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Religious Miscellany.

Trust in God.

[Translated from the French].

If God his joys denies me still;
I wish to own his sovereign will,
Without complaint.

If still he makes my lot severe,
My Father's hand I hold; nor fear
To journey on.

In sickness, pain, or fierce alarms,
I wish my grief within his arms
To weep away.

And in the night of my distress,
Some bright beam from His promises,
Shall make my day.

If God assigns a humble place,
He can ennoble with the grace
Of holiness.

I'll gladly own his gracious will,
And trust he'll whisper "peace be still"
In my distress.

If in my heart he plants a thorn,
In silent eve and glowing morn
I'll love to measure,
The countless blessings he has given;
And never deem the world, but heaven
My richest treasure.

When I the allotted strife maintain,
If strength or peace he should detain
A little space,
So doubt be in my heart concealed,
To which he once his love revealed,
And richest grace.

When Heaven's bright gate I cannot see,
And through thick cloud and mystery
My way must grope—
Patient I'll take the smiting sore,
That he may soon again restore
The holy hope.

So always when he deems me meet
To come through suffering or defeat
Nearer to him;
I would that more than all I love,
He who hath been my helper prove
My joy supreme.

Halifax, July 17, 1866.

On Hearing the Word.

However little some of you seem to think of the singing and praying, you look upon the sermon as a matter of primary importance. Many of you go to church for no other reason than to hear the sermon. Some of you, as I have said before, do not care about getting inside of the building very long before the beginning of the sermon. If you are in church, you seem to be indifferent to all that is going on until the sermon begins; and, as soon as the sermon is finished, you lock and set as if you had no further business there, and would like to get out just as soon as possible. I do not find fault with you for making so much of the sermon. As good Protestants we ought to give it great prominence. It seems to me that the very prominence of the pulpit, bearing the precious word of God, from which the preacher draws his message, should show us at once that we are in a Protestant church, where the word of God is to be preached in its purity. Make as much of the altar as you will, in accordance with the doctrine of a church like our own, which remembers that the Sacraments and the Word of God are means of grace, but do not practically undervalue the preaching of the word, by sticking the pulpit out of the way in such a manner that one is made to feel that the preaching of the gospel is a secondary matter.

I have therefore no objection to the value you set upon the preaching of the gospel; provided you esteem it as the *gospel* and as the word of God. Remember what Paul said about the Thessalonians: "For this cause also we thank God without ceasing, because when ye received the word of God, which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe." I congratulate you, if instead of "*despising* his word and the preaching of the gospel,"—you "deem it holy, and willingly hear and learn it," regarding it as the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." But I am very much afraid that you who care so little about the preliminary worship, and the exercises which come after the sermon, do not look upon the sermon, and the proclamation of the word in the light. I am very much afraid that many of you who appear to be such devoted admirers of sermons and preachers, rather seek the gratification of your intellectual than of your spiritual nature. To you the sermon is simply an elegant essay, or an eloquent oration. You go to hear it as you go to hear a lecture, and the more it resembles an elegant, brilliant, and eloquent lecture, the better it suits you. You do not care to hear any exposition of the sacred text, and doctrinal sermons, I have heard you say, you abominate. You greatly admire a short, striking text, that has such a novel sound, that you sometimes wonder whether you ever heard or read it before, and then you like the preacher to use this as the motto of the fine essay which follows. You admire what you call a beautiful style, and are particularly delighted if the sermon abounds with striking figures, interesting incidents and anecdotes, and copious quotations from your favorite poets. Some of you have excellent taste, and the productions which you demand and admire, are really unexceptionable in their own department. I know that some of the finest sermons are distinguished for an elegant style, choice illustrations and happy quotations, while at the same time they are full of the gospel and the Spirit. But you admire these sermons and rush to hear them, simply and solely for their literary merits, and the gratification of your own taste, while you have neither ear nor heart for the spiritual food which they present—the real "apples of gold" in these "pictures of silver."

