

WESLEYAN ALMANAC
DECEMBER, 1877.

New Moon, 4 day, 5h, 50m. Afternoon.
First Quarter, 13 day, 5h, 30m. Afternoon.
Full Moon, 20 day, 7h, 37m. Morning.
Last Quarter, 27 day, 2h, 5m. Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Sets), HOURS (Morn. Evn. Night). Rows for days of the week from Saturday to Monday.

THE TIDE.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrisboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

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.

TAKE MY HAND
"Please take my hand," she lisped, with a tear
On the baby lashes sweet,
For tangled vines in the pathless wood
Were tripping the tired feet.

SMITH'S HISTORY.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
(From the St. John News.)

This is a good looking and extremely interesting volume of 491 pages, got up very neatly under the care of the Methodist Book Steward at Halifax, Rev. Mr. Nicolson.

Mr. Smith yields a facile pen, and has command of a clear, easy narrative style. He has evidently brought to bear on his task painstaking diligence in search of facts, has arranged his materials in methodical order, and has produced a volume of permanent value, as throwing a strong light on the condition of the earlier settlements in the Provinces dealt with.

The Sackville "Post" says after detailing facts which the work brings out in regard to the history of that and surrounding localities, "the work contains a multitude of other historical facts, interesting not only to the Methodists of the community but to all classes, and are told in a graphic style, that exhibits not only a complete mastery of the subject but a high degree of literary merit."

It is full of incidents of early evangelistic work, and contains also many facts concerning the social and political and general religious affairs of the early times that makes it interesting to others than Methodists. It is chiefly interesting, however, to Methodists. The author seems to have spared no pains to give a faithful history, and, so far as we can judge, has succeeded admirably.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

O time by holy prophets long foretold,
Time waited for by saints in days of old,
O sweet, auspicious morn
When Christ, the Lord, was born!

We think about the shepherds, who, dismayed,
Fell on their faces, trembling and afraid,
Until they heard the cry,
Glory to God on high!

And we remember those who from afar
Followed the changing glory of the star
To where its light was shed,
Upon the sacred head;

And how each trembling, awe-struck worshipper
Brought gifts of gold, and frankincense, and
myrrh,
And spread them on the ground,
In reverence profound.

We think what joy it would have been to share
In their high privilege who came to bear
Sweet spice and costly gem
To Christ, in Bethlehem.

And in that thought we half forget that He
Is whosoever we seek him earnestly;
Still filling every place
With sweet, abounding grace.

And though in garments of the flesh, as then,
No more he walks this sinful earth with men,
The poor, to Him most dear,
Are always with us here.

And He saith, Inasmuch as ye shall take
Good to these little ones for My dear sake,
In that same measure ye
Have brought it unto Me!

Therefore, O men in prosperous homes who lie
Having all blessings earthly wealth can give,
Remember their sad doom
For whom there is no room—

No room in any house, in any bed,
No soft white pillow waiting for the head,
And spare from treasures great,
To help their low estate.

Mother whose sons fill all your homes with light,
Think of the sons who once made homes as bright.
Now laid in sleep profound,
On some sad battle-ground;

And into darkened dwellings come with cheer,
With pitying hand to wipe the falling tear,
Comfort, for Christ's dear sake,
To childless mother's take!

Children whose lives are blest with love untold,
Whose gifts are greater than your arms can hold,
Think of the child who stands
To-day with empty hands!

Go fill them up, and you will also fill
Their empty hearts, that lie so cold and still,
And brighter, longing eyes
With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have at this blest season seek
His precious little ones, the poor and weak,
In joyful, sweet accord,
Thus lending to the Lord.

Yes, Crucified Redeemer, who didst give
Thy toil, Thy tears, Thy life, that we might live,
Thy Spirit grant, that we
May live one day for Thee!

The extent to which Plymouthism—and that means the insidious presentation of doctrines calculated to lull christians into slumber—is presented by Evangelists, can only be credited by close observers of public movements.

Dr. Steele's "PLYMOUTH BRETHREN."
MR. EDITOR—I want to thank Dr. Daniel Steele for the very timely and valuable series of papers passing through "Zion's Herald," on the doctrinal views of the Plymouth Brethren. I wish to ask you to republish the following extract from his paper of Nov. 15th, and in connection with it an extract from a sermon of Mr. D. L. Moody on the "Six 'One Things,'" preached in the New York Hippodrome in the spring of 1876, and published in a volume entitled "Glad Tidings," page 371.

