

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

MARCH, 1879.

First Quarter, 1 day, 3h, 44m, Morning. Full Moon, 8 day, 5m, Morning. Last Quarter, 14 day, 11h, 37m, Afternoon. New Moon, 22 day, 4h, 50m, Afternoon. First Quarter 30 day, 8h, 51m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data for the month of March 1879.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parramatta, Cornwallis, Horton, Hansport, Windsor, Newport and Turro. High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 15 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 30 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

OBITUARY.

ALICE DEAN WILLET.

Among the numerous hosts of little ones the Lord has recently taken from the sufferings of this life to the home of the blest, is now added little Alice Dean, daughter of Alice and Bessie Willet, of Canning. God, in His inscrutable providence, had sent this trust for but a short time, and, as he has done in numberless instances, he has taken her redeemed spirit to unite with the blest in glory.

What a comfort is the Scriptural assurance, that all who die in infancy and childhood are forever with the Lord. Little Alice was suddenly taken from her fond parents on the 11th of this month, after a short sojourn of seven weeks in this changing world. J. G. H. Canning, Feb'y. 1879.

MR. STEPHEN G. PARKER

left us very suddenly. On February 12th rose from his knees at family prayer, went to work in his barn, and in ten minutes was dead. He was a useful member of the Methodist Church for nearly 20 years, having been converted under the ministry of the late Rev. Wm. McCarthy. The event has solemnized the whole community. Many seem to feel, as never before, the admonitory words of Jesus: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." A widow and five children feel the loss of a devoted husband and an affectionate father. He was 46 years of age. Though not rugged he was quite as well as usual on the day he died. Friends and relations are consoled by the assurance that their loss is his gain. Yours, G. O. H.

AGNES COX.

At Lower Canning, on the 23d of August, 1878, after a protracted illness, Agnes Cox, aged 27 years.

From the earliest years, Sister Cox was the subject of deep and powerful religious impressions. Naturally bright and cheerful, she would indulge in innocent mirth and then deal severely with herself for her fancied lack of seriousness. As a girl she was a general favourite and her amiability and sweetness increased with her years, so that she blossomed into a pure and attractive woman.

When fifteen years of age she was deeply affected by the preaching of Rev. Mr. Downey (Free Christian Baptist), but it was not till some years after, under the ministry of Bro. Pickles, that she realized the pardoning love of God and united with the church.

Subjected to a long and painful affliction, her cheerful disposition proved a great blessing to her. For nearly seven years, with but few intervals of ease, she was confined to the house. But in the midst of all her sufferings she maintained her faith in Christ and was habitually joyful. It seemed as if she could say with St. Paul, "I will gladly glory in mine infirmities." The writer will not soon forget the first time he visited her. Though then unable to move about, she was bright and happy, and communicated something of her joyousness to her visitors.

On the 16th of August she had an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. During the day I went in to see her and she received me with a smile, and said—"I'm

almost home." She had no fear of death but talked calmly of the approaching end. She said, "I don't want anything gloomy at my funeral. Read a psalm of praise and the first chapter of 1st Peter, and tell all my young friends to give their hearts to Jesus." After lingering a week in utter weakness, while the people of God were praying for her in the sanctuary, she was freed from all her earthly sufferings, and received that for which she had so eagerly watched, even an abundant substance "into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. J. S.

THE MILITARY APOSTLE.

One of the leading characteristics of St. Paul's mind is the kind of figurative language which he employs to illustrate and enforce his ideas. Nearly all his metaphors are taken from society and its institutions, from government and its functions, and especially from those hostile relations in which men so often stand toward one another. The thought of Christian struggle that is ever uppermost in his reflections shaped itself in the imagining mold of battle; and whenever he rises to a sublime sense of the conflicts of a redeemed soul, his words borrow their intensity of force from the physical energy and perilous fortunes of the bloody field. A man of uncommon strength of will, with a wide and acute conscience on the side of his moral nature to enforce his purposes, and with an imagination, on the side of his intellectual nature, to lend its quick vividness to all his aims, St. Paul was a typical instance of wise daring, of lofty impulse chastened by sagacious thoughtfulness, and of all other constituents out of which heroes are born.