I am afraid, however, that I must also say that some of you have a very strange taste even as regards the literary character of the sermons you so much admire. You like excitement and sensation, and go where these morbid tastes can be gratified. What do you care if all the parts of the sermon that most excite your admiration are literal quotations from the best poets and prose writers of the language? You are melted while listening to mere sentimental stuff, and are captivated by egotistical revelations of personal experience. You, my dear sisters, are sometimes most wonderfully pleased by the fine person, graceful manner, and melting tones of the preacher, and you have frequently thought that you were greatly edified, when there was nothing but a fleeting pleasure for the eye and ear.

But I wanted to call your attention, particularly, to some things that I have noticed while I or others were preaching to you. Let me tell you, in advance, that good listening on the part of the hearers tends greatly to promote good preaching from the pulpit. It is a very hard thing to preach to empty pews, and many a comparatively dull and unknown preacher would astonish the land, if he had the privilege of preaching, for one month, to some of the vast congregations that regularly surround some of our great preachers. Although your preacher is to draw his inspirations from above, and should be so filled with the vast importance of his theme, that he could not speak with the eloquence of a true lover of souls, even to a few, yet all men know, and all preachers have felt, that the presence of a large congregation rouses and helps in a wonderful way. If you want to do your part in killing your minister, and in taking life and energy out of him, just absent yourself frequently from the church, and a let a good many others follow your example. But, to come back to a former point, you must not only go to church, but do the part of a good, courteous, attentive hearer, while you are there. But, as there are those of you who refuse to do your part in singing and praying, so there are those who fail to do their part as hearers. I repeat it, the sermon needs not only that the preacher, but also that the hearer should do his duty. I have seen some excellent hearers. They have helped me wonderfully, and I rejoiced when I saw them in their places, and lamented their absence. Their attitude, when I arise to announce my text, is encouraging, and their countenance and eyes assist me all the way through. They seem to be anxious to hear the truth.—They evidently receive it as a message from the Lord, and look at me as if I were an ambassador of the Most High.

Every preacher needs and most gratefully appreciates the sympathy and confidence of his hearers, which is expressed by the attitude and the countenances of those before him. I have said that I have been helped by the presence of a good hearer. I know that all our help and strength must come from God, and that we should speak under the guidance and prompting of the Holy Spirit; but nevertheless it is the most natural thing in the world, that the evident presence of open, receptive minds and hearts, should have a strong tendency to kindle the mind and the heart of the speaker. Instinctively he feels, *there* is a heart, that responds to the utterances of my own; there is a soul that is hungering and thristing for the food and drink I am so anxious to give. You may ask almost any minister you will, and he will tell you this is so. He speaks the truth, when he sadly talks of the empty seats of departed hearers; he almost instinctively feels the encouragement of familiar and appreciative faces, and he can positively assure some of the humblest as some of the most influential and educated of his hearers, that their mere presence and earnest attention greatly aid him. My dear brother, my faithful sister, who sometimes despondingly say that you are of no use in the church, let me tell you that if my preaching is of any use, you too are of great use, for although you sit far back there, or up in the gallery, your presence, your face, and your heart, looking out of your eyes, help me to preach.—*Lutheran.*

Sympathy is Divine.

The door-bell rang one morning, and on its being answered by the pastor's wife, she saw a pale, delicate mournful-looking woman, dressed in deepest mourning, standing before her.

"Can I see the minister a few minutes?" she inquired.

"No, for he is not home, and will not be for some hours."

"O I am so sorry!" and her voice trembled as she spoke. "Then I will not see him at all, for I am going to town to-day. Will you please tell him that I called (giving her name) to thank him for his attendance at my poor boy's funeral last week? I should not know him if I met him," she added, "but I should know his voice wherever I might hear it, it was so full of sympathy for me."

And so, leaving her love and blessing, she went her way, her lonely way, "for he was her only son, and she was a widow." Her boy had left his home to fight for his country, and had been brought home for her to bury.

"We should often skrink from attempting to console them who are in great affliction, were it not that sympathy is divine, and therefore has power to comfort and soothe the troubled heart."

So said an eminent servant of Christ in a sermon, in which he strongly urged the sacred duty of endeavouring to realize, in some measure, the sufferings of our Lord, that we might have *sympathy* with them, and so learn how we can best sympathize with suffering humanity around us.

Peter spoke loud words intended for sympathy, when his beloved Lord was in anguish of soul, but which were only "an *offence*" unto him, from the lack of a true apprehension of those sufferings.

