

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

Last Quarter, 2 day, 6h, 7m, Morning.
New Moon, 9 day, 1h, 3m, Morning.
First Quarter, 15 day, 6h, 14m, Afternoon.
Full Moon, 23 day, 6h, 5m, Afternoon.
Last Quarter, 31 day, 6h, 1m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and various astronomical data points.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hanisport, Windsor, Newport and Tetro.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

ASPIRATION.

BY CLARE EVEREST.

White Dove, that spread'st thy sheltering wings
O'er all the souls in Christ who trust,
Draw them on wings from earthly things,
From clove of vanity and dust.

THE ANNUAL PIC-NIC

Of the Methodist Sabbath Schools was held at Shaw's Wharf, West River, on Wednesday last. It was a grand success, and reflected credit upon all concerned.

The scholars having assembled at Easton and Prince Street Churches, about 9 o'clock, they, with their teachers, to the number of about six hundred, formed into procession, and marched to the Steam Navigation Co.'s Wharf, where they embarked on board the steamer Southport.

The gay company, upon arriving at the scene of the day's festivities, wandered about in many directions, and all spent a very enjoyable day. Music and song were indulged in—the instruments being a Cabinet organ and cornet.

Mr. Kennedy had on the grounds a well furnished refreshment saloon, which was liberally patronized.

Shortly after six o'clock, all being on board, the Southport, with her large and precious freight, started on the return trip, which was accomplished without the occurrence of any accident.

The passion for union may go too far; there is a possibility of neglecting home amenities while stretching after foreign charity and love. At the same time, the ambition of these days toward a more direct connection between the evangelical churches, and especially between churches of the same generic name, is surely a noble one and deserves encouragement.

A RAP-SODY ON HYMNS.

BY T. I. CREEDSMOOTHER, DR.

MR. EDITOR:—I am opposed to a Hymn Book for Universal Methodism. Universalism is wrong in doctrine, and it must be wrong in hymns. The Methodist Protestant Church is in a fair way to be ruined by this disposition to mix with every body and every thing.

Our present Hymn Book is not sufficiently sectarian. It contains too many selections from the Methodist Episcopal Hymn Book on the one hand, and too many from the Presbyterian Hymn Book on the other hand, it would have selected too many hymns from some denomination in that direction.

I never quite liked that hymn since I found it in the Methodist Episcopal Hymn Book. What right has that monarchical church to monopolize tongues by the thousand? I hope that the first verse may be modified in the next edition, in our book, and made to run thus:

"O for one-hundred tongues to sing
Our Great Redeemer's praise,
And for ten thousand more to swing
With protest loud always."

The fact is unless we learn to sing our polity, it will never be known, in future years, what our one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight or thirty fathers did hold. We are not living these principles in such way as to command them. Our plain talk doesn't tell. We must sing ourselves into notice by using strictly denominational hymns.

Again, secondly, or whichever it is: Charles Wesley was a British subject; and it is a burning shame that so many American Methodists have toadied to him by singing his hymns. It is a virtual acknowledgment that our more than ten times eighteen hundred and twenty-eight grandfathers who fought, bled and died in the Revolutionary war, were a vain sacrifice.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am no stickler. Nor am I to be stuck, either. I merely stand up for my rights. I demand American hymns for Americans. I demand Methodist Protestant hymns for Methodist Protestants.

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WANTED—A PASTOR'S FAMILY.

(From the N. Y. Evangelist.)

A wife for our pastor—
The parish could choose her
Quite wisely, indeed, since
We mostly must use her.

The home must be central,
Convenient, and suited
To airing such questions
As often are mooted

In parishes managed by parties select,
Whose knowledge and wisdom displays no defect.

A very grave question—
The children, how many?
We answer distinctly—
Our voice is, "Not any."

So tenderly cling they, so loving they are,
They hinder our pleasures, Church sociables mar.

Just fifty years' service
Enjoyed we without them—
Three pastors and helpmates,
No children about them.

The children were jewels,
The sermons well ripened,
They grew well together,
But think of the stipend!

The picture was handsome
Of household together,
Those hearts all encircled
With golden love-tether.

