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WESLEYAN' ALMANAC AUGUST, 1877.

Last Quarter, 2 day, 6h, 7m, Morning. New Moen, 9 day, 1h, 3m, Morning. First Quarter, 15 day, 6h, 14m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 23 day, 6h, 56m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 31 day, 5h, 1m, Afternoon.

0	Day of Week.		S	U	N	1.	MOON.						SA
Ň.		R	ise	8	Sets	R	ises	Sc	outh	s S	Sets	Hara	H
1	Wednesdy	14	51	17		10	17	1 4	52		51		41
2	Thursday	4	52	17		10	47	5	38	A		A	
3	Friday	4	53	17		11	28	6	29	2		1	2
4	Saturday	4	54	17			orn	7	25	3		1	57
5	SUNDAY	4	55	17		0	20	8	26	4	-	3	
6	Monday	4	56	17	15	1	27	9	30	5	33	4	.38
7	Tuesday	14	57	7	14	2	44	10	33	6	22	5	
8	Wednesdy	4	58	7	13	4	9	11	35	7	1	7	1
9	Thursday	5	0	7	11	5	33	A.	32	7	31	7	51
10	Friday	5	1	17	10	6	55	1	25	7	55	8	38
11	Saturday	5	2	7	8	8	16	2	16	8	16	9	23
12	SUNDAY	5	3	7	6	9	34	3	6	8	38	10	8
13	Monday	5	4	7	5	10	50	3	55	. 9	0	10	49
14	Tuesday	5	5	7	4	A.	5	4	45	9	25	11	28
15	Wednesdy	5	6	17	2	1	19	5	38	9	57		rn
	Thursday	5	8	7	1	2	27	6	31	10	35	0	10
17	Friday	5	9	6	59	3	31	7	25	11	19	0	56
	Saturday	5	10	6	57	4	24	8	18	m'	rn	1	54
	SUNDAY	5	11	6	56	5	6	9	10	0	12	3	13
	Monday	5	12	6	54	5	43	10	0	1	14	4	46
	Tuesday	5	13	6	53	6	10	10	45	2	17	6	4
22	Wednesdy	5	15	6	51	6	32	11	28	3	20	6	56
	Thursday	5	16	6	49	6	51	mo	rn	4	24	7	37
24	Friday	5	17	6	48	7	8	0	10	5	29	8	12
25	Saturday	5	18	6	46	7	24	0	50	6	32	8	40
	SUNDAY	5	19	6	44	7	40	1	29	7	34	9	9
27	Monday	5	20	6	42	8	0	2	8	8	36	9	38
	Tuesday	5	21	6	41	8	21	2	51	9	42	10	8
29	Wednesdy	5	23	6	39	8	49	3	34	10	47	10	36
	Thursday	5	24	6	37	9	23	4	24	iĭ	59	11	6
	Friday	5		6	35	10	10	5	15	A.		ii	41

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing rives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornalis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and

High water at Pictou and Jape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapola, 8t. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 90 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours

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

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Substract 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 thou our minds from earthly things, From clogs of vanity and dust.

Open, unto our sin-dimmed eyes, The place where heaven's full glories shine; That so above these bonds will rise, And but for Thy pure blessings pine.

Between us and that perfect light Such clouds of doubt and fear are tost We shudder, in our self-made night, And cry to Thee, as spirits lost.

Shine, with Thy fuller radiance, shine On us, who stray so far from Thee; Cleanse, fill us with that light divine, Growing unto eternity.

From out the world's tumultuous din, We lift to Thee our pleading cries : Free us from all dark stains of sin, And make us pure in Thy pure eyes.

Shadow, and guard, and keep our way, And lead, at length, to Christ's own feet; Ah! here how thought sinks, rapt, away, Striving to picture joy so sweet.

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 day-though a slight shower fell occasionally-was, on the whole, favorable. The air was cool and bracing, old Sol having been hidden from view during the greater part of the day.

The scholars having assembled at Euston 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. After landing her precious burden at the scene of the day's pleasure, the boat returned to the city and took up about four hundred adults to the pic-nic grounds. The sail up the West River at this season of the year is delightful. On either side are to be seen well cultivated fields, clothed in their beautiful robe of greeen. No better place could have been selected for a large pic-nic party than the grounds chosen on Wednesday last. The field is large, and afforded ample facilities for engaging in athletic exercises, while in the adjoining grove, swings could easily be suspended from the trees, and on the ground beneath the leafy canopy was an excellent place to spread the pic-nic table-cloth.