Mary, washing his feet with tears, and wiping them with her hair; John, leaning his head upon his Maker's breast at supper, had the inexpressible joy, and *will* have it through all eternity, of being a *comfort* to the Lord.

If we fear to offer our words of sympathy, lest we open the wound afresh, or by ignorance, or want of tact, grieve more than we soothe, we can imitate a beloved comforter, who once, standing by the open grave of a most beautiful young girl, slipped silently into the weeping mother's hand these words, written on a piece of paper:

"For if ye believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—*National Baptist.*

What Conversation should be.

1. It should be *truthful.* "Let your words be, "Yea, yea, and Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." The meaning of our Lord is, that our words should be truthful. They should not be used at random; nor elevate conjecture into the place of authority; nor honor suspicion as equal to a fact; nor hint a lie; nor cover a prevarication; nor seem to sound as though they meant one thing, when really they may or do mean another. Yea should mean yea, and nay should mean nay. This requires thorough honesty of purpose and integrity of motive, which scorn to dissemble, and which do utterly repudiate the cunning of the hypocrite and the recklessness of idle mischief-makers. It would be hard to expect of any mortal man that he should be perfect in understanding and faultless in judgment respecting every matter. But the demands of truthfulness are absolute.

2. Conversation *must be courteous.* The world despises and abhors an assassin, who steals silently into the presence of his victim and despoils him of life. But how many take advantage of unsuspecting intercourse to plunge the dagger of a malicious tongue into the heart of a neighbor, or even, it may be, of a friend! Needlessly or wantonly to wound the feelings of another, is a crime. It springs from hatred, and has in it the essence of murder. Therefore it is enjoined upon Christians that they be *courteous.* Differ as they must in opinions, and frequently in seeming interest, yet rudeness is no ally for any good cause. It is said that bees gathered upon the lips of Plato, because his words were as honey.

But the best and most comprehensive rule to govern conversation, is *the golden rule.* The respect and delicacy of honorable regard which we solicit from others, we should be ever intent upon showing to others. They who are self-respecting are ever careful to respect others; and that forbearance which they claim as their right, they should also practice. If they would fix themselves in the habit of never saying worse things of their friends in their absence than they would properly say in their presence, they should then do simply towards others what they would that others should do unto them.

With all their care and prudence and discretion, the best men will often be betrayed into the use of bitter, or hasty, or peevish, or false words. They should, therefore, pray daily that the pitiful Lord will set a watch at the door of their lips, that they sin not with their tongues, and that their conversation be as becometh the gospel.—*Christian Treasury.*

Religious Intelligence.

State of the World.

There are about 1,000,000,000 of human beings on this earth. Of these nearly two-thirds are pagans, worshippers of idols, who exhibit a condition of barbarism, or at best a low type of civilization. The Brahmin or Buddhist populations of India and China are the fairest specimens of heathenism, and may be reckoned as portraying heathenism under the greatest advantages of government and education. But even when including these, we unhesitatingly go to Paganism to find the most debased portion of our race. It is not only or chiefly that the arts and sciences are but little cultivated or altogether unknown among them, but as we sweep all Paganism with our view from the pedantic Chinese to the naked and animal Polynesian, we find that the moral sense is blunted, the evil passions unrestrained, and the notion of God reduced to that of mere physical force. If we take the remaining third of the race, we discover a grand improvement in these features of the higher manhood: Polytheism has given place to Monotheism, or else Monotheism has never yielded to the degrading worship of many gods—and this one fact of itself raises man *to,* or sustains man *in,* a loftier sphere of moral and religious appreciation and interest. Truth, justice, honor begin to have a meaning under the one central light of the sole sovereignty of One Eternal God, while the many cross lights of Polytheism utterly confound these fundamental ideas. Of this more exalted third of our race, which we count about 360,000,000, we find 100,000,000, or more than a quarter, to be Mohammedans, followers of the bold and ambitious Arabian leader. We survey their countries from Northern India through Persia and Arabia to Turkey, Egypt, Algiers, and Morocco—and see a refinement and order unknown in Pagan lands, yet with little or no progress. These people have reached a degree of moral and social propriety, but have there stagnated. Out of Paganism, their better creed brought them to a far higher plane of civilization, but the progress was not enduring. The remaining 260,000,000, if we omit some four millions of Jews, are christians, called by the name of the Son of God, who became man that man might receive God into himself, and thus find the highest possible elevation.—Among these 260,000,000 we discover the most complete development of mankind. Elaborated governments, delicate and accurate machinery of trade and commerce, social amenities, the triumphs of inventive genius, the administration of general justice, the prosecution of arts and sciences by the devotion of professional lives, the potency of public conscience, the diffusion of information and the association of interests—these characterise the 260 millions of Christians upon the earth, and make the nations which they compose the leading nations of the world.

