

WESLEYAN ALMANAC APRIL, 1876.

First Quarter, 1 day, 11h, 57m, Morning. Full Moon, 8 day, 3h, 24m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 16 day, 4h, 25m, Afternoon. New Moon, 24 day, 2h, 42m, Morning. First Quarter, 30 day, 6h, 13m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HOURS. Rows list days from Saturday to Sunday with corresponding times for sunrise, sunset, and moon phases.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Painsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Bruno. High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 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, and 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 34 minutes LATER. At Westport, 1 hour 34 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

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

IN MEMORY OF REV. GEORGE McDUGALL.

Missionary to the Indians of the North West, who perished in the Snow, Jan. 1876. Read before the Juvenile Missionary Meeting of the Centenary Church, St. John. Do Heroes die? For full three hundred years? One walked with God, His chosen friend, confidant, Then stepped from out this weary vale of tears Into His perfect rest. Translated—Death his victim's skill forgot, God took him to Himself, and he was not. Do Heroes die? From Moab's lonely land, The dreary pathway's of the desert trod, The faithful Leader of the chosen band, Went over with his God. And Heaven's own glories filled the longing eyes, Earth's Promised Land was never to surprise! We know the path that blest Elijah trod, Lit by the dazzling flame was short and bright, We know the early Martyrs went to God In clouds of lurid light; The pearly gates of Heaven are wide we know, Not hard to find, nor is it far to go. God called his Hero from the Western wild, As from the ancient land of Palestine; Did He not know him for His chosen child, Heir of a Royal line? And did he love him less because for him The messengers He sent were fierce and grim? The messengers were Frost and Storm and Snow, Full armed with death's unconquerable might, The wild winds shrieked above his head so low, And smoothed his pillow white. And with chill fingers bound a snowy wreath, Ice cold, upon the frozen brow of death. His sun went down while yet to us it seemed Scarce had the shadows lengthened toward the night; His work was ended, but the souls redeemed From darkness into light. Are but the first fruits of a harvest fair, Reaper and Sower shall together share. And not alone shall they his mourners be, The red browed race who knew and loved him long; We, in our distant homes beside the sea Take up the funeral song, And in our grateful memories shrine the name, Fragrant forever with a holy flame! Our Church's, Nation's Hero! He is thine To live forever in our history, To move with us, through all our march sublime, From sea to distant sea. Earth has no more—but thine is Heaven's renown, Our God has crowned the with a Martyr's crown! H. S. St. John, N.B.

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN A PREACHER AND A BELIEVER.

CONVERSATION II. "Deepen the wounds thy hands have made In this weak, helpless soul, Till mercy with its balmy aid, Descends to make me whole." B. I have thought closely upon what passed in our last conversation; and by a careful examination of my own heart, find your interrogations must, in general, be answered in the affirmative. I am fully satisfied that these evil propensities must be purged away, before I can stand with joy in the presence of God. P. It is well that such a discovery is made to you; but there are other reasons why you should be entirely sanctified, besides those already produced. B. What are they? P. You are in a world abounding with iniquity,—exposed to numerous temptations from Satan—among apostates, backsliders, false brethren, and lukewarm professors, among despisers of this salvation, in danger from your own imagination, natural slothfulness, wants, fears and desires. You are in danger of being deceived by your own senses. Your friends may betray you. In short, you are constantly exposed to some temptation, whether at home or abroad, in private or in public, in your labours or devotions, in prosperity or adversity, in all states, circumstances or conditions; there is no place free, no Christian is exempt. Now the more you live to God, and under the influence of his Spirit, and the more you are dead to sin, the better you will understand the nature and tendency of Satan's devices, and find power to cast them down and trample them under your feet; and to

