

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1878. First Quarter, 1 day, 9h, 22m. Afternoon. Full Moon, 9 day, 2h, 35m. Afternoon. Last Quarter, 16 day, 10h, 49m. Afternoon. New Moon, 23 day, 5h, 10m. Afternoon. First Quarter, 31 day, 9h, 43m. Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets Rises Sets), and MOON (Rises Sets Rises Sets). Rows include SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY.

THE TIDES.—The course of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrishore, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Tyne. 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 29 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.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE CRIS'S LETTER TO JESUS.

A postman stood with puzzled brow And in his hand turned over and over A letter, with address so strange As he had never seen before. The writing cramped, the letters small, And by a boy's rough hand engraven. The words ran thus: 'To Jesus Christ,' And underneath inscribed, 'In heaven'.

THINK A MOMENT.

Boys do a great many thoughtless and foolish things "for fun," that mortify them very much in the remembrance. To have been caught in somebody's melon patch, or stealing a neighbor's choice fruit, or taking a gate off its hinges, or crawling under a showman's tent, or playing any kind of a trick to the injury of another, and that has to be accomplished in a sneaking way, won't seem very smart if you ever grow to be a man of sense. You will hate it, and wonder that you could ever have thought it sharp.

you will make no progress in the formation of a fine character, or in building up a good reputation. So when you are tempted to any low, tricky, dishonest, mean, or unworthy act, stop long enough to think what the effort is going to be upon your soul, your own mind, your own reputation, if that is your strongest motive, and don't do it.

The writer of this cares too much for the good of every boy that lives, not to be pained that any one of you should endanger his future by any vile practice, by any bad habit, by anything that is weak, or low or enervating, that will hinder you from making the best and noblest man of yourself that is possible for you to become. Don't make any excuses about lack of talent. If you have brain enough to make you a rogue, you have enough to make you a power for good. Don't complain of any hindrance of circumstances. There is almost no obstacle to him who wills, certainly none worth mentioning.

There is always a demand for trusty boys. With the millions that are growing, so many of them do not fill the bill that there is a great upper story that has never yet been crowded, and they are wanted for every kind of a good situation, industrious, faithful, honest boys. It is such as these who will grow into men of integrity, such men as are needed for all offices of trust, for all positions of responsibility. Who among you will fit yourselves for the worthiest places? — Mary Hayes Houghton, in Wellington Enterprise.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Concerning the long box, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland: "It was told that Colonel Andrew McDowall, when he returned from the war, was one day walking along by the Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greetin' on a muckle stane at the roadside. When he came up, the old man rose and took off his bonnet and said: "Yere welcome hame again, laird."

LADY JANE GRAY.

Lady Jane Gray is truly said to be one of the most beautiful and lovely characters in history. Her goodness during her short life, and the Christian fortitude, with which she bore her persecutions and met her death have endeared her memory not only to Englishmen, but to the readers of history throughout the world.

It was the unfortunate lot of Lady Jane Gray to early in life fall a sacrifice to the wild ambition of the Duke of Northumberland, who brought about the marriage between her and his son Lord Guilford Dudley, and raised her to the throne in opposition to Mary and Elizabeth.

At the time of her marriage she was about eighteen years of age, and her husband was also quite young; so they were too young and weak to oppose the views of artful and aspiring men, who, instead of exposing them to danger, should have protected them from it. Lady Jane was contented and happy, and willing to devote herself to literature and to the love of her young husband, even refusing to accept the crown, pleading the better right to it of Mary and Elizabeth. But she was overcome by the entreaties of her father and father-in-law, and yielded to their desires.

She wore the vain pagantry of a crown only ten days, when England declared in favor of Mary, and Lady Jane retired again to private life with no small degree of satisfaction, though she was expected to have the vengeance of Queen Mary upon her in some way.

As soon as Mary got into power, she began to show her bigotry and hatred for those who had opposed her in any way. She had no feeling of generosity or forgiveness within her, though she knew that Lady Jane had not opposed her willingly. Lady Jane was notified to prepare for death. Her husband, and all who had in any way aided in placing her on the throne, were to share her fate.

