

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

JUNE, 1878.
First Quarter, 7 day, 11h, 40m. Afternoon.
Full Moon, 14 day, 7h, 57m. Afternoon.
Last Quarter, 22 day, 3h, 15m. Afternoon.
New Moon, 30 day, 8h, 10m. Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, RISES, SETS. Lists times for sunrise and moon phases for each day of the week.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Farrisboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.
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, 5 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 30 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 5 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 5 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 5 hours 30 minutes LATER.

BROTHER ANDERSON.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

I was to preach for brother Anderson. Hewas a good pastor. Almost the last time I saw him he had just called on a lamb of his flock to ask after her spiritual welfare and fifty cents toward his salary. He had left his tub and brushes at the foot of the hill, and he resumed them when he had made his call; for, like the great apostle, he used to labor, working with his own hands.
When swinging himself along slowly toward his home after a day of work on walls or ceilings, few took him for a preacher. Splotches of whitewash showed finely on his face; they were his business cards. Nature had done little to beautify him, the tailors nothing. He was short, broad, large-headed, and seemingly without neck. His cravats could never get under his chin. His eyes were very full, with smoky whites and slack lids. He was numerously clothed. His great breadth and small height caused many rents and wrinkles in the layers of his clothing. What was given him, though well-worn and tattered, he put on and went about his work without pride or apology.
For years I had met him, but had not known him, he was so silent and contained. He never seemed to know, much less resent, the caste prejudice that weighs so heavily on his race. All this was long ago. He has preached his last sermon, and is, I doubt not, restfully awaiting the resurrection of the just.
I was to preach for brother Anderson one Sunday afternoon. As I stood eaves-dropping by his little wooden church, and waiting for the hour to come, I heard strange noises inside,—not the confused and voluminous noise of a crowd excited as in revival times, but a single wild cry now and then, or one heavy stamp, or a ringing clap from a pair of big, tough hands,—the creatures of will, and not the outbursts of feeling. It was the corpse of a starved "class-meeting," and the noises sounded as if jerked into being by the occasional galvanic shocks of some experimenter.
Punctual to the hour, brother Anderson came rolling across the street and up to the door, and we went in together. After the usual songs and prayers, I took for my text Paul's counsel to the Corinthians as to their disorderly meetings and meaningless noises. The sermon was in the main a reading of the fourteenth chapter of Paul's first letter, with comments and applications interspersed. I spoke for half an hour, and while showing consideration for the noisy ways of my audience exhorted them to cultivate intelligence as well as passion.
"When you feel the glory in you let it out, of course. Shout glory, clap your hands and all that. But stop now and then, and let some wise elder stand up and tell you what it all means. Men and boys hang round your windows and laugh at you and at religion because they don't understand you. Some men, you know, have religion all in the head,—clear, sharp, dry, and dead. Others, all in the heart. They feel it in their bones. Now I want you to have religion in your heads AND hearts. Let all things be done decently and in order." I was very well satisfied with my effort, at a time; it seemed a success. As I

sat down brother Anderson got up and stood on the pulpit step to give out a hymn:
"Let saints below in concert sing."
I am not certain that he could read; for he stood, book in hand, and seemingly from memory gave the number of the hymn, and repeated the first two stanzas with deep and glowing feeling.
Of the third he read three lines:
"One army ob de livin' God
To his comman' we bow;
Part of 'e hos(t) 'av cross 'er flood,
An' part—"