The general view of the three main religions of the earth furnishes a powerful external argument for the truth of Christianity. That form of religion which uniformly raises men to a higher rank in mental, moral, and physical relations—which carries him in his progress far beyond the utmost that all other religions can do, must be the religion of the true God. Its effects on the outer man are a seal of its truth.

But after this general view of the race, let us look more narrowly into Christianity itself. Is every individual man in this 260 millions in perfect parity with his neighbor in regard to his reception of the spirit and power of Christianity? Or are there great diversities and even antagonisms here, which only go to make the growth of Christianity in spite of them a greater marvel, and support the largest expectations of the progress, universal and rapid, of a *pure* Christianity? A cursory inspection shows the latter supposition to be the true one. In this direction we see not only the personal distinctions made between the possession of different degrees of personal faith or none at all, but the grand, generic distinction between Ecclesiasticism and Protestantism, between the blind adherence to a visible organization, which may have much good mixed with much evil, and an individual judgment and independent conscience before God and the Gospel. In this grand distinction we find on the side of Ecclesiasticism two hundred millions, and on the side of Protestantism only sixty millions. A careful examination of the history of the last three hundred years will show that the remarkable progress of the world in knowledge and wisdom and their applications has been made by the small Protestant side of Christianity. The Ecclesiastical side has gradually received them in part, and even at last helped them in part, but always under protest. All the ideas of human freedom and liberal government are purely Protestant, and hence any nation desirous of reform, even though it be in name and tradition an Ecclesiastical nation, turns instinctively towards Protestant sympathy in its crisis. Protestantism holds the spirit close to God and his Word. Ecclesiasticism holds the flesh subject to human commandment, and lets nothing reach the spirit from God and his Word except through these gross media. Protestantism is Christianity using its divine wings. Ecclesiasticism is Coristianity grovelling, holding back from its inspiration, and adopting by adapting the methods of Paganism or Mohammedanism.

Now, if we take another view of our race, which shall have regard to territory and not to numbers, we find that of the fifty millions of square miles of land upon our globe, the Mohammedans cover only about seven millions, and the Pagan and Christian populations divide the rest equally, each taking about twenty-two millions of square miles. Now if we add to this that Christian powers hold sway direct over several millions of these Pagan people, and sway indirect over nearly all the rest, we see that Christianity by its territorial dominion with its smaller numbers bears witness to its exalted character. We also see by this latter view how Providence has reserved the great extent of nearly half of our earth for the religion of Christ to grow on; the whole Western Continent being kept through fifty centuries from the knowledge of the mass of mankind, and held only by a scattered few as a temporary garrison, until Christianity should be ready to go in and take possession. But in all this great christian power, we are again to recognize the distinction between the purer and corrupter elements of Christendom. We find, of the twenty-two millions of square miles occupied by Christianity, only seven millions occupied by Protestantism, and fifteen millions (more than two-thirds) by Ecclesiasticism. A careful examination will, however, reveal a condition of things between Protestantism and Ecclesiasticism in Christianity, analogous to the condition of things between Christianity and Paganism with Mohammedanism. Protestantism is growing, constantly making inroads upon Ecclesiastical countries, establishing the rules of governmental conduct and the systems of national progress the world over; while Ecclesiasticism makes only a show of increase, by a mere transfer of population. Wherever religious toleration is established, there Ecclesiasticism is sure to decay, and Protestantism, with its spirit of free inquiry, universal education, human equalization, open Bible and individual responsibility, supplants it not only in the sentiments and convictions, but in the professions and practice of the people.

