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Religious Miscellany.

Drawing Near.

For now is your salvation nearer than when ye believed.

Nearer! though we felt it not
Mid the raking of the strife,
As we mourned our chagging lot,
Tolled beneath our shadowed life—
By each step our worn feet trod
We were drawing near to God.

When the day was all withdrawn,
And we walked in tenfold night;
When we waited for the dawn
Of the ever-blessed Light;
In those hours of darkness dim
We were drawing near to Him.

When beneath the sudden stroke
All our joys of life went down,
When our best beloved broke
Early bonds to take their crown—
By the upward path they trod,
Nearer drew we to our God.

When upon our lifted eye
Gleamed a vision of our home;
When the glory high
Flooded all our mortal frame,
In that hour of raptured sight
Press'd we nearer our delight.

Through the long and vanished years,
Doubting, struggling, and depressed,
Sorrowed with their mist of tears,
We were pressing to our rest;
Tempest-tossed and current-driven,
Ever drawing nearer heaven.

Never Again My Will.

When reading that deeply interesting book "Morning on the Mountains, or Woman and her Saviour in Persia," we noticed the following particular respecting Hannah, the daughter of one of the most intelligent and wealthy Nestorians who placed her in the Seminary as early as 1845. She was then quite small and the teacher objected much to taking her; but notwithstanding prevailed. As soon as her father turned to go, she began to scream; but he left saying she must remain, and "learn wisdom." The kind teacher took her in her lap to soothe her; but it was of no use; her bleeding hands bore the marks of the nails of her own proteges for weeks. She called for her father, but he was intentionally out of hearing. The child remained, but learned wisdom very slowly. She had her fits of rage so often, that she was sent home sometimes for weeks, and again for months. She made little progress, either in study or other good, till the winter of 1850, when she seemed to begin to love the truth; yet though her general deportment was correct, she often showed signs of a determined will, that her instructors feared she had never said from the heart. "Not my will, but Thine," and often told her, that if she was a Christian, God would in love subdue that will. She could not feel her need of this, and thought that they required too much of her. So they were obliged to leave her with God, and He cared for her in an unusual way.

The Mission premises had formerly been occupied by an Oriental bath, and here and there were old pits, once used for carrying off of the water, but now covered up so that no one knew where they were. One evening Miss Fiske called the girls together, and told them some things she wished they would refrain from. They promised compliance and went out; but hardly had they gone before their teacher heard the cry, "Hannah is in the well." She ran there but all was right. Then they left her to an opening just before the back-door, saying "The earth opened and swallowed her up." The covering of one of the pits had given way and she had fallen twenty feet below the surface. Fortunately, as in the case of Joseph, there was no water in the pit, and in a few days she was able to resume her place in school, but much more gentle and subdued than ever before. The change was marked by all. Months after in a private interview with her teacher, she gave an account of the whole matter. She said the girls went out, most of them saying "We will obey our teachers" but she, stamping her foot, said "I did not before and I shall do so again." With these words on her lips, she sank into the earth. At first she did not know what had happened, but remembered all that had been said, and felt that God was dealing with her. Lying there helpless and bruised at the bottom of the pit, she made a solemn vow to God, "Never again my will." From that time she was a more lively example of all that was gentle. She seemed to give up everything, and "bear all things." Her father saw the change, and "one day said to her teachers, 'I am not a Christian, but Hannah knows nothing but God's will.'" Her Christian character developed beautifully; the school learned of her to be Christ-like. She longed to do good, and was ready to make any sacrifice for souls.

In June 1858, Hannah left Oromiah for her mountain home. She had been married to Bedal, whose work it was to labour for Christ among the dwellers in the mountain districts. In this life of privation for Jesus' sake, she was happy and did what she could. "She suffered however from the change, and was advised to visit Oromiah for her health. It was hoped she might soon recover; but she went only to leave her sweet testimony to the blessedness of knowing no will but God's, and then go home. She sent the following messages to Miss Fiske from her dying bed: 'I love to have God do just as He pleases. I thank you for all your love, and especially for showing me my Saviour.' She died in December, 1860.

