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## Religious Miscellany.

### The Divine Order.

First the true and then the beautiful,  
Not first the beautiful and then the true:  
First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,  
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

Not first the good and then the beautiful,  
Not first the beautiful and then the good,  
First the rough seed sown in the rougher soil,  
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful—  
Not first the sorrowful and then the glad;  
Tears for a day—four years of tears is full,  
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,—  
Not first the dark and after that the bright;  
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,  
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

Not first the night—stern night of storm and war;  
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;  
Then the fair sparks of the morning-star,  
That bid the saints awake and dawn arise.

—Horatio Bonar.

### Saved Without Knowing It.

By Rev. Newman Hall.

Saved without knowing it! Is it possible? Some say it is not. If we are hungry or in pain, don't we know it? If we are sick, or if we are in good health; if we are happy, or miserable; if we are on shore, or at sea; if it is dark night or bright day, don't we know it? Generally, but not always. We may need food, and not feel hungry; and pain may be doled by opiates, yet the wound remain. We may be very ill, and fancy nothing ails us; and the most subtle suspicion is hurrying to the tomb fancy themselves convalescent. Many are in circumstances which should render them happy, but, owing to perverted ideas or depressed nerves, they are miserable; while others are hilarious with delusive mirth in the midst of danger and disaster. Some voyagers have been lying in their berths when the vessel has anchored upon some quiet river, and they have dreamed they were still at sea; and some, after landing, have felt as if they were still reeling with the waves. The day may dawn so cloudily, or the sun may be so eclipsed that morning may seem like night; while the night may be so bright with meteors or the moon, or artificial lamps, that revellers may mistake it for day. We cannot be sure of our spiritual state merely by our feelings. Many fancy they are safe for Heaven, while rapidly going the other way. Many shut their eyes to the danger of sin, and in their enjoyments; and, because they will not look at the abyss beneath them, refuse to believe it is there. Do not many say they are "rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" while they are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked?" Just so there are many saved upon Salvation's sun arose amidst the thick mist of doubt and fear; and because they do not know exactly when it rose, and because the sky is not exactly when it rose, and because the day-time with them, but night still. Many a patient is getting well of a disease who still fancies he is worse. His notion that he is in better does not alter the fact of his recovery. Certainly his ignorance of the moment when he began to amend cannot falsify the reality of his amendment.

I was summoned a few days ago to the bedside of an intelligent young woman far advanced in consumption. She looked at me with intense eagerness and at once urged me to listen to her anxiety. She had read that it was necessary to have the "inward witness of the spirit" in order to be saved. She showed me the passage in a very excellent book, which she thought it was a remarkable degree. The idea she was in a remarkable degree. The idea she was in a remarkable degree. The idea she was in a remarkable degree.

of those who seek his mercy never hinder their prayers reaching him. The more they need his help the more ready is he to help them.

The gospel is so very free that we find it difficult to receive it on this very account. People who are invited to a banquet must go in suitable dress; but to the banquet of Divine Love we may go in our rags. The King himself will give us the wedding garment; we cannot provide it for ourselves. When great offences are forgiven, the culprit gives some indication that he is worthy of it; there is something which is a set off to his badness. But God shows his love to his enemies, and receives them into the honors of his own family, if they will but return to him. We want to qualify ourselves first. We want to do some good works as a plea. Some think that church ceremonies—that fasting and penance will avail; that acts of benevolence will be of some account; others that their tears and prayers will be meritorious; and others who disclaim all trust in their own merits seem to think it necessary to have certain religious feelings of sorrow and love and peace before they can be of acceptance with Christ. In fact we are apt to try to be saved first; and then coming to Christ, instead of coming to be saved. We are not to be holy in order to salvation; but we are to receive salvation in order to be holy. We can do nothing right, feel nothing right, till Christ makes right. Therefore we are to trust in him in the utter absence of all goodness of our own. And every sinner, the most guilty, the most helpless, may thus trust in him, and be sure of salvation; for he said that they who come to him shall in no wise be cast out.

But will not those who thus come to Christ have an inward evidence of it; and, if they do not receive this evidence, may they not reasonably fear that they have not been received by him? It is not always the case that the assurance of salvation follows immediately after faith in the Saviour, as was observed in the beginning of this letter. I knew a very eminently holy woman—humble, devout, zealous in all good works, a true Christian—who during twenty years suffered the greatest depression of spirits, feeling she was not saved. Her conversation was something to do with these exceptional cases. Mistaken views of some passages of Scripture, and early and ineradicable fancies and errors interfere with the peace of faith. Satan sometimes seems to be suffered greatly to tempt and distress some who are truly seeking Christ. But all who know their duty of him, who are seeking his mercy, and who do receive to walk in his ways, may be sure of acceptance in spite of their deep sense of unworthiness. The more needy they are the more suitable for them is his fullness. He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

