

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

JANUARY, 1879.

Full Moon, 8 day, 7h. 34m. Morning. Last Quarter, 15 day, 6h. 45m. Morning. New Moon, 22 day, 7h. 37m. Morning. First Quarter, 30 day, 7h. 31m. Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and TIDES. It lists sunrise and sunset times for each day of the month.

THE TIDES.—Line of high water at Parramore, 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, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland, 30 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR LITTLE PEOPLE'S CLUB.

"Jack Frost is at those pranks again, young folks," said Mr. Sporter, as he put his jolly red face, within the Club-room. "Whew! how my nose and ears are nipped. I fear many colds will come from his mischievous capers of to-day. By the way, have you ever played the sneezing game? It is very ridiculous. All sit in a circle, and some members of the company are told at a given signal to pronounce the syllable 'ish,' others 'ash,' and the remainder of the players 'osh.' Then when the leader says 'Now,' every one shouts the syllable given him, and the result is a mighty sneeze. Perhaps this is a well-known game; but, you see, the Little People of this generation are so wise, that it is hard for an old fellow like me to teach them any thing new. I am sure you all know that in bygone times a sneeze was considered unlucky, and it was common for some bystander to say 'God bless you!' so as to avert misfortune from the person who sneezed. It is told—I don't know how truly—that after the sneeze of a certain African King, all the members of his court salute him in so loud a tone of voice, that persons in the antechamber hear and repeat the blessing so noisily that the words are heard in the street; there the sentence is taken up until the whole city is filled with shoutings from one sneeze of his Majesty. Probably you have seen the rhyme:

A cold in the head what can be said, Uglier, stupid, more ill bred.

Even though believing the truth of this couplet, you will be surprised to hear that a soldier with no other ailment than a cold in the head, drew a dagger and begged his comrades to strike him with it to the heart. The cold from which this brave man and others suffered nearly defeated a skillful plot. Let me tell you the whole story:

"In the year 1590 the people of Holland wished to wrest their own city of Breda from the Spaniards. But this city was defended by a strong castle, within which lived a garrison of 350 picked soldiers. The Dutch had neither men nor money to waste on a vain onslaught, so whatever scheme was conceived must succeed. Finally they hit upon an ingenious plan. The castle at Breda used turf for fuel, and a company of seventy brave Dutch soldiers volunteered to hide themselves under a cargo of this dry grass, and thus to be towed with it into the harbor beneath the castle walls. Two men, common sailors, one of whom had received the nickname of 'Dare-devil,' were alone to be visible on the boat's deck.

"When the soldiers had all been packed into the hold and the load of turf placed over them, the little craft proceeded on its perilous journey. Even more hardships than had been imagined beset them. The boat was detained so long by ice and adverse winds that they nearly starved and froze, and were compelled after three days' voyaging, to go ashore for food and warmth. They started again, but two days more elapsed before Breda came in full view. Just at this moment, when success seemed imminent, the little boat sprang a leak. Water rapidly entered the hold, and soon reached as high as the knees of the seventy concealed men. They suffered dreadfully from this discomfort, and soon every man caught a violent cold in the head. Sneezes, sneezes, coughs, coughs, was distinctly heard on deck through the covering of turf. The 'Dare-devil' skipper knew that the slightest sound would disclose to the wary Spaniards the whole plot, and he ordered his men to work the pump

with as much noise as possible. Soon the Spanish commander with his workmen came on board to inspect and unload the peat. Then the pump ran a race with the half-drowned coughing and sneezing men below deck. Clink, clank, cough, sneeze, surely all would be discovered! But the skipper proved equal to this emergency. He bawled orders to this one sailor, and laughed and cracked jokes with the Spaniards. When the servant of the commander complained that the turf was not as good as usual, and that his master would never be satisfied with it, he replied: "The best part of the cargo is underneath. This is expressly reserved for the commander; he is sure to get enough of it to-morrow." During this conversation the Spanish workmen were busily unloading the peat. They worked so fast that two hours before nightfall only a thin layer covered the hidden Dutch soldiers. But the skipper did not intend to be defeated after escaping so many dangers. He told the workmen to leave what remained until the next day, and gave each man an extra piece of silver to buy a glass of beer. The unsuspecting laborers hurried off. At nightfall the seventy soldiers gathered on deck. They marched stealthily to the castle, and in a few moments overcame the sleeping garrison and captured the city of Breda."

"When did the soldier wish to be stabbed?" asked Mr. Spinner after the Club had drawn a long breath of satisfaction over this story.

