

**SAFETY IN PERIL**

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Safety in Peril by Anonymous

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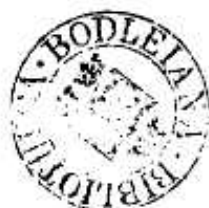
# **SAFETY IN PERIL**



# SAFETY IN PERIL.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MY FLOWERS,"

IN "THE COTTAGE GARDENER."



"Will ye also go away!"  
"Lord, to whom shall we go?  
Thou hast the words of eternal life."

St. John vi. 67, 68.

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141. M. 1.



## DEDICATION.



It is impossible to regard with too much alarm the religious aspect of our country at the present time. A crisis has arrived ; the plague has begun ; the threatening leprous-spot, which has been so long trifled with, has broken out into a sore, and the infection spreads with rapid and fearful wings.

The character of this pestilence differs from that of almost all others in this particular ; that it affects the higher classes of society most deeply and dangerously. Comparatively speaking, *the people* have escaped its virulence ; they have not fallen before its baleful breath ; they have not been en-

tangled in the subtle meshes spread for the souls of men. But among the aristocracy of the land it progresses alarmingly; its effects are felt where they are not openly distinguished; and outward measures—even if carried on in the boldest and holiest spirit—seem inadequate to cope with the virus that is working within.

It may be thought presumption for woman's pen to exert itself in the cause of Gospel Truth; but the same Lord who blessed the words of a little captive Jewess, may—if it seem good to Him—bless mine. I address, exclusively, my countrywomen, for whose safety, in these days of spiritual peril, I feel inexpressible anxiety. "Would God" that they were with One greater than "the Prophet that was in Samaria!" that they would go to "the Fountain once opened for sin and for uncleanness," in whose healing waters they may, with full assurance of faith and hope, "wash and be clean."

I earnestly hope, that these imperfect pages



may be received with much indulgence by those to whom they are addressed. They contain but a sketch—a simple outline—of Evangelical Truth, with a few words of earnest, anxious warning against the dangers among which we dwell; but if they lead only *one* soul to escape the snare of the Fowler, and flee for refuge to “the hope set before us in the Gospel”—if they do but arouse *one* heart that has hitherto “cared for none of these things,” to acquaint itself with God—they will have been immeasurably blessed.

I dedicate this little volume to the Daughters of my People.



## SAFETY IN PERIL.



### CHAPTER I.

IN these days of peril, and doubt, and distraction—of marvellous light, and yet of deadly darkness; of sound Scriptural teaching, and yet of heresy and schism; when the poison of popery is mingling itself with all we touch; lurking in the gilt volumes upon our drawing-room tables, as well as in the devotional books of our private hours, and in the very tales for childhood; creeping in through every channel which can reach and influence the human mind—in these days of deep-seated and peculiar peril, it behoves us all to search out our spirits; to examine well the grounds of our hope for eternity; and to question our own hearts closely, lest seeds of error be taking root, and unsuspected mischief should be at work within us. The public mind is now aroused, and is alive to outward