

CONVERSIONS FROM POPERY IN FRANCE.

When we think of the numbers both of ministers and people, who within these few years have passed over from the Church of England to the Church of Rome, and of the success of the Puseyites, as they are called, in *improtestantizing* the Church of England—if such an expression may be allowed—we are disposed to regard that Church not so much as a breakwater against Popery, as some have called it, as a vast bridge spanning the gulph that yawns between Protestantism and Popery.* It is some consolation, under the darkness which we fear is gathering over England, to think that scriptural truth has been gaining triumphs in a country where infidelity and Popery have long prevailed—we mean France. Blessed be God, fruits are beginning to appear, from the extended circulation of the holy scriptures and the preaching of the pastors and missionaries of the Reformed Church: whole villages in many places have renounced Popery and welcome Protestant preachers, and here and there, “the Priests are obedient to the faith.”

The following address of *Edvard Bruitte, late a Roman Catholic Priest*, to the Grand Vicar of the Bishop of Montauban, in France, was published about two years ago. We are sure our readers will peruse it with deep interest:

From all that you have now read, you may conclude that I have engaged in a deep and conscientious study of philosophy and Romish divinity—and that, excepting in the first days of my faith, I have abstained from pouring error into the ears of the vulgar. And you may also conclude that, saving the fundamental principles which establish that there is a God, a soul, and an immortality of existence, I had not a thought free from that scepticism which floats in the undulations—well laid down in Descartes’ “*Doute Methodique*”—between faith and incredulity, and incredulity and faith.

In this agonizing state I besought God to give me the faith of Rome. I strove to draw down his mercy upon me by praying at night; I prayed too by day; at times, in the earnestness of desire that my prayer should be realized, I exclaimed, “I practise deceit on my own heart! yes, I deceive my own self!” But in answer came to me. The waves of error rolled back nothing to me but the image of lying vanities.

I intermingled fastings and austerities with my prayers, and shut myself up in utter solitude, praying, weeping, and meditating, without ceasing.—In the wilderness of a distracted soul, I remembered the direction given me by my confessor, and cried aloud, “In Rome only is there truth! in Rome only?” And a voice answered me, “Nay, nay, in Rome is falsehood only!”

My feelings towards the Virgin-mother were of a most loving piety; I decorated her shrines with flowers; I erected an altar to her with my own hands. “Queen of Heaven!” I sighed, “come thou to my aid, my faith gives way!” I was answered, “The Virgin is not queen of heaven; she was a mother full of love and grace. None but the idolater worships her. Let your prayer ascend to Christ, not to the Virgin Mary.”

I could not support this rack of doubt. A wasting stupor was slowly consuming me; I was

* It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we here mean not the Church of England as an *Usher* would have moulded it, or as a *Noel* and *Bickeneth* would now mould it: we mean the Church of England, so called, as it exists, with its secular Head, its princely Prelates, and the subordinate Hierarchy—“Chancellors and Commissaries, Deans, Deans and Chapters, Archdeacons, and other ecclesiastical officers.”

drooping, step by step, into the tomb; bearing with me, to the foot-stool of eternal justice, a heart laden with the weight of its own infliction. Let me ask, What is repentance without a Saviour? what is innocency without Jesus? I loved the blessed Redeemer, but my love was the burst of a philosopher’s admiration; there was nothing in it of that perfect faith of a Christian heart which dies to its own feelings, so that Jesus may live and dwell in it.

Jesus was the last plank on which I could find safety from the frightful wreck against which I was contending; I grasped and clung to it; rather should I say, the free grace and tender mercy of my Saviour drew and clenched me firmly to it: and from that joyful day I know not the human being on whom a sweeter state of peace has rested.

I was without “daily bread,” for I was under an unjust interdict; but Christ spake to me by his gospel, “Consider the birds of the air—they neither sow nor reap; behold the lily of the fields.” I was dishonoured among men; but Christ spake to me by his gospel, “My grace is sufficient for thee. Happy are ye when ye suffer persecution for righteousness’ sake.”

My hands were empty, and my sister and her orphan children were famishing before me; Christ spake to me by his word, “The Lord provides for the widow and the orphan.” The tear rolled down my cheek as I beheld my mother on her death-bed; Christ spake to me by his apostle, “To die is gain.” Thus did that adorable Saviour, who had converted me to the truth that also saves us, always compensate me for the burden of my afflictions with the richness of his consolations.