Never again my will. Do not many of us need to ponder and pray over the Mission Hannah meant to well. It there not much in our hearts that often makes us hard to say, "Not my will but Thine." "The will of the Lord be done."

In one of the forms of prayer prefixed to the last volume of Mr. Wesley's Sermons, we meet with the following petition—"Deliver me, O God from all idols, and set me free. I know, O God, (blessed Thy infinite mercy for giving me this knowledge) that this is the root of all evil: I know thou madest me, not to do my own will but Thine;—I know thy will corruption of the devil is,—the law will contrary to Thine.

O be thou my helper against this most dangerous of all idols, that I may both discern all its subtleties and withstand all its force." Who that is taught of God, will not with solemn earnestness say amen to these petitions, and fervently offer the prayer, "O Thou all-sufficient God of angels and men, who art above all, and through all, and all, from whom, and in whom are all things, in whom we live and move and have our being, wherein my will be an entirely and continually derived from Thine, as my being and happiness are."

Religion—is it an Emotion, or a Principle?

We have sometimes thought, in times of religious excitement, that in our emotional religion we are in danger of losing sight of the deeper principles of Christianity. The young convert is often led to suppose that, unless he can keep in mind a certain degree of what we term religious feeling, he backslides, thus mistaking the religion; for if it is indeed such, why does the Christian ever admit to his heart any emotions except religious ones? If this be religion, why do we not backslide, and lose sight of our Christianity every day of our lives? Is it then God would have us live? May not the idea be very one which causes the young professor to turn away from the cause which he has espoused? The excitement which may have attended his conversion, passes. We are, to a vast extent governed by our surroundings. There is less to excite religious emotions in the heart, and he loses that degree of feeling which he supposed to be the evidence of the new birth; discouraged he turns aside, believing he has known nothing of religion, or that he has backslided, and he no longer strives to walk in the narrow way.—How often it proves true that "the last state of that man is worse than the first." It is an absurdity to suppose, as we sometimes do, that the feelings of all Christians perfectly correspond. This cannot be, for we are not constituted alike. Besides there are many things to act on our emotional nature. The influence which our physical condition exerts over them is very great; body and soul are so closely linked, that there is between them a common sympathy, and they act reciprocally upon each other. The laws of digestion have more to do with our minds than most people suppose. Where is there to be found a dyspeptic one, who has lived in violation of these laws, who is a bright, joyous Christian? Because through disease, he is in mental as well as bodily affliction, shall we deny him the power of religion? Did not Jesus come to save such? Dare we restrict the limits of this grace? And yet, when we lay too great stress on emotional religion, do we not literally do this? Not that we should denounce all holy emotions, for it is even the gift of God, but with it, before it and underlying it, if we be in truth God's children, there must be the deep principles of Christianity, manifest in the simplest acts of our life. If these be established in our hearts, our emotions may take care of themselves. If we abide by the former, we shall not be devoid of the latter. But if we seek the feeling only, it is like searching for fragrance where there is neither balsam nor perfume. It is like faith without works, and this we know is not well-pleasing in the sight of God. Emotions are often superficial; religion is a principle which must lie deeper in our hearts than any other one, or we have not learned its first lesson. If our God notes even the sparrow's fall, if He numbers the hairs of our head, what reason have we to suppose that the religion of reason He is the author, may not be carried into life's minutest deed? Even in the stooping to pick up a pin, this principle may be exercised, for Jesus has taught us lessons of fragility. In so small an act, we may have a motive, and that motive may be a religious one. We may step aside that we may not crush a tiny insect, because God made it. We may modify an unkind sentence concerning our neighbors, which may spring to our lips for utterance, because God in His word teaches us charity, and we may repress a little word, because he has said "In patience possess ye your souls."—Thus not one hour in the day may pass, during which we may not exercise this principle, though it may not always be accompanied by any particular emotion. In short, let us be the ruling principle of our lives. Then it may, through watching and praying, strive to make it such, and let the young convert be taught to do the same, and when the Holy Spirit thus takes possession of our hearts, its fruits will be "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. We shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us, and 'neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Northern Christian Advocate.