He stopped, and after swallowing one or two chokes, went on to say: "I love brother Beecher. I love to hear him preach dis afternoon. He's told us a good many things. He's our good fren. An' he sez, sez he, dat some folks goes up to glory nois'n shoutin' and some goes still-like, 'z if they's ashamed of wot's in em. An' he sez we'd better be more like the still kind, an' white folks more like us. An' den I thinks 'tain't much 'count no way, wedder we goes up still-like or shoutin', 'cause heaven's a mighty big place, brudders; an' when we all goes marchin' up to see de Lord, an' I's so full ob de lub and de joy and de glory dat I mus' clap my han's and shout, de good Lord's got some place whar we won't sturb nobody, an' we kin shout—Glory! Glory! Bress de Lord! I'm safe in de glory at las! I tell you, brudders an' sisters, dat heaven's a mighty big place, an' dar's room for brudder Beecher an' us too."
Dat's so! Bress de Lord! Amen!
Glory! (from the people.)
"An' brudder Beecher sez dat 'tisen' de folks as makes mos' noise dat does de mos' work. He says the ingins on de railroad only puff—puff—reg'lar breathin'-like, when dey's at work haulin' de big loads, an' dat de bells an' de whistles don't do no work; dey only make a noise. Guess dat's so. I don't know 'bout ingins much, and I don't know wedder I's a puff—puff—ingin or wedder I blows de whistles an' rings de bells. I feels like bofe (with a chuckle) sometimes. An' I tell you what, when the fire is a burnin', and I gets de steam up, don't drive no cattle on de track; de ingin's comin'! C'ar de track!" (This with a voice that shook the little house, and a "magnetism" that thrilled and fixed me. Of course hearers were by this time swaying, shouting and Amen-ing splendidly.)
An' the boys an' de clerks an' young lawyers, dey come up yar watch-night, an' dey peek in the windows an' stan' roun' de doors; an' dey laugh an make fun o' 'lig'n! An' brother Beecher sez, Why don't we stop de noise now an' den an' go out an' tell 'em 'bout it—'splain it to 'em. An' I member wot de Bible says 'bout de outer darkness, an' de weepin' an' de wailin' an' de gnashin' ob teeth. An'—if dese boys an' gals stan' dar outside a laffin' bime-by dey'll com' to de weepin' an' de wailing fust dey know. An' den when dey stan' roun' de great temple ob de Lord an' see de glory shinin' out, an' de harpers harpin' and all de music, an' de elders bowin' and all de shoutin', lik many waters, an' all de saints a singin' glory to the lamb! spouse God'll say, "Stop dat noise dar! Gabriel! You Gabriel, go out and 'splain!"
"Yea, I see dem stan' las' winter 'roun' de doors an' under de windows an' laff; an' they peek in an laff. An' I 'member wot I saw las summer 'mong de bees. Some ob de hives was nice an' clean an' still, like 'spectable meetin's, an' de odders was a bustin' wid honey: an' de bees kep a goin' an' a comin' in from de clover; dey jes' kep' on a fillin' up de hive till de honey was a flowin' like in de lan' of Canaan. An' I saw all roun' de hives was de ants an' worms, an' de great drones an' black bugs, an' dey kep' on de outside. Dey wasn't bees. Dey couldn't make the honey for darselves. Dey couldn't fly to de clover an' de honeysuckle. Dey jes' hung roun' de bustin' hive an' dey' on de drippin's.
"An' de boys an' gals come up yar an' hang 'roun'. Jess come in an' we'll show you how de gospel bees do! Come in an' we'll lead you to de clover! Come in—we'll make your wings grow! Come in! won't yer? Well, den, poor things, let em' stan' roun' de outside an' have the drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive!"
Raising the hymn-book, and with tender voice, he took up the stanza just where he left it—
"Part of 'e hos' av' cross 'er flood,
An' part are crossin' now."
"Sing brudders!" said he; and to his "lining out" they sang the whole hymn as only such as they can sing.
All this was ten or twelve years ago. I remember that while he was speaking my sermon seemed to shrink and fade. And now, as I recall the scene and record his words but in part, I am feeling the power of his truth—heaven's a mighty big place. The Father's house hath many homes, and places prepared for many.
Was he dreaming of these as he went about our streets with tub and brushes, to whiten and sweeten the homes of men? Did he wear his rag contentedly, mindful of his robes shining and exceeding white as snow? In that day when there are last which shall be first, few will look down to find Brother Anderson.

WANTED—A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Wanted, a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
And endowment of mind;
Fitted by early culture
To move in fashionable life—
Please notice our advertisement:
"Wanted a minister's wife."

