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WHOLE No. 612.

Religious Miscellany.

The Waters of Life.

"No every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." A traveller o'er the desert waste,
Of mortal life was I;
Weary and faint with toil and thirst,
And yet no water nigh,
And brilliant paths forms would of
Around my path appear.
They were most beautiful afar—
But they were nought when near.
Pleasures of earth, a glittering host,
Were thronged before my eye;
And though but gilded toys at most,
I grasped them eagerly.
First to my thirsting lips was pressed,
The sparkling cup of mirth,
So tasteless were the draughts therefrom,
I dashed the cup to earth.
And then with ardent hand I seized
Friendship's all-dazzling bowl;
I falsely deemed there was within
Enough to fill the soul.
I drained the bowl with eager haste,
But deeply thirsted still,
For alluring pleasures to the taste,
The soul it could not fill.
And one by one, I drank in vain,
Each cup of earthly bliss,
For bitter were the draughts of some,
And none had power to bless.
"O cruel mockeries!" I cried,
"So soon ye bubbles burst!"
In there no stream to satisfy
The soul's deep living thirst?
And then my fainting spirit drooped,
In dark and deep despair;
Till a calm voice kindly said,
"Look up, a sea is there."
I raised the eye of faith and saw
The living water nigh—
Not merely "drops to tantalize,"
But "seas to satisfy."
I drank deep draughts and thousands more,
And drank still with me—
And yet expands without a shore,
That boundless living sea.
—American Wesleyan.

The Mount of Prayer.

A CHAPTER FOR CITY CHRISTIANS.
Every mountain in the Bible (says a Transatlantic writer) has some peculiar glory about it. But, like the stars, one mountain differs from another in glory.
Ararat is the father of mountains; it smoked with the increase of the first sacrifice in the new world. No was the majestic death-bed from which the Lawgiver caught his earliest glimpse of two Canaans—the one spread out in living green beneath him, the other unveiled above him in celestial glory. Sinai had its peculiar glory, terrible exceedingly; Horeb, too, with its "still small voice" and Gilead, aromatic with odorous balsams; and Lebanon, crowned with everlasting cedars, the Alps of the Old Testament.
Each sacred mountain has a history written on its tables of stone. But no one is so dolent with sweeter associations—no one utters a more impressive teaching—no one is more identified with our precious Saviour than the Mount called the Mount of Olives.
It was Christ's favourite resort. He "often times resorted thither with His disciples." As John was His favourite follower, the family of Lazarus His favourite household, Galilee His favourite water, so Olivet was His favourite mountain. When He grew weary of the heat and dust, the uproar and turmoil of guilty Jerusalem, He went His footsteps over the brook Kedron to the quiet Sabbath mountain of Olivet. It always gave Him cool asylum. It always spread its grateful shelters from noontide heat and evening dews. Olivet never closed its doors in the face of the gentle Man of Sorrows.
And if Jesus sought His Olivet for retirement from the world's babel of jarring sounds for meditation and for prayer, shall not every Christian have his own Olivet too? For the sequestered rural Christian we do not speak now but with the dwellers in great cities, the painful lack in life is the lack of quiet secluded thought and undisturbed meditation. The farmer can have it as he follows the plough on the hill-side. A devout man, he is on a perpetual Olivet. The village mechanic has long still hours, when the sunlight sleeps in the silent street, or when the monotonous rain drops keep steady time like his thoughts, on the roof of his humble shop. The mariner can be alone with God in the night watches. But in the bustling, bewildering, distracting, soul-devouring metropolis, where, alas! can a man "dwell apart"? Where can he escape the roar and riot of business? Where can he hide away? Where find his Horeb with awful silences, or an Olivet for prayerful communion with his own spirit? For early morn till the hour of rest he is in a whirl. The world meets him at the breakfast table in the columns of the morning paper. He is at once assailed with telegrams and bulletins, with stock reports and political manifestos. Care collars him as soon as he gets into the street. The first man he encounters has some exciting intelligence, or some perplexing proposal. When he reaches his counting-room, his table is piled with letters demanding a reply before the next mail closes. Then the day's furnace of excitement begins to glow, and keeps at a white heat until "the banks shut," the "board" adjourns, the "stores" begin to thin out, and in the crowded omnibus or railroad, the weary man of business trudges homeward. Then for the late dinner, the evening newspaper, the evening calls, the evening entertainments, and in some happy cases the evening prayer-service in the house of God. Amid all this mad whirl of excitement, where is the quiet retrospection—where the solemn meditation—where the soul's fellowship with Christ? For an Olivet!