His education as a Pharisee, most of all its associations, quickened this natural spirit into full vigor. The warlike might of Judea lay imbedded in that sect. Generations before his day Phariseeism had caught the fiery yell of the Maccabean age. With its traditions and usages it had perpetuated the courage of the sword, and, as the persecuting Saul of Tarsus, he made himself a name that was never uttered in the early church without accents of terror. Grace sanctified this inbred dauntlessness—rejecting nothing but its selfish evils—keeping every artery as full as ever of thick and burning blood; and hence, all through his apostleship, he is the man who is generally put forward to confront a grave crisis. The same indomitable spirit flashes out the soldier in his heart when he writes his Epistles. Writing to the Ephesians, to the Corinthians, and to Timothy, he abounds in military figures, and his words ring as though they sounded from shield or breast-plate.

But St. Paul was as thoroughly wise as he was brave. He saw clearly how liable this high virtue of valiancy is to self-deceit and to the treacheries of the imagination. Men often mistake its true character. They substitute it for other essential qualities. They palliate their defects, and even excuse their sin by the sophistry of its pleadings. And St. Paul is careful, therefore, to tell us that "weapons of our warfare are not carnal"—that they are only "mighty through God"—that "though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh," and that the "fight of faith" is a "good fight." Needful counsels these, weighty counsels, counsels from the old and scarred heart of the foremost of Christian warriors, and such counsels, moreover, as are peculiarly adapted to Christians in our day.

Man is a fighting creature—one certainty. The world is a fighting world—another certainty. Trade is so excited because of competitions; professions are so crowded; rivalries are so jealous; offices are so few and aspirants so many; the chief seats in the synagogues are so high up and the wistful eyes so low down; distinction is so rare and ambition is so general; the plain of life is so broad and the highways—most of them lanes—are so narrow, that fighting for place and power has become the fixed and dominant habit of the times. Now, so far as business and commerce are concerned, much of this active competition is simply due to the laws of natural development as they apply to industry. The profound principles of political economy which the genius of Adam Smith saw and unfolded with such clearness and compass, set free the instincts of trade. Legislation withdrew its restrictions. Vast energies were unloosed that had been pent up, and production in all departments of life was stimulated to the utmost. Yet despite this great achievement, no one can doubt that competition, as it now exists, is a most formidable evil. For thousands of human beings it complicates the problems of daily bread; for other thousands it involves the sharpest self-denial, and cuts them off from the means of culture and advancement. One of its worst effects is, that business is filled with contentions, strife and bitter retaliations. Hundreds of men have been changed into gladiators. The terrible Shylock whets his knife and cries, "I'll have

my bond!" and while Antonio awaits his fatal hour, no Portio stands forth in the charm and grandeur of queenly intellect and heart to rescue the threatened victims of sordid and greedy vengeance.

So it is; so it is likely to be, till we learn from St. Paul, that in business, as in else, "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal. The laws of trade, viewing trade as a social institution, are just as providential as any other laws of the universe. Nay, more, they are under the direct and emphatic sanction of Christianity. Trade is a mutual interest; it was designed to benefit both parties concerned in its transactions; it is amenable to the sentiments no less than the principles of human brotherhood; and hence God's curse will rest on that man who wilfully uses his skill and means to injure the rights and interests of his fellow-man. This is not fighting "the good fight of faith," but the bad fight of unbelief; and death, and only death, is in its issues.

Aside from this sort of ferocious contest over money, how numerous are the fighters in life's arena! First of all, we have the fighters of intellect. A curious twist is somewhere in their brains, a knotted coil, or perchance a cell overfed with red blood; but, whatever it be, fight in the way of argument is their necessity. They are afflicted with logic and much speech. Had they been at Babel, they would have borne off sundry "tongues" from the "confusion," and stood ready the next hour to quarrel in any language. No statement of a fact or truth, no report of a deliberative assembly, and, especially, no motion to adjourn, is ever the thing exactly. One of this type becomes a controversialist, and the porcupine is not quicker to double up himself and throw out his bristles in order due and fierce array, than he is to assume a hostile attitude. A milder form appears in the professional critic, who never dilates his eye except to see blurs and blemishes. But, no matter what the shape it takes on, this fighting intellect is an annoyance, a vexation or a nuisance. If it be inflamed by partisanship, it is as vindictive as Junius. Allied to genius and bitterness, it is as violent as Dean Swift, who could not describe a loathsome thing without making a reader loathe the description. The fairest gift in the world is to write like Fletcher and Fenelon, whose pens were sharp, but their ink had an oily softness. St. Paul, the military apostle, would not "terrify by letters." Blessed man! an apostle in literature as well as in other things—the weapon of his pen was never carnal!

