

WESLEYAN ALMANAC
NOVEMBER, 1877.

New Moon, 5 day, 4h, 34m, Morning.
First Quarter, 12 day, 7h, 30m, Afternoon.
Full Moon, 20 day, 6h, 5m, Afternoon.
Last Quarter, 27 day, 5h, 51m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and RISES SETS. It lists astronomical data for each day of the month.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Cornwall, Horta, Managor, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Farnborough, Cornwall, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 2 hours and 35 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 30 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 30 minutes 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.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

ENGLISH METHODISM.

I UNDERSTAND that the President has arranged for the Committee on Australian affairs to meet next Monday evening, at five o'clock; and the Committee to consider the subject of circuits without a number, and also stationing in Conference, to sit on Tuesday, at half-past ten. There is a feeling that some improvement might be made as to stationing, but there is also a strong feeling against anything like the American mode being introduced here, a mode said to be desired by a few ministers, which puts the appointments of all the brotherhood into the hands of a small number—as in the case of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is almost certain the Conference will not agree to any such proposal, even if it should be made. In a ministry like that of Methodism nothing that could introduce or foster anything like patronage or nepotism will be tolerated. Like Jacob's sons, "we be brethren."

A good story comes to me from the land of "pasties" in the Far West. The new preacher was to put in an appearance, and a large and curious congregation gathered to discuss his merits. As he was walking out to his country Zion, a smart thunderstorm drove him to seek shelter in some wayside cottage, and he arrived at the chapel half an hour late. The friends had begun a prayer-meeting, and the young man reached the lobby just in time to hear the leader pray for him—

"Bless the new preacher, bless us. If he's sick an' ill, be pleased to raise us up. If he's lost his road, be pleased to put us right. But if he's one of them there gingerbread trade as can't stand a drop o' rain, be pleased to send us back agen—he's no good to we—not a morsel." Another damper!

Many people will be glad to hear that the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse is writing "Further Religious Notions of Daniel Quorn." Probably these papers will appear first in the "Methodist Magazine" of 1878, and then they will be published in book shape. It is very pleasant to hear that Mr. Pearse is well enough to resume his pen, but I regret to be told that he is still unable to do full work. He goes on quietly in his Cornish circuit, and it is to be hoped that outsiders will not tempt him away for special services of any kind.—London Methodist.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.—Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19th.—A well-to-do Irishman, named Miles Klynch, who keeps a grocery store on the corner of Catherine and Union streets, in this city, received more congratulations than any man in America to-day. His house is crowded with friends and they are having a jolly time of it. Miles married Mrs. Klynch six years ago, and she has since presented him with eleven children, or equal to two and one sixth per annum. Four times she has become the mother of twins, and yesterday evening she surprised her husband by giving birth to triplets. The children are fine, healthy babies, and are doing well.

A MINISTER'S WIFE ON TRAINING CHILDREN.

Some one has asked for help in the "management of children." A subject of vast importance, and volumes might be written, but to condense into a short paragraph is the problem.

My short experience with four little ones has taught me, I hope, some humility in speaking on this subject. My first child swept away a host of theories, and left me less confident of success. Each child has to be made a study; and all the wisdom and experience of others often fails to meet special cases. How necessary, then, that the mother be accustomed to ask "wisdom and strength" of one who alone can supply! Right training is necessary, but a praying mother will alone be successful.

It seems to me if there is one quality needful above others it is self-control. Impatience in the mother will be reproduced in the child, and loss of respect and power be the result. How humiliating and vexatious it is to find our own weakness and faults appearing in our children, when we all fondly hoped they were to be an edition "revised and improved."

In regard to punishment there are other methods than whipping which have a better effect. The principle of "like for like" should be followed. If a privilege is abused they should be deprived of it. If their return from a visit is delayed, next time deny the request to go out. For mischievousness and little faults of that character, requiring them to sit on a chair is a good punishment. Some children can be shut up in a closet for misdemeanors; but if nervous or timid, it should never be done. Faults of manners, habits of thoughtlessness, can often be cured by being held up to view by an older person. I read of a young lady being cured of the use of slang phrases in this way. In cases of wilful disobedience there is nothing like Solomon's rod. Punishing a child by going without food is cruel and injurious; but requiring a child to eat by itself is often an effectual method. Some parents manage a disobedient child by sending it to bed. A great deal of tact is needed in the use of punishment to accomplish the best results.

very important that a child understands that some penalty will invariably follow wrong-doing. The moral effect of this training is most excellent. Do not threaten; a little present punishment is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.

Think twice before having made them a promise or denied them a request, and then let no teasing or crying make you change your mind. In short be yourself what you desire them to be—true to your word, unselfish, courteous to all, especially in addressing your children. Some parents order them around as if they were dogs. Consideration for parents and respect to the aged should be taught to children. It is sad to see a devoted, unselfish mother training a selfish, exacting child.

