What do you mean, for instance, when you say, you *tried to believe*? Would you, in answering this question, kindly tell me what *obstacle* stands in your way that