

WESLEYAN ALMANAC, SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Full Moon, 3 day, 4h, 59m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 11 day, 0h, 6m, Morning. New Moon, 17 day, 5h, 40m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 25 day, 7h, 4m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises, Sets, Rises, Sets, HALLS, HALLS. Rows for days of the week from Friday to Saturday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. High water at Picton and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax.

DEDICATION.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF METHODISM IN CUMBERLAND — ITS EXTENSION THROUGH THIS AND THE NEIGHBOURING PROVINCES INTRODUCTION INTO BOSTON, ETC.

(Amherst Gazette.) (Concluded from our last.)

The old chapel here, was erected in 1840, the half-acre of land for the same and burial ground having been purchased from Joseph Morse, Esq., for \$25.

On the occasion of the Nova Scotia District meeting held in the new house here in June 9-15, 1842, the following sentences occurred in an address presented to the District meeting, and signed by the following who were Trustees of the chapel: James S. Morse, Wm. W. Bent, George Black, William McDonald, John C. Black, Asher Black, Joshua Black.

"Amherst was the first place in these Provinces where Wesleyan Methodism was introduced; and sixty years since, the late Rev. Wm. Black was awakened and brought to God, not far from the spot where we are now assembled.

"We remember from our youth the occasional visits of the Methodist preachers to our place, and although many sat with pleasure and profit under their ministry, yet in the length of time that elapsed between their visits, the good impressions produced often wore away.

"When 'Cumberland,' and afterwards 'Parrsborough and Maccan,' appeared on the Minutes of Conference, it was but a small share of the labors of the preacher that Amherst enjoyed, for as late as the commencement of the last year, we had but one sermon in three weeks by the Wesleyan ministers, and that in a building in which the connexion had no interest.

"The year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, the Centenary year, was remarkable not only for the large amount of money raised for general Wesleyan purposes; but also for strenuous local exertions in various places.

"This was the case in Amherst. On the 8th of October in that year, a subscription was entered for building a Wesleyan chapel, which, in a short time, amounted to the sum of five hundred pounds.

"In the month of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty, the trustees were embodied. On the twenty-fourth day of June following, the corner stone was laid, and on the 31st day of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, the building was completed, and opened for Divine worship.

Rev. Wm. Wilson took an active part in the undertaking, and Hon. J. S. Morse and W. W. Bent, Esq., led off with subscriptions of £50 each. Mr. Nelson Deckwith was the principal builder.

The ministers present at this meeting representing the district comprising Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and P. E. I., numbered 18. The membership returned was 3,642. In the returns of the same Provinces for 1875 we find 96 preachers, 6 local preachers, and a membership of 9,268, exclusive of those on trial. The preachers on the Sabbath were Rev. Messrs. Knight, Churchill, and Croscombe, and on other evenings, Rev. Messrs. W. Smith, Bennett, DeWolfe, Marshall and Morton.

The sale of pews realised £876 5s. W. W. Bent, Esq., paying £29 10s. for the highest priced. In May, 1843, a debt of £332 3s. 6d. still remained against the house, which by a noble effort was liquidated in the following year.

In 1844, half an acre of land at £20 was obtained, half of which was donated by the owner—Mr. George Black—and a two-story mission house erected. £175 of the money required was lent by Rev. Wm. Webb. In 1858 it was freed from the debt of £162 11s. 9d., then against it by a monster bazaar.

The first decided step towards the erection of the house just opened were taken at a meeting of the trustees held on the 5th of Dec., 1871, when the following resolution passed unanimously: "Whereas the house in which the Wesleyan congregation of this town worship has become dilapidated and uncomfortable; and whereas Mr. Gilbert Pugsley has intimated that if the congregation will build a new house he will contribute toward the erection thereof the sum of two thousand dollars.

Therefore Resolved, that the trustees of said house do proceed and make all necessary arrangements for securing a suitable site in Amherst and building thereon a new Wesleyan church."

The Trustees are: Messrs. Joshua Black, J. K. Elderkin, R. B. Huestis, S. R. Greenfield, C. R. Casey, and Rupert Black, at a meeting of whom, on January 2nd, 1872, Messrs. J. K. Elderkin, R. B. Huestis, and S. R. Greenfield were appointed a Building Committee. Subscriptions to the enterprise were liberal, Mr. Pugsley's munificent gift being followed by generous donations.

