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WHOLE No. 680.

Religious Miscellany.

Sabbath Evening.

How mildly, calmly beam
The Sabbath sun rays how softly bright
Is the fair landscape, steeped in mellow light
Peace broodeth o'er the scene.

Lord, at this solemn hour,
When nature seems with folded hands to pray,
Ere twilight close the golden gates of day,
And shut the flower.

I would commune with Thee!
In Thy disciples' eyes what gladness shone,
When Thy pierced hands Thy risen form made known:

Disclose Thyself to me,
Enter my longing heart,
Dear promised guest, Thyself the living bread,
The evening meal is waiting for Thee spread:

These nevermore depart.
In Thy fair courts to-day,
The preached word, adoring hymn and prayer,
Gave sweet refreshment to Thy people there:
My soul rejoiced to stay.

If we would attain to excellence in any of our
pursuits and engagements, we must learn to say
"No." Human life, in some of its departments
and phases, is very like mounting a ladder, with
a crowd below calling to us "Come down! come
down!" and progress is largely dependent upon
our saying with Nehemiah, "I am doing a great
work, and cannot come down." The pendulum
describes continually an arc, but it never de-
scribes a circle; and a man who cannot say
"No" may do fragments of good work, but a
whole performance will be impossible to him,
and progress will be entirely out of the question.

We may add, if we would follow Christ, and
work out our own salvation, we must learn to say
"No." How emphatic and distinct are the
words of Jesus Christ upon this topic! "He
that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me,
is not worthy of me." "If any man will come
after me, let him deny himself, and take up his
cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever
will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever
will lose his life for my sake, the same shall
save it."—*Rev. Samuel Martin.*

Love.
There is a narrow path to heaven. Every one
may walk in it if he will. One single word com-
prehends all the requirements of this Christian
life. It is *Love*. The briefest exposition illus-
trates its significance. God is your father.
Love him! Man is your brother. Love him.
An acre is not an oak. But an acre planted
and nourished will produce an oak, with all its
majesty of trunk, traieid wilderness of branch
—the organ through which the tempest breathes
her diapason, where birds of richest song and
plumage weave their nests and rear their young;
and where noble flocks browse and slumber in
the shade. So *Love*, an impalpable element
planted in the soul, surely develops all the grace
and glories of the most expansive piety. Do
you love God? you will pray to him, try to please
him, will grievously implore forgiveness when
you have done wrong. You will seek all the
guidance to duty you can find. You will read
the Bible. There you will learn of the Saviour
dying for sinners. The consciousness of your
need will lead you to lean upon him, to lay the
burden of your sins at his feet—to imitate his
life. Thus from this little germ of *Love* the
mystic tree of all Christian graces will grow.
Thus from this simplest element of the divine
life, you will advance, until you attain the full-
ness of the stature of a perfect one in Christ Je-
sus.

Brotherly Charity.
By some rigid judges, no doubt Peter, when
he denied his Lord, would have been condemned
as a coward and a hypocrite. Yet he was
neither; and his Lord knew it, and he knew it,
too, by bitter-sweet experience, when he went
out and wept bitterly. To say by and hear some
Church members, and some ministers, too, go
over the sins of their fellow-Christians, one
would be led to conclude that no such being
as a true believer of Christ is to be found.

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him, will grievously implore forgiveness when
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**Smooth Stones taken from Ancient
Brooks.**
Christian, shall the counterfeit gold that is in
the world make men active and diligent to get
that which is current, and which will abide the
touchstone of the fire; and shall not that
counterfeit assurance which is in the world pro-
voke your heart to be so much the more careful
and active to get such a well-grounded assurance
as God accounts current, as will abide his touch-
stone in the day of discovery, and as will keep
a man from shame and blushing, when he
throned shall be set, and the books shall be
opened?

The bee stores her live out of all sorts of
flowers for the common benefit, so a heavenly
Christian sucks sweetness out of every mercy
and every duty, out of every providence and
every ordinance, out of every promise and every
privilege, that he might give out the more sweet-
ness to others.

No man can paint the sweetness of the honey-
comb, the sweetness of a cluster of Canaan, the
sweetness of paradise, the fragrance of the rose
of Sharon. As the being of things cannot be
painted, no more can that assurance and joy,
that flow from believing, be painted or expressed;
they are too great and too glorious for weak man
to picture or set forth.