Most of the fretfulness of young children I am convinced comes from indigestion—either improper food, over-eating, or irregularity in eating—all of which it is a mother's duty to look after and remedy. By using tact, a cross child can often be diverted from himself and brought into good humor, when one less wise might persist in going right "across the grain" and end in a severe whipping.

A restless, mischievous child is hard to manage, and yet the activity that shows itself in such troublesome ways, a wise parent can divert into useful channels. Let them help you set the table—boys as well as girls—wash dishes, help about the cooking, even if it is a great deal of bother. Get a hatchet or tack-hammer, and a paper of acks for your boys, and see how busy and happy a few cents spent in this way will make them. It is not extravagant, but a true economy to spend in this way. If your boys find their happiness consulted at home, no fears of their wanting to go into bad company or doubtful places.

Instead of ready-made toys get them materials with which to make things themselves. Get a pair of scissors with rounded points to cut paper with. Pre-

pare a piece of ground and show them about planting seeds. Give your little girl some old hats and pieces of ribbon to exercise her artistic tastes. Instead of fretting about those mischievous children set yourself diligently to work to find them something to do.

REV. S. LORIN GATES, a missionary of the American Board, stationed at Sholapoor, writes:

Thousands of these people are fed daily here, and yet it is impossible to reach all of the starving ones. We feed from three hundred to four hundred persons in our yard every day. Many of these, are children unable to work. Parents have turned off their children to care for themselves. Husbands have (among the poor) almost invariably turned away their wives, and mothers are trying to sell and give away their children. Almost every day children are brought here for us to take. One woman came with a child about four days old, and said that if we did not take the child she would kill it. We took mother and child and cared for them as best we could, but the mother finally killed the child by refusing to give it milk, although she had plenty of it in her breast. She had become almost insane with the thought of supporting the child at such a time as this. A few days ago, a little girl, about three years old, was found lying on our verandah. We asked her where she came from, and she said her mother brought her in sight of the house and told her to come here and she would find a mother; and she has. This shows how the people are suffering, for the mother to part with her child only as a last resort. Many persons have come here with their children, and asked us to keep them for a few weeks, while they went to the relief works, and it is encouraging to see how the people trust us now. We find about five hundred persons in our yard every morning. We select the most needy and set them on one side, for there are many who try to impose on us, and who have the means of support. We boil rice, about two bushels a day, and give with bread to the needy ones. The government authorities give us one hundred native loaves of bread a day. These we cut into three pieces each and give each child a piece, which serves as a plate on which to put the rice. The loaves are about as large in diameter as a dinner-plate, and a little thicker. Many children are so wasted away with hunger that they are actually living skeletons. Many were so far gone when they came that they will never recover. A few days ago I found three persons within an hour, in different parts of the fields near by, all speechless and nearly gone with starvation. There is a detachment of police whose duty it is to pick up the dead bodies that are found about the streets. From seventeen to twenty-five are reported at the police office as picked up every day.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

John B. Gough is a reformer by re-progression in one particular. He thinks "it's not fair" that the vote of an ignorant, vicious pauper should weigh and count as much in determining electoral issues as that of a cultured, virtuous citizen. The announcement and illustration of this opinion was received with thunderous applause by a New York audience last week. He holds universal suffrage to be one of the "blunders" into which the fathers fell. Millions of Americans think so too. Multitudes of New Yorkers have long since come to that conclusion. The proposed addition to the constitution of this State aims to rectify the blunder in part, by confiding the control of municipal expenditures to a board of finance, whose members shall be elected exclusively by tax and rent-payers. The proletarians and demagogues of the cities have already lifted up their voices against the change. The power to spend one's neighbors' money and to profit by the outlay, is too sweet to be given up without much wailing and obstreperous protest. If patriotism be not living at other people's expense, what is it? This is the New York city politician's conundrum. There is neither time, space, nor wish to solve it now.—Zion's Herald New York Correspondence.

THE INTERIOR SAYS.

"The religious chat" man of the New York Herald, speaking of religious malcontents who leave the churches, says: "The trouble with some folks is that unless they have a great parade at their own funeral, they are sorry that they died." That is so. And if the young men attempt to carry them out quietly, they will kick their coffins to pieces and raise a disturbance in the funeral procession."

THE REV. E. R. YOUNG, for several years a distinguished missionary in the North West, preached twice in the Methodist Church on Sunday, and addressed the children of the Sabbath School at 3 o'clock. The sermons were practical eloquent and earnest. Mr. Young is a cool, calm, correct, chaste, and forcible speaker. His discourses were deeply interesting, benevolent, and touchingly sympathetic. Few people had any idea of the success and extent of mission work in the great North West until they heard this devoted and eloquent man describe this interesting field of labor on Sunday last. The collections in aid of the cause were large. A synopsis of his Monday night's address will appear in our next.—Charlottetown Argus.

A YOUNG FARMER'S LETTER.

I am just fifteen years old and have saved up \$500. I want to tell the boys and girls among your readers how I have done it.