Here is my reason, sir, for not seeking forgiveness of my sins at your hands: Christ teaches me, in his gospel, that it is for God alone to forgive sin. Here is my reason for not seeking the bread from heaven in your consecrated elements: Christ teaches me, in his gospel, that it is by his own hand, and from the heaven of heavens where he dwells, that he feeds the soul with the true manna from heaven. This is my reason for refusing to look up to the Pope as the visible head of the church: it is Christ himself who teaches, by his gospel, that he, and he only, is the Head of the church. And now you will know why I have turned my back upon the altar of your corruptions, and am for ever become free and a Christian. Glory be to Christ, for he hath loosed me from my chains!

Miscellaneous.

LOUIS PHILIPPE’S UNENVIABLE EVALUATION.

The following account of the precautions taken for the protection of Louis Philippe, will remind some of our readers of the words of Shakspeare:

“Then, happy lowly clown,
Uncanny lies the head that wears a crown.”

And some, happily, on reading it may be reminded of the contrast which holds between earthly royalty so circumstanced, and the humblest child of God, whose condition as to protection and confidence are described in these words of the Psalmist,—“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord he is my refuge and my fortress, my God: in him will I trust.”

The account is furnished by a French correspondent of the *Edinburgh Review*:

“One of the saddest circumstances which exist in this country, is the extraordinary precaution which it is considered necessary to take for the safety of the king. There are, for example, five large barracks, each occupied by regiments of elite in the immediate vicinity of the Tuilleries, and eighteen guard-houses, each of which is continually occupied day and night by a troop of ready-armed men, surrounding the palace. The palace itself is

occupied by 250 national guards of the infantry battalions, and by 25 men of a regiment of horse. There are, besides, 350 soldiers of the line, and a troop of 50 men of a cavalry regiment. At nine o’clock at night a detachment, composed of four companies, takes its station in the centre of the palace, and remains all night with loaded arms; 80 sentinels with loaded arms keep watch, in and around the palace during the night: besides which patrols and detachments visit every part of the palace and the gardens every half hour; 55 of the attendants in the gardens, and of the domestics of the royal household, mount guard in the royal apartments during every night, armed with double barreled guns. In addition to all this multitude, there is a number of police agents, aides-de-camp, adjutants, &c., continually on duty. A secret passage leads from the palace to one of the nearest barracks, and some of the guard-houses are provided with ladders to enable the soldiers to enter the palace and gardens at any moment.”

CAVERN OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS

We take from the *Montreal Witness* the following interesting notice of a cave in Algeria, which that paper quotes from *Galvani*. We may observe, for the information of some of our readers, that Donatus, whose name appears in this notice, was an alleged schismatic or separatist in the days of Constantine, and that his followers were for a time persecuted by that Emperor:

“A cavern, remarkable in an archæological point of view, has just been discovered at about eight leagues from Guelma, in Algeria, on the side of the Malla Mountains. It is hollowed out of an immense calcareous rock, a circular entrance of seven or eight yards in diameter, is about 400 yards in depth, and runs from 1100 to 1200 yards in length, taking an inclined direction, and requires 35 minutes to reach its extremity. A thousand stalactites of various forms adorn its inside, and the ground is encumbered with a prodigious quantity of enormous blocks fallen from the vault. But what gives it its greatest interest is the number of Latin inscriptions at the entrance. They are for the most part illegible, but the name of Donatus is to be deciphered in more places than one. It belongs to the earlier times of Christianity, as the names of unknown martyrs appear, and there is no doubt the cavern was the refuge of the then persecuted Christians. The Arabs have many fabulous legends on the subject, and dread entering it lest they should be seized and detained by an evil genius or spirit. And yet it was an Arab, the Chief Dieradj Ben Kerd, who led some Franchmen into this cave, the silence of which had not been disturbed for ages.”

ONE OF NATURE’S LESSONS.—There is not any organic creature, but in its history and habits it shall exemplify or illustrate to us some moral excellence or deficiency, or some point of God’s providential government, which it is necessary for us to know. Thus the functions and the fates of animals are distributed to them with a variety which exhibits to us the dignity and results of almost every passion and kind of conduct, some filthy and stoulish, jining and unhappy; some rapacious, restless, and cruel; some over earnest and laborious, and, I think, unhappy in their endless labour, creatures like the bee that heap up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them, and others employed like angels in endless offices of love and praise. Of which, when in right condition of mind, we esteem these most beautiful, whose functions are the most noble, whether as some, in mere energy, or as others, in moral honour, so that we look with hate on the foulness of the stoil, and the subtlety of the adder, and the rage of the hyena; with the honour due to their earthly wisdom we invest the earnest ant and the unwearied bee; but we look with full perception of sacred function to the tribes of burning plumage and choral voice.—And so what lesson we might receive from our