The contract for its construction, including all materials, was awarded to Messrs. John and Byard Dodge at \$6,500. The size of the building is 63x38, with posts 26 ft., and rafters 28 ft. At the west corner is a tower 14 ft. square, surmounted by a trim looking spire extending to a height of 100 feet, from base of building. The lofty gable of the facade is agreeably relieved by a handsome circular window, 8 1/2 ft. in diameter, approaching the form of a rose window. The gothic windows are of diamond rough plate, each being in triplets with trifoliate headings. There are two outside entrances to main floor, one of which is through the tower. Above the tower is an octagon containing luffer window in each side, and this is surmounted by the spire, 56 feet in height, terminating in an elaborate finial of iron work, portions of which are gilded.

The basement is 10 1/2 feet high, and divided into main audience-room 38x34, and class-rooms, respectively, 20x10, 20x18, and 18x10. There is an outside entrance to basement and one classroom, and the basement is also connected with the lobby on main floor by a staircase.

The roof boards of the building are planed on the inside, matched and beaded, and the principal rafters, purlines, and jack rafters are planed and chamfered. Each principal rests upon a hammer beam supported by an elaborate brace terminating at the foot by a corbelle and sustaining a half-circle. Between and around the hammer beams is a stucco extending along the side walls.

Across the front of the building is a gallery with elliptic front finished in sunk gothic panels. In the pulpit end is a semi-circular platform of 13 1/2 feet diameter, containing a handsome walnut desk. The back ground of the platform is enclosed by a massive gothic arch terminating in corbels. The pews numbering 60 on the main floor and 12 in gallery, are of elliptical form, with seats designed for comfort and "wide-awake" preaching, finished at the ends with walnut arms and gothic panels. They are ranged in four tiers, separated by two aisles, each 3 1/2 ft. wide. The seating capacity will be about 375, though by utilizing vacant spaces for temporary accommodation this could be increased to 500. The graining is oak.

The building will be heated by two hot air furnaces placed in the basement. The choir and organ occupy an area at the minister's left.

The bell whose sounds from the old belfry have long been familiar to us by its repeated calls to worshippers, its joyous marriage peal, or its solemn funeral knell, has been consigned to a place in the tower.

The old chapel was closed and the basement of the new opened for worship on the 6th of February last, when Rev.

A. W. Nicolson, then President of the N. S. Conference officiated in the morning and afternoon, and Rev. I. Sutcliffe in the evening.

Our Methodist friends are to be commended for their liberality, enterprise and taste in thus erecting an edifice which is a credit to the body and an ornament to the town. We hope that this aim to glorify God in the erection of so noble a temple to his name may be crowned with blessings in abundance.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

It is almost wholly dissimilar to any land that lies adjacent. Its soil is especially favorable to ordinary products, and it may well be called the granary of the north-east. The climate is somewhat wonderful, being neither so cold in winter nor so hot in summer as Lower Canada, while it is entirely free from the innumerable fogs which slip over Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. It is said that the inhabitants very frequently reach one hundred years of age without ever suffering from serious illness. The air is dry and bracing, and no better project could be set on foot than to empty the hospitals of the world on these generous shores. The fell diseases with which we of the eastern coast are so afflicted, as consumption for example, and intermittent fevers, are never known; while nonagenarians and centenarians, who are still able to do a fair day's work on the farm, are met with at every turn. Indeed, it is an ideal spot for the invalid; and the time is not far distant when that ghastly crowd that yearly goes to Florida to die will change their course and go to Prince Edward's to live. I have often wondered at this American folly which prompts one who is in the last stages of consumption, or who has a serious difficulty with throat or lungs, to leave a comfortable home that he may roost on the branches of the Florida coast, at a cost of five or six dollars a day and nothing to eat.