prince of this world cometh, and findeth nothing in me." B. I believe this; I believe that the more I have of God in me, the more easy and complete my victories must be; for greater is He who is in us that believe than he who is in those that believe not. But what other reasons do you assign to induce me to seek entire sanctification? P. When you are entirely sanctified, you will be fitted for the service of God. The most acceptable services done for his glory are those performed by the holy angels; and they are so pleasing to him, that our Lord has taught us to pray, that his will may be done by us on earth, as it is done by them in heaven. And the Apostle Paul tells us, that if we purged ourselves from sin and error, we shall be "vessels unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." As you are laid under the greatest obligations to love and serve God, a sense of the benefits you have received will cause you to desire that the best and most perfect services should be paid him; and therefore a state of pure love is not only desirable, but highly necessary. B. This I must readily acknowledge, and earnestly desire. P. Another reason why you should seek this blessing is, it will render you more useful to others. The Lord says, "Them that honour me I will honour;" and the Christian considers, that, next to the approbation of God, there can be no greater honour put upon him, than to be employed in doing good to others. The more holy you are, the more effectual will your prayers be with God, both for your family, the church and the world. Your advice and example will have a more powerful influence upon all around you, and greater thanksgiving will ascend to God for his exceeding grace on your account. What a number of examples we have in the Scriptures, of holy men of God, who have averted the divine displeasure from persons ripe for destruction, ultimately brought blessings upon families and nations, and have given cause for millions to praise God that such persons were ever born. Aim then, my friend, to be in the fullest sense of the word, "the salt of the earth, the light of the world, a servant of the church, and the glory of Christ."

B. I greatly approve of this. I would be useful: it is one end of my being. And as the more holy I am, the more useful I am likely to be. I trust that I shall not be satisfied till I wake up after the likeness of my beneficent Redeemer. What other reasons have you to assign. P. This: the more holy you are, the more happy you will be. When the cause of human misery is removed from your heart, its effects will cease. The good things of the Spirit will no longer be kept from you. In his light you will see light, and gaze with inexpressible pleasure on your Lord and Saviour; while the transforming influence of the Holy Ghost will change your grateful soul into the same image from glory to glory, and fill you unutterably full of happiness and God. For "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." The love which the Apostle speaks of in his Epistle to the Corinthians being brought into your soul, you will have a foretaste of future felicity; for what a poet says of liberty may, with a little alteration, be said of this precious love of God. "Hail, Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright, Promise of bliss, and pregnant with delight; Immortal pleasures in thy presence reign; And smiling plenty leads thy virgin train; Thou mak'st the smiling face of nature gay, Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day."

LITERARY INCIDENTS.

FROM THE ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT OF THE "NEW YORK ADVOCATE." What a great public man living thinks of the biography of a great public man who recently died, may be learned from the extract following. It is from Dr. Riggs' latest letter to the New York "Advocate." "The other biography is that of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. This will make a great mark. He was a first class man, and mixed and corresponded with first-class people. He was, besides, a very fresh and fascinating man. There are a good many glimpses in the volume into the family life of the Queen. Norman Macleod was the head of Broad Established Presbyterianism. He and Principal Tulloch worked together. In these volumes there is a great deal about Lady Augusta Bruce, who was one of the Queen's constant attendants, with whom, herself a Scotchwoman, Macleod was very intimate, and who afterwards became Lady Augusta Stanley. That charming lady was buried a fortnight since, and great indeed was the mourning at her funeral. She was fifty four years old and had been married twelve years. I had the privilege of sharing her friendship, and was invited to her funeral, but, unhappily, it was impossible for me to attend. Dr. Jobson, however, was present, so that the Methodists were not unrepresented. The funeral was pre-eminently representative.