The form of Ecclesiasticism, which is most shrewd in its management, most complete in its organization, and most formidable in its power and prestige, as well as most extended in its sway, is Romanism; and against Romanism our weapons are directed. They are not carnal weapons—they are not the weapons of intrigue, misrepresentation, slander, and abuse. We believe that these latter are as unchristian and unsuitable for spreading Christ's honest Gospel as are the sword and bayonet. We hold that the very characteristic of Protestant Christianity is human liberty, individual judgment, truthful symplicity—that the only sword Christ permits in his cause is his blessed truth, and the only object of its attack is the personal conscience. We work against Romanism, simply because it perverts and covers up the truth, and tyranizes over the conscience. Inquisitions and penances are the expressions of its despotic soul. We endeavour to throw the rays of Gospel light through the defences of Rome. We have no secrets—we wish no strategy. After the example of the Apostle, we would go to Athens or to Rome and preach Christ and his free salvation, subserving no human interests and ignoring all political ends.—According to the direction of the Master, we will not oppose evil to evil, cursing to cursing, or cunning to cunning. We would not so degrade the lofty cause of Jesus—nor would we entangle ourselves in such human manœuvrings. We would meet all forms of violence or craft alike with open simplicity of word and act. We believe and know that Christianity must conquer the whole earth—we also know that Protestant Christianity contains the true spiritual life, by which alone such conquest is possible. We know that the truth of Christ is divine, and is not to be beholden to earthly methods or joined with earthly interests. We know that the great spiritual truths which Protestant Christianity upholds in the word of God are the seed of the world's conversion to the Redeemer's service and glory, and so we are determined, in God's strength, to scatter those seeds. In this work, we find a nominal Christianity with some truth and vast error—a Christianity, which embraces many individual christians within a most unchristian system, as the chief antagonist and obstacle to the Gospel dissemination. It burns Bibles and curses their distributers, and destroys personal religion by making itself keeper of the conscience. It has added to the simple truths and few simple rites of God's word an immense mass of intricate human doctrine, which generally hides altogether the original truths, and a ceaseless round of ceremonial observance which excites the imagination while it debases the understanding. It has introduced force and fraud as the means of accomplishing its purposes, and has allied itself to human politics, entering into the arena of party strife, and adding the chief element of confusion to the history of Christendom, not by the exhibition of passive virtue, but by the heat and fury of vicious excess. This system fidelity to Christ and love to our fellow-man alike compel us to denounce. We do not attack individual men. We do not use vituperation and personal abuse. We respect the conscientious work of the most extreme errorist. We recognize the spirit of the Master in some of the earnest services of the iniquitous system—but the *system* we must utterly and entirely denounce in the name of the Holy Ghost, the Prince of peace. We should be false to God and the Gospel if we did not plainly and fearlessly and always, with the earnestness of truth, not with the bitterness of passion, hold up to the appreciation of the world the enormities of Romanism, a system which lays its ruthless hand alike on public policy and domestic privacy; which, by means of indulgences, penances, purgatory, masses, priestly absolutions, and the confessional, exercises an absolutism and a terrorism both fearful and disgusting, and under a heavenly name does the very work of hell.

We must not with a false courtesy or a false gentleness gloss this prominent Bible fact that Rome is Satanic. With perfect charity to every Romanist, with kind desire for their enlightenment, with cordial respect for their consciences, with full belief in the sincerity and in the piety of many of them, with the wish and determination that so far as we have power, they shall have full religious liberty, with true and friendly social relations with them, we separate the *system* from the persons who may be ensnared by it, and from God's Word declare the system to be the Devil's own. When we thus tear away its coverings, and look at it in its diabolic nakedness, we shall know, First, *how to avoid its strategy.*—Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes. We shall beware how, under the argument of Christian liberality and mercy adroitly used to us, we contribute to its asylums and hospitals. The *system* uses these as baits for its enormities, and most admirable and successful baits they are. What! shall I not help the cause of the poor and the sick? Shall I not assist these self-denying "Sisters of Charity" in their visits to the suffering? It is very hard to resist such an appeal. It seems contrary to the Gospel of Jesus to refuse, much more to oppose it. Ah! let us give to Rome's hospitals and asylums, if the money only goes to the sick and the poor for their relief; but if it goes to buttress a vast system of Anti-Christ—if it is committed to the treasury of Fraud—if these poor and sick are only made avenues for the nourishment of the Great Dragon who oppresses the peoples of the earth and treads out their liberty, their manhood and their religion, then let us give our money—yes, to hospitals and asylums, but to such as are out of Rome's crafty clutch. We shall also beware how we patronize Rome's schools and seminaries. Protestant men and women, you will not be lured by the exquisite music and the rarest foreign instructors with which Rome allies herself with the rich and fashionable, and so fascinates all others—I say, you will not be lured by the specious advantages to put your daughters within the perilous influences of her educational institutions, when you see clearly that Romanism is Satanism by the word of Paul and the Holy Ghost, and remember that Satan does his work in the aspect of an angel of light. When we see this truth so as to realize it, we shall also beware how we realize it, we shall also beware how we listen to the plausible arguments by which the Bible is to be taken away from our public schools, and its light of regeneration and liberty extinguished, and we shall see the cloven foot beneath the proposition.

