

WESLEYAN ALMANAC MAY, 1878.

New Moon, 2 day, 8h, 36m, Morning. First Quarter, 9 day, 6h, 18m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 16 day, 10h, 17m, Morning. Last Quarter, 23 day, 9h, 27m, Afternoon. New Moon, 31 day, 9h, 33m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The columns of the Moon's Setting give the time of high water at Ferrisboro, Cor. walls, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 3 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.S., and Portland, Maine, 2 hours and 55 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 50 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 3 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 3 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 3 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.

"ROCK OF AGES."

To the Editor of the Wesleyan. SIR,—Toplady's beautiful verses, "Rock of Ages," are widely known and as widely admired. But as they now appear in many collections of hymns—that of the Methodists among the number—they differ materially from the original production of the author.

"Rock of Ages cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy rivers side which flowed Be of sin the double cure, Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands, Can fulfil the Law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling, Naked, come to thee for dress, Helpless, look to thee for grace, Foul, I to the fountain fly, Wash me Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye strings break in death, When I soar through tracks unknown, See Thee on thy judgment throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me Let me hide myself in Thee"

As thus written the hymn has been translated into Latin and Greek by that ripe, classical scholar, the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone; and in regard to the former language at least the work was performed so successfully that a Roman Catholic author of considerable note, pardonably mistook it for a production of some ecclesiastical poet of the Middle Ages, and not unnaturally therefore made a claim upon it as church property.

The authorship of the "Rock of Ages," was once in dispute and there was quite a valiant controversy, maintained for sometime over the respective claims of the famous Calvinistic divine, and the sweet singer of Methodism. But that was after, both were done with writing hymns "on these low grounds," whether they were so employed or not in the happy sphere to which they been transferred. Whilst the combatants were plying their weapons with such vigor and determination, those in whose behalf the contest had been joined, were perchance singing in responsive strains the beautiful hymn itself—the production of the one—or the equally celebrated stanzas—"Jesu Lover of my soul"—the pious utterances of the other. It is well that strifes of mortals are confined to earth.

I close with a remark of Spurgeon, which, though it deals with only one of the parties alluded to, is nevertheless appropriate and well put—"Toplady was one of the best of men. Greater bitterness than he showed to Wesley, it would be hard to find except in his antagonist; equal sweetness as to love for Jesus, and devotion to the cause of the Gospel, can be found nowhere, unless it be in the men whom he lived and died denouncing."

Wolfville, April 22, 1878.

IN THE POOR HOUSE.

At the session of the Central German Conference in Louisville last Fall, the presiding bishop, Haven, in his address to the candidates for admission into full connection, spoke of the trials and hardships of the ministry together with its compensations. In the course of his remarks he made some witty allusions to the possibility of some of them ending their days in the poor-house, which he thought was not, after all, the most undesirable place for a man to go.

Of course all the bishop said, was said in a vein of pleasantry, and he never once dreamed of the likelihood or even possibility of a Methodist preacher, who was faithful to God and the Church actually going to the poor-house. Yet some of the preachers, however, were anything but pleased with the prospect the bishop set before them, and were very free to give expression to their disapprobation.

At the recent session of the Northern New York Conference, at which Bishop Haven also presided, a scene transpired which, we think, will forever destroy the Bishop's desire to indulge in a witticism of that kind again. The scene is thus described in the regular report of that Conference, as we find it in the New Advocate.

A thrilling incident occurred on Monday. Rev. J. F. Widmer explained to the Conference that in the Oneida County Almshouse, one mile from that place was a former member of the Oneida Conference, who located in 1861, with no prospect of coming to want, but now was penniless, and all his near relatives were dead. Chaplain McCabe, with true chivalry, moved to take a collection for his support while he lived. With great enthusiasm two hundred and eighty-seven dollars and sixty cents were promptly given. On motion of G. M. Mead, he was readmitted to the Conference upon the presentation of his certificate of location, and next year will receive his support from the Conference as a Conference claimant. The highest point of enthusiasm was reached in the afternoon, when, by vote of the Conference, the brother was brought from the poor house and given a seat on the platform, while Chaplain McCabe led the Conference in singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" William C. Loomis is the brother's name.

The thought that a minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ should end his days as a pauper in the county poor house was not more pleasant as a reality, we opine, to our genial and witty bishop than it was to the Conference of ministers over whom he at that time presided.—Western Advocate.

ALL ABOUT A BRICK.

A correspondent of the Evening Post, gives the following account of a personal experience:

One bright morning in month of November, some years ago, I was preparing to go down town, when the servant informed me that a man was waiting at the front door to see me. "Tell him I'll be down in a moment," said I. On going to the door a man of tall stature and robust appearance, called me by name, requested assistance, saying that he had a large family, a wife in delicate health, and no means to procure food for them. "You appear to be strong

and healthy; why don't you work?" asked I. "Simply, sir, for the reason that I cannot procure work." Not having any work to give him I thought I would test the sincerity of his intentions. "If I give you work what pay do you want?" "Anything, sir, you choose to give me, so long as I obtain means for my suffering family." "Very well," said I, "I will give you twenty-five cents an hour if you will carry a brick on your arm around the block for five hours without stopping." "Thank you, sir, I will do it," after hunting a while I found a brick, placed it on the man's arm, started him on his walk, and then went down town to my business.

