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Religious Miscellany.

From "The Family Treasury."

The Night Service.

"Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord."

From the awaking of the glorious sun
From the chambers of the crystal east
To where he goeth down in pomp and power
Beyond the western seas, the name of God
Is to be blessed and praised.

In morning hours,
When the sweet singing voice of birds is heard
On every side, when mighty forests wake
And stretch their hands to God, when through
The earth

The breath of life is blowing,—then the saints
Arise from sleep and sing.

Through all the hours,
Of night and darkness, angel hosts have kept
Their sacred watch, encompassing tenderly
Round God's beloved. When the curtain rises
At break of day, and shows the dewy earth
Sparkling with heavenly smiles, and wearing
Crown

Of peace and beauty undefiled by man,
We marvel at the radiance of her look.
We need not marvel; she hath entertained,
Whilst we were sleeping, angel guests as fair
As stars of morning. When her children sleep
And rest their eyes, their weary feet, that are
So restless all the day, and vex her with
Their ceaseless wanderings—lying very still
Upon her bosom, let the faithful cry:
Of glory lift their heads, the hosts of God
Descend to visit her.

Ah! night is sweet
With fragrance of eternal life, when
On stainless hearts, and wonderful deep thrills
Of heavenly music come, and on wings
Of midnight wind, and wander tenderly
On sleeping seas.

From darkened shore to shore
God gives his children rest—their faces pale
That light their dreams. And when the morning
Breaks

And rouses them from sleep, they rise and sing
For joy of heart. Their sleep has been most
Sweet,
And full of peace; the saddest face has sought
Some faint reflection from an angel's smile;
And the soft wind that blows from the East
At daybreak, finds upon the dewy hair
Some trace of foretaste, fragrant from the hills
Of frankincense and myrrh. Oh, sweetly rest
Our morning songs to God, in whose great light
We see the light.

And through the long bright day
There is no silence, for at every hour,
Some soul is praising God. A mighty man
Standing victorious, after desperate fight
Upon the battle-field—his high soul thrilled
With awful triumph, and his gleaming eyes
Still full of stormy light—sprung now
His mailed hands to heaven, and blest the God
The God of battles. Now a woman pale
At night of weeping, willing her in clouds
Of shadowy hair, and wearing for a smile
A sadder light than moonlight on her face,
Steals to the Saviour's feet, and pouteth there
Her most sweet infant, till the house is filled
With heavenly fragrance. Now a little child
Of the kingdom raises his sweet voice to sing
A song of Zion—no deep under tone,
Of battle's thunder past, no voice of tears,
Sound in the simple song; his eye is bright,
His full cup runneth over, and he sings,
Thus every hour some soul is giving praise;
Sweet praise to God. The mighty man of war
In a deep grand hymn, sang with a voice still
Hoarse

After the battle shout; a woman's kiss
Falling, with tears of trembling joy, on feet
Most sacred; and the sweet voice of child
Singing between:—these make the music heard
On high.

But who shall praise God in the Night?
The night that lays her fingers on the lips
Of men, and hushes them to something like
The calm of death. Now sleeps the prisoner,
And the oppressor sleeps; the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.
Ah, who shall praise him in the Night? the
Night,
That stretched mournful wings from shore to
shore,
Till silent lie the singers of the world
Beneath the shadow.

Angels come and go,
And wonderful sweet thrills of music sweep
The night-winds at their feet. Yes, Christ Him-
self
Is with us; lo! the Shepherd-King of the Church
Abideth in the fields, and watcheth o'er
His flock by night. But who shall give him
praise
For this sweet service? Who shall celebrate
The name of God by night.

It is the night;
By and in the temple of the Lord, not made
By mortal hands, the lights are burning low
Before the altar. The clouds of darkness fill
The vastness of the sacred aisles. The dumb
And breathless Spirit of the night is here
In all his power; no rushing mighty wind
Of organ-harmonies is sweeping down
The shadowy place. A few short hours ago,
And all the Temple-courts were thronged with
those
Who worshipped and gave thanks, before they
went
To take their rest. Then many voices joined
To sing the praise of God; but who shall bless
His Name at midnight?