Dr. Steele, noticing the Plymouth views, that the believer once incorporated into Christ by an act of faith, has absolute certainty of final salvation and that there is to be no general judgment of the righteous and the wicked says:—

"The grand reason why the saints will not be judged, lies in the fact that their sins were judged on the cross and condemned once for all, and the believer need not have any concern about his sins past, present and future, since in the sight of God they are blotted out forever. Very comforting doctrine, this! The future immoralities of the saints are annihilated by the blood of Christ; and we are the saints. We have a certificate of our heavenly standing signed and sealed by the Holy Spirit. This is my paid up, non-forfeiting insurance policy. An occasional outburst of unholy tempers or indulgence in the lusts of the flesh may becloud my communion for an hour, but they cannot damage my standing in Christ or vitiate my title to life everlasting. If one should fall into habitual sin, "he only sleeps." As sleep does not affect the validity of man's title deeds to his farms, so spiritual sleep the most profound does not damage my title to the skies. Precious doctrine! Who is not so unbelieving as not to fall in love with it at first sight, especially if he be a periodical Christian and is most of the time at the apheleion?"

Mr. Moody, in singular accord with this representation, says:—

"Some people say, 'How are you going to be sure until you have got the judgement?' You have got to wait till you are brought into judgement? 'Don't it say every one shall be brought into judgement?' they ask. Yes! but that is already passed. I have been brought into judgement nearly one thousand eight hundred years ago at Calvary. If Christ was not Judge for me, who was He Judge for? If He didn't settle the claims of sin, what did He go into judgement for? What does the Cross mean if it was not for judgement? But they say, 'Don't it say in Corinthians, every man must give an account of himself for the deeds done in the body?' Certainly everyone must give an account of his stewardship, but not for sin. That is already settled. Don't it say in the Scripture, 'Know ye not that your sin shall not be mentioned against you? We are going to stand upon the throne at the right hand of God himself. We are not going into judgement.'

Perhaps it may be well for us, while esteeming beloved brethren very highly in the Lord for their works sake, to bear in mind the apostolic injunction. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."
Auburndale, Nov. 21.

HAS THE DOG A CONSCIENCE?

Mr. Darwin says he has; we do not think so. He sometimes, however, shows a feeling as much like remorse of conscience as instinct resembles reason. The Journal of Science says: "Hath a dog a conscience?" quoth the corporal. "I had had this dog for several years, and had never, even in his puppyhood, known him to steal. Nevertheless on one occasion he was very hungry, and in the room where I was reading and he was sitting there was within easy reach a savoury nut-chop. I was greatly surprised to see him stealthily remove this chop and take it under the sofa. However, I pretended not to observe what had occurred, and waited to see what would happen next. For fully a quarter of an hour this terrier remained under the sofa, without making a sound, but doubtless enduring an agony of contending feelings. Eventually, however, conscience came off victorious; for, emerging from his place of concealment, and carrying in his mouth the stolen chop, he came across the room and laid the tempting morsel at my feet. The moment he dropped the stolen property he bolted again under the sofa, and from this retreat no coaxing could charm him for several hours afterward. Moreover, when during that time he was spoken to or patted, he always turned his head in a ludicrously conscience stricken manner. Altogether, I do not think it would be possible to imagine a more satisfactory exhibition of conscience by an animal than this; for it may be remarked that the particular animal in question was never beaten in his life."

PLEASANTRIES.

From the Spanish of the Mexican poet Jose Rosas:
A mock bird in a village
Had somehow gained the skill
To imitate the voices
Of animals at will.
And singing in his prison,
Once at the close of day,
He gave with great precision,
The donkey's heavy bray.
Well pleased, the mock bird's master,
Sent to the neighbour's round,
And bade them come together
To hear that curious sound.
They came, and all were talking
In praise of what they heard,
And one delighted lady
Would fain have bought the bird.
A donkey listened sadly,
And said: "Confess I must
That these are shallow people,
And terribly unjust.
I'm bigger than the mock bird,
And better bray than he,
Yet not a soul has uttered
A word in praise for me."
—W. C. Bryant, in St. Nicholas.

A pious old woman, brought up in the Calvinistic faith of the Presbyterian Church, was asked what she thought of an Arminian sermon, preached by a Methodist. She shook her head vigorously, "I don't believe a word on't," said she; at all events I know the Lord chose me afore ever he saw me; for he never would have chosen me arterward."

Two sable philosophers took shelter under the same tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Nebber mind," replied the other; "dere's plenty of trees. When dis one is wet through we'll go to anoder."

THAT TROUBLESOME BAPTIST QUESTION AGAIN.

In the Baptist Preacher's Meeting in Philadelphia, a couple of weeks since, during a discussion of the question, "Can Baptists consistently recognize the official acts of ministers of other denominations?" Dr. Magoon defied his position by giving an account of an ordination where he had preached the sermon, and a Presbyterian minister had taken part, and had joined on the laying-on of hands. Dr. Pendleton had "never heard of such an absurdity." He was "opposed to an exchange of pulpits with pedobaptist ministers, or to participate in pulpit services with them." Dr. Henson and Dr. Cartwright agreed in thinking that, in inviting pedobaptist ministers into the pulpit, Baptists do not necessarily recognize them as ministers, or recognize their ministerial acts. Well, we "outsiders" will cheerfully leave our Baptist friends to settle the troublesome question among themselves. It is not our funeral.—N. Y. Advocate.