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 Cabinet organ aud 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., When it is considered that fully a thousand passengers were on board, and that not a ripple of anger or discontent passed from the crowded deck, it must be evident that Capt. Mutch had a well behaved crowd to deal with, and also that he discharged the onerous duties devolving upon him with much tact and ability .- Argus, Charlotte.

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. The Methodist Recorder (Pittsburg, Pen.) has been discussing a Hymn Book for universal Methodism: and is met by this piece of delicate satire from one of its corres-

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. All this Ecumenical business is the outcome of Episcopacy and Romanism. Our upstart Methodist brethern who talk about Ecumenity don't even know the meaning of the word. It originated in St. Peter, when, during his blacksliding condition, he allowed himself to be run for Pope. I am surprised to see THE RECORDER approve any such disloyalty to the principles of our eighteen hundred and twenty-eight fathers, as an Ecumeniscopal Hymn

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. We ought to have more hymns of Protest. There is that wellknown hymn:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing, My great Redeemer's praise.'

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. Our Hymn Book ought to be known by a touch from every other. Something in the leather or muslin of the binding should have the grit of denomicational peculiarity. The very smell of the paper and print ought to be sufficiently brimstonish to scatter the heresies of Universal and Ecumeni-

cal nonsense to the four winds. Again, secondly, or whicheverly 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. What would they think of us if they were to arise from their honored graves and hear us repeating words put into our mouths by a subject of King George! It is dreadful! Besides, and far worse than this: Charles Wesley and John Wesley, too, wore gowns! And just think of Methodist Protestants in pantaloons, and whose eighteen hundred and twenty-eight fathers all wore pantaloons, standing up a hundred years after the Fourth of July was discovered, and in defiance of all respects for decency, opening their mouths and singing compositions which British men in gowns introduced into their meetings in England! Selah.

New, 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. I demand common meter hymns for common meeting people. I believe in pastoral hymns for pastors, and in original lays for laymen. This is mutual rights. Against this I enter no protest. But if I am to be forced to rise up and sing British productions on United States soil, and if I am expected to get hallelujah happy, so to speak, as an American citizen and a Methodist Pretestant on the poetical inspirations of foreign ministers who wore gowns, and repeated the Apostle's creed with 'hell" in it, I beg to be excused. If you insist upon this, Mr. Editor, I shall certainly stop my paper.

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. Yet should he insist on his right to a

We yield, but in other things must have a voice. 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.

In a parsonage dwell? Not thus can we keep them— Twould cost us immensely To eat them and sleep them-Glasses from windows and palings from

fences-Paints worn away-what enormous expenses!

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. Affections, in kindness repeatedly sent, Endured we, and buried their little ones

A pastor then tried we With seven, a number Sufficiently great to Involve and incumber A parish so cultured and tasteful as we, Who love our pastors and greenbacks per

The children were jewels, The sermons well ripened, They grew well together, But think of the stipend! Such dishes of porridge and other things,

How quickly they vanished before the young crew! The picture was handsome

Of household together, Those hearts all encircled With golden love-tether. Twas a charming home-group, a sight to But cost the dear parish so much of their gold.

• We cut down the pay For the services rendered, We sorrowed indeed, (but 'Twas what we intended, To part with our pastor, so faithful and The paying so burdened the managing few.

A FAMILY WANTED Of smallest dimension. Wife only and pastor. Twill cure the dissension Mong all the supporters whose money is king; A very cheap Gospel is now just the

thing."

RETURN OF PHILIP PHILIPS AND HIS WORKS.

COME AND SEE.

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. Leaving their home here in September, 1874. they proceeded by way of San Francisco, Sandwich Islands and Australia, on a singing tour "round the world." By the kindness of a favoring Providence they were able to accomplish the entire journey without any untoward accident, even a single delay. The entire route with its branches, embraced a journey of over 40,000 miles. During his absence from New York, (a period of nearly three years,) Mr. Philips held nearly 400 singing services, fulfilling every engagement advertised. The list included song services in the Sandwich Islands, South Africa, Tasmania, New South Wales, Australia, India, Ceylon, Palestine, Egypt, and the British Isles. He was everywhere received with the heartiest of welcomes, and left bearing dimpled little dot in geography. with him the benedictions of the people whom he visited, or among whom he conducted his services of song.