Pray without Ceasing.
It is an evidence of God's favor to his Church,
as well as of praying, that the spirit of grace and supplication seems to
so largely poured out in these "latter days."
Weeks of prayer do not seem to be sufficient to
satisfy the awakened desire of God's people,
and the constant remembrance of the wants of
a dying world, in connection with those valued
Christian agencies instituted to meet those wants
is proposed in the following "appetition."
We may state that they originated with an ear-
nest laborer in the cause of Sabbath Schools in
the city of Belfast—the superintendent of the
largest and most successful school in the north
of Ireland. One of these slips having been sent
to the missionary brother of the Louisiana mis-
sion, India, who first proposed the "Week of
Prayer," now so generally observed by Christen-
dom,—he was so pleased with the idea of a con-
tinuous prayer meeting, that he caused 3,000
copies to be printed, and has been sending them
to prominent Christian ministers and laymen all
over the world, with the hope that the sugges-
tion may be carried out. We trust that the
idea may meet with favor, and that in the closets
of believers everywhere, on every day of every
year, there may be unceasing special prayer for
the subjects of prayer mentioned below. We

Saying "No."
If we would to use a Scripture phrase possess
our souls—retain, that is, our self-possession,
instead of allowing our fellow-men to possess
us—we must often say "No." He who yields
to every enticement may justly be called a pi-
table atom, the sport of divers and casual im-
pulses. Instead of being like a bird, guiding
itself through the air, he is like a feather,
driven hither and thither by every chang-
ing wind. Instead of being like a gallant ship,
steered in a fixed and definite course, he is
like a straw, floating up and down with the rising
and falling tide.

If we would be fit to live in such a world as
this we must learn to say "No." In the man
who sets up as an accountant, you expect a
knowledge of figures; and in the man who calls
himself an artisan, you look for skill in some
handicraft; and a man taking his place in such
a scene of trial and temptation as "this present
evil world," is expected to say "No."

If we would have peace of mind, we must
learn to say "No." The relation of the power
of refusal and rejection to quietness of heart, is
like that of an anchor to a ship. And if any
man seek peace by following every voice that
addresses him, or by yielding to every impulse
that arises in his heart, instead of driving rest,
he will be like a wave of the sea, dividing west
and east, and tossed.

If it would be happy, we must learn to say
"No." When a man is hungry, giving him a
stone is giving him something, but it is not giv-
ing him food. If a man be thirsty, poison would

Religious Intelligence.

France.

Paris, June 18, 1862.
Japan and Toulouse—Public favour towards
Protestants—Bishops at Rome—Morals—Re-
viving grace the true remedy—The Conven-
tion de la rue—Ecumenical Alliance Meetings.

While the clerical side of Paris exhibits in all
its print shops the twenty-seven Papal martyrs
crucified in 1807 by the Japanese at Nangasaki,
and underlined side fills its bookshelves with
ancient and modern pamphlets on the Protestants
martyrs massacred by the Papists in 1682 at
Toulouse. So that in passing from the left bank
of the Seine to the right, one seems to cross over
from a Catholic city to a Protestant one. But it
is not so; the two extremes bear the same
name of Catholic, and meet in many points;
while the one reverence Protestantism as much
as the other does, they are both equally aver-
sive to embracing it; the one from personal in-
tolerance to religion, and the other from bigotry.
Still the unclerical, while yet adverse to the
change both in theory and practice, take delight
in unravelling priestly turpitude, and in rehabi-
tating the reformed faith and its heroes. The
cry of reprobation went forth long and shrill
when the Toulouse Jubilee was proposed,—so
shrill that the Government forbade all out-door
assemblies of the kind, and the affair passed off
very quietly, the interests of the churches alone
witnessing the unshowered re-
joicings; while the nation generally had another
ray of light thrown upon the obscure parts of
its history. This throwing light upon the past
is going on, and book after book filled with
hitherto unknown facts, rescued from oblivion
by some patient investigator of our wondrous
church history, receives the most flattering wel-
come, and the most favorable reception in the
daily press. Such history is gradually being re-
vitalized by the disclosure of the many cause
to events which have hitherto been insoluble
problems to the historian. See the bright flash,
among a hundred others, thrown by the popular
Michelet upon the policy of the Grand Monarque
(a term now become a bitter sarcasm). "The
folly of the revocation (of the Nantes Edict) was
dressed up in the false pretext of bringing re-
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Protestants, 89,000,000
Roman Catholics, 170,000,000
Greek Church, 76,000,000
Jews, 5,000,000
Mahometans, 160,000,000
Heathens, 788,000,000
Total, 1,288,000,000

Intended for passing in front of Bible.

Glorify God in Eating.