Even the Lord's day is too often a day of outside occupation and taxing strain upon mind and body. Two regular church-services—often a third—with intervening labours in the Sabbath-school, and with the prayer-meeting—leave but little time for reflection and heart-study. Every good thing has its attendant evils; and the evil

attendant on the Sunday arrangements of many philanthropic Christians, in our large cities, is a privation of all quiet meditation, and nearly of all closet duties and fire-side Bible-reading. With such good people there is more preaching than thinking, more head-work than heart-work. They hear one hundred-fold more than they heed or remember. The excitements of the week give place to the more serene excitements of the Sabbath, and the Christian heart is all too seldom alone with itself, and alone with God. Can none be found? It is wholly impossible for our working Christians (and we do not say that they ought to work one hour the less)—is it impossible to find time and place for religious meditation, Bible-reading, and inward communion? No, it is not. A devout man can make to himself an Olivet. He can, with a little trouble to himself, rise an hour earlier for a season of prayer and devotional reading. With this blessed close-serve he can keep the whole day so tightly and strongly that it shall not waste idly, frivolously, and forgetfully of God. As he rises or waits to his place of business, he can school himself to sacred thoughts, or can snatch a few words from a pocket-volume of favourite truth. At noon-day he can run away for a few moments of silent prayer, even if he cannot reach the "business-men's prayer-meeting." This was the usage of the late excellent Garratt Noel Beekford, a merchant eminent for his piety and philanthropy. He always had his midday season of devotion; if business interfered with his rule, then business had to give way, and not the wise rule. His Olivet of retirement made his face to shine with radiant gladness when in the busy haunts of men. He never fed those fountain graces that flowed out in such beautiful streams of beneficence and holy living. Never did Mammon rob him of God; never did external religious duties thrust aside the private devotions of the altar and the closet; nor did he hear more truth in the sanctuary than he digested in his heart, and wrought into his life.

Brethren, we cannot afford to dwell in the most sumptuous of earthly mansions, if we have no Olivet. If it be not a lone mountain, or a sequestered grove, it may be a quiet chamber, an attic, or a corner of a counting-room. Peter found his Olivet on a house-top in a commercial town. John found his on the cliff of a seagirt Patmos. Daniel found his in his chamber, while busy Babylon roared and raged on beneath his open window. Elijah found his on Carmel and Paul had one, just as good, in the cabin of a storm-tossed ship. Our Olivet will be the spot where the soul communes with God, bends at the mercy seat, studies its own wants and weaknesses, and gets new strength from fellowship with Christ. It may have a Gethsemane of trial at its foot; but its summit like the mount high unto Jerusalem, will be the point of ascension, from which the soul will go up to the heavenly presence chamber of the King of Kings.

Hodgson Casson—An Eccentric Evangelist.

We lately gave some illustrations of the ministry of this eccentric evangelist. The common people, especially, hung upon his preaching. Among the colliery villages of the North he was welcomed from appointment to appointment, with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. His manner was suited to win both the attention and the affection of the simple people; and it was an interesting sight, says his biographer, "to mark the interest with which they listened to those glowing descriptions of Divine truth which he brought before them; the tears, ever and anon coursing down their cheeks, and the fervent expressions of their hearts. Some of this class are yet recognized as the seals of his ministry, and are now sustaining important and useful offices in the Church of God, and to whom the name of the instrument of their conversion is as an eminent proof." His exhortations were there frequently to be seen strokes of wit and keenness of invention, which fixed the attention of his hearers; but he would come down to the common sense of the people, and would sometimes deliver a sermon which would be as a bolt from heaven, and would be as a lightning flash upon their guilty conscience, and would be as a hammer upon their hearts, and would be as a sword upon their consciences, and would be as a fire upon their hearts, and would be as a sword upon their consciences, and would be as a fire upon their hearts.

