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Religious Miscellany.

Christian Resignation.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Thy pure and fragile form I give
To the parent dust;
Yet, still, I murmur not, for God
Is holy, wise, and just,
And as I kneel upon my knees,
My heart beats forth in prayer,
That He who sends me to this grief
May save me from despair.

Religious Intelligence.

Popery in the South of France.

The remembrance of the cruelties perpetrated in the dragonades of Louis XIV., and the hardships inflicted on the Protestant people, especially in remote localities and small villages, even down to the very outbreak of the Revolution, is still fresh in the minds of the numerous Protestant families whose ancestors were the sufferers. The dark dungeons of the castle of Aigues-Mortes, in which many hundreds of Protestants have pined away at different times, their thick walls, which the keeper himself will tell you of them, as that of a Protestant maiden kept for years in one and the same ultramontane prison, combine to preserve a lively remembrance of that era of hatred and barbarity. But the Catholic population of the present period pursue a course in no way adapted to remove these sad impressions from the memory of Protestants. Not to chronicle expressions of fanaticism, or to refer from the pages of the past to the general outbreak of popular disapproval in 1856, when an officer, who had gone over to the Evangelical Church, was by decision of the proper authorities in Orleans, allowed to return and educate his own children. It was not only among the lower classes, but among the cultivated, not only among the believers, but among people whose indifference was notorious, who never attended mass the whole year through, and who, as the saying is, believed neither in God nor devil, that opposition, of the bitterest kind, appeared to this act of simple justice. The astonished priest inquired whether he understood *Heresie*, and was surprised, beyond measure, to learn that the New Testament was written in Greek, not in Hebrew, and had to confess that he was totally unable to read Greek. As proof of the pitiable ignorance of the French clergy, the opinion was *Observateur* published in its issue of June 1, 1856, despatches to the effect:—The disciples are made with a frankness unusual with the Romanists. We close with a few extracts:

One needs but cast a glance upon the Church of France to perceive the deplorable condition of its clergy. Ignorance of theology and of all the ecclesiastical sciences is their chief defect. The studies in the seminaries are next thing to nothing. A great number of priests after being thrown into the ministry, give up studying entirely, and forget—even the little they learned in their youth. To this ignorance we must add, the well known absolute dependence of inferior clergy upon the bishops, and the dependence which is not a rational subordination, but a blind obedience.

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General Miscellany.

Light.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

From the quickened warmth of the primal gloom
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wore him a vest for his ethereal breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
When on the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes of the sunless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
When the field's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born star
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accused,
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead;
With the crowing day of my bridal gleams,
I bid their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherds swain on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept—
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the psalm of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to you, outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the left and the right,
On the just and unjust I descend;
Even the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness
And fear,
Feel my smile the bluest smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced.
As the rose in the garden of kings;
And the crysis herb of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from
Her bowers,
And the young day to her arms,
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
Aud sinks to her lovely repose,
I wrap the rest to the spheres-annan West,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded
Sleep,
I gaze with unnumbering eyes,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky!
And guided by me through the merciless seas,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
I bid the dark bark, that hangs a-ba-
ck
To the haven home safely bring.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again
O, if such the glad work of my presence to
earth,
Though faithful and fleeting the white-
blest,
What glories must rest on the homes of the
blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

The Hour of Prayer.

In the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome, is a doorway, which is walled up and marked with a cross. Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door, striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the multitude pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar, by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again.

Imagine that the way to the Throne of Grace were like the *Porta Santa*, inconceivable, save once in a quarter of a century, on the 25th of December, and then only with august solemnities, conducted by great dignitaries in a holy city. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner, had been permitted to pray; and that fifteen long years more I might have to await, before we could venture again to approach God; and that, at the most, we could not hope to pray more than two or three times in a lifetime! With what solicitude should we wait for the coming of that Holy Day! We should lay our plans of life, select our hours of prayer, if it were once in a month, or a quarter of a year, or a year.

How many days? How many weeks? How many months? Shall we live to see it? Who can tell?

Yet, on that great day, amidst an innumerable throng, in a courtly presence, with right and bearing of state, *what would prayer be worth to us? Would you value the comparison with those still moments, that—*

Secret silence, of the mind,"
in which we now can "find God" every day and everywhere? That day would be more like the day of judgment to us, than like the sweet minutes of converse with our Father, which we may now have every hour. We should appreciate this privilege of hourly prayer, if it were once taken from us. Should we not?