Wanted a thoroughbred worker,
Who will to her household looks;
(Shall we see our money wasted
By extravagant Irish cooks?)
Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen;
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

A "very domestic person."
To "callers" she must not be "out,"
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be gadding about;
Only to visit the parish
Every year of her life.
And attend the funerals and weddings:
"Wanted a minister's wife."

To conduct the "ladies' meeting."
The "sewing circle" attend;
And when we "work for the soldiers,"
Her ready assistance to lend.
To clothe the destitute children
Where sorrow and want are rife,
And look up Sunday school scholars:
"Wanted a minister's wife!"

Careful to entertain strangers.
Travelling agents and "such;"
Of this kind of "angel visits"
The deacons have had so much
As to give a perfect nuisance.
And hope these plagues of their life
Can soon be sent to the parson's;
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

A perfect pattern of prudence
Than all others spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
By looking shabby in dress;
Playing the organ on Sunday
Would aid our laudible strite
To save the society's money;
"Wanted a minister's wife."

But when we have found the person,
We hope, by working the two,
To lift our debt and build a new church,
Then we shall know what to do;
For they will be worn and weary,
Needing a change of life,
And then we'll advertise: "Wanted,
A minister and his wife."
—New York Observer.

LINES SUGGESTED BY READING THE ABOVE.

BY MRS M. L. ALLISON.

Were I perfect lady,
Both gentle and refined,
With every trace of beauty,
And with cultivated mind;
Decked with fastidious taste
For fashionable life,
Even then I should fall below
The standard of minister's wife.

I might be a skillful worker,
And well to my household look,
Economize well our money
And direct my careless cook.
Work, scrub, and live in the kitchen,
And drag out a weary life;
Even then, I should fall below
The standard of minister's wife.

And were I a keeper at home,
And never to callers be out,
Avoid all appearance of evil,
By constantly gadding about;
Perchance I may be omnipresent,
See my people each year of my life,
Even then, I should fall below
The standard of minister's wife.

Did I go to all funerals and weddings,
Sooty the heart of the weary and sad
With love dry the tears of the mourner,
And make travelling agents "be glad,"
Save our deacons the very great trouble
Which has oft been the plague of their life
Even then I should fall below
The standard of ministers wife.

Of prudence I could be a pattern,
From my little spend even much less,
But some I know would be humbled
At the want of style in my dress;
The organ's rich tones by my fingers
Might thrill with a beautiful life;
Even then I should fall below
The standard of minister's wife.

But, alas! what duty comes next,
I have moments, yea hours to spare,
You on me have truly imposed
A very small burden of care;
Societies, picnics and calls,
Must make up the sum of my life,
Then, then, I shall not fall below
The standard of minister's wife.
—Northwestern Teatoleter.

If young women are not honest and wholesome clean through, and if young women will not train themselves to the finest and sturdiest womanhood possible to their nature: if they will not eat brown bread, and work in the garden—if they have one—with some more grip than a bird scratching, and quit reading novels in a hot room, and devouring sweetmeats; if they dare not face the sun and wind, and try to outwalk, ay, and outrun their brothers, and let our wise mother, Nature, buckle their belt,—they had not better say Amen, when the stalwart young husband cries, "Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together." —Robert Collyer.

THE promises of Jesus are not to us like the legacies of one long dead; they are not the words merely of a great philosopher, like the Grecian Sage, whom death has severed from all personal contact with our modern life. They are the assurances of a living and present though unseen friend; and, when so accepted, they are full of power.—Wm. M. Taylor.

SUBJECT FOR MEDITATION,

Designed for members of the Windsor Temperance Reform Club, and other Temperance organizations, drawn up by the Temperance General Council-board, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, comprising ministers of several congregations and members representing all the Churches, duly appointed.

I of having voluntarily joined the

I will do well to enter into some reflections.
First—I have, I trust, made this pledge under the conviction that without God's blessing I am helpless, and will therefore invoke Divine assistance, that I may be true to every temperance principle, and, placing myself in the hands of one who is able to succor and who has promised to make a way of escape, from every temptation, I will kneel in the privacy of my own room, and without known reservation or guile in my thoughts, ask God to guide me in my plans for the future.