Each Cloud has a Silver Lining.

"How low the adage, 'Every dark cloud has its silver lining.' I repeat it often."—Extract from the letter of a friend.
When passing through this vale of tears,
We quaff the cup of sorrow,
Beyond the clouds a light appears—
How best will be the morrow!
Hope, radiant hope, uplifts our head,
And tears soon cease from falling;
Our unseen hands are gently led,
By Father's voice is calling.
"Come to the living waters, come,
And speak no more of sorrow;"
We give our loves and travel on,
For best will be the morrow!
If grief should e'er our hearts enshroud,
We'll cease our vain repining,
For God is love,—so every cloud
He gives a silver lining.
We think life's sun too soon is set,
Night clouds the hopes of morn'ing;
Twill rise with brighter glory yet,
By faith we see the dawning.
Of endless days, when moon and sun
Shall shine o'er fields Elysian,
For God is light, and faith in him
Will lead in open vision.
We'll sing his praise in anthems loud,
Where light divine is shining;
Faith, lo! in sight, we see each cloud
Has had its silver lining.

Religious Intelligence.

The Slaughters at Dahomey.

In the Wesleyan Missionary Notices for March appears the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Peter W. Bernacko, Native Assistant Missionary, dated Whydah, Nov. 29, 1860:—"I have now returned from Dahomey, and as you are anxious to receive from me an account of the grand Custom, I take up my pen to give you the detailed particulars, full and true." "Wednesday, the 11th of July, I started from this, for Abomey, the capital, to see the Custom. I met with a man on the way, two days after my departure, nicely dressed as a caboccher, with a large umbrella and a caboccher-stool, and a number of men accompanied him; and when I arrived at Canah, a town next to Abomey, about eight miles distant, I learnt that the poor man was going to be thrown into the sea, to join the two porters of the sea-gate, to open it for his father to enter in and wash himself. Here was His Majesty the King, busy preparing for three coronets and cloths to his people, and sacrificed there about sixty souls. I dare say he killed more than two thousand, because he kills men outside, to be seen by all, and women inside, privately.
"Monday, the 4th of November, the whole town, with the King, fired guns from twelve o'clock till eight in the evening.
"Monday, the 6th inst., I was very ill, hid up in bed three days good, without a bit of bread, or a drop of drink. I forgot to tell you, that ere this the King received a letter from his Britannic Majesty's Government, about his frequent expeditions against Abbeokuta, just warning him, that if he makes any attempt, all his places on the coast shall be burnt. He has not yet given an answer to this. I was the reader of the letter. He seems quite frightened; and I dare say that he cannot take a step over. He has already sent out troops to war, but nobody knows where.
"The Annual Custom still continues, and the visitors have not returned yet; and had I not been sick, I could have had good chance of coming down.
"The pit at Abomey, which was reported to have been dug deep enough to contain human blood, sufficient to float a canoe, was false. There were two small pits, of two feet deep, and four feet in diameter each, to contain poor human blood, but not to float a canoe.
"I am sorry to report to you, that in our out-stations lightings are still continued. We desire your prayers very much."

To a Mother.

You have a child upon your knee. Listen a moment—do you know what the child is? It is immortal being, destined to live forever! It is destined to be happy or miserable! You, the mother! you who gave it birth, the mother of its being, are also in a good measure the mother of its soul for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided; its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be? The child may be a liar; you can prevent it. It may be a murderer; you can prevent it. It may be a miser; you can prevent it. It may be a life of misery to itself and a life of misery to others; you can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things—will you, or will you not? Look at the little innocent—Tell me again—will you save it? Will you pray for it? Will you teach it discipline—watch over it? Or will you in vain search for pleasure, or gaiety, or fashion, or in other trifling things, or even household cares, neglect the soul of that child, and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil, temptation and ruin?