When I was about ten years old, father gave me four ewe lambs that was left without a mother, and said I might have them and their increase for five years, and then he would see about further arrangements. I got \$8 for the wool the next season, and they all had ewe lambs, making eight sheep at the close of the second year. The wool brought me \$15 that year, and the increase left me with fifteen sheep. This was stocking the farm pretty heavy, father said, but he didn't object. I sold father my twenty-eight sheep, and my wool money with interest makes \$85. I sold five fat lambs for \$15, which makes \$100, and I have father's note for that. The sheep I sold father for \$50, making \$150.

Three years ago father gave me a calf, which I sold last year for \$30; I have father's note for that. That makes \$180. Four years ago father gave me a colt, and it turned out to be a splendid horse. Father sold him in Pittsburg yesterday for \$300, and he gave me his note for that amount. That makes \$480. I planted and raised two acres of corn, all alone, last year, and cleared \$40 on it, but \$20 of it I took to buy a new suit, leaving me altogether \$500. To-day father took all

the notes I had, and gave me one note of \$500, at ten per cent. interest. So you see it brings me \$50 a year.

Some boys may say, "Your father gave it all to you; you didn't make it." This is true, partly; but I made the most out of my chances. Father says he might as well give it one way as another, and thinks this way will do the most good. He says he don't see but what he is as well off as though he hadn't given me anything. It will be six years yet before I am twenty-one, and I want to have a thousand dollars to start on, and I think I can make it.—Young Peoples Magazine.

HOW GOES THE MONEY.

How goes the money?—Well, I'm sure it isn't hard to tell. It goes for rents and water rates, For bread and butter, coal and grass, Hats, caps and carpets, hoops and hose— And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Now I've scarce begun to mention how, It goes for feathers, laces, rings, Toys, dolls, and other baby's things, Whips, whistles, candies, bells and bows— And that's the way the money goes.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country after nine months in the High School. We heard that a famous preacher was to preach at a neighbouring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. "Calm was all nature as a resting wheel."

The crows, instead of taking wing, were impudent and sat still, the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field gates, gossiping and grazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sunlight—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, sprinklings of blithe company; the country side seemed moving to some centre.

As we entered the kirk we saw a notable character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell—

"He had a hardness in his eye,
He had a hardness in his cheek."

He was our terror, and we not only wondered but were afraid when we saw him going on. The kirk was as full as it could hold. How different it looks to a brisk town congregation! There was a fine leisuredness and vague stare—all the dignity and vacancy of animals, eyebrows raised and mouth open, as is the habit with those who speak little and look much, and at far off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a "big one of ourselves." He looked vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it one great object, not many.

We shall never forget his smile—genial benignity. How he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly, then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing; then he gave out his text; we forget it—but its subject was, "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; then suddenly started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight and was breathless to declare it. He told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, and in all places. How we all knew it, and how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eyes from the speaker. The tide set in; everything added to its power; deep called to deep; imagery and illustration poured in, and every now and then the theme—the simple, terrible statement—was repeated in some lucid interval.

After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotions; and after shrieking, as if in despair, the words "Death is a tremendous necessity," he suddenly looked beyond us, as if to some distant region, and cried out—

"Behold a mightier!—who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling towards men in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save."

BISHOP FALLOWS'S LECTURE

Last night Bishop Fallows delivered, at the new Masonic Hall, his promised lecture on the Reformed Episcopal Church of the United States. The lecturer is a most attractive speaker, powerful, self-possessed, fluent and correct, and his lecture was a most interesting one. He entered into a history of the development of Ritualism in the Church of England. He showed that the Ritualistic doctrines were based on the Prayer Book; that the highest Ecclesiastical Court of England had decided that these doctrines were not contrary to the law, and might be taught; that the majority of the clergymen were of the Ritualistic type; that 2500 of them, and more, were constantly hearing confession and teaching the doctrine. He said that not 30 young men were preparing for the Evangelical Ministry in the United States; that the struggle of the Low Church party had been in vain, and that it had been given up. He said that there was no barrier between the Ritualistic Church and the Roman. After thus stating the position, he asked his audience how could the Evangelical battle be fought. Inside of the church it could not be fought. No Reformation had ever been successful from within the church. All such attempts had failed. The battle must be fought outside; and in order to reform the English Church they must come out of it. They could not reconcile confession, and the Real Presence, and Justification by Sacraments with their Evangelical beliefs. They must go back into history, back behind Charles, back behind James, and stand beside Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, on the doctrines of the real Protestant Church. The address was applauded moderately at the close. Rev. Mr. Brown was then called upon to make some remarks.—Herald (Halifax).

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Then in a few plain sentences he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freshness, the simplicity, the security of the great method of justification.

How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder—the whole man was an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We had all insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker; and when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was that followed Death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape, we all sank back in our seats.

How beautiful to our eyes did the thunder look—exhausted, but pure and sweet! How he poured out his soul before God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of death. Then a short psalm, and all was ended.—North British Review.