An English ship-of-war once touched at one
of the ports of the Sandwich Islands, when the
Captain gave a dinner to the royal family and
several of the chiefs. The table was spread
upon the quarter-deck, and loaded with viands
and delicacies of all kinds. After the company
were seated, and everything was ready, the
islanders seemed unwilling to begin. The Cap-
tain could not understand them, and thought
the hesitation arose from a fear to partake of
such entertainment. He assured them that it
was such as they might enjoy, but still they refused
to begin. A pious steward, guessing the cause
of the delay, whispered, "They are waiting for
the blessing, sir." "Ask it, then," said the
Captain. The steward did so, in a very earnest
and simple manner. No sooner was this done
than the royal party and the chiefs did ample
justice to the feast, and thus taught the English
Christians a lesson how to eat to the glory of
God.

Some time ago a landed proprietor in the
north of Scotland was visiting his tenantry, and
happened to call on one of them at the dinner
hour. The farmer, a pious man, was seated
with his wife and family at the dinner table,
and was just about to begin his frugal meal.
Approaching for his intrusion at such an unseason-
able hour, the landlord very familiarly urged
his tenant to go on with his dinner, and he would
wait. The tenant with much earnestness, asked
a blessing. After dinner, and when the land-
lord left, he said to himself, "I stand reproved.
Here is a poor man, with his simple fare, thank-
ing God for it, and praying for the bread of life,
while I, with every necessity and luxury which
can be desired, have never once acknowledged
God's goodness in his gifts." His conscience
smote him. He could visit no more that day.
His mind was led to think over his state, and
becoming alarmed as to his condition before
God, was led to think for mercy and grace. He
prayed the blessing, and now lives to advance the
interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Do You Pray in the Morning?

As you leave your bed, in your very first act
to kneel by your bedside, and give your heavenly
Father thanks for your protection during the
night? Surely hours of sound sleep, the health
enabling you to rise, the protection of your family
from sickness, and of your property from fire,
with numberless other things we cannot mention,
are things for which to be thankful. They are
certainly worth thankings for God, if they are
worth anything at all. When some of your
household have been very sick, you have been
too thankful to obtain their recovery by
nights of weary watching, and by expensive fees
to physicians. Is it worth less to have them
and yourself kept entirely from sickness? For
keeping you from pain and calamity, all that
God asks of you is thankfulness and prayer—
thankfulness for what he has done, prayer that
the same divine goodness be continued. If you
were raised from the dead, you would think it
but a small return to thank God for such a
mercy. But for your rising from sleep every
morning is an act of less kindness on the part of
God, and less importance to yourself, only be-
cause it is so common and familiar. It is no less
deserving of gratitude, and there is pleasure
in expressing our thankfulness—no pleasure
more delightful to the right-tuned heart.

Heaven.

Beyond these chilly winds and gloomy skies—
Beyond this dreary cloudy part,
There is land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever verdant;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim, earthly vision;
For that, the silent wanderer, keeps the key
That opens the gates of heaven.

But sometimes, when down the western sky
The fiery sunset glows,
His golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown, O land of love divine,
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide the wandering, way-worn feet of
mine
Into those pastures verdant.
—Springfield Repository.

General Miscellany.

Return of the French Princes.

The Prince de Joinville, the Comte de Paris,
and the Duc de Chartres, who made so brilliant
an addition to the staff of Gen. McClellan, have
separated themselves from the army, and yester-
day sailed for Europe. Under ordinary circum-
stances their retirement would be more or less
social interest than public importance, but in this
critical conjuncture it is an index which we can-
not safely disregard.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
and the withdrawal of the Orleans princes is a
premonition that if we do not make strenuous ex-
ertions there will soon be more than two parties
in the great struggle. Their pedigree, pretensions,
and hopes, forbid that they should ever be found
fighting against France; and the unexpected fact
which our military prospects have suddenly as-
sumed renders the early recognition of the south-
ern confederacy by France and England next to
important. It has long been agreed that the
point of this campaign was the success or
failure of our army before Richmond. It is evi-
dent that the French princes have satisfied them-
selves that the capture of the rebel capital is
more than doubtful. They would not retire from
an army in the full life of success, and deprive
themselves of the prestige of marching into a
conquered capital by the side of a victorious gen-
eral. But having sought appointments on his
staff from motives of glory, they do not desire to
continue in the service when it has become prob-
able that besides gaining no laurels they incur
the hazard of fighting against a cause which their
own country is likely to support.