This was especially shown by the selection of the pall-bearers. Besides the Archbishop of Canterbury—a particular friend of the Dean's, and both friend and countryman of the deceased lady—there was Dr. Stoughton, the Nonconformist pastor, who has long been a great favourite at the deanery, and Dr. Caird, the celebrated Scotch preacher, one of the Queen's chaplains, representing Presbyterianism. Then the evangelical laity were represented by Lord Shaftesbury, and science by Prof. Huxley. One of Lady Augusta's latest and most passionate words of hope and exhortation referred to the relations of religion and science, and the necessity of holding to their essential and necessary harmony. She was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel, by the Queen's particular desire. Over her bend the sculptured effigies of St. Christopher, the patron saint of children, St. Roque, the saint of hospitals, and Monica, the Mother of Augustine. To those who knew what were the tender, the motherly, the benevolent, qualities of Lady Augusta, the co-incidence—discovered, as the dean told me whilst he was showing the spot, after the site had been selected—will appear somewhat remarkable. Lady Augusta had worn herself out in incessant beneficent activity of every kind. Her frame was exhausted. In Russia however, at Moscow, a chill struck her in a particular spot. She scarcely noticed it at first. But after her return home from the wedding, (the Duke of Edinburgh's,) two years ago, she could not—at least did not—rest, or use remedies as she ought to have done. She became lame; the lameness increased; she was ordered warm sea bathing, went to France to visit the south coast for that purpose, was at Paris attacked by typhoid fever, came home, when she could leave Paris, to hear of family bereavement and sorrow; progressive paralysis set in, and after many months of suffering, she died, conscious, but speechless. In her funeral sermons—by Dr. Vaughan, the other by Dean Liddell—many beautiful sayings are given, noted down during her illness. She was very humble, patient and loving. There is one saying not there given, but which I can report upon the best authority. She besought her husband, not to give up, after she was gone, his friendship and intercourse with his Nonconformist friends, including by name at least one Methodist among those she particularly mentioned.

PREACHING ON THE LESSONS.

Some of our ministers, we are happy to say, have been adopting the practice of preaching upon the Sunday School lesson. The effect of this, so far as we have had the opportunity of learning, has been admirable. Not only do they take an intelligent interest in the sermon,—something that is frequently very hard to awaken—but the adults take a greater interest in the Sunday School. The lessons for the year—the story of Saul, David and Solomon, a selection from the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes—and the account of the planting of the early Christian Church, are full of interest and instruction. The consecutive exposition from the pulpit of connected portions of Scripture will tend to cultivate a more intelligent and accurate home-study of the Bible by all the family, old and young. Thus will be more fully realized than is often the case, the ideal of "the Church in the house," and the inspired command concerning the divine oracles will be more strictly obeyed: "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sitest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Another beneficial effect that preaching on the lesson, either at one of the regular Sunday services,—the morning service would be the better one, or on the week evening would be that the whole Church would become as it were a large Bible class, that thought and industry would be stimulated to the study of the Book of books, that a more intelligent type of piety would prevail in the pews, and that both congregation and Sunday-school would be greatly benefited and blessed thereby. The children, who too generally are seldom seen at the public services, would form a large and deeply interested portion of the congregation, and many adult members of the congregation would find their way into the higher classes of the Sunday school. Instead of our grown up boys and girls feeling that they were too big for the school, and so drifting off to worldly amusements and Sabbath desecration, they would find the sacred study present such attractions for even the most mature minds that they would be unwilling to tear themselves away. Instances are not wanting even now of men and women who have become gray in the Sunday-school, and they would become still more common.—S. S. Banner.

The traffic in Spain in indulgences was very brisk in the month of December. For "three reals" the sinner could buy pardon, not only for all his sins, but for all his sins for a year to come, guaranteed on the little "balda,"—tickets printed in a quaint, antique style. Tickets for the dead in purgatory were cheaper, costing