"Still with Thee, O my God,
I would dwell in day,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee!

With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart—
To hear Thy voice, and thine own soul,
Speak ardently to my heart!"
—*The Still Hour.*

The Malakans.

This singular and interesting people, observes the Rev. Dr. Schaller, is a band of descendants from the state religion of Russia. They enjoyed an immunity from persecution under the milder sway of the Emperor Alexander, but as soon as Nicholas took the reins of the empire, the Malakans were ordered off to troops, first to the northern line of the Caucasus, and afterwards to the inhospitable wilds beyond those mountain barriers. Many of them have since crossed into the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, under whose gentle sceptre they manage to lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

As far as religious principles are known, they are simple and scriptural, and their worship is very near in form to our own; viz. Scripture, singing, prayer, exhortation and application of Bible truth. After service they salute each other, each his neighbor, with a kiss. They decidedly reject the worship of any creature, object, the abolition of priest, and priesthood (in the Russian sense) life. When any stranger attends their worship a few times, so that they conjecture he may intend to be a permanent worshipper with them, he is covered with by some older brethren, and the following remarks in general are made to him:

"Was do you want among us?"
"I want to hear the truth and worship God among you."
"Well do you know what you are about? Have you counted the cost? We are persecuted and down-trodden people, and you must not look to us for protection. If you can look to God alone, and go to prison or death for Christ, then come and join us; if not, stay away and go to the old church."
"Already, thirty years ago, they said to a pious protestant, known to the writer, 'We are many and widely scattered. We correspond with each other and know all about one another.' And since, it seems, they have moved over into Turkey, many of them, and others coming, and their language is Russian, it is time that the Bible, and the whole Bible, be given to them in their own language; and it is time that evangelical Christians in other parts should befriend them. There must needs be clasp among them also; but we have heard of rare Christian heroism among them, as the following sentence: *The battle of Austerlitz was gained by the Marquis of Donapeter. Commander-in-chief under his majesty, Louis XVIII.* I was told by a Jesuit that he was taught that a battle was won under the white standard (the Lily of Bourbon), and not under the tri-color. On the restoration of the Bourbons, historical works were put in circulation, in which Bonaparte was described only as Constable of France, and for the time of the Directory, the Consulate and the Empire, Louis XVIII. was consensually represented as King. This regard for the Bourbon family is set forth, also, in inscriptions which are said to exist everywhere throughout the country, and one of which I myself saw, in Montpellier, upon a memorial stone erected in honor of a Jesuit mission. It reads, 'Erected in 1816, the 21st year of the reign of King Louis XVIII.' It must be remembered that the

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ROMAN PRIESTS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—REV. THOMAS COLE, the veteran missionary of the Sandwich Islands, writes that during the past year large reinforcements of Catholic priests have arrived in the islands, and the usual sattering traces appear of Romanism, even visiting the Protestant churches for that purpose.

The White Stone.

To him that overcometh will I give a white stone." Rev. II. 17.

It is generally thought by commentators that this refers to an ancient judicial custom, of dropping a white stone into a scale, if it is intended to condemn, and a white stone when the prisoner is to be acquitted; but this is an act so distinct from that described, "I will give thee a white stone," that we are disposed to agree with those who think it refers, rather, to a custom of a very different kind, and which is unknown to us.

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Mother, you have Forgotten my Soul!

So said my little niece, three years old, as her kind and careful mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's prayer: "My mother said, 'you have forgotten my soul!'"

"What do you mean, Anna?"
"Why, 'now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."
The child meant nothing more; yet her words were startling. And O! how many weary lips might they come with mournful significance?

"You, fond mother, so busy hour after hour in preparing and adorning garments for the pretty little form, have you forgotten the soul? Do you commend it earnestly to the care of its God and Saviour. Are you leading it to commit itself, in faith and love, to his keeping—S. S. Times.

Let your piety be winning by its loveliness. We sometimes excuse the bad temper and ill manners of a Christian by saying that he is not as good as a crab; but when a tree is grafted, it is expected to bear fruit according to the graft; and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."

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