We must no longer flatter ourselves with plea-
sant delusions; we must have the courage to look
the truth fully in the face. It is certain that
France and England will put none of the glosses
on the events of the last week by which we have
been trying to deceive ourselves into the belief
that the weakening of our army by a full sixth
of its effective force, and a compulsory change of
position to save it from annihilation, is not a dis-
aster. The success with which that change was
effected, was a costly success. But we were no
less victorious, and are further from Richmond,
which cannot be deemed anything else than a
disaster. Our men, to be sure, have fought like
heroes; they have fought better than the rebel;
it is what was to have been expected of the Nor-
thern character. But this blood has, on our side,
been poured out in vain. At the end of a week's
carnage our army is three times as far from Rich-
mond as it was at the beginning. All was done
by our army that great generosity and splendid
fighting could do, but nothing save the passage
of Fort Darling by the gunboats can enable it to
attend the purpose of all its protracted prepara-
tion, toils, marches, and bloody fighting. It
must be heavily reinforced before the capture of
Fort Darling is possible, and meanwhile it is ex-
posed to the onsets of a foe who counts the com-
pleted as a victory. These are the painful facts
which recovery of the ground is not a panacea
against which it is not patriotism but moral in-
fidelity to close our eyes. Certain it is that for-
eign governments will not look at them through
the wrong end of a telescope. They will see in
our failure to take Richmond an indefinite pro-
longation of the war. With their sympathies
and the sympathies of their people almost uni-
formly enlisted on the side of the rebels with
their manufacturing populations in distress and
on the verge of starvation; with their uniform
predictions of the ultimate success of the insur-
gent, corroborated by the failure of our most
splendid army through lack of reinforcement to
accomplish the object of a whole year's costly
preparation, we must be prepared to expect their
recognition of southern independence as one of
the most probable and imminent events of the
near future.

Only one thing can avert it. The call for three
hundred thousand additional men must be re-
sponded to on the instant, and the troops hurried
forward to the seat of war, or instead of fighting
against the united South we shall be matched
in an unequal struggle with the two most power-
ful maritime nations of Europe. A hundred
thousand men enlisted next week and sent for-
ward the week after, with the other two hundred
thousand will turn the tide, and save us from a
struggle of which no man can see the end. If
they do not come at the President's call for vol-
unteers—then we must resort to drafting at once.
—*World.*

Romantic Story.

The young Princess, who had become
suddenly blind from the effect of exposure to
the sunlight upon the snow, had been sent to
Dusseldorf to consult the great oculist of that
place, and after having followed his treatment
for some time, and been pronounced curable,
with great care and patience, and a warm climate,
had been conveyed to Palermo, where she was
deriving benefit from the doctor's prescriptions,
and regarding herself as in a fair way of recov-
ery, when a cold, caught by imprudently sitting
on the grass, brought on inflammation, and drove
her once more to despair. Of course the doctor
was immediately applied to; he advised the
patient to remain in Palermo, but proposed to
dispatch one of his pupils, on whose attention
he could rely, to watch the disease and report
daily on its progress. The young man arrived,
and was soon installed in the family as its most
valuable member. His attention was unrelax-
ingly exerted to please his patient, the
Princess gradually recovered the hope she had
lost, and was once more pronounced so near
perfect restoration to sight that the young pupil,
according to the directions of the professor, was
commissioned to escort her back to Dusseldorf,
for the benefit of the advice and experience which
could facilitate and complete the cure. The
young man seems to have achieved the conquest
begun at Palermo, and, by the time the young
doctor and his patient had arrived at Dusseldorf,
a greater anxiety than that occasioned by the
uncertainty of the return of sight had taken
possession of the young Princess, and was shared
by her medical attendant. It was a case of great
delicacy, and one in which the professor had
staked much of his future fame; and he had
called together a great number of his brother
practitioners, and the entire class of his pupils,
to be present on the day when the bandages were
to be finally withdrawn from the eyes of a
patient. The interest of the moment was so

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There is land where beauty never dies,
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We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim, earthly vision;
For that, the silent wanderer, keeps the key
That opens the gates of heaven.

But sometimes, when down the western sky
The fiery sunset glows,
His golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown, O land of love divine,
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide the wandering, way-worn feet of
mine
Into those pastures verdant.
—Springfield Repository.

General Miscellany.

Return of the French Princes.