When Mr. Tennyson is about to write one of the charming little songs that the reader of his poems so often barks his tongue against, he blocks it out first as follows:

Free, free (double rhyme)!
He, she (something in—ay)
Free, he (double rhyme)?
She, "Free for aye, for aye!"

Philip Philips and family, after a few days' rest in this city, left on Friday for western New York, where they are to visit family friends.

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services; Canada, 86; in England, 860; Scotland, 38; Ireland, 39; Australia 141; India, 32; Ceylon, 16; Palestine, 3; Egypt, 6; Islands, 19; Continent of Europe, 44.

On Saturday of this week Mr. Phillips goes to the Chautauque Assembly, where he is to conduct the singing. He hopes to return to this city with his family about the first of September.—N. Y. Advocate.

Revs. Robert Duncan and H. McKeown, of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, now in Boston seeking aid to assist the Methodist people of St. John to rebuild their churches, are meeting with some success.

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THE DAY THAT BABY DIED.

It was a summer Sunday morn;
The fields were ripe with golden corn,
The scent of pinks and mignonette,
With which our garden plots were set,
Filled the warm air on every side,
The day that Baby died.

The house was still, and very still;
The whole week Baby had been ill
We had not played, nor touched our toys,
For fear that we might make a noise;
And in the porch we sat and cried,
The day that Baby died.

The bells chimed merrily for church;
Our little goldfinch on his perch
Trilled forth his brightest, unawares,
Though Baby lay so still upstairs;
We could not read, although we tried,
The day that Baby died.

We thought of poor mamma, and how
Her heart must ache for Baby now;
We called to mind his pretty ways,
His painful moan, the last sad days;
These things came o'er us like a tide,
The day that Baby died.

And then a soothing thought we had—
We said, "The Angels will be glad
Our darling's reached the golden shore,
Where soon he will be ours once more;
We shall forget, then, how we cried
The day that Baby died."

Then, kneeling down, we prayed that we
A comfort and a help might be
To dear mamma; and sure am I,
That God has helped us all to try.
Since we besought Him side by side,
The day that Baby died.

—Exchange.

SPEAK GENTLY.

The little face paled, and the rosy mouth trembled, as little Ellie stole from her accustomed corner and passed silently out of the comfortable sitting room; but the closed white teeth were closely clasped, and pride forced back the tears that were ready to start from the great, brown eyes.

"Nobody loves me," was the piteous cry as she threw herself down on the bare floor, and gaped way to her grief. "Mamma calls me a provoking little elf that is always getting into mischief and annoying some one. Papa says, 'Send her off to bed'; and nobody loves me." She sobbed herself to sleep.

"Where on earth can that child be?" said Ellie's mother when the nurse came in for the little ones at bed-time. "She must be broken of this sulking at the slightest reprimand. I will punish her for this."

They searched the library and parlor, and even the spare bed-room. None thought of the lonely garret.

"Papa's I can sarjest a place to look," said old Beck, the colored cook. "De Lord bress you, missus, but dat chile ain't sulky. 'Pears like to me dat she am jest brim full of lub, and don't know where ter send it."

Under the garret window, on the cold bare floor, lay little Ellie fast asleep.—The full moon, as if in guardianship, shone down lovingly on her, giving the pale sorrowful face the semblance of death. Great tears rested, as if frozen, on the long, dark lashes, and sobs, deep and trembling, shook the tender breast.

As that mother knelt beside her little one, and heard the loving "mother" come from these quivering lips, a new life was given her, more perfect than aught she'd known before, and she knew her child.

Mothers, speak gently to the erring ones, and let them carry through their lives a loving remembrance of home and mother. It will be greater and better protection against temptation and sin than a guard of grenadiers.

The king of Bavaria one day met a soldier with a wooden leg, and asked him when he lost it. "In the war of 1866," replied the warrior, gruffly. "Don't you know me?" asked the king, somewhat piqued at the soldier's manner. "No; how should I," was the reply; "you don't go to the wars and I don't go to the opera."

A Chinaman in San Francisco was rudely pushed into the mud from a street-crossing by an American. He picked himself up very calmly, shook off some of the mud, bowed very politely, and said with a mild, reproving tone, to the offender: "You Christian, me heathen; good-by!"

There will be a larger yield of wheat in this country, this season, than perhaps at any former year in the existence of the county.—Indiana Progress.