I sometimes suspect that it is all a ruse of the doctors, who do not care to have a patient die on their hands, and who, therefore advise a trip to the sunny South, which sounds well enough, and which is in reality a trip to the graveyard. Florida is a Moloch who must be dethroned. He has an insatiable appetite, and is everlastingly demanding more; and more he will have so long as fashion holds control over life and death as now. When we wake from our delusion, we shall find that the dry bracing, life-giving atmosphere of some favored spot like Prince Edward's is worth far more than the subtle poison of Florida, even if the camellias do blossom there in February, and the sun coaxes the mercury up to seventy-five. I do not care to sit in judgment on the opinion of a physician, but if I had a cross-grained uncle who was worth a million, and who had made a will in my favour; and if aforesaid relation was coughing about the house all day, giving me as it were an anticipatory view of his fortune; and if furthermore, I was possessed of a diabolical thirst of gain, I should coax him to go to Florida, and, taking his exact measure in feet and inches, should confide it to a neighboring undertaker before he started. But if, on the other hand, I wished to retain him a little longer amid these sublunary scenes, free from bronchitis and tuberculosis, I should pack him off for some such secluded spot as Prince Edward's, the refreshing air and equal temperature would rebuild his shattered constitution.

I would like nothing better than to land at St. Peter's Bay, and with a couple of ponies raised from good English stock, for which the island had become famous, start on a trip over the entire island, hunting in its woods, fishing in its rivers and lakes, and stopping at the always hospitable farm-houses at night. With sweet bread, fresh milk and eggs, and rich cream, I think I could manage to survive for a month or two at least.—D. M. Spooner is Starboard and Port.

ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU.

Here is the rum curse,—a curse in its cost and a curse in its consequences,—impoverishing the nations, multiplying criminals, bringing suffering and sorrow to myriads of homes, and dark

ening the deepest shadows of eternity with the blackness of its never-ending woes! The struggle against it is in every land, and in every home. None can avoid the issue which is made by it. Every intelligent being is on the one side or the other of the line which divides its friends and its foes. On which side are you?

On the rum side of the line are the liquor dealers of every grade; from the bloated, foul-mouthed, brutal keeper of the reeking corner groggery, where cheap gin is peddled in a tin cup from the filthy cask, up to the proprietor of the most showy and fashionable wine room on the principal streets of the metropolis. All these dealers are included under one head in the census returns. Their profits are indistinguishably combined in the cost of \$600,000,000 per annum, which this nation pays to keep the broad road to destruction packed with the doomed army of hopeless drunkards. If you are in the "pure liquor" business, there need be no doubt as to which side of the line you must be counted on.

On the same side are all the rum drinkers, wine drinkers, beer drinkers—the drinkers of whatever is included in that annual outlay of \$600,000,000. If you are one of these drinkers you are with all the rest of them. They and you make common cause. They count on your example and influence in their behalf. It matters little to them whether you drink little or much of intoxicating beverages—if only you drink. You may tittle at the bar, or swig in the beer garden, or sip at the family table; it is all the same to them, you are on their side, that is enough for them.

Perhaps, however, you use strong drinks only in the kitchen. They are never found on your family table unless they are cooked. They are in your pies, and cakes, and sauces; but never pure and simple in your glasses. What harm can there be in this? If there were no other harm in it, it puts you on the wrong side of the dividing line in the struggle with the rum curse. You are a buyer and a user of strong drinks; and are so known and counted on by those who want free rum and an end of total abstinence.

But there is harm from using liquors in the kitchen, beyond the evil of being on the wrong side of this line. If children see wine in the storeroom, and smell its tempting odor in the more delicious articles of food, and learn that their parents deem it an important aid to an attractive table, they naturally come to regard it with favour rather than with fear. They fail to shrink from its taste and touch and sight, as they would if it were held before them or made mention of by those whom they reverence, as only a terrible poison and a thing accursed. There have been drunkards in many a parlor through a love for liquors acquired in the kitchen store room. "For my part," said a prominent Christian man of our acquaintance, some years ago—"For my part, I hope that mince pies will never join the temperance society." That was a bright and playful speech, and many laughed at it then. The speaker was a pledged abstainer; but he could not forego the use of wine and brandy in the kitchen. His children learned there to love these liquors. The days rolled by, and that father lived long enough to be summoned by a cry of murder into the house of one of his sons, where he grappled with him in a struggle to disarm him of a butcher's knife with which he, in a fit of drunken fury, was attempting to kill his own wife. Possibly in that hour the father would have been willing to permit mince pies to join the temperance society, if only he could have back again the early sobriety of his ruined son.

