Jan. 16. LE

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MONDAY.

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## WESLEYAN" ALMANAC, JANUARY, 1876.

Piest Quarter, 4th day, 11h. 9m. morning kuli Moon, 11th day, 2h. 9m. morning. Last quarter, 18th day, 4h. 35m. morning. New Moon, 26th day, 9h. 27m. afternoon.

D M	Day of Week.	SUN	MOON.			Tde al'x
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THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing tyes the time of high water at Parrsboro, Corntallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Pertland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfeundighd 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charletteovn, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 3 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 56 mtnutes LATER.

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.-Substract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning

## WHO ARE THE WISE?

A Sermon preached in Music Hall, Boston, Wednesday Evening, Nov. 24th, 1875, by Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., in aid of the Boston Missionary Society.

But he said, I am not mad most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness."—Acts xxvi, 25.

(Continued from our last.)

But again, the disciples of Christianity are not beside themselves when they proclaim their faith in the doctrines of sin and salvation.

Festus and Paul are one in the admission that sin is a tremendous reality, but with this admission their estimates of sin widely differ. Sin, according to the modern Festus, is a necessity of our being, founded, it is held, in the universal law which obtains in all worlds of matter or morals,—the law of necessary antagonisms. As, say they, the opposite of light is darkness, the opposite of the acid sis the alkali, the opposite of summer heat is the winter cold, so the opposite of virtue is vice, and holiness that of sin. Or, it is sin, sin is founded in the limitation of our being. God alone, the infinite and perfect, is sinless. Man, the finite and imperfect, is sinful. But how does the Apostle smite these false philosophers to the dust by the declaration that "sin is a wilful transgression of the law !" Begining with the deliberate choice of the will, what mind angelic can tell out the calamity it has entailed? Sin, the mighty vandal, it has swept this world with ruin Sin, the bandit Ishmael, its hand is against every man; -I would to God that every man's hand were against it? Sin, a spirit more dire than ever came from "vasty|deep!" It built hell, created the worm that dieth not, and kindled the fire that can never be quenched. Flinging insult in the face of God it has taken up the scroll of human history and written it within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe.

Turning from the appaling picture of sin, we would ask the modern Festus if it should not be the object of eternal hatred? It was the faith and fancy of the olden medieval times, that sin satanic became incarnated in human form. and came to men as a fair temptress, holding in her hands manifold and seductive charms, but if you drew aside the folds of her robe, she was foul. loathsome, leporous—a whited sepulchre of death. And now I turn round and ask, Who is the madman, and who is the sane? Is it the impenitent Festus. who loves to compassionate with loathsomeness and death? Or is it the penitent Paul, who cries out with pathetic death?" Did I say, Who is the madbe given.

Oh, this penitence! often overlooked by many in these days, we would glori-

fore the sneering Festus thou canst stand up in thy noblest manhood and face the scorner, exclaiming, "I am not mad, most noble Festus;" and heaven gives its attestation: " For there is joy in the presence of the angles of God lover one sinner that repenteth,"-one sinner that begins to climb out of the ruins of sin, and ascend the steep and starry road to the infinite abode and golden hereafter.

And here I ask you to mark the consequences which sin has entailed. As a deliberate breach of the divine law, sin implies guilt,-a guilt which demands a pardon Divine. The universal consciousuess of man is a conscionsness of guilt. Every heart in this house has thrilled under its influences. This tells of responsibility to higher law, and is the regent of divinity that that stirs within us, which no bribes will quiet, and will not lie down at our bidding.

And tell me, ye mighty masters of the past! ve heary sons of wisdom why left ve the myriad hearts wounded and bleading from the poisoned barbs of guilt? Verily not because you did not try, but because you could not pluck out the barbs, and heal the weary wounded heart. Like one in stately hall, who looks at

dissolving views as they come and go

of human endeavour to escape from the pangs of zuilt. There comes up the picture of rude stones built into the rude Druidic altar, surrounded with rude, tarbaric men, who with anxious look, place on the altar the wood, the fire, and the victim,-perhaps the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul .while above the ascending smoke, the handwriting flashes out, "These for sin could not atone!" But this scene has faded, and now there comes in sucression a gorgeous tabernacle and splendid temple, with a brilliant array of robed and mitred priests, who with incense and blood of lambs, and fire and water, are seeking to expiate transgression. But over all there fiashes out the words. "Only the shadow of good things to come!" Once again the trines of sin and salvation. picture changes. On the dark ground there rises a cross and a victim transfixed, with pierced side, and face more marred than that of any man.—the incarnate Son of God. No altar is there No robed or surpliced priest. No ritulistic forms or sacramental efficacies. Only a cross and a victim. And over that cross the words: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And see you the mighty hosts that are pilgrims to that cross? Tottering age and bright-eyed youth, the splendor of cultured intellectual and rude, barbaric ignorance, royalty and rags, the sick, the dying men, of every age and clime, are coming: and as they stand and gaze, and trust, somehow the eye brightens with a new found hope. and the heart swells with unutterable peace-the sense of sins forgiven,and warbles its jubilation of praise, Now tell me, thou modern Festus!