The Prince de Joinville, the Comte de Paris,
and the Duc de Chartres, who made so brilliant
an addition to the staff of Gen. McClellan, have
separated themselves from the army, and yester-
day sailed for Europe. Under ordinary circum-
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critical conjuncture it is an index which we can-
not safely disregard.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
and the withdrawal of the Orleans princes is a
premonition that if we do not make strenuous ex-
ertions there will soon be more than two parties
in the great struggle. Their pedigree, pretensions,
and hopes, forbid that they should ever be found
fighting against France; and the unexpected fact
which our military prospects have suddenly as-
sumed renders the early recognition of the south-
ern confederacy by France and England next to
important. It has long been agreed that the
point of this campaign was the success or
failure of our army before Richmond. It is evi-
dent that the French princes have satisfied them-
selves that the capture of the rebel capital is
more than doubtful. They would not retire from
an army in the full life of success, and deprive
themselves of the prestige of marching into a
conquered capital by the side of a victorious gen-
eral. But having sought appointments on his
staff from motives of glory, they do not desire to
continue in the service when it has become prob-
able that besides gaining no laurels they incur
the hazard of fighting against a cause which their
own country is likely to support.

We must no longer flatter ourselves with plea-
sant delusions; we must have the courage to look
the truth fully in the face. It is certain that
France and England will put none of the glosses
on the events of the last week by which we have
been trying to deceive ourselves into the belief
that the weakening of our army by a full sixth
of its effective force, and a compulsory change of
position to save it from annihilation, is not a dis-
aster. The success with which that change was
effected, was a costly success. But we were no
less victorious, and are further from Richmond,
which cannot be deemed anything else than a
disaster. Our men, to be sure, have fought like
heroes; they have fought better than the rebel;
it is what was to have been expected of the Nor-
thern character. But this blood has, on our side,
been poured out in vain. At the end of a week's
carnage our army is three times as far from Rich-
mond as it was at the beginning. All was done
by our army that great generosity and splendid
fighting could do, but nothing save the passage
of Fort Darling by the gunboats can enable it to
attend the purpose of all its protracted prepara-
tion, toils, marches, and bloody fighting. It
must be heavily reinforced before the capture of
Fort Darling is possible, and meanwhile it is ex-
posed to the onsets of a foe who counts the com-
pleted as a victory. These are the painful facts
which recovery of the ground is not a panacea
against which it is not patriotism but moral in-
fidelity to close our eyes. Certain it is that for-
eign governments will not look at them through
the wrong end of a telescope. They will see in
our failure to take Richmond an indefinite pro-
longation of the war. With their sympathies
and the sympathies of their people almost uni-
formly enlisted on the side of the rebels with
their manufacturing populations in distress and
on the verge of starvation; with their uniform
predictions of the ultimate success of the insur-
gent, corroborated by the failure of our most
splendid army through lack of reinforcement to
accomplish the object of a whole year's costly
preparation, we must be prepared to expect their
recognition of southern independence as one of
the most probable and imminent events of the
near future.

Only one thing can avert it. The call for three
hundred thousand additional men must be re-
sponded to on the instant, and the troops hurried
forward to the seat of war, or instead of fighting
against the united South we shall be matched
in an unequal struggle with the two most power-
ful maritime nations of Europe. A hundred
thousand men enlisted next week and sent for-
ward the week after, with the other two hundred
thousand will turn the tide, and save us from a
struggle of which no man can see the end. If
they do not come at the President's call for vol-
unteers—then we must resort to drafting at once.
—*World.*

Romantic Story.

The young Princess, who had become
suddenly blind from the effect of exposure to
the sunlight upon the snow, had been sent to
Dusseldorf to consult the great oculist of that
place, and after having followed his treatment
for some time, and been pronounced curable,
with great care and patience, and a warm climate,
had been conveyed to Palermo, where she was
deriving benefit from the doctor's prescriptions,
and regarding herself as in a fair way of recov-
ery, when a cold, caught by imprudently sitting
on the grass, brought on inflammation, and drove
her once more to despair. Of course the doctor
was immediately applied to; he advised the
patient to remain in Palermo, but proposed to
dispatch one of his pupils, on whose attention
he could rely, to watch the disease and report
daily on its progress. The young man arrived,
and was soon installed in the family as its most
valuable member. His attention was unrelax-
ingly exerted to please his patient, the
Princess gradually recovered the hope she had
lost, and was once more pronounced so near
perfect restoration to sight that the young pupil,
according to the directions of the professor, was
commissioned to escort her back to Dusseldorf,
for the benefit of the advice and experience which
could facilitate and complete the cure. The
young man seems to have achieved the conquest
begun at Palermo, and, by the time the young
doctor and his patient had arrived at Dusseldorf,
a greater anxiety than that occasioned by the
uncertainty of the return of sight had taken
possession of the young Princess, and was shared
by her medical attendant. It was a case of great
delicacy, and one in which the professor had
staked much of his future fame; and he had
called together a great number of his brother
practitioners, and the entire class of his pupils,
to be present on the day when the bandages were
to be finally withdrawn from the eyes of a
patient. The interest of the moment was so

General Miscellany.