If you are a total abstainer; if you neither sell intoxicating liquors nor drink them; if you let such beverages wholly alone; if you keep them out of your dining-room, your kitchen, your bed-room; if you neither touch taste nor handle that which destroys with the using; if you never look upon wine but with a shudder; if you teach your children to fear and abhor the deadly thing, then you are on the other side of the line from the rum-drinkers and rum-sellers. There will be no danger, then, of your being counted in their support. This is a good side of the line to be on. If you are already there, stay there and try to bring others to be with you. If you are on the other side of the line, come over and help us.—S. S. Times.

OBITUARY.

YARMOUTH NORTH.

Soon after receiving a most cordial welcome to this beautiful and highly interesting field of labor, I was called upon to sympathize with stricken households.

THOMAS E. GIBSON. Mr. Gibson's quiet home was entered by "the grim messenger" and little Tommy a promising boy of nine years was borne away. It was a heavy stroke—yet relieved by the hopeful words which were spoken by the sufferer as he had strength. The parents now think of him as "safe in the arms of Jesus."

GEORGE ALLEN ESQ.

One of the oldest members of our Church, was next taken. A few months ago, Mrs. Allen departed this life and now, after a brief and almost painless illness, the disconsolate husband has also exchanged "mortality for life." Bro. Allen was born in North Shields, England in 1797, and enjoyed the acquaintance of some of the Princes in the Methodist Israel. His friends were members of the English Church, but in early manhood, through the instrumentality of his then youthful wife, who was a devoted Christian and a Methodist, he was led to the Class Meeting and soon learned to prize that means of grace. For some years he sailed as Master Mariner to and from America and in 1832 settled in Yarmouth when he devoted himself to business. At that time Methodism was at its extreme infancy in Yarmouth but our now departed Brother was one of the very few who cared for the feeble cause, laboring actively in the erection of the old Milton Church, which having served its day has given place to the more imposing and commodious Sanctuary in which the congregation at present worship. Having seen the steady growth of the church of his choice, and being permitted to attain "a good old age" made pleasant by the abiding presence of the Master, he was not alarmed when summoned to the spirit world. Surrounded by a large and affectionate household and mercifully preserved from suffering, he was enabled to give most satisfactory assurance of his complete reliance upon Christ and full expectation of everlasting blessedness. "I am going home"—"when I am gone you will know I am happy" and kindred expressions fell from his lips and then he peacefully slept until he passed away from earth to "join the music of the skies".

KATIE CANN

aged five years, youngest daughter of Capt. Hugh Cann, after a very brief and severe illness was called away from dear friends on earth to be with the angel company in the beautiful world. She is now one of seven who have gone from that household to the heavenly home. The sorrowing parents have much treasure laid up in heaven.

FROM THE SEA.

tidings have come that 'N.W. Blethen' one of the finest ships sailing from this port, went down in a hurricane, and up to the present only four of those on board have been heard from. These things have naturally spread a gloom over the community—our prayer is, that he who afflicts may also comfort.

J. BEAD. Yarmouth, Aug. 28th.

Died on the 29th of February, 1876, Mr. WILLIAM H. CHURCH, of Tenny Cape, in the 77th year of his age. He was born at Truro, but when quite young, removed with his parents to Windsor. When a young man he settled at Tenny Cape which was then a wilderness, without a single settler beside himself. Soon followed by others, the primeval forest quickly gave place to the fruitful field.

About thirty-two years ago, in connection with revival services, held at Walton, he became the possessor of conscious religion, united with the Methodist Church, and continued to the end of life in that communion. His hospitable house was a home for the ministers of the Gospel. For fourteen years, it was the preaching place for the settlement. He lived to see a neat little church erected on a part of his farm, and to rejoice in the permanent establishment of Methodism in the locality. His influence and means were cheerfully used in furthering the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

During his last illness, which was not protracted, he obtained support and consolation, by faith and prayer in the God of his salvation. His last attempt to conduct family worship was made amid such manifestations of physical weakness as to deeply affect all present; but the fervency and power of that prayer will not soon be forgotten by his household. Some members of his family preceded him to the spirit world. Those remaining on earth, with the widow are journeying in the same direction.

"Our Father's house above, &c." G. O. H.