OBITUARY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Those who preach the Gospel to others are sometimes required, in their own experience, to test its supporting and comforting power. Death, it is true, is the common enemy of all, and there are few families escape its ravages, but it is not often that he makes so great a breach in one household, as he has during the last winter in that of our aged brother Buckley. Two lovely and accomplished daughters, the last remaining to cheer and brighten his home, in the flush of youthful womanhood, have been laid to rest in the quiet churchyard. Truly his house is left unto him desolate. May the comforter ever abide with the sorrowing ones. Lottie Martha, aged 24, died in Christ, Nov. 8th, 1875. Surrounded by Christian influences from her cradle, she early gave herself to her Saviour. About three years ago consumption fastened itself upon her, and despite the warfare waged by loving hearts, and skillful, willing hands, he never relaxed his grim hold till, worn out with the conflict, "the weary wheels of life at last stood still." The writer was acquainted with her for only a few months previous to her death. She spoke often and freely, however, of her past experience, and her present hopes, from which it was evident that although the pathway had not been so bright nor so uniform as she could have wished, there was through it all the unflinching trust in Him who is mighty to save. Gifted with an intense love, and keen appreciation of the beautiful, earth seemed almost too lovely to be given up, not because she feared death, but because she loved the life which her Heavenly Father had given. As the end drew nearer, however, she learned to look less upon the things which are seen and temporal, and with the eye of faith saw more clearly the loveliness surpassing earth's which rests upon the things which are unseen and eternal. The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more into the perfect day. At the close of autumn, when the bleak winds had robbed the beautiful hills and woods around her home of the summer freshness, and beauty which she loved so well, the Shepherd, who leads his flock into the green fields and beside the still waters, took her to that bright land where no leaf ever fades and no winter ever comes. The end was peaceful—even triumphant. Esther Hyde, known to her friends simply as Jesse, died Feb 22nd, aged 22 years. Unlike her sister, her illness was only of a few months duration, but it was the same fell destroyer. Spending the summer in Halifax, she came home stricken unto death. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching. Verily, I say unto you, that he shall find himself and make them to sit down and shall come forth and serve them." Converted, also, in early life, she had ever maintained a consistent walk before the church and the world. Her religion was not demonstrative, but there was a deep undercurrent of spiritual life coming often sparkling to the surface. This was seen not only from its influence upon her daily walk, but more especially from her journal, intended for no eyes but her own, kept, till within a few days of her illness. Life possessed for her everything that could render it attractive. Young, gifted, beautiful, widely known and loved, just entering through the portals of womanhood, it could scarcely be expected that she should find without regret, that these portals must be to her the gateway to the tomb. But at the very commencement of her illness, before any one else seems to have apprehended any danger, she foresaw the end, and without a sigh, apparently, gathered up all her unfulfilled hopes, her bright earthly prospects, her day-dreams of usefulness and happiness, and pleasures untasted, and put them all aside like the withered flowers of her childhood, placing herself with childish confidence in the hands of her Saviour. The last entry in her Journal, written a few days before her illness, perhaps the last she ever wrote, almost forbids the idea that it was a surprise. Far away beyond the shadows, far away beyond the grave, Heaven's light is softly shining, over Jordan's chilly wave; Then O why should I be fearful, as I stem the rolling tide, When I hear the angels singing, and have Jesus by my side. What is earthly care and sorrow, what are trials here below, To the perfect joy and glory, every blood-bought soul shall know; So will I welcome Jordan's billows, when the day of death shall come, For I know beyond the shadows, stands my fair eternal home. Careful of all save herself, with her sister lingering out the few last weeks of her life, she betrayed by look nor word, her fatal secret—but when her sister was gone and she saw that the truth had forced itself upon the minds of her friends, and they were wondering how they might tell her, she simply said—"Give yourselves no trouble on my account. It is all right, I have known it from the first." And with

OBITUARY.

IN MEMORIAM.

her hand in her Saviour's, she walked unflinching down to the waters of death. To the many friends in the Lower Provinces who knew and loved these sisters, this imperfect tribute is respectfully dedicated. They were lovely in their lives and in death they were not divided. They lie side by side in the village churchyard. Two swelling hillocks which have not yet gathered green, mark their resting place, and cast their shadow over many loving hearts:—but the ransom of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. J. R. BORDEN. Guysboro' April 18th, 1876.

MRS. ELIZABETH SARGENT.

At Barrington, on the 29th ult., Mrs. Elizabeth Sargent, widow of the late W. B. Sargent, Esq., aged 77 years. Mrs. Sargent was for many years a sincere follower of Christ, and a consistent member of the Methodist Church. Her hospitality to the ministers of the gospel was liberal and unvarying. For a number of years she entertained, free of all charge, the junior preachers on her Barrington circuit, all of whom will bear cordial testimony to her kind and Christian deportment. Her religious experience, though not always of the most joyous hope, was marked by deep humility and persistent trust in the Redeemer. Bereaved many years since of a kind husband, and nearly all of a large family of children, hers was a life of more than ordinary sorrow and trouble; but we have every reason to believe that she is now beyond the reach of "these light afflictions," and re-united to the loved ones who had passed before her to the "better country."

LEONARD TOWNSEND.