"While they were all crouched in the hold," returned Mr. Sporter, "listening to the voice of the Spaniards on deck."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Spinner, who always became restless under another's anecdote, "the Spaniards were cruel foes. King Philip II. ruled Spain at this time, and showed mercy to no one. He even poisoned his own son. This prince, named Don Carlos, was such a savage that many think him insane. Now, none of us like tight shoes, and Don Carlos was no exception. Once a pair was brought to the palace for the prince, which proved so small that he could not, after great exertion, pull them off. He flew into a rage, and sent for the shoemaker. When the unlucky man appeared trembling in every limb, Don Carlos ordered that the shoes should be cut up, seasoned, and boiled. Then the shoemaker was ordered to eat the whole of the stew. This he did with thankfulness, for many small offenders had been beheaded."

"Come, come," interrupted Mr. Knowell, "don't feed those children on a diet of horrors. Here is a short story to take away that bad taste."

"I will be a gardener," said Philip when old enough to choose a trade. "It must be pleasant to live among green herbs and sweet-smelling flowers." But he soon came home and said that he had given up gardening, as stooping hurt his back, and he did not like having to crawl about on the ground.

Then he thought he would be a hunter. "It must be a delightful life," he said, "in the green shady woods." But before long he came back and complained of having to get up so early in the morning, and said that the foggy, damp air gave him cold.

Then he thought how he should like to be a fisherman. "What can be easier," he said, "than to float along in a little boat, and to draw nets full of fish out of the water without any trouble?" But he very soon changed his mind. "It is nasty, wet work," he said, "and I can't bear the water."

At last he thought he should like to be a cook. "A cook," he said "can always have something good to eat, for the gardener, the hunter and the fisherman must all bring him what they have gained by their toil." But he soon came back more discontented than ever. "It would be all very well," he said, "but for the fire. When I am standing before the hearth, I feel as if I really must melt with the heat."

His father said to him gravely:—"Think only of the advantages of your present position, whatever it may be, and you will be sure to find difficulties seem less and less."

Philip followed his father's advice, and for the future comforted himself with this proverb:

To all there comes a time for grief or joy; No lot has happiness without alloy.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

The following is a probable explanation of the origin of the upas-tree story: "A real valley of death exists in Java; it is termed the Valley of poison, and is filled to a considerable height with carbonic acid gas, which is exhaled from crevices in the ground. If a man or other animal enter it, he cannot return; and he is not sensible of his danger until he feels himself sinking under the poisonous influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him; the carbonic acid, of which it chiefly consists, rising to the height of eighteen feet from the bottom of the valley. Birds which fly into this atmosphere drop down dead; and a living fowl thrown into it dies before it reaches the bottom, which is strewn with carcasses of various animals that have perished in the deleterious gas."

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

THE AFGHANISTAN WAR.

Dear Mr. Editor.—

At the date of my last letter the command had gone forth, and the dogs of war had again been loosed. The battalions which had been massed upon our Indian frontiers, began to press forward into Afghanistan, and very soon the enemy began to oppose their progress. There has been some sharp skirmishing, and several brave officers and men have fallen. The enemy has retired, and up to the present our men have been victorious.

THE REAL STRUGGLE.

has not been encountered. The crafty Ameer will not yield until he is more thoroughly beaten. The situations upon which he is now falling back, are known to be very formidable. The main body of his army has not yet been brought into the conflict. The season is much against our men, and very soon all active operations will have to be suspended until next spring. It is an arduous and costly undertaking, and much precious life will be sacrificed in the struggle with cold, and by the crafty outsets of the savages with whom we are now contending.

PUBLIC OPINION.

on the merits and necessity of the war is very much divided. The main body of the Conservatives appear agreed upon the question and urge that it was indispensable for India's safety and England's honor, that Afghanistan be invaded, and the frontier line, once for all, be rectified. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone and a vast array of talent and experience, insist that our recent policy with Sheer Ali has been one of a most irritating nature, and marked by not a few unaccountable blunders and contradictions. Parliament has been called for a

SPECIAL SESSION.

in December, at a most unusual and inconvenient time. The Queen's speech conveyed very little beyond an intimation of the war, and the promise of full information. The whole question will now be fully discussed, and the Government compelled to answer its accusers. Long, and perhaps strong debates will be a feature of this sitting of the Imperial Parliament, but we do not think there is any probability of the strong majority of the Government being broken. They will be vindicated by that party vote, will obtain the supplies they require for the prosecution of the war and then depart for their Christmas holidays in excellent spirits. Yet it is sad, terribly sad, to feel that we are again shedding blood in India and Africa, and that to vast numbers of people we send, not peace, but a sword.