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Leaving our animals (says the intrepid tourist) upon the level platform above the Hermitage, to which had been given the name of "Sala di Cavalli," we started amid the good-humoured cheers of the guides on our toilsome way. About a fifth of our ascent from this point had been accomplished, when, on pausing and looking upwards, we could very plainly both hear and see the slow downward progress of a body of lava, hissing and rattling among the loose cinders as it overwhelmed or dislodged them, and occasionally sending huge pieces bounding down the steep declivity in a way that endangered not a man in the valley below. Soon after we came opposite the lower end of this smoking stream, and approached cautiously to obtain a nearer view of it. Even here it was of a glowing red heat upon the surface, though often so covered over with floating cinders, and enveloped in smoke, that the actual deep red of the fire was obscured. On looking to the summit, we could see against the sky—as one does on looking from below up to the head of a cataract above—the stupendous torrent slowly slipping over the edge of the large crater, like a huge, hissing, fiery snake deliberately crawling forth from its lair down upon its victims beneath. The motion is peculiarly steady and slow, even where the angle of its descent is most abrupt, and accompanied, from the movement of the loose cinders which impede or attend its progress, with a kind of trinkling sound, somewhat resembling that caused by fragments of ice hurdling each other in a half-frozen river. On reaching the summit, we found a considerable change in the appearance of the large crater since our former visit. Instead of the comparatively level platform of hard lava, lying ten or twelve feet lower than the edge on which we stood, and extending to the cone of the active crater in the centre, we found the whole surface greatly elevated, broken up and heaved into irregular piles, evidently from the recent throes of the volcano beneath. Across this space, slowly winding among its chasms and irregularities, came the moving lava, towards the outer verge, where, after making a circuit almost beneath our feet, it swept round the mound on which we were stationed, and poured over the edge, sending up a heat and sulphuric atmosphere almost intolerable within a few yards. After a little breathing-space here, we went round the verge to a spot at some distance from the running lava, where the surface was not too hot to tread on, and there bivouacked comfortably, producing our basket-stoves wherewith to beguile the remaining hours till sunset. After this event takes place, an Italian twilight does not long try the patience of those who long for darkness, as on this occasion we did. And now it was we found the fog, said which we had ascended, an advantage to the scene. As evening drew on, the darkness was rendered by it doubly obscure; and the reflection of the lava upon the misty atmosphere, dispersing a fiery tinge above and all around, was beautiful and grand beyond description. Hitherto, during the time we waited, the volcano itself had been quiet and inactive; only one slight explosion occurring, so much so that we feared a disappointment, and a party who had arrived before us actually took themselves off in despair. A hint from our good friend Salvatore made us act more wisely, and we were abundantly rewarded.
At six o'clock we were startled from our resting-place by a tremendous outburst, which seemed the beginning of a continued series for the

The Earliest Bible Society.