Lo! a band of pale
Yet joyful priests do minister around
The altar, where the lights are burning low,
In the breathless night. Each grave brow wears
The crown
Of sorrow, and each heart is kept awake
By its own restless pain, and those are they
To whom the night-watch is appointed. See
They lift their hands, and bless God in the night!
Whilst we are sleeping, those to whom the King
Has measured out a cup of sorrow, sweet
With His dear love, yet very hard to drink
Are waking in His temple, and they

warded him of the evil. Mistrusting it where
it says, "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is
raging," he yielded to the temptation, and made
shipwreck of faith; and now ruined, in body and
soul, he drags on a weary, wretched existence.
Like some noble ship richly freighted, starting
on her voyage, followed by the hopes and prayers
of all interested in her—so he set out on the
voyage of life, followed by the prayers of those
who loved him; but, like the same ship, wrecked
on a rock-bound coast, a terror and a warn-
ing, so now he lives—a sad wreck, but a warning
to all who know him, of the folly of mistrusting
that chart, by which alone we can enjoy present
and attain that of which alone we can be saved.
How terrible to see one who has raised himself
by excess. The thin, emaciated body,
the sunken eye, the palsied limbs, all bespeak
the living wreck. Not long ago he was in the
prime of health and vigor, but a few years of so-called
pleasure has brought him to the brink of the
grave. His own confession is that he meant to
avoid the evil, but alas! to his cost he has found
the current too strong, the rocks too numerous,
and now he lies a hopeless wreck—mind, body
and estate all wrecked; and the upbraidings of
those he has betrayed already add bitterness
to his woe. How different would his life have
been if he had trusted in the teaching of that
Book which plainly describes the consequences
of sin!

If we could gain some position from whence
we could look over the ocean of our world, and
see for only a short season the wrecks, and hear
the piteous cries of those who are engulfed, the
recollection of it would sadden the remainder of
life; but if we could see the inner life of wretched-
ness of those who, by unbelief, have ruined
themselves, we should be completely crushed.
It is not permitted us to gaze on this appalling
spectacle, but we are not left without witness.
Life is full of dangers, and the world abounds
in temptations; plenty of guides and charts are
offered for our use, but how can we be safe?
"Wisdom's path is a young man's deliverance,
his way is straightness, and he is without guile."
The only true answer is, "By taking
heed thereto, according to thy word." While
multitudes daily perish through not heeding the
divine Word, there is this glorious fact for our
encouragement, that there never has been one
who has trusted in that Word who has failed to
secure peace on earth and an immortal reward in
heaven—*Evangelical Magazine.*

Wrecks.

Thoughts of hopeless and miserable ruin arise
as we utter the word. We look over an account
of such a disaster, and say "Perhaps the poor
fellows had no chart to guide them!" But some
such answer as this comes to us—"Yes; they
had a chart, and a good one too. All that sci-
ence could do to make it accurate, and all that
art could do to make it attractive, had been lav-
ished upon it. Every one on board knew what
an elegant chart it was, for it was folded in an
elegant case, and had a conspicuous place in the
captain's cabin, and whenever it was seen was
always admired."

The fact, however, is that it was too good and
too beautiful to be handled with rough hands, so
the crew trusted to their own knowledge of the
coast, and by some observations they might make;
and, one cloudy day, they steered right upon the
rocks, and went down almost directly, so that
only a few were saved.

The wreck came about because the chart was
not used.

In the case of another wreck, we learn that
they had a chart and used it: But when they
reached a part of their course where the captain
lay before them, the captain and most of the
sailors mistrusted the chart, which hitherto had
guided them safely. That mistrust grew up in
this manner; they wished to take a shorter
course, but the chart showed in that channel
rocks—sunken indeed, but yet so high that they
could hardly hope to escape them. The greater
part of the crew, however, were in haste to com-
plete their voyage, and one of them, having at-
tentively considered how he might gain his ob-
ject, perily inquired—"After all his own eyes
these rocks?" Upon this, another wisely re-
marked, that those who constructed the chart
felt a heavy responsibility resting upon them,
and, perhaps, in their anxiety to give due warn-
ing, they had made an error of a few feet, so that
the rocks might be deeper than the chart indicat-
ed," and then another gained courage to say,
"Perhaps they could keep clear of the rocks if
the weather continued fine, as it seemed likely
to do."