Second—I must remember that the thoughts which are uppermost in the mind have a strong influence in shaping passions or appetites. Thinking of drinking, dwelling in imagination upon its momentary pleasures, will create a longing, a thirst, a craving for it. Knowing this law of my nature, I must expel from my mind all lingering thoughts that would dwell on drinking or its associations. Moreover knowing that all thoughts of forbidden or improper objects impel desires in that direction and so lead to temptation, I will ever regard the apostles advice, "Keep thyself pure."

Third—I must keep clearly before me the power of example and my own share of responsibility in influencing others. No matter what my situation in life, I am affecting others for weal or for woe daily. If I am a parent my conduct is teaching my family. If I have but one friend or associate my life is telling upon that one. For their sake as well as my own, I will not be guilty of any unseemly word or action, or in any way countenance drinking, or frequent any place where liquor is sold. If I am true to principle I will have the satisfaction of doing good and will receive blessings from God in many ways.

Fourth—If tempted to ask any one to join me in what is called a social glass, what are the consequences? Being a pledged person, I lower myself in their estimation and blunt my own sense of honor.

Fifth—If I yield to the solicitation of others, what then? They will receive me with open arms and display great friendship. But what have I gained? Such friendships are dangerous and will last only while I am hail fellow with them. I have deliberately cast a blot on my reputation. In reality I have fallen in the estimation of these apparent friends, if any of them should have situations of trust open, they would not employ me since I have proved that I am not my own master, and have destroyed their confidence in my integrity and reliability. If when asked to drink I firmly, but politely say no! they will likely hesitate to ask me again. Should they still persist with either flattery or ridicule, and make light of my scruples, and say come along! I indignantly give them to understand that my mind is fully made up on the subject. If I thus persevere, I gain a victory over myself, and establish my force of character. I must consider that when I endanger myself, I jeopardize my property, my friends, and perhaps others who may be dear to me.

I will endeavor in all matters to act openly and with honesty of purpose. In all temptations I will guard against acting impulsively, and I will remember these resolutions formed on the day of 18, and will endeavor to call to call to mind the teachings of God's word and be attentive to His worship. Windsor, N.S., 1878.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE SOUTH ON AN ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

This is part of the report made by the Committee on this subject:
The benefit of an Ecumenical Conference of the Methodists of the world would undoubtedly be great. Besides the discussion of a great variety of topics of surpassing interest to all the family of Methodism, and the reviews of the multiplied agencies which Methodism has brought into play for the evangelization of the world, a new impulse would be given to the tendency, already great, to harmony and unfeigned concord among Methodists of different Communions. And the sight of such a great family reunion would fasten the eyes of the world upon us, producing a discussion of Methodist history and work in the periodical literature of the Christian world—"a discussion from which," as the M. E. Church committee well say "Methodism has every thing to gain, and nothing to lose."
As one of the practical results of an

Ecumenical Conference, one of the papers referred to by us suggests the preparation of a hymn-book for the whole Methodist family. Your Committee are not prepared to venture an opinion as to the feasibility of such a project, being little able to conceive the actual obstacles to its success which might arise. They can, however, join heartily in the wish that such a thing might be done. If the spectacle of all the Sunday-schools of our land reciting on each Sabbath the same lesson from Scripture be truly described as sublime, among the results of Christian labor of our days, what should we call the singing of four millions of Methodists out of the same hymn-book? The great achievements of Christianity have, however, always been the *unseen*—"mighty working" of a kingdom which "cometh without observation"—and we should look for the greatest and most pervasive benefits of an Ecumenical Conference of Methodism in its effect upon the *spirit*, the *experience*, the *hope*, and *zeal*, of so great a people. The dying words of our father, under God, "The best of all, God is with us," would have a new meaning to those assembled in such a Conference, and "the fruit" of such a state of mind, communicated to those who sent them, would "shake like Lebanon."
Your committee recommend for your adoption the following resolutions:
Resolved, That the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, heartily approve of the proposed Ecumenical Conference of Methodist Churches.
Resolved, That the Bishops of our Church be, and are hereby, authorized and directed to appoint a committee of seven; consisting of two of the Bishops, three other ministers, and two laymen, who shall be fully empowered to arrange for such a Conference, and to represent our Church in the correspondence necessary thereto; and to appoint delegates to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the Ecumenical Conference, whenever it may assemble.