Rejoice Evermore.

Christianity is full of joy to the believer. Its author, though a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, was a happy, because a holy man. Through this may seem paradoxical, yet it is not a contradiction. Paul hesitates not to say respecting his religious experience, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." The "man of sorrows" is addressing his disciples, intimating that one design of his teaching was, "That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." In the Sermon on the Mount, we clearly discern that in showing humanity the way of holiness, Jesus taught us how to be happy. Pleasant ways and peaceful paths are known only to the possessors of true wisdom. Wickedness is joyless. As God is a happy Being He would have all his creatures happy. This design is apparent in all his works, as well as in his arrangements of grace. Sin is antagonistic to joy. Salvation from sin implies deliverance from misery. Sin introduced woe, grace expels it from the world. Sin has its pleasures, they are however very short, and not to be compared with the superior enjoyments of the Christian. The prodigal was never so happy before as when the kiss of his reconciled father was received. It was a time of joy. So is it to this day in the church of God, O God, (blessed Thy infinite mercy for giving me this knowledge) that this is the root of all evil: I know thou madest me, not to do my own will but Thine;—I know thy will corruption of the devil is,—the law will contrary to Thine.

It is a poor old man, who carried the weight of one hundred and four years upon his bowed shoulders, once tottered ten miles to a special religious service.

An Old Man's Regret.

A poor old man, who carried the weight of one hundred and four years upon his bowed shoulders, once tottered ten miles to a special religious service. "How long have you walked in the way of truth?" inquired the minister. "I lived one hundred and three years and six months in total darkness, knowing nothing of the way to heaven, and now that I am here, I am glad to say, 'I have found the way.'" "And now that is your hope?" "My hope, sir, is in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. O, to think that I should have gone so long, not caring for my soul, when Jesus was ready to lead me to himself! but it was he that made the truth burst upon me. How can I praise him enough for his wondrous love toward such a poor sinner!" "Regret, wonder, love, and gratitude made up that old man's feelings. But how narrowly he escaped hell! Over a century of rebellion against Christ! Surely he was a brand snatched from the burning.

A Lament.

"It is deplorable! Enough to make a Christian mourn and to be bittered. It is amazing! One cannot understand it." "Pray, what has befallen you, friend, that you are in such a melancholy mood?" "O, you will only laugh if I tell you, or sneer, or pry my folly. I wonder if I am right or wrong in my notions" as they are called, or whether I am a pitiable object of contempt, for holding that a man should be something more than an animal, a gentleman different from an unenlightened being, and a minister of the Gospel more pure than one who holds no such sacred office." "Tell me what is the trouble, and perhaps I can enlighten you." "Yesterday I met Brother B., and the conversation turned upon the standing of various ministers of our acquaintance. At last he mentioned Brother D., and said, if I were not for two bad habits, which he has contracted in travelling out West, Brother D. might be the foremost man in his State, and the most influential minister in all the region of country in which he labors." "Bad habits indeed they must be, if they prove such serious obstacles in the way of a noble result. What can they be?" "Smoking and personal untidiness! I think of a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ being accused of such things. It is enough to make a man blush only to mention the charge."

"The last named is rather bad, but about the smoking I am not so clear. Why should not a minister smoke as well as other men?" "Why should any man smoke? If you are on that I cannot urge the point, but for myself I always wonder how a minister can press upon himself for Christ's sake, or temperance, or purity, or any kindred topic, while he smokes like Balaam's animal, and remind him how he is puffing away money which would help all the benevolent operations which he advocates so zealously. I wonder that he does not see visions of poor reeling creatures taunting him: 'You love tobacco; we love whisky and lager. You can't give up smoking, we can't give up drinking.' I wonder how he ever dares to speak of his salary being increased, or complain of the poverty of ministers. I wonder how he dares to look his young men in the face and bid them beware of the slavery of sin, or exhort them, with St. Paul, 'be followers with us.' In short I am in and out of amusement at a smoking minister. And then, personally untidy! It is shocking! Why don't you go to your friend and remonstrate with him?"