Tell me, Herbert Spencer, whose only God is blind force, and unthinkable and unknowable! Tell me, materialistic Maudsley, who knows no spirit but the refinement of matter, and no immorality but atomic dust! Tell me thou pantheistic Emerson, can your philosophies kindle the soul into raptures of an immortal hope, or arm it with triumphant confidence to walk the gates of death? Can, I say, your philosophies do this? Never! a thousand times never! Then we are not mad, most noble Festus, when we take our stand firm. dauntless, heroic, by the cross, and cry out, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

And yet further: sin not only entails guilt, but the ruin of our mortal being. Like a mighty iconoclast, it has transformed the spirit temple of God withappeal, "Oh wretched man that I am, in, into a temple of depravity.—a cage who shall deliver from the body of this | where no bird of paradise sings .- only the unclean vultures of passion abide. man? Your verdict, I am sure, must Like a fell magician, it has taken the tender heart and petrified it into stone. -cold, insensible, hard, dead! I have heard of a famous artist, who, standing fy its excellence! Its tears are the before a rough mass of marble, with gems of divinity, formed and polished enthusiastic exultation exclaimed, "I by the Hand Divine. Its cry for moral see angels in that stone!" and then betterance thrills through the universe with mallet and chisel, he hewed out and finds a response in the heart of the angelic forms of rarest beauty.

manner, but in grander sense, the Spirit of the living God stands to-night | held the "gates ajar." Not then did and looks at every uncomely, stoney your heart conceive the bursting glory heart in this house, and says, "I see angelic beauty-yea, the graces of divinity there. I will take away the stony out of thy heart, and give the a heart of flesh. I will put my spirit within thee, and cause the to walk in my statutes and keep my judgments." All hail this grandest revelation of God! With this we can pronounce the glad Eureka, " I have found it,"-found the way of holiness! Not, O ye modern Festus! not by your vaunted self-culture! no, but by bringing the energy of God to the weakness of man, the Divine Spirit with thy spirit. On, ye failing ones, whose feet have faltered in the holy way! This is our gospel of hope: by ail-commanding faith, the strength of divinity is mine, to become beautiful in holiness. And is this, as John Stuart Mills asserts, only a fancy and delusion? Nay, verily, see the reality of this work! The grandeur of the change which has come over the man made holy! See the transforming energy at work in all his powers! His passions, once like the untrained tiger, greedy of evil, are now hushed into quiet, and ready to dwell with the Lamb. His proud, defiant will, in sweetest nn son is blended with the will divine. His memory, vagrant and forgetful of good, is now plastic as wax, on the canvas of far-off times, telling and permanent as marble, to grasp all gracious thought. His winged imagination, that roamed in darkness, now hovers round the cross. His long slumbering conscience is now awake, and keeps with jealous care the temple of the heart, that nothing unclean enters there. Look, I say, at this man! he is the same, and yet not the same! A new beauty, softened and gracious,---the beauty of holiness,—has overspread his being, and with everlasting joy on his head, he is going to the mountains of myhrr and frankincense, where the day breaks, and the shadows flee away.

Oh, the testimony of ten thousand thousand voices, justifies the disclaimer, "I am not mad most noble Festus," when we proclaim our faith in the doc-

But finally, the disciples of Christi ity are not beside themselves when they labour to prepare for a higher world.

But lately, Winnewoode Reed, one of England's literati, died. Among the last things which his hand, palsying into death, penned, was this: "I have given up the old gospel, with its immortalities, and have accepted the religion of humanity, which is, Love virtuously, honor the planets on which you dwell, and then, first and noblest of animals, die, and go to dust, and that is all." Oh, my soul, come not thou into into the secret of such, and with them, mine honor, be not thou united! Every grand intuition of our being is trampled to the dust, and the old Sadducean cry is again heard, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," and that is all. But to the Christian this life has a nobler significance. It is a fragment of the higher life beyond; the vestibule which leads into the temple of immortality. Oh, how grand! I have stood on the hills of a southern isle of the sea, and watched the tropic sun, as she marched in splendor to her seeming rest, flinging her radiant shadows on the placid waters; I have seen her dip into darkness, and then, as if an angel's hand had lifted the curtain of the heavens, I have seen her reflected light flash up into a triumphant arch festooned with brilliant blue, and as if burnished with gold, till it seemed as if the everlasting gates had been lifted up. while far in the vista the excess of glory seemed too great, even for the shining ones. It was only for a moment, and then it was gone forever; but I then thought, and I still think, that these failing eyes shall never see aught more resplendent on this earth. Ah, but eve hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" of the beautitudes of the blest. Heart of man conceive, did I say? No! not when you sweetly pondered of the coming time at " stilly eve, as summer twilight dropped its dewy tears and wept itself away." No! not when you grasped the hand of your dying child, and looked into those tender eves. which

soon would gaze on other skies. No!