But, while she was not saved, we should not be satisfied with a condition of doubt. The assurance of salvation is a privilege which Christians may enjoy, an attainment they ought to seek. All who are in the life-boat are equally safe; but it is much happier for those who are sure of getting to shore than for those who are over-whelmed with fear. This "joy in the Lord" we should seek to attain. The happier we are, the more attractive our religion will be. The happier we are the more at leisure we shall be from the self-absorbing crowd of our own salvation, to attend to the necessities of others. Anxiety is selfish; Christian joy is generous and diffuse. The heart that loves the Lord shall be a day-time with them, but night still. Many a patient is getting well of a disease who still fancies he is worse. His notion that he is in better does not alter the fact of his recovery. Certainly his ignorance of the moment when he began to amend cannot falsify the reality of his amendment.

and in the practice of its external duties; but having travelled on the continent as attendant and companion of a young gentleman of fortune he had become imbued with infidel sentiments, which prepared him only too well, on his subsequent settlement in London as an attorney's apprentice, to plunge into the dissipating follies of metropolitan life. It was at this critical stage of his journey through life that he met his aged friend.

For conversation's sake they retired to a house of refreshment; and there the young man gave his countryman a very animated description of his tour, and of the wonders which he had seen upon the continent. The old man listened with attention to his narrative, and then eagerly inquired whether his religious principles had been materially injured by mixing among such a variety of characters and religions.

"Do you know what an infidel is?" said the young man.

"Yes," he replied.

"Then," said he, "I am an infidel; and have seen the absurdity of all those notions my good father used to teach me at the north; and now you, 'add-d-be,' believe that the Bible is a revelation from the Supreme Being?"

"I do."

"And pray tell me what may be your reasons." "Claude," said the good old Highlander, "I know nothing about what learned men call the evidence of revelation; but I will tell you why I believe it to be from God. I have a most depraved and sinful nature; and do what I will, I cannot make myself holy. My friends cannot do it for me, nor do I think all the angels in Heaven could. One thing alone does it—the reading and believing what I read in that blessed book—that does it. Now as I know that God must be holy, and a lover of holiness, I conclude that it is from God, and that he is the author of it."

The young man affected to laugh at this; but the argument reached his heart; and though he would not confess it to his companion he did not get rid of it. He purchased a Bible, therefore, and determined to read it again for himself. The perusal excited fearful apprehensions of his state as a sinner against God, and most gladly he would have enjoyed another serious conversation with the pious old Highlander; but he did not find him; and at that period he had not one serious acquaintance in England to whom he could unbosom his mind. While thus rambling on his situation, he recollected his father having mentioned a Mr. Newton, an excellent clergyman who resided in London. He made inquiry among all his acquaintances where Mr. Newton resided; and at length found a young man who conducted him to St. Mary's Wool-north.

In hearing John Newton preach, the young man was deeply affected; but his soul found no rest. He accordingly adopted the plan of stating his case on the back of a letter, with a request that Mr. Newton would preach on it at the following Lord's day evening; he gave this to the pew-opener to be conveyed into the vestry.

The worthy author of the Olinch hymns was not the man to neglect compliance with such a request. Next Sabbath evening accordingly, he did preach to his anonymous correspondent's case; and not only this, but after the sermon, publicly mentioned the circumstances, and requested the unknown writer of the note to breakfast with him next morning. This was the commencement of a acquaintance which issued in his conversion, and the way of his salvation for the cause of Christ. For not only was he in due time relieved from his dependency through a believing view of the atonement of Christ, but, constrained to admire the grace of God which had rescued him from infidelity and vice, he resolved to devote himself to the preaching of that faith which he had once attempted to destroy.

The young man's name was Claudius Buchanan, afterwards known as the devoted missionary to the East Indies, whose Christian Researches in India contributed so much to their day to extend and diffuse the knowledge of the great and glorious God. So important is its results was an unlettered old Christian's simple testimony to the Bible, as the means by which he had received into his heart that holiness which his life proved to be a reality! We rejoice that God has many such witnesses. Reader are you one of them?—British Messenger.

God which are revealed to him. But he is strengthened for his toils by the repose and rest that come from resting upon the simple truths of the gospel, which underlie and sustain the whole structure. Indeed, it is from these simple truths that the most stupendous and sublime mysteries open. The great God in Jesus Christ—a perfect Saviour for even the chief of sinners—this is at once the highest mystery and the surest hope of every believer.

—Not. Baptist.

### Christian Purity.

O that we could awake and see and feel the mighty truths breaking around us, and display for one that noble and glorious spirit which begets sons and daughters of the Most High. Everything else will perish. Our fortress our heroic deeds, our distinctions—these will all sink down to be remembered no more; what we do here, and in this cause, will live forever; the waves we create here will roll on in widening circles through eternity.

