

The Protestant AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess. v. 21.

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ASSURANCE.

Mr. Hazzard: A lady from England headed me the letter I have copied below. I do not know that they have ever been published in this country, so I have the author. "If they come over your heart to they have done over you, who will tell us of your great distress?" The following extract occurs which appears in the letter, will furnish the best evidence to one of the great evils of the present day. "Widely Conformity," an evil which, having its rise in hearts set entirely averse. Moreover it is remembered that the compound scheme, which has really paralyzed our united efforts and been the greatest source of mischief, was entirely of English origin.

Had a concentrated opposition to Maynooth been maintained, that institution would likely have been overthrown long ago. It is well-known that the Romantics had made up their minds to abandon the struggle, when the announcement of the compromise scheme divided the friends of Protestantism, and gave the Romantics fresh courage. We may rest assured, on the one hand, that little good will be done until this great citadel, this Schatzenhof of the enemy is taken down. It is as clear, on the other, that so long as Great Britain continues feeding, clothing, and training 500 priests from year to year, to deluge our home field and the colonies, our warfare against Rome is mere bush fighting. Moreover, it is vain to wait for a "more convenient season." We are far from undervaluing the importance of wise and prudent arrangements, but in all moral warfare, especially against the gigantic centres of evil, the best time is over the present. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Delay is often as bad and as impulsive as destruction.

The last Epistle of John, v. 1-18.

Can it be right for me to go
On in this dark, uncertain way:
Say "I believe" and yet not know
Whether my sins are put away?

Not know my trespasses forgive
Until I meet him in the air,
Not know that I shall get to Heaven
Until I wake and find me there.

Not know my state, 'till on my brow
Seems the celestial diadem:

Why surely the world will know
That I'm a pardoned sinner than.

Most clouds and darkness veil my brow
Until I dwell with saints in light?

And most I walk in darkness now
Because I cannot walk by sight.

And shall I just begin to say
"Father, thine every word is true,"

And cast my doubts and fears away
When all the world will own it too?

Is this the way to trust the God
Who bids me love and trust him now?

Is this the way to use the Word,
Given to guide me home before?

How can I forth to sinless go,
And tell of grace so rich and free,

If all the while I do not know
Whether that grace has smiled on me?

How can it be right to dwell
On the rich power of Jesus' blood?

And cast out my doubts and fears away
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