But, secondly, we shall know *how to contend with Rome*—how to take the initiative and positive. Satan's strongholds are to be pulled down by the use of spiritual, not carnal, weapons, as we are expressly told by the Holy Spirit. The sword of the Spirit—the great spiritual weapon—is the Word of God. This also we are expressly told. It is the only offensive weapon the Christian soldier can wield in Christ's cause. We may not, we must not, use Satan's own methods in fighting him. He can manage *them* better than we can, and we shall be worsted. Persecution, personal attack, slander, falsehood, intolerance, trick—let us leave these means to Rome. Let her boast of her Loyolas and Torquemadas and Tetzels, while we seek to imitate the Master and his faithful apostles in gentleness, guilelessness, and abounding charity, holding up God's own Word, as addressed by a God of grace and salvation to every man alike. "The Bible—the Bible is the religion of Protestants." God's Spirit and his Providence always accompany his Word. If we go forth to carry this Word in his strength, that strength will not be wanting. He will honor his own Word and his people's faith, and by the weak overturn the strong. Let us keep to this simple but divine means to destroy Romanism, and never turn for an instant to the low, human means of arms or diplomacy, of personal bitterness or uncharitableness.

Rome's power is fast waning, as the world gets more light. Ecclesiasticism is like the fungus of the cavern—it dies in the sunshine. As intellect is disenthralled, Romanism must give up the ghost. Let truth be at the same time spread abroad—God's holy truth—and man then can find refuge from Rome, not in the license of infidelity, but in the liberty of Christ. Already, in France, more than half of that once bigoted nation despises the Papal throne, and Italy holds scarce a man who can speak of Rome without a sneer of scorn. Austria and the Spanish peninsula are all the props that sustain the decrepit dragon on the continent of Europe. In South America, Central America, and Mexico, Romanism is an image of straw. The republics of America are rising constantly in intelligence and true liberty, and as *they* rise, Romanism falls. Human liberty cannot consist with Ecclesiastical tyranny, and human intelligence cannot consist with a system of cheats and baubles. In the United States, Rome seems to swell herself, because Ireland is pouring its population upon our soil—and because, too, Rome disguises herself in this dear, good land of ours. If she wore her full European aspect among us, with her paraphernalia of monks and street mummeries, she would not be suffered here a month. The good sense of the land would spew her out. Public contempt would wither her to her grave. She may use politicians and politicians may use her in this country, and in this way some local troubles may arise, but I have no fear of Ecclesiastical in any form—especially in the form of Romanism—rearing its throne over the land. The open Bible is here, and that forbids it. Let us send that open Bible to our brethren in other lands where Rome has the prestige of centuries in enslaving men.

Ah! how the countries are opening for us! how the very strongholds of the Beast are driving him off! The Bible is sold and read in the market-places where it was formerly burned. It touches the heart and awakens the love where for ages Rome has gnashed its teeth and vented its rage upon it. Every where God is urging us to push on with the heavenly boon, whose light alone can dissipate the darkness of sin, whose power alone can break the bondage of Satan. When Ecclesiasticism is abolished, and Christianity presents an undivided front of Protestant individuality and Bible spirituality, how long can the fortresses of Mohammedanism and Paganism hold out? The collapse will be universal and contemporaneous. The Devil's reign is at an end. Lord Jesus! come thou in thy majesty, and rule thou only over thy redeemed earth! Amen.—*Rev. Dr. Crosby.*

General Miscellany.