And let us look away for a moment into that glorious eternity; is there no motive here? How evanescent and transient are all things beneath the sun! You may live without holiness here—you can not last here. Would you see the value of holiness in this life, consider the upward destiny of a soul brightening under the smile of God forever, see its ever-increasing and unending beauty, bear the ravishing melody of its triumphant song. The ages fly away; but mightier than death, stronger than death, the soul lives on, ascending, widening its circle, becoming more and more like God, and losing itself ever in his ineffable radiance. Such is the destiny of a soul washed in the blood of Jesus. Behold, on the other hand, a soul darkening under the frown of Jehovah. Ages fly away; its darkness broods darker still; its sorrow gathers down in denser folds; it is lost! The lengthening periods of stony torments, dark, dim, gloom settles around its sphere forever. Learn by the contrast the value of holiness. Its presence is life—its absence is eternal death. Could you pursue this contrast through eternity—could you have but a faint glimpse of the reality—you would no longer rest if in trembling haste to a Saviour's wounds for shelter and for life.—Foster.

## Religious Intelligence.

### India.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Thomas Hudson, Bangalore.

Since my return to India, I have, in my intercourse with the Missionaries of that District, learned with pleasure, that the past year has been one of steady increase in all the departments of that Mission work; and also that in every Circuit there are cheering openings for future usefulness. Though the number of our Missionaries has been reduced to about one half yet the Lord has taken care of His own work; so that in the native Society there has been an increase of fifteen members.

In the Bangalore Cantonment Circuit there has been gratifying indications of a good work among the young people. Some have passed from the rank of hearers into that of members, and three or four young men have, of their own accord, been going regularly to certain classes for a distribution of the scriptures, and for the cause of Christ. For not only was he in due time relieved from his dependency through a believing view of the atonement of Christ, but, constrained to admire the grace of God which had rescued him from infidelity and vice, he resolved to devote himself to the preaching of that faith which he had once attempted to destroy.

The young man's name was Claudius Buchanan, afterwards known as the devoted missionary to the East Indies, whose Christian Researches in India contributed so much to their day to extend and diffuse the knowledge of the great and glorious God. So important is its results was an unlettered old Christian's simple testimony to the Bible, as the means by which he had received into his heart that holiness which his life proved to be a reality! We rejoice that God has many such witnesses. Reader are you one of them?—British Messenger.

### West Indies.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. William Cleaver, Trinidad.

On Christmas Eve, five Hindus, who had been for many months under instruction, were solemnly dedicated to God in baptism. This was the third and most interesting service of the kind since I came to the Circuit. I have baptised in all ten Coolies this year. If we could procure employment for them all within reach of the Catcher, it would be an advantage to them while they are experienced in religious truth; but this cannot be done, and perhaps an over-ruling Providence has wisely ordered it, that they may disperse, and so prove instruments in His hands for good to their benighted fellow-men who are scattered throughout the land.

The friends of Missions will, I am sure, be glad to learn that for a small outlay an agent is at work here, producing results which some of our most devoted and gifted Missionaries sigh in vain to effect in India. Far from the influence of their priests and relatives, the Hindus here seem more accessible than in India, and are easily persuaded to listen to the doctrines of the Christian religion. Although it is true that nothing save the power of the Holy Spirit can produce "repentance unto life," yet as that Spirit's influence is available in every land, we have reason to hope for an easier victory over the prejudices and obstacles which hedge them round in their native country.

The youngest of the number baptised last, is a young girl of fourteen years of age, who has been instrumental in bringing over her mother from heathenism, whilst she was herself instructed, as she says, by her brother, who was baptised in 1867 by Mr. Heath. I subject the experience of the five last baptisms, as it was taken from their lips at the time. These statements were unpremeditated, and are very short but they give you a better idea of the state and simple character of this people than anything I could write. They were all illiterate characters save one. Three of them could speak a little broken English; the other two spoke in their own language, but their addresses were translated into English at the time.

Rattelman Chittoe, who was baptised by the name of William Gardner, said, "I live in San Fernando about six years. One Day Samuel Shalby gave me some tracts in Tunkoo language to read. My religion which is the heathen religion, not allow me to read them, so I throw them away. Some time after he came to talk with me again and show me a Bible, and the difference between the Christian, and heathenism. He tell me how Christ came into the world to save sinners, not like a Rama. After I heard these things, I read the Bible, and found I am a poor sinner, and don't know anything. Christ only know everything, and He only can save. So I went to baptise in His name, and God He will have mercy on me, and receive me into His heavenly kingdom."