not when you stood beneath the weep-

ing willow where dust of sainted dead

was resting, and thought of them as

God. Who is the penitent man? Be- that were a joy to millions. In like "ever with the Lord." Not even when and beatific bliss of that world of glory. And I must add, not in your most terrific dreams could you conceive of that world of hell." Into this life of mortal destiny you and I must shortly enter. Every throb of the pulse, every beat of the heart, like a muffled drum, is the signal of our passage onward. Soon, O God! how soon? Will it be for us a world of heaven or of hell? The arrow may be about to fly that will strike some one here to the dust. Oh, for thunder-pealing words! Oh, for a spirit cry that will reach every heart: Prepare to meet thy God! When the frivolous Festus would fling the taunt, beside thyself," beside thyself because of this religious solicitude, then, supremely then, you can stand on high and with life's uncertainty in the present, and immutable destiny in the future,-grand as heaven, terrible as hell -for arguments cry out. "I am not mad most noble Festus!" And eternity shall tell that you were not mad. Who is this standing at the close of this discourse, with the thunder of doubt on his brow, and despair in his look, wailing ont the bitter cry. "Without God. and without hope in the world. Hopeless, hapless, cast off, and utterly forsaken at

> And who is this, all radiant with blissful anticipations, his face beaming with the light of heaven, exclaiming, -although in a prison he be,-"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course and kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." That is Paul, the aged, and at last, triumphant. Be his lot yours and mine. Surely before the universe he stands justifed, as not mad! not mad!

## OBITUARY.

MR. GEORGE MOORE OF CHARLOTTETOWN

In the year 1820, Mr. James Moore, and Sarah his wife, came to Prince Edward Island from England. They resided in Cascumpec for a few years, and subsequently for many years in Charlottetown. They were blessed with a large family sons and seven daughters. They lived to celebrate their golden wedding in the year 1864, having been then fifty years married. They were both for many years prominent and beloved members of the Methodist Church, and among the sweetest singers of our Israel.

Mr. George Moore, the eldest son of James and Sarah Moore, and the first of their children to be removed by death, was bern in London, England, in the year 1817. He came to this country with his parents in 1820. When a young man he removed to California where he remained five years. With the exception of those five years he resided in Charlottetown, or its vicinity, during all his life subsequent to 1820. Mr. Moore was for the last nineteen years the teller in the Bank of Prince Edward Island. He was during the last four years the Treasurer of the city of Charlettetown. In all his secular transactions, in private and in public walks. he has been competent and faithful in the discharge of his duties.

For the last forty-two years he has been member of the Methodist Church. His ability as a singer; his aptness to teach in the Sabbath school; his uniform Christian consistency; his frank and genial manner: practical common sense; and his strict fidelity to duty in small things as in greater things; brought him into prominence among his brethren. During almost all his days he has been connected with the choir and the Sabbath school He was several times, with pains-taking solicitude and ability and success filled the office of Superintendent of the school. He was for a long period one of the Trustees of our Connexional property in Charlottetown. And he has, moreover, for a long time discharged faithfully and efficiently the duties of a class leader.

During the last few years he suffered with disease of the heart. He continued nevertheless, at his place in the Bank, and at his work in the Church, until the last day of his life. He had often prayed thut he might "cease at once to work and live," and his prayer was answered. Among his last words as he lay down to sleep on the last night of his sojourn on earth, were these: "I will think of the home I am going to soon." In a few moments he was not, for that night, December 1, 1875, before it was yet day, the morning of his release came, and in the fifty-ninth year of his age, God took him. He leaves a widow, and three sons and D. D. C. three daughters.

December 31, 1875.