Respectfully submitted,
PAUL WHITEHEAD,
N. H. D. WILSON,
A. G. BRITT,
R. ALEXANDER,
Committee.

Presented and adopted, Saturday, May 18, 1878.

THE PARTIAL CAT.

A clergyman had a cat which was a great favourite in the family, and endowed with some qualities not usually credited to her humble species. Puss, at one time, had a very interesting family of little kittens. They were all bright and active, but one of them was observed to have a greater resemblance to its mother than the rest, and was, indeed, the prettiest kitten of the whole, and the mother showed a peculiar attachment to it. A neighbor begged one of them, and being allowed her choice, selected the favourite, and carried it home. All this occurred in the absence of the feline mother, who on her return evidently observed, with concern, the absence of her pet. She immediately commenced searching the house and out-buildings, insisted on having the doors open for her admission to all the rooms in the house, and when satisfied that it was not on the premises, she instituted a similar search throughout the neighborhood. Occasionally she would return to her remaining little ones, for the purpose of meeting their demands on her for nourishment, and then she would again renew the search for her lost favourite. Having explored the premises of all the near neighbors, she at length entered the last house in the village, where she finally found the object of her long and persevering pursuit. She caressed it with every manifestation of maternal fondness and delight, fed it, and then, much to the surprise of the lady of the house, took her departure, leaving the kitten behind. She was not, however, long absent. In a few hours she returned, bringing one of her other kittens in her mouth, which she placed on the floor beside the newly-found. "Ah!" thought the lady, "so I am to have the mother and all her progeny quartered upon me." This, however, was not the intention of the cat; for, after caressing the kitten she had brought for a few moments, she took the other in her mouth, and carried it to its former home, and never afterwards visited the one she had given in exchange for it.—Bard of Hope Review.

ADVERSITY exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

WHEN the mind, like a pure, calm lake reflects back the light which is shed from heaven, the image of God is shown in its countenance with its capacity for the tiniest drop of dew images forth the true, though not the full radiance of the sun.—Bethune.

God keep... Best clo... My hear... Good ni... Thick sh... I lose my... The moo... A silver s... For I, the... To trust y... I say with... Good night...
THE B... DANCING... tion rec... Bishop V... verest te... dancing... pressions... Johns, in... declared t... that lang... observation... their opin...
"Many... ple," he sa... judging the... come alarm... dreadful ev... not only t... religion, bu... datations of... rality."
As to the... was especial...
"I will on... or woman w... firmation wh...icipate in the... ministers of t... rity to discipl... torious evil... surely this C... doth the them... canon."
A canon wa... the Convocat... union and... who habitually... Under t... was necessary... sion, and as t... the canon fai... were, however... practice, and... tinued by all... Episcopal Chu...
The trial of... over the river... wife, is one of... gular affairs of... law years sinc... (Hardan) f... (New Jersey) f... wife by poison... treat, with the... and hypocrisy i... sicut pastor is a... titude and full... persistent ming... drink and medi... only thwarted i... fiance of her b... who swears to h... moved the dead... which showed... other side has n... it is understood... ted to the ac... alive somewhere... sient to render... poison was pla... with intent not... husband. The re... about the trial... shared by the... whole church of... she and they st... in presence of t... munity, daily...
"Do you mak... clergyman?" said... week, to a salem... talking about buy... Always; are... wife?" "Oh, no... and the lady, b... then?" "No."... puzzled. "I'm e... cal student," said... was made.
A clergyman ha... discourse when o... accomplished, bu... claimed. "That's... shown to pass, b... explanation follow... the preacher then... ber, "I tell you... a repetition of such... the churchward... moved from the ch... was the re...