shabby or needs a brush; that his linen is not such as a gentleman would covet; that he is decidedly "down at the heels" in his appearance, he will only shrug his shoulders and make no answer, and be as good natured and as slovenly as before. This is just where the devil has power over him to destroy his highest influence. He is a choice vessel of rare and costly ornament wherein the arch enemy delights to entomb the sorrows of affliction. The joy of wealth to the trials of poverty. The joy of friendship may change to grief. The joy of domestic life may wax and wane, by reason of prosperity or adversity. But the joy in God, need never be lost. "Rejoice in the Lord always." Joy is one of the fruits of the Spirit. All therefore who "walk after the spirit," are joyous, because the condemnation which once rested upon their souls is now graciously removed.

Many professed Christians are not happy, because they do not walk in the light of the Divine favor. Many give the Spirit of God, and live in darkness and uncertainty respecting their adoption into the family of God. This is not the will of God. He has in great mercy made us our glorious privilege, not only to draw water with joy out of the wells of salvation, but to "rejoice evermore."

Some One Must do it.

The New York Observer gives the following bit of wisdom. "In a vast number of minds there is a feeling of dissatisfaction. Things are not as they would have them. Just where they are, the burdens are heavy and the rewards light, they sigh over them, and wish they could change them. I am not free from this spirit myself, and one day in fretting as much to a noble friend since gone to his rest, he said to me, 'John, I must tell you how I was cured of that feeling.' I begged of him to do so, and it was in this way: "He sat in his pulpit on Sunday, when an eccentric minister, whom he knew well, came in and took a seat beside him. "I am full of trouble," said he "and if you wish it, I had rather preach for you than not." He engaged in prayer, and pleaded fervently for the pastor and his people, among other things saying, "Lord, this is not a very encouraging field, but it is a very important one, and he may as well be here as any one else.

And is it not quite as true of a thousand other fields, where the laborers are chaffing and thinking somewhere else they would find it easier, and some one else did it easier where they are. It may be true that the parish is a difficult field, the Sunday school burdensome, the journal straining, the household care wearisome; but then it may as well be you as any one else who shall wrestle with these difficulties and bear these burdens. For, indeed, who are you, that you shall demand freedom from the strife and toils of religious life? Who are you, that you shall be spared fatigue and anxiety, and care? Who are you, that, unlike the Son of Man, you shall not minister, but be ministered to?"

Prevailing Prayers.

A Christian mother, who had a son that had gone off in a vicious course, and deserted, and otherwise cruelly treated her, was lying upon her death-bed. When asked if she entirely forgave the erring boy, she replied, "How could a mother do anything but forgive? But I know now, that God will forgive him." And then, in response to an enquiry as to the ground of her confidence, she said, "Ah, sir, one to whom so many fearful prayers cleave, will never be suffered to perish." "What a soul-tranquilizing assurance! Petition for Christ's sake, in behalf of the wandering, God up a delightful incense to the throne of God. There is power in the soul-wresting of a Christian relative. Let saved hearts bind their dear ones about with believing, tearful, importunate prayers. Send them up with strong confidence, based upon the Divine promises. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—Index.

Religious Intelligence.

Lord Cecil the Evangelist.

