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Religious Miscellany.

Justice and Mercy.

"A JUST GOD AND A SAVIOUR."
Justice, O Jesus, Sinner.
Jesus. Bring forth the prisoner, Justice.
Justice. Thy commands
Are done, just judge—see, here the
prisoner stands.
Jesus. What has the prisoner done? Say,
what's the cause
Of his commitment?
Justice. He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God, conspired the
death
Of that great majesty that gave him
breath and life at the brightest. But now the
Sun of righteousness has arisen, and mid-day
splendour beams upon us. Truly, "The day-
spring from on high has visited us to give light
to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow
of death; to guide our feet into the way of
peace." The way of salvation is now so clearly
presented as to remove all cause of stumbling.
We are measurable if still unconverted. O, let us
not forget that the day is hastening to a close,
and, after the twelfth hour, God will say, "He
that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he
that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he
that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and
he that is holy, let him be holy still." Thanks
be to God, our doom is not yet fixed. The night
of death has not yet enveloped us. We live, and
Jesus lives. There is hope for the sinner, while
the blessed book of inspiration proclaims to man
the life-giving words, "Now is the day of salva-
tion." G. O. H.

Justice. Lord, shall I strike the blow?
Jesus. Hold, Justice, stay.
Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more
to say?
Sinner. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorred,
I am thy handiwork, the creature, Lord,
Stamp'd with thy glorious image, and a
first
Most like to thee; though now a poor
accursed,
Convicted calf, and degenerate creature
Here trembling at thy bar.
Justice. The fault's the greater.
Lord, shall I strike the blow?
Jesus. Hold, Justice, stay.
Speak, Sinner, hast thou nothing else to
say?
Sinner. Nothing but mercy, Lord, my state
Is miserably poor and desperate.
I quit renounce myself, the world, and
the
Flee from Lord to Jesus, from thyself to thee.
Justice. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God
has wroth
Abscond your must have blood for
blood.
Shall I yet strike the blow?
Jesus. Stay, Justice, hold.
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood
grooves cold
To view the trembling wretch; methinks
I spy
My Father's image in the prisoner's eye.
Justice. I cannot hold.
Jesus. Then turn to thy thirsty blade
into my side; let there the wound be
made,
Cheer up, dear soul, redeem thy life with
mine.
My soul shall smart, my heart shall
bleed for thine.
Sinner. O! groundless deeps! O! love beyond
degrees!
Th' offender dies to set th' offender free.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Now is the day of Salvation.

Glorious gospel truth! Hear it ye sinful
and perishing souls of men! Now is the day,
how many solemn and affecting ideas are suggested
by this word. No time so precious as the present.
Heaven and hell watch most intently, and
are most interested in the present hour. Just
now, some are yielding to the strivings of the
Holy Spirit, while others are sealing, by resistance,
their own condemnations. It is impossible
to shake off the responsibilities of the present.
We may refuse to feel them, but this does not
remove them. While our existence remains,
this word now will be to us as freshly important.
It extends through all time, and reaches into the
depths of Eternity. As in the past, so in the
future, it will always be associated with salvation
or condemnation.

Earth's population will not long listen to such
a text in the present tense. Oh, how fearful to
contemplate the unwilling use of the past tense:
"There was a day of salvation—a long, bright
gracious day,—but I let it pass unimproved.
I neglected salvation, and now, year now, and for-
ever, in the night of damnation! Oh, could I
but hear what was long familiar to my ears.
"Now is the day of salvation," I would leap for
joy, and hasten to the arms of Jesus; but it can-
not, cannot be. "The harvest is past, the sum-
mer is ended, and I am not saved!" Such is
the condition of the sad lamentation of many who
were fired on earth, surrounded, as we say, with
gospel privileges. O, that we were wise, and un-
derstood these things! O, that we felt the
importance of that comprehensive and blessed
word, salvation! Very few seem to regard this
word as bearing upon the present. "I hope to
be saved," is heard more frequently than I want