The shallow question and the perhaps
carried the day, and along the shorter channel
they went; but the rocks were there, just
as high as the chart indicated—the weather did
not hold out fair, and, in the dead of the night,
the ship ran on a rock and foundered, only one
or two of the wreck being able to escape. That
wreck happened because the chart was not trust-
ed.

Meth are not such fools as that, you say. Well,
in the particulars stated, they are not, or the
business of the world would come to a stand-
still. But there is a matter in which multitudes
are carrying out these illustrations to the letter.
Life has thousands of wrecks, because the chart
for its guidance is not used; or being used, is
not trusted. Think of the beautiful Bible, its
elegant bindings, never used! The owners ad-
mire the pictures, the type, the binding; but the
truths it reveals, the instruction it gives, is un-
known to them. Think of the Bible, legends
carefully wrapped up and laid in secure
places, while the owners gaily and cheerily pass
along with the stream! And where all is so
pleasant, why study the chart? Comforts are
increasing, business is prospering, friends are ap-
plauding; how can such successful people need
any other guide? So they think until disaster
and danger come; and, when too late to retreat,
then they see their folly. Thus neglecting the
chart, they never reach the haven of everlasting
peace, but they lie beneath the surges of woe in
the world of darkness, wrecked because they
have not used their trustworthy chart.

And the other picture, is it not, alas! too true?
What multitudes daily perish, because they do
not have confidence in the chart! It is particu-
larly true that it is very good, but in some particu-
lar it does not agree with their plans. They are
in haste to be rich—for pleasure; they long for
some forbidden gratification, and, unwilling to
be checked, they find a perhaps that quiets the
voice of conscience. Perhaps there is no danger
of loss; perhaps they may take that course,
and yet escape the evil; and so entering the
channels—through their chart points out its dan-
gers—they are borne on in spite of themselves;
life runs out before they are aware of it; when
they have almost succeeded, death meets them
—there a moment of deep anxiety, the dark waters
close over them.

But let us not think alone of the hopelessly
wrecked; the world is full of living wrecks. That
man with the coronet lock is a wreck. He is
a devoted slave of mammon. The cry of the
needy, and the call of benevolence, are alike un-
heeded by him. He never troubles himself to
look into "the Book," but he knows that his sel-
fishness is condemned there. All that belongs
to the true dignity of man is lost in him; he has
no love except for money—no sympathy, no de-
sire except for gain. He is miserable unless he
is increasing his wealth, and every fresh increase
gives him terrible anxiety, lest he should not be
able to keep it. Such a man, compared with
what he ought to be, and what he is, is a
wreck; instead of using wealth for the well-
fare of man, and the glory of God, it is like
the valuable cargo of a wrecked ship, completely
useless.

Lately I saw a man, of whom it may be truth-
fully said that he is only a wreck. Once, to my
knowledge, he had been earnest in many good
works. His clear mind, his untiring zeal, com-
bined with his physical strength, promised a
solid usefulness and piety. But when a course
of self-indulgence promised him much ease,
he doubted the trustworthiness of the chart, which

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Brahmin, holding an appointment under the
government, who embraced the truth, and was
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resigned his appointment in the government of
India, and studied for the ministry. After preach-
ing for a time with great industry and power,
he became desirous of preaching the gospel gra-
tuitously, and again entered a government office,
but while thus supporting himself, continued
morning and evening to carry on his work as
an evangelist. Eventually, a converted Hindu
merchant undertook to support him as his own
employee, and in this way he has now been la-
boring nearly a year.

A missionary near Vellore, having been tem-
porarily absent, reports that the heathen, from
the high level of the world, came to express
their gladness at his return, and their interest in
the Christian religion. Conversation was held
with the different groups, and with some indi-
vidually. Others seemed to prefer coming like
Nicodemus. A few expressed their deep con-
viction of the truth of Christianity, and its ul-
timate triumph over Hinduism, sadly saying,
"Our children will all be Christians, without a
doubt; but it is not for us of this generation."
There are too many obstacles for us to surmount.
We shall die as our fathers did—that is our
fate."

A missionary in Ferokeh District, in the
bazaar of a town which he visited, was request-
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hear. A place was cleared, and immediately
a large audience was collected as the narrow
street would allow, and the people listened in
almost unbroken quiet for an hour and a half to
the story of Christ and Him crucified.

In the region of Hardwar, in Northern India,
a missionary observes that the name of Jesus
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