Lord Cecil, who left the army last year in order to be free to evangelize, preached on Sunday in the afternoon in St. George's Hall, and in the evening in the Mechanics' Hall, the change to the latter being necessitated by the overcrowding of the former. Indeed a great number were disappointed in not obtaining admission to St. George's Hall, and we presume it was the same thing in the evening, for the Mechanics' Hall, though very much larger was packed to its utmost capacity. In the afternoon Lord Cecil gave out and led the hymn and somebody hurried up to the priest to tell him what was going on. By and by the Mayor came up with his tricolored sash belt of office, and with him the petty constable. "What are you doing there?" "You see, Mr. Mayor, I am reading the word of God." But in that case a soft answer did not turn away wrath, for Bro. Frank and his companions were seized by the collar and jostled to prison. Every small village in France has a lock-up as a resting-place for drunkards or vagabonds. In such a room our two friends were shut up. But they had soon a larger audience than before, for criminals are usually scarce in the place, and all the village folks gathered to look at the wonderful pair rebelling to the law. A great window, opening on the main thoroughfare, gave full access to sight and voice. The two friends like Paul and Silas, were quite happy in prison, and were singing as cheerfully as possible the French hymn, "Ayez, ayez, la ce signe"—O Lamb thou art worthy! Then they prayed right aloud, and the crowd listened and wondered. Then Bro. Frank began preaching. All this put the Mayor in a rage, and he got ready a rude manner to carry the two spiritual preachers before the Attorney-general at Montevideo. But now Brother Frank stood on his rights, and refused to go. He showed the Mayor that, grati-

ty, it was forbidden to preach, it was not offense that required imprisonment before the trial, and that at any rate it was an offense of which the higher police had to take notice, not the Mayor. So they were liberated, and hurried out of the village, a large crowd following and listening to Brother Frank's words of exhortation as he went on.—Missionary Advocate.

The Karens are a wild people formerly severely oppressed by the Burmans, and driven in consequence to secluded and remote places of the rivers and lines of travel. They have no large towns; and originally had no books, no written language. But they had a most precious tradition, which preserved them from embracing the idolatrous practices of their Burman masters, and made their hearts very accessible to the Gospel when first presented to them by the white foreigners. By that tradition they were led to look forward to a time when white men from the west would bring to them books, and religion and deliverance. Accordingly, during the first years of missionary effort among them, thousands became hopefully converted, and embraced the new religion with great joy. Since that time their language has been reduced to writing, the whole Bible has been translated, thousands of the young have been partially educated, and a training school for candidates for the ministry has been established.—Buff Advocate.

General Miscellany.

Looking Back.

Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd lie.
Life's dark foot forced o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Saw, would you plunge once more;
With home so nigh?
If you might, would you now
Hasten your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and stray?
Night's gloomy watches spread,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight,
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me:
Fly, I me—fly speedily!
Come, life and light!
—Written by Lady Nairn in her 75th year.

Something about Lions.

Rev. S. A. W. Jewett has done good service to the Church by preparing a sketch of Dr. Livingstone's journeys and missionary labors. Among other interesting, are a few things about lions. First is this: "While living in the beautiful valley of Mabotera, he had an encounter with a lion, in which he was handied rather roughly, although he came off the conqueror at last. The people of the village—the Bakatis—were greatly troubled by the lions, which leaped into their cattle pens and destroyed their cows. The herds were, too, sometimes attacked in open day. This being quite unusual, the people believed themselves bewitched. They were given, they said, 'into the power of the lions by a neighboring tribe.' Such are the habits of this animal, that if one of a troop of lions is killed, his comrades profit by the hint, and quit for a time, that part of the country. The people of the village went out at once to attack the animals, but being cowardly they came back without killing one. So when the herds were next attacked Livingstone went with the men to inspire them with courage, and aid them in getting rid of the annoyance. The rest of the story he shall tell you in his own words.

"We found the lions on a small hill, about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed around it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below in the plain, with a native schoolmaster named Mabeli, and a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the new closed circle. Mabeli's fired at him, but he did not fall, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, and then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it, but we were afraid to fire, lest we should strike the man, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakatis had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have spared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps toward the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front.

"Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired two barrels into it. The men called out, 'he is shot, he is shot.' Others cried, 'he has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him.' I did not see any one else about him, but I saw the lion's tail erect in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, 'stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and I both came to the ground below together. Growing horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of

chloroform describe who see all the operation, but feel not the knife.