The circumstances connected with the formation of the Naval and Military Bible Society are both interesting and instructive, and if not forgotten by our readers, they will be almost incredible. Indeed they present to the mind an illustration of that adage which asserts that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.
It is nearly eighty years since as one of those persons represented by the noble President as "pious and philanthropic," determined upon a course of action, and set about transferring from his brains to paper the *modus operandi* of his scheme, which presented to his enraptured view so promising an aspect, that he at once decided upon a second transfer. This latter took the form of a public advertisement, in which a detail of the plan was set forth, and a public meeting called in the largest assembly room to be had then in London, giving place, date, and time. This individual was of a most sanguine temperature of mind, and therefore concluded that the place of meeting would not contain half the people who would seek admittance on the appointed day. Independent of the excellence and clearness of his plans, as they appeared to him, he considered that interest in the army alone would be a sufficient inducement to call a concourse of people together, in an age, too, when a public meeting was a very rare event. So at the appointed time he was found sending his men in high spirits, and without anticipating anything but complete success, to the place of meeting, where in due course of time he arrived. He did not, however, as he expected, see a large crowd outside the door, and standing on the staircase which led to the assembly-room, he was not a little amazed to find an utterly deserted and empty place. He examined his watch and found the hour quite correct, and in a disappointed and downcast state of mind he approached the platform and sat down to ruminate.
While thus engaged he heard the echo of a solitary footfall on the lonely staircase, which, with a sober and solemn pace, became gradually more distinct to him; that moment, his very great apprehension. Presently, however, all doubt was removed upon the appearance at the door of a quiet and intelligent individual, who in a steady manner and clear voice, thus addressed the occupier of the platform.
"I come here, sir, in answer to an advertisement concerning a meeting for the purpose of considering certain plans and proposals of which I highly approve, and am anxious to promote; will you kindly inform me if I have mistaken the hour of the day, as I presume such must be the case?"
The individual thus addressed aroused himself at once from his meditative stupor, and replied, "Sir, you are by no means mistaken; it is the place, day and hour, appointed for the meeting, to which you allude; and I am the gentleman who arranged and published what I fear is now your concern, for want of public interest, but a failure."
"Not so fast, if you please, sir," said the first speaker, "I cordially approve of your plan, and think it will certainly succeed, and have therefore come to give you help."
Upon receiving this piece of encouragement he stood up, and asked the stranger what was to be done.
"Done! Why will you propose, second, and carry these Resolutions of yours, and postpone the meeting for further deliberation?"
"An excellent thought," replied the sanguine but disappointed individual, who having gone from one extreme to the other had seen nothing but failure; "but what can we say about the meeting?"
"Say," responded the stranger, "we can say that we proposed, second, and carried unanimously these Resolutions, at a meeting publicly

News for the Printers.

We really live in marvellous times when science, with giant strides, is surprising the most sanguine. Amongst the new wonders, we have accounts from Austria of the invention of a printing machine of extraordinary quality, dispensing it is said, with the use of all assistance, save that of mechanical apparatus. The printer is required to feed it with paper, or to remove the printed sheets, both processes being accomplished through the instrumentality of a machine itself. The paper for this purpose is supplied in rolls or webs, many hundred yards in length. The machine first cuts the sheet to the requisite size, then prints and finally throws it off a newspaper ready for the reader—and in Austria too! All that annual labour has to do is to bring forward fresh webs of paper, and to take away the printed sheets. Thus, in the Vienna State Printing-office ten presses are attended by one man only. The same office is said to have started a capital invention for the manufacture of paper itself from straw.—*Build*

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The Earliest Bible Society.

The circumstances connected with the formation of the Naval and Military Bible Society are both interesting and instructive, and if not forgotten by our readers, they will be almost incredible. Indeed they present to the mind an illustration of that adage which asserts that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.
It is nearly eighty years since as one of those persons represented by the noble President as "pious and philanthropic," determined upon a course of action, and set about transferring from his brains to paper the *modus operandi* of his scheme, which presented to his enraptured view so promising an aspect, that he at once decided upon a second transfer. This latter took the form of a public advertisement, in which a detail of the plan was set forth, and a public meeting called in the largest assembly room to be had then in London, giving place, date, and time. This individual was of a most sanguine temperature of mind, and therefore concluded that the place of meeting would not contain half the people who would seek admittance on the appointed day. Independent of the excellence and clearness of his plans, as they appeared to him, he considered that interest in the army alone would be a sufficient inducement to call a concourse of people together, in an age, too, when a public meeting was a very rare event. So at the appointed time he was found sending his men in high spirits, and without anticipating anything but complete success, to the place of meeting, where in due course of time he arrived. He did not, however, as he expected, see a large crowd outside the door, and standing on the staircase which led to the assembly-room, he was not a little amazed to find an utterly deserted and empty place. He examined his watch and found the hour quite correct, and in a disappointed and downcast state of mind he approached the platform and sat down to ruminate.
While thus engaged he heard the echo of a solitary footfall on the lonely staircase, which, with a sober and solemn pace, became gradually more distinct to him; that moment, his very great apprehension. Presently, however, all doubt was removed upon the appearance at the door of a quiet and intelligent individual, who in a steady manner and clear voice, thus addressed the occupier of the platform.
"I come here, sir, in answer to an advertisement concerning a meeting for the purpose of considering certain plans and proposals of which I highly approve, and am anxious to promote; will you kindly inform me if I have mistaken the hour of the day, as I presume such must be the case?"
The individual thus addressed aroused himself at once from his meditative stupor, and replied, "Sir, you are by no means mistaken; it is the place, day and hour, appointed for the meeting, to which you allude; and I am the gentleman who arranged and published what I fear is now your concern, for want of public interest, but a failure."
"Not so fast, if you please, sir," said the first speaker, "I cordially approve of your plan, and think it will certainly succeed, and have therefore come to give you help."
Upon receiving this piece of encouragement he stood up, and asked the stranger what was to be done.
"Done! Why will you propose, second, and carry these Resolutions of yours, and postpone the meeting for further deliberation?"
"An excellent thought," replied the sanguine but disappointed individual, who having gone from one extreme to the other had seen nothing but failure; "but what can we say about the meeting?"
"Say," responded the stranger, "we can say that we proposed, second, and carried unanimously these Resolutions, at a meeting publicly