to be saved now. From hell, not from sin, such
is the desire; but the desire of the wicked shall
fall. Jesus saves none in the future. His sal-
vation is always a present salvation; and, as far
as time is concerned, it is salvation from sin.
Ah! my fellow-sinner, deceive not thy soul by
anticipating heaven while sin has dominion over
you. Expect to be washed from pollution, not
in "Jordan's stream," but in the fountain of the
Redeemer's blood. O, come and try its efficacy.
You will be welcome. Jesus invites, "Come
unto me." His blood now cleanses from sin.
Why, then, delay? Will God ever utter words
more encouraging than those upon which we
now meditate? Now is the day of salvation.
The true light now shines. Jesus is the light of
the world. There has always been a period of
salvation to human beings, but, in former times,
there was less light imparted. It was star-light
or moon-light at the brightest. But now the
Sun of righteousness has arisen, and mid-day
splendour beams upon us. Truly, "The day-
spring from on high has visited us to give light
to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow
of death; to guide our feet into the way of
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the blessed book of inspiration proclaims to man
the life-giving words, "Now is the day of salva-
tion." G. O. H.

Trees Planted.

The ungodly are, it is true, the subjects of a
general providence, even as everything is order-
ed by God; but the righteous have a special
providence over them. They are trees planted.
Everything which takes place works together for
their good. The Lord their God is their guard-
ian. He watches the earth that it should bring
forth for them its fruit. The precious things of
the heavens, the dew, and the deep that coucheth
beneath, and the precious fruits brought forth
by the sun, and the precious things put forth
by the moon—these are their heritage. He watch-
eth everything around about them. If pestilence
stalk through the land, he permiteth not one of
its shafts to hit, unless he see that it is for good.
If war arise, hehold he stretches his arms over
his children; and if famine comes, they shall be
fed, and in the days of scarcity they shall be
satisfied. Is it not a glorious thing for the
Christian to know that the very hairs of his head
are all numbered, that the sparrow that falls
and ward over him; that the Lord is his
shepherd, and therefore, he shall not want? I
know this is a doctrine that often comforts me.
Let what will happen, if I can but fall back upon
the thought that there is a providence in every-
thing, what do I need? A providence in the
great and in the little there assuredly is to every
child of God. It may be said of every tree of
the Lord's right hand planting—"I the Lord do
keep it, and will water it every moment; let
spear hurt it I will water it night and day." Upon
the righteous there are not only ten eyes, but
there are all the eyes of the Omnipotent ever
fixed both by night and day. The Lord knoweth
the way of the righteous. They are like the
planted tree. Not so ye that are ungodly; there
is no special providence for you. To whilom
like the husband in the desert, or like the forest
tree which no man regardeth, until the time
comes when the sharpened axe shall be lifted up,
and the tree shall fall. "Not so," says the
ungodly, not so. 'Tis a fearful negative the
ungodly man is not the object of the special
providence of God.—Spurgeon.

Practical Christianity.

The late Deacon Daniel Safford, of Boston,
was a noble specimen of Christian character.
His life was an eloquent sermon, and the serene
radiance of his piety was the means of leading
many to Christ. His integrity to business, and
benevolence to every calling, combined with
all church relations, made him one of the most
loved and useful Christians in the city. His life
is worthy of study by all who would learn how
a man of moderate talents and humble trade can,
by virtue of an unflinching purpose, become an
important pillar in the temple of God. "Oath
Hamilton" is a discriminating article on his
life and character, in the *Congregationalist*, from
which we make some extracts, illustrating the
practical qualities of his piety.

"A widow and three daughters who lived by
their needle, said they could not afford the time
to attend evening meetings. He might have
told them that their souls were much more im-
portant than their bodies, but he did not, because
he was as wise as he was good. He just made
up to them the time they spent at meeting.
They were all converted. Everybody would be
converted, if Christians were only Christians.
To an old negro who he found on a journey to
Connecticut, too old to spin, and living chiefly
by faith, he gave a little money 'for fun,' and
left an order at a store for his annual supply.
Let it be roomed after him," he was provided
for in Connecticut, finding his negro very sick
in his bed, had him removed to his own house,
and tenderly cared for till his death. Christ was
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to Mr. Safford's door with a story of a 'poor
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