"This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mabeli, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The lion immediately left me, and attacking Mabeli, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mabeli. He left Mabeli and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage.

CONBAT WITH A LION.

Livingstone's victory over the king of beasts was rather doubtful. He came out of the fight with the bones of his arm crushed to splinters by the jaws of the lion, and eleven fresh wounds from his teeth in the upper part of it. The Bakatis declared him the largest lion they had ever seen; and the next day they built a huge bonfire over the carcass to take the charm of witchcraft out of him.

THE LION'S VOICE.

Livingstone does not confirm with his testimony the prevalent notions of the "king of beasts." He says nothing he has learned of the lion would warrant the attributing to him either the nobleness or ferocity usually ascribed to him. A Newfoundland or St. Bernard dog he thinks has more nobility. The immense masses of muscle round the shoulders and jaws of the lion proclaim his great strength. Still, in this respect, he would seem to be inferior to the tiger of India. The lion will sometimes take away an eye; but he does not carry it. He drags it on the ground. But here are the great traveler's own words: "To talk of the majestic roar of the lion is mere majestic twaddle. It is indeed well calculated to inspire fear; if you hear it in combination with the tremendously loud thunder of that country, on a night so pitchy dark that every flash of the intensely vivid lightning leaves you with the impression of some blindness, while the rain pours down so fast that your fire goes out, leaving you without the protection of even a tree, or the chance of your gun going off. But when you are in a comfortable house or wagon, the case is very different, and you hear the roar of the lion without any awe or alarm. The silly orator makes a noise as loud as he was never feared by man. On my mentioning this fact some years ago, the assertions were doubted, so I have been careful ever since to inquire the opinions of Europeans who have heard both, if they could detect any difference between the roar of a lion and that of an ostrich. The invariable answer was that they could not when the animal was at any distance. In general, the lion's voice seems to come deeper from the chest than that of the ostrich, but to the day I can distinguish between them with certainty, only by knowing that the ostrich roars by day and the lion by night."

HOW HE LOOKS, ACTS AND EATS.

The African lion is of a tawny color, the male being adorned with a heavy mane, suggestive of great strength. The face is not much like the usual drawings; but the nose is prolonged like that of a dog. They are often seen in the daytime. When thus encountered by the traveler, the lion passes a few seconds, turns around, and walks slowly away, looking back over his shoulder. Soon he begins to trot, and when he thinks himself out of sight, he bounds off like a greyhound. When unagitated, there is very little danger of their attacking a man by day, or even in clear moonlight. When attacking an animal, the lion seizes him by the flank near the hind leg, or by the throat. At a stand many sometimes seem so artfully and completely discomfited by a lion that he seems hardly torn at all. The contents of the abdomen and chest thus taken out, makes a full meal for the largest lion. The jackal which comes sniffing around, sometimes receives a stroke from the lion's paw. When the lion is gorged with food, he falls into a sound sleep, and is then easily dispatched.

Precision in Business.

On a certain Saturday night the clerks of the Bank of England could not make the balance come out right by just one hundred pounds. This is a serious matter in that establishment—not the cash, but the discrepancy, however slight. An error in the balancing has been known to keep a delegation of clerks from each department at work sometimes through the whole night. A hue and cry therefore was made after this one hundred pounds, as if the old lady in Threadneedle-street would be in the Gazette as an insolvent for the want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning following, the clerk—in the middle of the sermon, perhaps—felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than a lightning flash. He told the chief cashier on Monday morning that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam, and steam with a start of forty-eight hours. Instantly the wire asked if such a vessel had left the harbor. "Just weighing anchor," was the reply. "Stop her," instantly issued the telegraph. "It was done. Have up on deck certain boxes marked so and so, and weigh them carefully." They were weighed, and one, the delinquent, was found heavier by one hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. "Let her go," says the telegraph. The West India folks were debited with one hundred pounds more and the error was corrected by the help of lightning, without looking into the boxes, or delaying the sailing of the vessel an hour.

CONSCIENCE, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death-bed.

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