A Highly Developed Conscience.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon upon the training of conscience related the extraordinary incident given below. It shows how a man with a conscience, properly trained is governed by a better judgment of what is right and wrong than custom or the law makes:

Not long ago a gentleman who was engaged in the oil business had made some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, and he concluded that he had enough—extraordinary as it may seem!—and that he would wind up his affairs and come home. I do not believe one of you would have done it! Fifteen thousand dollars? Why that is just enough to bait the trap of mammon! Well, he wound up his affairs, and was on the point of leaving, when he was met by a young man of his acquaintance, (I believe they both reside in New York,) who had invested six thousand dollars, all he had, in an experimental well, and had been boring and boring until he had given out in discouragement. And, coming to this man, he said; "I shall lose six thousand dollars if I am obliged to give up my interest in that well;" and begged him to take it off his hands. "I am selling out, and not taking on," says the man. But the young man plead with him, and out of personal kindness he said, "Very well, I will take it." In two days they struck a vein in this well, and it was an immencely fruitful well; and he sold his share for two hundred thousand dollars. The young man was present when the check was drawn on New York for the amount, and he felt like death, and mourned and said, "It is always my luck: I am always a little too late." And the man said, "You may take ten thousand of it, if you want. The young man thought he was jesting; but he assured him he was not, and said, "I will make it twenty thousand, if it will do you any good." "Or," said he, "I will make it fifty thousand." Well," said he, "take the whole of it—I do not want it. Give me the six thousand, and you may have the advantage of the good luck." And so he gave the young man the two hundred thousand. All of you that would have done that rise up!

Now, carry it up till you reach the point of the illustration. An ordinary man would have said to himself, "This was a *bona-fide* transaction. I bought an interest in that well of this young man, and paid him for it, and the good fortune was mine; and here is the two hundred thousand dollars, and it is equitably mine—every way mine." But this man said to himself, doubtless, "Here is this young man: he has life before him, and I am advanced in years; and he has but six thousand dollars and I am rich, and I do not need this two hundred thousand as much as he does. Besides, if he had had any idea that the well was so valuable, he would not have sold it to me as he did." He put himself in the young man's place, and something said to him, "It is better to be generous. You will derive more comfort from the consciousness of having acted generously than you would from the two hundred thousand dollars, if you should keep it." Some of his friends said to him, "You were a fool; you might have given him twenty thousand dollars and he would have been satisfied. Why did you not divide with him, instead of giving him the whole?" "Because," he said, "when you are going to do a good deed, it is better to do a big one." I wish that man might settle in Brooklyn, and have a large family! He might have kept all, or nearly all of the money, and he would have been justified by law, and by custom, and by the judgment of good men and Christians, and everybody would have said, "He acted rightly enough;" but when it is known that instead of keeping the money, or any part of it, he handed it all over to the young man, no one can help feeling, "There is something beautiful and noble in that. There was in that man's moral nature something juster and more generous than we should have had."

First Monitor to Visit Europe.

The successful trip of the monitor "Miantonomoh" across the Atlantic is deservedly attracting much attention as a great naval triumph, she being the first vessel of the kind that has ever crossed the ocean, although the Monadnock has made an equally perilous and much longer voyage around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Being the first monitor to visit European waters, she will of course attract great attention wherever she goes. A correspondent of the Providence *Journal,* who was with the fleet that accompanied her, furnishes some interesting particulars respecting the Miantonomoh, and her performances. Her appearance at St. John's N. F., created a great excitement, and the signal-man, dumb with amazement, left his station on the hill, and reported "a sinking steamer coming in." No storm was encountered on the passage to Queenstown, but high seas prevailed at times. The Miantonomoh steaming six to seven and a half knots—her maximum speed is much greater than this—with a moderate consumption of coal, seemed to be not a whit behind other sea going vessels. Upon the great waves, which now and then almost hid the iron-clad, she would rise gracefully and buoyantly, and then fall away with the receding swell, sensitive as a yacht, just hardly rolling from side to side, while the waters, which it seemed at times must engulf her, were hardly able to skim across her deck. Of her arrival at Queenstown the writer says, under date of 16th:—

"As we passed the bluff head of Kinsale, the light-keeper dipped the British ensign, which he had hoisted on the flag-staff near by—the first flag in Europe that saluted an American monitor iron-clad. We steamed handsomely in line into the harbor between the two great headlands, crowned with English fortifications, from which we were again saluted by the British flag. The Miantonomoh steamed in rapidly and so finely that it was no wonder the people were astonished and plessed with her movements.