A sudden gloom fe'll upon our entire community on Sunday morning, Sept, 5th. when it became generally known that the

NICHOLAS MOSHER

gentleman whose name heads this article had died the night previous. He had been in good health up to Friday night. Early on Saturday morning he was taken suddenly sick with cholera morbus, the disease terminating fatally about ten o'clock

Mr. M. was a native of Newport, N. S. born March 15, 1806. In 1868 he moved to Kansas, and not finding congenial surroundings there came to this place in March, 1873, where, on account of his many sterling qualities as a Christian gentleman, he at once took rank among our best citizens. For a number of years he followed the occupation of ship building, in which pursuit he was quite success. ful, and at one time he was wealthy; but misfortune robbed him of his earnings, leaving him in comparative poverty-but with an uncomplaining heart and industrious hands, and with these he went to such labour as offered an honest support for himself and those dependent upon him. Maintaining in every phase of life the character of "an honest man the noblest

work of God."

mains were carried to the Methodist church, of which denomination he had been a most exemplary member for about forty years. A funeral sermon was preach. ed by his pastor, Rev. O. A. Fisher, from Matt. xxv. 21. to a large concourse of citizens, who had met irrespective of denominational peculiarities, to do honor to one of the best of men. From the church the body was borne in solemn procession to the cemetry and desposited in its last resting place according to the sublime ritual of the church, to await the resurrection of the just. Long will the name of Nicholas Mosher be remembered and honored by the people of San Marcos. The deceased leaves a wife, son and daughter and sev. eral grand children here, and relatives in other places .- San Marcos Free Press.

At 4 o'clock, p. m., on Sunday his re-

## CORRESPONDENCE

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 3, 1877. MR. EDITOR .- In the WESLEYAN of the 1st inst., I observe a note from I. N. P., in which I am requested "to mention how many of the brethren," on the list of ministers sent out from this circuit, as published in your paper of the 18th ult., came from England; and he then supposes that the brethren Martin and Slackford, came from thence; and I readily admit that he is right in that supposition, and if it will be any consolation to know, how many exactly came to this Island, from that country, I may tell I. N. P., that there are several others on my list beside those mentioned by him, who came here, at different times, from that land, but no one of the number at the time of his arrival, was a candidate for the work among us. But what has the place of a man's birth to do with the matter, or how can that circumstance affect the general question? As to the brethren Martin and Slackford, it was my happiness to be by their side more than thirty-five years ago, when they received a knowledge of the Divine favor, and afterwards to receive them into the Methodist Church in

My position as stated in the WESLEYAN of the 1st instant, is that the circuit on which a person is brought to God, is that which furnishes the material to keep up, or increase our ministerial staff, and not the place of his birth-unless the two are identical; if I. N. P. disputes the correctness of my position, let him say so, and then adduce his reasons for so thinking but I hold that if redemption is a greater work than that of creation.—then the conquest of the will, and the subjection of a sinner to Christ, is a greater-a nobler -and a work more worthy of its Author, than the birth of a child, whether born in England or in any other country.

And now as to my letter in the last WES-LEYAN, really Mr. Editor, there must have been a strange battle among the types in your office, when that letter was put to press; or a stranger obliviousness to sirable correctness, when your proof read er allowed it to pass into circulation from your office; but I only notice one of the errors which I think it worth while to ask to be corrected. You will see if you will kindly turn tomy letter that I say that Jas Buckley belonged to or was from-and not as printed, was "born in" Cornwallis were that little error allowed to pass ! might have him down upon me-in the true Celtic style-with his "hurrah for the Emerald Isle."

> Yours as ever. FREDERICK SMALLWOOD.

Note .- If writers for the Press will but generously take a share of the blame, we will assume the balance. Words are often so written that one is taken for ano ther: and even corrections sent to us appear sometimes almost precisely the same as words they are ntended to alter.—Edit

1. The pre verse 38, 39 2. The P verse 40 3. The tru 41-44. 4. The triu

45.51. Where in that-1. Human able ?

2. Human ized? 3. Faith in ment? DOCTRINE: T 6; John 6.

GENE

See CONNEC on II. David familiar to ever be pushed beyo facts to its gre as stated in through Simple the events of stated in the tion of human tin of simple f wisdom; 4. Th To encourage phant faith, we TEXT: "I can which strengthe VERSES show David.

The Occasion

years to have

ointing. Havin court as mus though nomina returned (verse three elder bro defense agains The encampme soutn-west of J Elah, which run this point about are sloping hills On the northern on the southern for forty days themselves on t perhaps with twice every day liath advanced fiant challenge put forth a ma with himself mig rel. He was of t 12, 32, 33; Josh. bit at twenty-one half a cubit, he inches in height. portion, and cor His coat of mail and fifty-six pour eighteen. His v at two hundred: Besides the TAR 45, which his own ried before him a ed his entire p breastwork. No and so armed a wa el quailed, and challenge. At th on the scene. He ance, and his who indignant words a He is soon sent for

The preparation tural thought would pion must be arm as completely as Saul equipped his of his own armory dence. The prayer THEE, pre-suppos skid. Saul did not at home in th been trained to hamper him, and prey to his foe. and ar peared in hi equipments of cr SLING.

proud champion.

As a shepherd the sling, and upe Saul, a Benjami fare, Judges 20. a weapon it was it hurling a store to ten with force enot helmet. Most w He could move lig combat, which he five chances to Gol the rifle against a great point was in sides this, there