Died at Spring Hill Mines, on the 15th April, 1876, Leonard Townsend in the 33rd year of his age. On Saturday morning, April 15th, quite a gloom was cast over our neighborhood when the news spread that Bro. Townsend had accidentally met with his death, while engaged in putting up a gin in the Mining Company's works. While in the act of raising it, the heavy piece of machinery fell, striking him in the head, and killing him instantly. Bro. Townsend had been a consistent member of the Methodist Church for more than 12 years; during which time he manifested his strong attachment to it by earnestly striving to sustain everything connected with its material and spiritual interests. During the past two or three months he manifested a constant improvement in the tone of his religious experience, and his outward life corresponded therewith. We noted this at the time with great satisfaction, and remember it with no small amount of consolation. We believe that God was hastening to its completion the work which was so soon to be cut short in such an unexpected manner. Bro. Townsend will be missed, not only by his bereaved family, but also by the church of which he was a zealous member, and the Sabbath-school, which always had a warm place in his heart. And also by the Temperance cause, which, from a strong feeling of principle and duty, he endeavored to maintain and advance. We buried him on the day following the melancholy accident. The Sabbath-school and the Temperance cause paid him their last tribute of affection and esteem. He leaves a wife and four small children to mourn his sudden departure. They have the sympathies of the entire neighborhood. J. H.

MR. BENJAMIN BALDERSTON.

Mr. Benjamin Balderston, of North Wiltshire, in the 74th year of his age, after a short but severe illness, passed away on the 5th of April, 1876. He was born in Lincoln, England, and emigrated to this Island in 1823. He resided for some years at Little York, where he married. It was also in that place—famed for many powerful revivals of religion—that he was led to the Saviour, and united with the Methodist Church. He was by nature attached to this branch of the church of Christ, for his ancestors were Methodists since the days of Wesley. But now a stronger attachment was realized. He became an active worker in the vineyard. Removing to New Wiltshire, a new and thriving settlement, he found abundant scope for the exercise of all his abilities, in assisting to build up in that locality the cause of Methodism. As a class-leader, society steward, and Trustee of church property, he was devoted, faithful and prompt. During the 42 years of his connection with our church, his religious character was unsullied. He was careful to keep to himself what he knew was evil in others. A rare virtue in our day! He endeavored to check rather than to fan the poisonous breath of slander.

OBITUARY.

IN MEMORIAM.

His interest in her legs, and still be converted already given church. The widow that the sep partner, is but the skies is a room for fears dition of those Balderston. The whole Catholics, ga eral. MARY ALL and Sarah G 27th, 1804, in abire, England, dicious home with life. The eye were such. Her father was. For many ye death he was t in connection. Liverpool. Th was held with f extract taken f Mr. Gardiner in the chapel minister, a larg church, togeth classes, walked anxious to show worth. There persons; presen ed by the Rev. deeply the loss had sustained. Rev. R. Young at Pitt-street a hour before the streets were cro classes, anxious chapel. At 6.30 open, and in a bench, the stairs rail were crowd had to go away, usual on such o ters—was hung At the early a diner experie united with the erpool. From th a period of fifty a consistent m changes which th scenes of gladn vidences sweet the profession of patience the race. In March, 1827 riage to Capt. G year 1832, came that time Metho here; and I have difficult to say, indebted to he friends in Engl of a Wesleyan M the Province. W of all denominat her own church. It would be impo ligions character appropriate than t speaking of persa name of "the wis He says,—"It is g gentle, easy to b and good fruits, without hypocrisy was in her lips, the rule of her li decision, associat discernment as t necessary, contrib ility and useful valued friend. H numerous and pre she hear of a neig row than she hast who looked upon —"How many b soothed; how ma duties of her dot surprised many, w case she regulated as not to allow th observance of reli seasons of discou hands would hang speak a word of ch not weary in well made to offend by caused the "way o of." She was no fa sensible of her ow abilities to stumble others. The minis ways welcome to he she entertained h away, while othe, to her kind-hearte [As a wife she w him with whom fo shared the joys at the sorrows of life. faithful and affecti must be precious t ters. May they a mother's God. Her last illness w speak but little. T was her favourite.