Not having the least faith in the faith in the man's promise, I thought but little more of it, yet as I knew I should be back within the five hours I determined to see if he performed his work. My business kept me away rather later than I expected, so I had to forego my usual walk home, and took a Fourth Avenue car to be back within the five hours.

As I approached the corner of the street where I reside I found a great crowd of persons gathered—two fire engines, a hose cart and a hook and ladder truck. Upon inquiring where the fire was I was informed that it was a false alarm, and that what brought the people together and occasioned the agitation was the spectacle of a tall man carrying a brick on his arm for nearly five hours. The neighbors were looking at him from the windows and doors as he passed along; some thought he was crazy, but when spoken to his answer was: "Don't stop me; it's all right." As he interfered with no one he was allowed to walk on undisturbed. "Where is the man now?" I asked, "There, you can see him at the other end of the block, walking with his head down," was the answer.

He was just about turning the corner, and I waited till he had performed the circuit, then, taking him quietly by the arm, I marched him to my house, followed by a lot of boys. In the mean time the firemen, engine and hose cart rattled off. The man was thoroughly tired out when I took him into my hall and seated him on a chair, while my servant went for a little wine and some thing to eat. I paid him forthwith a dollar and a half. He informed me that while making one of his rounds a lady came out of a house and inquired why he was carrying that brick, and on his giving her the reason he received a dollar. The object soon became known, for as he passed the houses small sums were given to him by different persons, and he was well satisfied with his days work. "But," said he, "what shall I do to-morrow?" "Why," I replied, "go early in the morning to the houses from which you received the money and ask for work, and no doubt you will find some one who will put you in the way of getting it; then report to me." The following afternoon he informed me that he had been sent to a German, who kept a pork establishment on Third avenue, and who wanted a clerk to keep his books. He was to get five dollars a week if his work proved satisfactory, and his duties began on the following day. Before leaving me he asked for the brick which had brought him such good luck, and I gave it to him. Within the year I ascertained that the man had been transferred to a larger establishment of the same kind, with a salary of one thousand dollars. Three or four years after this I was riding in a street car, when a well dressed man accosted me with a smile, and asked me if I knew him. Seeing me hesitate, he said: "Don't you recollect the man who carried the brick?" He then informed me that he was doing a fine business on his own account, had laid up money and expected soon to build himself a house up town. "What became of the brick?" I inquired. "That brick, sir, has always occupied a place on our mantelpiece, and we value it as the most precious of our little possessions. It has made our fortune."

A practical joke was played in Berryville, Missouri, not long since, which was followed by fatal consequences. As a man was passing a grave-yard at midnight two men sprang from behind a monument and shouted at him. He ran home and went to bed, but was so nervous that he could not sleep, and before morning died in convulsions.

DAVID GRAY'S ESTATE.

Over his forge bent David Gray, And thought of the rich man across the way.

"Hammer and anvil for me," he said "And weary toil for the children's bread, "For him soft carpets and pictured walls, "A life of peace in his spacious halls."

The clang of bells on his dreaming broke; A flicker of flame, a whirl of smoke. Ox in travis, force grown white hot, Coat and hat were alike forgot.

As up in the highway the blacksmith ran, In face and main like a crazy man. "School-house afire!" Men's hearts stood still And women prayed as women will.

While o'er the tumult the wailing cry, Of frightened children rose shrill and high. Night in its shadows bid sun and earth; The rich man sat by his hearth.

Lord of wide acres and untold gold, But wifeless, childless, forlorn and old. He thought of the family across the way: "I would," he sighed, "I were David Gray."

The blacksmith knelt at his children's bed-To look once more at each smiling head. "My darlings all safe. Oh God!" he cried, "My sin in Thy boundless mercy hide.

"Only to-day have I learned how great "Hath been Thy bounty and my estate."

FUN WITH A SPIDER.

Spiders in many respects are just like other animals, and can be tamed and petted and taught a great many lessons which they will learn as readily as a dog or cat. But you must take the trouble to study their ways and get on the good side of them. One day I had been reading in a book how spiders managed to get their webs across streams and roads, and from the top of one tall tree to another. I went out and caught a large garden spider, one of those blue-gray sprawling fellows, and fixed him up for my experiment.