Fighting is an art. It has to be learned. Amateurs had better abandon the business. Newspaper and review fighting is an extremely hazardous art. Not many men, like Luther, throw the inkstand at the devil, but, for the most part, throw it in an opposite direction. Sharp writing is a temptation too strong for the majority of writers. To be smart with the pen is commonly a misfortune, and all the more so because it is so fascinating. One likes to see his adjectives and verbs frown, and scowl, and show their teeth when he goes into print. Unaware to himself the animal brain is hotly working. The carnal weapons—ah! how they transform themselves, in the cheats of fancy, and the illusions of the heart, into "the armour of God."

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MARY'S ROSE-BUSH.

BY MRS. M. M. H.

"Take that rose-bush from the window, Mary, and throw it away; it is past redemption."

"O, no! Let me keep it, please do; it will take a start and grow by and by."

"But Mary, only look at it! Its leaves half gone, and what there are left brown and worm-eaten—why, it is an actual disfiguration to the window, and, for my part, I am tired of seeing it."

"But it will leave out again, I think, and blossom, too, perhaps."

"If you think so, you will be most sadly disappointed. I had a rose-bush last summer, and I tended it and petted it, and took the very best care of it I knew how; and after all my efforts, it kept drooping, and finally died. You can't raise rose-bushes in pots, and have them do any thing. They will flourish finely for a time, but the worms will at last destroy them; and you will find all 'love's labour lost' to try to cultivate them. No, Mary, don't waste any more time over it; throw it away!"

And so, reluctantly, Mary took her rose-bush, and, as I supposed deposited it among other useless cast-off rubbish. July and August, with their sultry days, passed on; September came, and on one of its bright sunny mornings, while sitting beside the open window sewing, a lovely rose-bush, with the freshest and greatest of leaves, three beautiful crimson blossoms, and as many half-opened buds, suddenly alighted upon the window-sill beside the ivy, fuchsias, and

geraniums there. Unconsciously my work fell from my fingers, and as the exclamation, "O, how beautiful!" sprang to my lips, I encountered Mary's black eyes, with a curiously triumphant expression in them. "What a charming rose-bush, Mary! When did you get it?" I asked.

"That is the rose-bush you told me to throw away last summer." But what have you done to it? It is beautiful now."

"Why, I set it out on the lintel, and just watered it, and cared for it kindly; and now look at it!"

And Mary turned away, and left it standing there; and I did look at it long and earnestly.

And as I looked, what a lesson, a reproof, it conveyed to me! It seemed to say: Humanity's rose-bushes, are they not often treated in the self-same way? Worm-eaten by adverse influences and circumstances till all the beautiful leaves and blossoms of goodness and truth seem withered and dying; do we not often say in actions, if not in words, Cast them aside, throw them away! when perchance a little love and kindness, a friendly word or helping hand, might change the whole color of a life-time, and cause the dwarfed, neglected soul to blossom in unfeigned beauty and brightness in the garden of eternity!

Go and glean among the briars, Growing rank against the wall, For it may be that their shadow Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

HOW A BOY BECAME A COMMANDER.

There lived in a Scotch village a little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him very dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly; but she finally consented. As the boy left home, she said to him, "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down, every night and morning, and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie; and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

They had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray.

But on the return voyage, some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, he went up to him, and giving him a sound box on the ear, said in a very decided tone, "None of that here, sir."

Another seaman who saw this although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come up on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said, "Now Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another dressing."

The next night the devil put it into the little boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such a disturbance in the ship, when it could be easily avoided, if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. But the moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, he said: "Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London this profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare times studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, taking latitude and longitude.

Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the Great Eastern, was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for the important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie! When the Great Eastern returned to England after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed on him the honor of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.—When Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England, a lady became a Christian and her spirit was much drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter about ten years of age. After a while God saved the child. In a transport of holy joy she then exclaimed: "O, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother let me run and tell some of the neighbours and tell them that they

may be happy and love my Saviour."

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose, that were you to tell your experience, there is not one within many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion."

"O mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe. I must go over to the shoemaker and tell him; he will believe me."