Mr. Philips' books have had an immense circulation both in this country and Europe. The following figures. which come to us from a reliable source. give in round numbers the circulation of each book up to 1876. They furnish a remarkable record: Singing Pilgrim, 800,000; Musical Leaves, 725,000; Hallowed Songs, 415,000; Singing Annual, 125,000; Hymn and Tune Book, 81,000 : Standard Singing, 75,000 American Sacred Songster, 98,000 Voice of Song, 21,000; Song Life, 65,-000; Song Ministry, 100,000; Song Leaflets, 3,000,000; total circulation, to 1876, 5,609,500.

During the last ten years, Mr. Philips has travelled in this and other countries over 220,000 miles, and conducted a total of nearly 3000 song services, namely: in the United States, 1,950, and Overcoat I"

services: Canada, 36: in England, 360: Scotland, 33: 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 Chautauqua 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. Advocacte.

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, Hon. Jacob Sleeper. Hon. E. H. Dunn. Hon. Wm. Claffin. and others, having already contributed. This is a case which appeals strongly for our sympathy and help. Our brethren of the neighboring city have lost their allbusiness houses, homes, churches, parsonages, schools-all swept away: and while the contributions to the general relief fund (in which Boston has acted as usual a conspicuous and noble part.) have been prompt. generous, sufficient to prevent immediate want and suffering, the Christian people see that they must rely largely on their fellow Christians to aid them in restoring their churches and religious privileges. The honored brethren deputed to visit us have come, however, at an unfortunate time. Our people are largely away from home, and cannot be appealed to in their churches. It has been recommended, therefore, to the deputation, that, after calling on such of our liberal laymen as may be still in the city, and receiving something which may be an encouragement to hold together, and perhaps to commence rebuilding, they defer any general appeal to the Methodist public till September or later, when, we doubt not, our pastors will gladly welcome them to present their cause in the churches, and receive such aid as our people are ever ready in such cases to give.—Zion's Her.

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:

(double rhyme)! , free , he (double rhyme) , "Free for aye, for aye!" (double rhyme)

The laureate proceeds to fill this up. working at each line independently. When it is completed he administers the quatrian to his man-servant and observes its action upon him. "There, John," he says, "do you understand that?" "I'm not sure, sir, that I do all of it, but there is a bit in the left side of the second line that I have a glimmer of." "That will do-you can go," and the poet patiently toils at it again. At last, at perhaps the twentieth trial, the faithful domestic says: "Will 'ee kindly read that again, sir? I don't somehow seem to catch." His request is complied with. "Botheration, sir!" cries John, "at first I understood a little of it, but the oftner I hear it the more I don't understand it at all." "Ha!" exclaims the laureate, "twill

You know Whittier's love for children. The aged poet this winter has renewed his youth, like the eagle's, in a handsome \$55 overcoat of the purest Ulster breed, clad upon with which he attended last week a school examination up among the Berkshire hills, so dear to him. He was standing beside the teacher, who was catechizing a

"What are the provinces of Ireland?" asked the teacher.

"Potatoes, whiskey, aldermen, patriotism, and-" began the child.

"No, no," interrupted the teacher, I don't mean products; I said pro-

"Oh," said the girl, "Connaught, Leinster, Munster and-and-" Here she stuck, put her chubby finger in her rosebud mouth, and sought inspiration successively in her toes, the corner of her apron, the ceiling and the poet. All children love the dear old Quaker poet's kindly face. He smiled; her face brightened sympathetically; the enteute cordiale had been established between them. He patted his coat significantly; she looked at him enquiringly; he nodded, and she burst out:

"O, Miss Simmons, I know now They are Connaught, Leinster, Munster 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.

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. Up, past the nursery, to the lonely garret, went the child, the little heart aching and panting with its weight of sorrow, and her efforts to repress it:

"Nobody loves me," was the piteous ery as she threw herself down on the bare floor, and gave 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.

"P'raps I'se can sarjest a place to look," said old Beck, the colored cook. "De Lord bress you, missus, but dat chile ain't sulkey. '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 rememberance 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 dont go to the

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.

There will be a larger yield of wheat in this country, this season, than perhaps at any former year in the existance of the county.-Indiana Pro-