"We passed close under the bow of the English iron-clad frigate 'Achilles,' whose officers looked down upon the strange iron vessel, unable, evidently, to comprehend her character. We steamed up abreast of the city and came to an anchor. The British flag was hoisted at the 'fore' of the Augusta, and received the national salute. The American Consular salute was then fired. The National salute was returned from the Black Prince, a six thousand ton English iron-clad frigate, condemned, and now serving as guard ship here."

"The town stands upon the side of elevated land, and we could see the people in the streets and houses, looking down upon the new comers, evidently delighted. And so the passage has been made, and our American 'monitor' iron-clad, with much credit to herself for the excellence of the performance, now lies quietly at anchor in a British harbor."

Capt. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who went out in the 'Miantonomoh,' writes to the Navy Department that our monitors could use their guns in a sea way when a frigate would find it impossible to use her battery. The 'Miantonomoh' was much less affected by the sea than the large vessels which accompanied her, the difference in steadiness in favor of the monitor being from twelve to twenty degrees. A vessel which attacks a monitor in a sea-way must approach very close to have any chance of hitting such a low hull, and even then, the monitor is half the time covered by three or four feet of water, protecting her and disturbing her opponents fire. Hence the monitor style of iron-clads is superior to the broadside, not only for fighting purposes, but also for cruising. A monitor is one of the pleasantest of vessels to cross the ocean in.—*Boston Post.*

A Receipt for Happiness.

It is simple, when you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done, a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result: You send one person—only one, happily, through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and supposing you live forty years only, after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is it not simple? and is it not worth accomplishing? We do not often indulge in a moral dose—but this is so small a pill, that no one needs red currant jelly to disguise its flavor, and it requires to be taken but once a day, that we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion, and a producer of pleasant slumber.

Made to be Happy.

One Sabbath morning, a traveller was seated at the breakfast table near two young men who were devising plans for spending the day in pursuit of amusement and pleasure. They did not forget that it was the Sabbath day, and they had some sense of the consistency of their course with the sacredness of that day. No one reproved them, yet it seemed necessary to them to defend their conduct in advance.

'God made us to be happy,' said one.

To this the other gave an emphatic assent.

'Don't you think so?' said the first speaker to the traveller, who seemed attentive to what they said.

'Yes,' said the traveller; 'I believe God made us to be happy.'

'Of course there can be no harm in our carrying out the end of our creation.'

'Certainly not.'

'Do you know,' with what was intended to be a sweet smile, 'that I took you at first to be one of those strict ones, who think it wrong to enjoy ourselves.'

I love to see people happy. I love to see men as God made them to be.

The young man did not seem disposed to carry on any further conversation with the stranger. In fact, he did not seem to be well pleased with him, although he had repeated his words, and said just what he wished him to say. There was something in his manner, though it was very quiet and gentlemanly, which led to suspicion that he was, after all, one of those strict ones.

The young men were about to withdraw, when he said:—

'My young friend, we seem to agree on some points, and to differ upon others. We agree that God made us all to be happy, but we differ as to the mode of reaching the end for which we were made. God did not make us to be happy in handling fire, or in attempting to live under water.'

'Who said he did? said the young man, trying to summon up courage to be impudent.'

'I see we agree that God did not make us to be happy in violating his physical laws. I wish we could agree in thinking that God did not make us to be happy in violating his moral laws.'

'Let us go,' said the young man to his friend. 'If we want a sermon we will go to church for it.'

The plan which they proposed to execute was to take a horse and buggy and ride to a village about six miles distant and spend the day with some acquaintances there, and return in the evening. How much happiness they would