Address of Moses Sammy Chittoe: "I came to Trinidad many years past, and after that, I never knew about Christ before I come to this land. From time to time, I went to chapel with my friend Samuel Shalby. One night I hear the Rev. William Cleaver preach, and the word troubled me. He said if I don't believe in Christ, I would be punished for my sin. The same night I went home, I ask my friend about the preaching; what he think about it. My friend answer me, and say it is all true, if you don't believe in Christ, you will be punished in hell, where fire and brimstone dwell. From

that time I try to believe in Christ, and I beg the Lord to pardon my sin. I know the heathen religion cannot save me. So I want to baptise in the name of Jesus Christ, for Him to take away my sins, and receive me for His child." To this man was given the name of William Taylor.—Ib.

## General Miscellany.

[From the St. Louis Revue.]  
**Song of the Editor.**  
BY JOHN BROWN.

Sit! Sit! Sit!—  
From matin hour till twilight gloom,  
He's a fixture there in his dusky room:  
Away the moments flit,  
And the world outside, with joyous din,  
Moves gaily on—but the world within  
Is labour, and toil, and care!  
No turn knows he in the weary day  
But the turn that shows the pivot's play,  
As he turns his easy chair!

Think! Think! Think!  
In the smith's bright forge the fire glows,  
But the smith himself the bellows blows—  
Unheard the hammer's clink!  
Not so the fire that lights the brain  
Of him that wears the galling chain,  
Or makes the press gang go:  
He must flash with light, and glow with heat,  
With quill in his hand, his brain must beat,  
But never indulge a blow!

Write! Write! Write!  
Though fancy soar on a tired wing,  
She must still her tribute celestial bring,  
Nor own a weary light!  
And Reason's powers, and Memory's store,  
Must prove their strength, and bring the lore  
Of Antiquity, and sage, and mystic—  
For them, to the uttermost thought and particle,  
Must go into to-morrow's leading article—  
Of argument—wit—statistic!

Lie! Lie! Lie!  
If he happen to be a party back,  
He must echo the yell of the greedy pack,  
And shout the demon cry!  
To Honor's appeal he must never bark,  
But aim, like Death, at a shining mark.  
As perds the point's dart!  
And then, when the battle so fierce is o'er  
And the victors apportion the captiv'd store,  
Their thanks shall be his part!

Cup! Cup! Cup!  
No 'cabbing abate his hands do bold,  
But those with which the current gold,  
By lawful right he'll clip!  
The Devil's gone, but he will not fall  
Of a prompt return with the 'morning mall—'  
A basket-full of 'exchange'—  
And then the editor opens and skims—  
Accidents—deaths—discoveries—whims—  
As over the world he ranges!

Paste! Paste! Paste!  
With a comb and hair brush bid broken cup,  
He gathers the scattered paragraphs up,  
And sticks them on in haste:  
The Devil's appear with a grin and bow—  
'Please, sir, they're waiting for 'copy now.'  
He says, in solemn solemn:  
'The foreman think he'll scrape the  
The outside forms with scraps of prose,  
And the 'leader' may be a column!"

Pay! Pay! Pay!  
The 'world's' done work on a Saturday night,  
And bounds with a step of gay delight  
To his wife and babes away!  
But round the editor, see! a score  
Of honest 'journs,' who teem his score—  
And may not be unhelpful—  
Though bright is the wit that can furnish them,  
The means to relieve them all from care.  
By shelling them out the 'useful'!

### Adrift on the North Sea.

BY THOMAS WHITE.

The day wears on; night falls, and our friends the fishermen are still busy at their task; for they intend to continue their labors until to-morrow's dawn. There is no forbidding of danger. True, the sky begins to be overcast with clouds, and a brisk breeze has sprung up from the north-east; but the like they have often seen before. Ah! little they dream of what is before them—Night passes on; the "mornin' hale" (a quantity of lines) is set; and as the first gray streaks of dawn spring up in the east, the breeze increases to a gale. The little crew, looking eagerly around, commences hauling the lines into the boat, preparatory to a start for home. Before the last of the lines are drawn in, the gale has increased to a hurricane; wildly it whistled through the shrouds of the tiny bark, sending her like a thing of air over the wide, wide sea! Sad thought! It is driving them further and further from their native shore. Fiercer howls the fearful blast! Higher rise the surging waves, until the fishing-boat looks like a miracle on the turmoil of waters. Storms the crew have seen before—none like this?—never! In their many-breasted Hope struggled for the mastery, against the odds of wind and wave, until two mighty billows rise in awful majesty above each other, and the boat, preparatory to a start for home, before the last of the lines are drawn in, the gale has increased to a hurricane; wildly it whistled through the shrouds of the tiny bark, sending her like a thing of air over the wide, wide sea! Sad thought! It is driving them further and further from their native shore. Fiercer howls the fearful blast! Higher rise the surging waves, until the fishing-boat looks like a miracle on the turmoil of waters. Storms the crew have seen before—none like this?—never! 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