She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and that he was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers and had forgiven all her sins; and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain; he threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy. The neighbourhood was awakened, and within a few months more than fifty persons found Jesus and rejoiced in His love.—Good Things.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No ambition is fully realized, at least not in this nether world, and no paradise becomes earthly in our age.—Victor Hugo.

To be constantly in session for vulgar law-making is to get the habit of feeling your pulse to know if you are well.—Wallbridge Miscellanies.

I have made a maxim that should be writ in letters of diamonds, that a wise man ought to have money in his head but not in his heart.—Swift.

It is the proper business of the fine arts to delight the world at large by their popular effect rather than to puzzle and confound them by depth of learning.—Sir Walter Scott.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and deeper it sinks into the mind.—Coleridge.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is that people can commend it without envy.—Shenstone.

If it is a happiness to be nobly descended, it is no less than to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether you are so or not.—La Bruyere.

Of all excellences that make conversation, good sense and good nature are the most necessary, humour the pleasantest.—Sir Wm. Temple.

Behold what "travels" amount to! Are they not for the most part the records of the misapprehension of the misinformed?—C. D. Warner.

Better too few words from the woman we love than too many; whilst she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself.—O. W. Holmes.

They are all discoverers who think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.—Bacon.

I find myself better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction. Absence does but hold off a friend to make one see him more truly.—Dove.

We sometimes take a partiality to books as to characters, not on account of any brilliant intellect or striking peculiarity they boast, but for the sake of something good, delicate, and genuine.—Charlotte Bronte.

Warm bright days at the close of December inspire us with a gentle melancholy in which there are four or five more bitter drops than in the melancholy inspired by the close of summer.—Jean Paul Richter.

Great men come down to posterity with their proper aspects of calmness and dignity; and we do not easily fancy that they received anything from their contemporaries but the grateful homage which paid them by ourselves.—Leigh Hunt.

I believe the world has used me as severely as most people, and yet I could never find it in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike to be discovered fond of the world or piqued at it.—Bolingbroke.

It is not that men are not well informed on political subjects, but that the whole spirit with which they turn to them is faulty: they regard them as a matter of solemn duty; they bring to them not their better minds but their worse; either their lightest or their most passionate and unscrupulous.—Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

It is not scholarship alone, but scholarship impregnated with religion, that tells no faith in the efficacy of mechanics' institutes, or even of primary and elementary schools, for building up a virtuous and well conditioned peasantry, so long as they stand discredited from the lessons of Christian piety.—Chalmers.

The strong disinclination of most men to regard morality as advancing seems to be especially powerful when the virtue on which contract depends are in question, and many of us have an almost instinctive reluctance to admitting that good faith and trust in our fellows are more widely diffused than of old, or that there is anything in contemporary manners which parallels the loyalty of the antique world.—George Eliot.

TE M

A little while and evil of published in which we ta interest:— The priest pained in I found that great problem chief was m excessive qua he uttered in ing from it Tobacco was reed through but that w plant. In 1541, the manner indulged in te He says: in season, t up in bundles the fire plac and when th take a leaf o and putting they roll the then they s putting the draw their b fore the sm the throat, t it as long as a pleasure they fill the smoke that and there ar of it, that t were dead, part of the Mantegazza his judgment "The good p a new and v vors the pe stomach, give and enriches tain forms, nner, thought ly of the po gent the ne cally and m bad properti general sens fountains of gives to gene bility opposed taints the air men from t certain cases, poisoning; di total amount ganization, an ily to idleness may cause a sis. Retarda opment of yo your disease palpitation of liable to phthi the respirate thought and tial organs; y digestive orga ism; weaken without fear human family co, it would total of usefu greater, and t been less."

ONLY

Dr. Barker o James Mason, quested him to tions in his bo promised to do with the doct his saying: " to see you in " In danger you mean?" "This," said with his cane stood on the w look out you'll "Oh!" said a little ale. I a morning. But of it, sir. "No I don't. "But why? and made from tainly is nutriti "Not as har James; and as prove to you th ment in you muc on the point of is in two gall But you don't d the barley. Yo alcohol in it." "Ah! doctor You can't call cause I never ta as brandy, whic down on all suc I don't know James, as long a this. I know a thought as you d'ent I was fooli example of my d of beer every d glass soon gre times to four o fleshy, and peop are getting!"