THE THANKSGIVING FUND.

has been the one great thought of our Methodist Brethren in London. It was felt to be desirable that the first grand appeal should be made in London. The Executive Committee lost no time in the preparation of a programme. The arrangements were quickly made public, and now it is pleasant to be able to record the undoubted success of this, the first appeal to our people on behalf of the great movement.

CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

now entirely free of debt was most appropriately selected for the place of meeting. Special sermons were preached on the Sabbath preceding and another on the Monday evening.

TUESDAY DEC. 3RD.

will long be remembered as the day when this new and splendid work was fairly inaugurated. Meetings were held forenoon, afternoon, and evening, for prayer, praise, speaking and offering of gifts. The enthusiasm was very great, a blessed spiritual influence rested upon the crowded congregations, and the liberal gifts of the people speedily widened the possibility of London Methodism setting a noble example to the rest of the United Kingdom. The sums promised that day were on a liberal scale, and amounted in the aggregate to about £35,000. Circuit meetings in both of the London Districts are yet to be held and doubtless much more will yet be received, although in much smaller amounts. The Fund has thus been most hopefully brought before our people, and it will do us very much good, both in the giving and in the final application of the money. President Rigg, has taken a leading part in this movement, and it will be the crowning glory of his official year.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

are not in the least revived. The times are indeed hard and gloomy. The year ebbs onwards to its last few days, under discouraging aspects, but yet there need be no real discouragement. The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious, nor hath He in anger turned away His face from us. Presenting kind greetings to all my esteemed Brethren and friends,

Yours truly,

B.

A SAILOR'S DEATH-GRIP.

A sea captain related, at a prayer-meeting in Boston, a thrilling incident in his own experience: "A few years ago," said he, "I was sailing by the Island of Cuba, when the cry ran through the ship, 'Man overboard!' It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship, but I instantly seized a rope and threw it over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it for his life. The sailor caught the rope just as the ship was passing. I immediately took another rope, and making a slip-knot of it, attached it to the other, and slid it down to the struggling sailor, and directed him to pass it over his shoulders and under his arms, and he would be drawn on board. He was rescued; but he had grasped that rope with such firmness, with such a death-grip, that it took hours before his hold relaxed and his hand could be separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him, that the strands of the rope became imbedded in the flesh of his hands." This illustrates the fact that God has let down from heaven a rope to every sinner on earth. Every strand is a precious promise, and we ought to be so intensely eager to secure these promises, as to lay hold on them for our lives, and grasp them with tenacious grip.—Selected.

OBITUARY.

ON THE LATE T. A. S. DEWOLF OF HALIFAX.

"God gave, He took, He will restore, He doeth all things well."

We knew him in our early days, long years before Life's troubles dawned upon us, when the tide ran smooth, Nor care nor sorrow touched our brow, memory recalls His form and features, his face genial is aye before us now.

God gave to us the good old man Whose pleasant smile it was so cheer to meet;

Who walked life's path so gracefully, To-day he sitteth at the Master's feet

He took him home to rest, to rest, to realms on high

Brighter than mortal thought can e'er conceive, To mansions bright beyond the sky

Prepared for all who serve him and believe. He will restore our loved ones; His promise never unfulfilled— That all about be united, forever stands, rings out

In majesty supreme, echoes like chimes of a cathedral bell,

Humbly and lovingly we bow, He doeth all things well.

St. John's, N. F.

MARIAN SWALLOW.

Died at Wentworth, Dec. 9th, in the 22nd year of her age, Marian, youngest daughter of Wm. Swallow, Esq., and sister of Rev. Charles W. Swallow, A. B.

Our departed sister, at the age of fifteen, during the ministry of brethren Wasson and James, made the first public profession of religion, and from that time till the day of her death was a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

Possessing brilliant talents and an unusually cultivated mind, her earlier life was full of sweet promise of usefulness. But alas! during her residence at Boston, she was seized with fever which left her system so prostrated that she became an easy prey to that dread disease consumption.

Miss Swallow, while true to Methodism, was more than a Methodist. To her "the communion of saints" meant a communion of faith, goodness and purity everywhere. Her spiritual life was too diffusive to be confined by the narrowness of sectarianism, she lived in a freer and purer atmosphere.