I took a stick about eighteen inches in length and fastened a piece of iron to one end of it so that the stick would stand up on that end of itself. Then I put this stick in the center of a large tub half full of water, and placed the spider on top of the stick. I wanted to see if he could get to the "land" which was the edge of the tub, without any help. He ran down first one side of the stick and then the other; each time he would stop when he touched the water, and shaking his feet as a cat does, he would run up again. At last he came to the conclusion that he was entirely surrounded by water—on an island, in fact. After remaining perfectly quiet for a long while, during which I have no doubt he was arranging his plans, he began running around the top of his stick, and throwing out great coils of web with his hind feet. In a few minutes, little fine strings of web were floating away in the slight breeze that was blowing. After a little, one of threads touched the end of the tub and stuck fast, as all spider webs will. This was just what Mr. Spider was looking for, and the next minute he took hold of this web and gave it a jerk as a sailor does a rope when he wishes to see how strong it is or make it fast. Having satisfied himself that it was fast at the other end, he gathered it in till it was tight and straight, and then ran on it quickly to the shore; a rescued cast-away, saved by his own ingenuity. Spiders are not fools, if they are ugly, and He who made all things, has a thought and care for all. The earth is full of the knowledge of God.—Congregationalist.

UNCLE JOHN'S BIBLE.

BY WM. M. P. ROUND.

John Malcom had a hard time of it. The neighbors called him "shiftless." Some shrewd, money-getting and money-keeping farmers said he had "no faculty," whatever that may mean. He had the air of a man for whom life has been too much of a burden. Things had indeed gone contrary with him; circumstances had switched him off the track of prosperity, and he wasn't able to get back again. The grooves of thrift in England are very narrow, and he didn't fit them.

The man had no bad habits; he didn't drink, or swear, or gamble, or even smoke—in short, he had all the negative virtues, and many a positive virtue besides. His brightest virtue was faith. He believed in God, and, however dark his path seemed, he always had this star to guide him. It is an immensely compensating thing to have faith, and with it a man can endure almost any want.

John Malcom's wife was in the best sense of the word a helpmeet. She counted no toil for her family as too much. Nothing discouraged her. She would go singing about her work from earliest dawn till a rather late bedtime, and though she had to do so year in and year out, never complained of her lot as a hard one. Her idea of life was a struggle to make both ends meet, and she never thought of murmuring at the struggle because she believed it led to a reward of perfect rest and peace. She believed in God and in working for His glory. She swept and scrubbed and mended and baked and churned and cooked with a firm belief that it was everybody's mission to work themselves through the world into the kingdom of Heaven. She did all her work to God's glory without even thinking of the matter, and she had as sunny a face and as happy a heart as any princess in the world.

At the period when my story begins, the Malcoms had two children, Harry, aged twelve, and Mollie, aged ten. Harry, brown as a nut, supple-jointed, strong in his arm, brave in his heart, full of life and spirits, with no idea of being afraid, of work, and determined to make the most of his opportunities. Mollie was pale and delicate, a sweet and gentle child who was generally tired without knowing why, and whose blue eyes had a certain sadness, as if the light and bustle of life were too much for them.

The elder Malcoms began life happily enough, with a little farm bought and paid for, a little money in the bank, and both of them in good health and spirits. Everything went smoothly during the first year. The crops were excellent and large. Harry was born and was a healthy and happy baby. Their home seemed to promise all that was bright and beautiful. The second year misfortunes began to come upon them. There was a long mid-summer drought and all the crops failed. But John Malcom found some work to do, at low wages to be sure, but it prevented the need of drawing on their little hoard. But when winter came Mrs. Malcom was taken sick with a fever, and Harry had the whooping-cough, and what with doctor's bills, and bills for help, and the other incidental expenses of sickness, when planting-time came, John found that his little bank account was reduced to nearly nothing. Then there was another disastrous summer. This time it was the army worm, which justified its name, and left John Malcom's field all but desolate.

About this time John did come pretty near being discouraged; but he got out his old family Bible and read all the comforting promises and prayed for strength to work and faith to trust, and then he went on with his plodding. It was up hill work, though, and few resting places. A wife in poor health, a baby to care for, and a farm that had no crop to speak of for two years, and only one pair of hands to do it all.

Still John Malcom worked on, trusting in God. But he did not thrive. When a man begins to go down hill it is hard to overcome the impetus and turn in the other direction. It was only year or two before John had to borrow money on his farm, and then there was the yearly burden of interest to pay. The barn and fences began to get out of repair, and John had to work all the time to get bread enough to eat, so that he couldn't repair them.

It was at this point that the neighbors began to say that he was "shiftless." When John thought the burden of his life was already beyond his strength, there came another burden to him. This was about two years before the date of my story. An uncle of Mrs. Malcom's who had for years been in the West, came home to die. He came to John Malcom's a poor, broken-down man, who had consumption fixed upon him, and John hadn't the heart to turn him away from the door. He lived with the Malcoms till he died, and they waited upon him tenderly. Mrs. Malcom was well now, and said she didn't mind a little work for "poor Uncle John," though everybody knew that poor Uncle John made her a very great deal of trouble indeed. At last the old man died, and before he died he took his old Bible and read them a chapter, bade them all a grateful good-by, and then, wrapping the book up carefully,