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Religious Miscellany.

The Years! the Fleeting Years!

BY S. C. LEECH.

The old year has just gone to its silent grave,
In its eye has been the last;

Time hath borne it along on its onward way,
And numbered its days in the past;

Nor did it come and go for naught,
With many a blessing it hath been fraught;

And many the lesson which it hath taught,
But a greeting we bring to the new year:

For the bright new year, all hail!
May it bring to us health and wealth, good cheer,

And may peace cheer the earth prevail.
Gild us, O time! with a genial ray,

May the new year bring us a brighter day,
For still richer blessings we humbly pray:

O how quickly they roll away!
How short, how brief doth each one appear,

When repents, they but seem a day.
Improve the moments as they roll,

For this new year may be thy goal,
And unto thy Maker return thy soul.

"Touch us gently, Time!" as down we glide
On thy ever rolling, onward tide,

And bear each frail bark o'er thy current wide,
And a harbor safe at last provide

Is that beautiful land beyond the sky,
A rest in your brighter world on high,

Where our harp with the ransomed ones
Shall vie.

Kind Father! whatever may be thy will,
Be thou our trust, our strength, and stay,

As through the past, so on our way
A light to cheer us on our way.

Be with us, Lord, as our work is done,
And when at last our sands have run,

May we of Christ be counted one.

Christianity and Infidelity.

BY J. FONTAINE.

The reader of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will, per-

haps, remember a conversation between St. Clair

and Uncle Tom, a short time after the death of

little Eva, in which St. Clair tells him he shall

soon be free, and adds, "You will leave me

then, Tom." "No, Massa, I will never leave

you so long as you are in trouble." "As long

as I am in trouble!" said St. Clair, looking

sadly out of the window, "and when will my

trouble be over?" "When Massa shall be

as a Christian," said Tom. Poor, black

slave, the immediate oracle of the Eternal God,

the tongue of prophets and apostles could have

told no more. For these simple words are the

six stages to perfection, containing within them-

selves the sublime maxims of every master,

the purest morals of every civilization, and the

philosophy of every age. Yes, indeed, it sur-

passes philosophy. For, after all, what is there

in philosophy when compared with the heaven-

taught science of the gospel? The one con-

fines man exclusively to the globe on which he

lives, a mere stem thrown upon the limitless

ocean of immensity; and in the eyes of superior

beings, as it passes along the highway of its orbit,

continually changing its position in relation to

the glittering globes that surround it, appears as

little as a speck of dust on a floating speck of

pearl dust within the star-spangled canopy of

creation; and on this little stage its grandest

operations are performed, and all the proud

exhibitions of its glory are displayed. And

with what results? Can all the combinations of

its greatest triumphs elevate the mind of man

above the earth that feeds him, or the creature

that minister to his pleasures or his wants? Can

they add the slightest to the grandeur of his

position, or affect the existing con-

dition of things a step's height beyond the earth?

And this orb, the constant scene of perpetual

change and periodic decay, is the biplace of

science, the home of philosophy, the deity of

Rousseau, and the Paradise of Voltaire.

O Voltaire, thou brilliant but misguided child

of genius! thou dark-winged angel of infidel-

ity! is this the entire of the inheritance which

you have left us?

O tell me, Christian soul, when you are lying

weak and helpless on the bed of death, when

your eyes stare about you forever on the con-

texture of all subsidiary things, when your

earth is but a grain in the balance of His glory,

that the lights of the firmament were of his

kindling, and the unchangeable blue of the hea-

vens was tinged by his hands. By the power of

omnipotent faith it raises him above the earth

and brings him into the immediate presence of

God who made him. It purifies his heart; it

elevates his mind; it warms his breast with a

more than earthly love, and fills his soul with

gratitude and joy. It teaches him that the be-

ginning of death is not the end of life, and the

slumber of the grave is not eternal; and it ex-

plains to him, in terms of sublime simplicity,

the great principle of immortality. Yes, in-

deed, it is the poor man's philosophy; for it

cheers him with the prospect of a morning fresh-

ened with everlasting light, to succeed the cloud-

ed evening of human life, where the jaded soul

at last shall find repose, in those quiet fields of

Eden, "where the wicked cease from troubling,

and the weary are at rest.

What mortal sage or teacher of mankind

could infuse into the chamber of the tomb the

bright glory of eternal life, and console the heart-

broken mourner in language like this: "I am

the resurrection and the life, he that believeth

in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and

whosoever believeth in me shall never die. But

what philosopher could ever write the ser-

mon on the mount? What eloquent and pas-

sionate Cicero could express his love of country

in language like this: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jeru-

salem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest

those who are sent unto thee, how often would

I have gathered thy children together, even as a

hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,

and ye would not! How often would I have

gathered thy children together, even as a

hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,

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and ye would not! How often would I have

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hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,

think thee! In that moment I could answer,

"Yes! An unseen father, it is true; and faith

is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but

still I knew I had a Father, a Father whose

love surpassed knowledge. The thought cal-

ed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?

"Oh, cries the trembling soul, the storm is

fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness

and have no light. 'Be still, and know that I

am God,' said the Lord; be happy, and know

that God is thy Father.

"Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismay-

ed, for I am thy God." All things are under

the dominion of Christ, and all things, yes, even

terrible things shall work together for good to

them that love God. Tempest-tossed soul; as

the child lying to her father's bosom, so

thou to thy God; in the moment of thine ex-

travely he will appear to be with thee, or take

thee to be with him.

How the Soul finds Christ.

BY GEO. B. CHEEVER.

There is no prayer that, as a bridge, reaches

Christ as across a gulf, so that you can go

on the prayer, or swing yourself over as in a

basket. Prayer is not a suspension bridge, ac-

rossing the Niagara; or you work your way by

the Niagara; or you work your way by the

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Niagara; or you work your way by the

none other name!" and now like Martin-bells re-

joicing! Every feature beauty, every motion

grace, every thought praise, and every move-

ment ecstasy!

Wickedness in New York.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a discourse recently,

spoke of great wickedness in New York

and great wickedness in New York