A GENTLE TEMPER.

The New York "Tribune" tells this incident of a gentleman graced with a gentle temper:
It is related by elderly citizens of Rochester, that on a certain occasion Rev. Dr. Backus, of blessed memory, had been laying out and decorating the grounds about his house at a considerable outlay of labor and expense. On the very first night after the completion of the work, when the grounds had been tastefully

graded and terraced, and sodded and planted, a herd of vagrant swine broke into the inclosure, and industriously rooted the fair territory into a wilderness of unsightly gullies and hummocks. The next morning as the good doctor stepped out upon his porch, one sweeping glance sufficed to furnish a full and appreciative conception of the desolation. Restraining any expressions of unregenerate wrath, he stood for a space in silence, and then remarked with mournful philosophy: "Well, you never can lay dirt to suit a hog!"

Spurgeon, in preaching on "Confession," said: "Having searched the Bible through, I can find only one man mentioned who ever confessed, that is, Judas Iscariot; and you will remember, my brethren, that he immediately went out and hung himself."

A STRANGE MAN.

The Gallas in South Africa were very much amused when the missionary Wakefield entered the country.

"How many toes have you?" they asked.
"Just as many as you have," he answered.
"Will you pull that off and let us see?" they said, pointing to his boot and shaking their heads.
When he had done so, they all laughed; for even now they could not see his toes. At last one exclaimed, "what a strange man that is, to put his foot in a bag. We never heard of a man putting his foot in a bag before.—Ez.

THE STUPID OLD DONKEY, he would not go.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
No tortoise or snail could be half so slow.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
So just on his back—we were only in fun.
We set off a cracker—just only one!
And we had no idea it would make him run.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!

The wicked old donkey he ran away!
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
No threats or entreaties could make him stay.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
He ran straight into John Thompson's pond,
(I didn't know donkeys of water were fond)
And it's just a mercy we were not all drowned!
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!

So there was an end of the donkey cart,
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
And there was an end of our clothes so smart.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
And there was an end of our dinner and tea,
For sent to bed without either were we.
And 'twas just as bad as it ever could be.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
—Youths Companion.

MRS. MORLEY'S CHRISTMAS BONNET.

Fred Morley thought, as he walked home, that he was one of the most unfortunate men living. Yet it was Christmas eve, and it wasn't snowing, and he was hastening to a comfortable home, where he knew he should find a loving wife, and two happy little girls anxiously listening for "father's footsteps," and ready to welcome him with a shower of kisses.

What made him look so dull and miserable? He was not in a happy frame of mind, and had been thinking over all the losses, crosses, and vexations of the year, until he had grown quite gloomy and jealous of those who were better off than himself. It was true that he had had troubles, that the society in which he had invested his small savings had proved to be no better than a swindle; yet he was not an old man, and in all probability there would be plenty of time and opportunity for him to lay by something in the future in a safer and more secure concern. But he was beginning to grow fond of money for its own sake, so he still felt the disappointment keenly, and as he passed the gaily decked shop, he thought only of his loss, and of course he felt miserable.

"There's father; run to meet him," said Mrs. Morley; but the children did not require telling, for they had heard

A Sunday school teacher asked her class, "What becomes of good people when they die?" "They go to heaven," brutes when they die?" was the next question. This puzzled the class for a moment, when one of the boys sang out a triumph, "Make 'em into soap-grease!" That boy is ahead of John Wesley.

I said to him, "That spotted hog is just like one I saw in the same pen when I was this way seven years ago," and he replied, "Of course. It's the same animal." I asked him why he had not killed and raised other hogs and he answered, "Why, bless ye, man, that hog eats all the will we make and consequently there ain't no sense in killin' him and buyin' another."

NO MAN can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—Cicero.

THAT good Universalist brother was about as near right as any of 'em, we suspect, when he remarked to a man who was letting himself out morally with great looseness on the strength of his belief in universal salvation, that if he didn't pull up sharply and mend his ways, the difference between the punishment he would get and eternal punishment would be so small as to be inappreciable to him.

As the stars, when they are going,
One by one from out the sky,
And the dawn to daylight growing,
With its daybeams shooting high,
Are but heralds of the coming
Of the glorious king of day,—
Such our life when in its gloaming,
If we work, and watch, and pray.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE DONKEY CART.
We went out to ride in the donkey cart,
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
All dressed in our Sunday clothes so smart
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
There were Jimmy, and Tommy, and Billy
and I,
Packed close as plums in a Christmas pie,
And off we went with a "hurrah! hi!"
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!

The stupid old donkey, he would not go.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
No tortoise or snail could be half so slow.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
So just on his back—we were only in fun.
We set off a cracker—just only one!
And we had no idea it would make him run.
Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!

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Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!
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And it's just a mercy we were not all drowned!
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