To a Mother.

You have a child upon your knee. Listen a moment—do you know what the child is? It is immortal being, destined to live forever! It is destined to be happy or miserable! You, the mother! you who gave it birth, the mother of its being, are also in a good measure the mother of its soul for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided; its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be? The child may be a liar; you can prevent it. It may be a murderer; you can prevent it. It may be a miser; you can prevent it. It may be a life of misery to itself and a life of misery to others; you can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things—will you, or will you not? Look at the little innocent—Tell me again—will you save it? Will you pray for it? Will you teach it discipline—watch over it? Or will you in vain search for pleasure, or gaiety, or fashion, or in other trifling things, or even household cares, neglect the soul of that child, and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil, temptation and ruin?

The Christian Union says, a few years ago there was but one Protestant or evangelical church in Belgium. There are now between thirty and forty such churches, and a population of at least 20,000 professed Protestants.

Each Cloud has a Silver Lining.

"How low the adage, 'Every dark cloud has its silver lining.' I repeat it often."—Extract from the letter of a friend.
When passing through this vale of tears,
We quaff the cup of sorrow,
Beyond the clouds a light appears—
How best will be the morrow!
Hope, radiant hope, uplifts our head,
And tears soon cease from falling;
Our unseen hands are gently led,
By Father's voice is calling.
"Come to the living waters, come,
And speak no more of sorrow;"
We give our loves and travel on,
For best will be the morrow!
If grief should e'er our hearts enshroud,
We'll cease our vain repining,
For God is love,—so every cloud
He gives a silver lining.
We think life's sun too soon is set,
Night clouds the hopes of morn'ing;
Twill rise with brighter glory yet,
By faith we see the dawning.
Of endless days, when moon and sun
Shall shine o'er fields Elysian,
For God is light, and faith in him
Will lead in open vision.
We'll sing his praise in anthems loud,
Where light divine is shining;
Faith, lo! in sight, we see each cloud
Has had its silver lining.

News for the Printers.

We really live in marvellous times when science, with giant strides, is surprising the most sanguine. Amongst the new wonders, we have accounts from Austria of the invention of a printing machine of extraordinary quality, dispensing it is said, with the use of all assistance, save that of mechanical apparatus. The printer is required to feed it with paper, or to remove the printed sheets, both processes being accomplished through the instrumentality of a machine itself. The paper for this purpose is supplied in rolls or webs, many hundred yards in length. The machine first cuts the sheet to the requisite size, then prints and finally throws it off a newspaper ready for the reader—and in Austria too! All that annual labour has to do is to bring forward fresh webs of paper, and to take away the printed sheets. Thus, in the Vienna State Printing-office ten presses are attended by one man only. The same office is said to have started a capital invention for the manufacture of paper itself from straw.—*Build*