The last weeks of her life were weeks of intense suffering borne without a murmur. It was an inestimable privilege for the writer to be much in her society during these weeks and hear her expressions of confidence and hope in Christ. As her end drew near her desire to depart increased. "I am just waiting," she said to me one night, "just waiting as patiently as I can." "Do you think He will come for me before morning?" Nothing would please her so well as to tell her that she must soon die. "O, my Redeemer, take me now," was the burden of her prayer. To her the thought of heaven, a home of rest, was peculiarly sweet, a place of happy recognitions, glad reunions and perpetual friendships. It gave her much comfort to believe, as she firmly did, the same law that binds together here persons of mutual sympathies and tastes and makes their company enjoyable, will obtain in the better world, and that friend will be drawn to friend by a similar law of mutual affinity. Something, doubtless akin to the thought Tennyson had when he wrote—

"Yet less of sorrow lives in me For days of happy communion dead; Less yearning for the friendship fled, Than some strong bond which is to be."

As her feet entered "the swelling flood" her vision of the "sweet fields be-

yond" grew brighter—"I see the gates, I see them coming for me."—And thus she passed out of our sight to the Father's house, the children's home.

We cannot help feeling sometimes that in her case it was a "withheld completion of life." It is so natural to think that possibilities and a disposition for usefulness can find their only expression in this life, but

"Behold, we know not any thing." As we think of the countless numbers going up from this earth of ours, redeemed by the blood of Christ, yet unimpaired in the way of salvation, we can conjecture some of the glorious ministries that await the departed in the spirit world.

We are more than ever impressed with the truth that Christianity has to do with facts rather than theories; and one of the most significant of these facts is the sustaining grace God gives his dying children. More convincing far than all the "evidences" we ever read was the simple story of faith and hope in Christ given by our departed sister.

Crowned with the reward of patient waiting and loving service she has entered upon the home-life of heaven, but "being dead she yet speaks," and her words, if rightly interpreted, are these: "The religion of the Lord Jesus is gloriously real and true. F. H. W."

MRS. ANN WALKER.

On the 17th of Dec., at Granville, on the Bridgetown Circuit, after a somewhat protracted illness, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Ann Walker, who for more than fifty years was a member of the Methodist Church.

For many years she was a class-leader, and, as many can testify, filled this position with efficiency and success.

Being a woman of strong convictions, she was decided and conscientious in her adherence to the church of her choice. And she was just as strong in adherence to the Lord Jesus. He was every thing to her, "all and in all."

Her religious life was not of the negative kind. She could say, "I know whom I believe." It was my pleasure to visit her during her illness, and as I talked with her of the future heaven seemed to get very near and Jesus very precious. Heaven to her was not a myth, but a happy locality, where the most valuable treasures of her life were stored, and where she hoped to "see the king in his beauty" and—

"Join the blood-bespinked band On the eternal shore,"

in casting her crown at his feet, and paying him the most pure and ardent homage of her being.

Seeing her a short time before she died, I said to her—"Well, sister, how is it with you now?" and she said, "I am waiting, just waiting, for the Master to come." I thought, as she uttered the words, it is a grand thing when the end comes, to have nothing to do but die.

"Like a shock of corn fully ripe," she was gathered to the garnering house on high. Of her it may be truly said, she was a "mother in Israel." She lived a goodly consistent life, and died in possession of a "joy that is unspeakable and full of glory."

CALEB PARKER.

FLETCHER W. PARKER, of Avonport, the subject of this notice, was one of several young persons who fell victims to the dreadful diphtheria, during its prevalence in that place last Spring.

His friendly disposition and filial respect were prominent features in his character and moral, cheerful and intelligent, he was a favorite with all classes and ages. His parental training led him to begin and end each day with secret prayer; but it was not until he was stricken by disease that he sought in earnest the pearl of great price. Aided by the counsels of his parents, the Rev. Mr. Coffin, his pastor, and other pious friends, he soon saw the way of pardon clearly, accepted it, and was forgiven. The love of God now filled his heart, and the praises of the Lord dwelt upon his tongue. The fear of death was swallowed up, in ardent longing to be with Christ in heaven. With earnest and tender words he strove to assuage the grief of his parents, in prospect of this repeated stroke—a younger boy having fallen by the same disease, only a few days before—while with deep solicitude he sought to compass the salvation of his unconverted neighbors and former companions. A blessed revival of religion was at that time in progress in Avonport; and upon these services Fletcher had been a regular and respectful attendant; but now, under the inspiration of the new life, he longed to stand once more in the courts of the Lord, that he might declare to all the people what God had done for him.

After eight days of suffering, six of which were spent in prayer and two in praise, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus—aged 17 years. S. O. F.