On the day of her execution her husband asked to see her, but she declined to see him, saying that a meeting would so overcome their feelings as to unfit them to bravely meet the end. The separation, she said, would be but brief, and then they would meet where their affections would be forever united, and where life's disappointments would no longer have access to them, or disturb their love.

It was originally ordered that Lady Jane and her husband should be executed together; but the council fearing the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence and noble birth, ordered Lady Jane to be beheaded within the Tower.

She saw her husband led to execution, and saw his headless body brought back, yet bore up, and calmly waited her own fate. The constable of the Tower, who led her to execution, requested from her some small present, which he could treasure up as a memorial. She gave him her note-book, in which she had written three sentences, one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but Divine Mercy would be favorable to his soul; and that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence were worthy of excuse, and that God and posterity she trusted, would show her favor.

BAXTER BEFORE LORD JEFFRIES.

Few works have had a greater circulation than "Baxter's Saint's Rest" and his "Call to the Unconverted." Of the last twenty thousand copies were known to have been sold in a single year. It has been translated into all the European languages. Written two hundred years ago, they are still standard works, and their author is yet preaching to the world through their pages.

sedition for some remarks in his "Paraphrase of the New Testament," he was brought before Judge Jeffries, the infamous and brutal instrument of James II., in the year 1685. These remarks were simply a complaint of the sufferings which the Dissenters had undergone. Macaulay, in his history of England, gives a graphic description of the trial. Baxter, on being brought before the court, begged that he might be allowed some time to prepare for his defence. It happened to be on the very same day on which the noted Titus Oates was standing in the pillory, that the illustrious chief of the Puritans, oppressed by age and infirmities, was arraigned at Westminster Hall. Jeffries sitting on the bench as judge burst into a storm of rage:

"Not a minute," he cried, "to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on side of the pillory; and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together."

The trial came on at Guildhall, and a crowd of Baxter's friends filled the court. Dr. William Bates, one of the most eminent of the Nonconformist ministers, accompanied him. Two barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared to defend his case. The former had hardly begun his address to the jury when the Chief Justice (Jeffries) interrupted him:

"Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book." Here Jeffries stopped a moment and "then" in the language of Macaulay, "his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying, Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Pollexfen gently reminded the court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric.

"And what ailed the old blockhead then," cried the Chief Justice, "that he did not take it?" His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. Wallop interposed, but fared no better than his associate counsel.

"You are in all these dirty cases, Mr. Wallop," said Jeffries. "Gentlemen of the long robe ought to be ashamed to assist such factious knaves." The advocate made another attempt to obtain a hearing, but to no purpose. "If you do not know your duty," said the Judge, "I will teach it you."

Wallop sat down and Baxter himself attempted to put in a word, but the Chief Justice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of ribaldry and invective, mingled with scraps of "Hudibras." "My lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops."

"Baxter for bishops!" roared Jeffries, that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops—rascals like yourself; Kidderminster bishops—factious, snivelling Presbyterians!" Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffries belittled, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to lead a cart, and every book is full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And there," he continued, fixing his savage eyes on Baxter, "there is a doctor of the party at your elbow. By the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all."

MONGRELS.

It is really refreshing to meet a pure-bred Methodist, who believes with all his heart in all the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Church, and is not the least ashamed of his faith. The pure-bred believes in blood redemption, the resurrection of the body, eternal death, as well as eternal life, the judgment, instantaneous justification and sanctification by faith, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and revivals of religion in answer to prayer, resulting from the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, who is God, and not from magnetism, affinity, electricity, or the exercise of the emotional nature. He also believes in going to the altar to seek religion, and sees nothing in that, or shouting either, to "shock the sensibilities of a refined mind." He feels it his duty, yes, his duty, to go to class, pray in public, and seek the salvation of souls every day; and so he lives in his old-fashioned way for the glory of God, and makes the world better by being in it.

But there are mongrels among Methodists as well as among ducks, and though we prefer a mongrel duck to a pure-bred, we can not feel the same toward the mongrel Methodist. He is a Presbytero-Episcopo-Universo-Scientifico-Spiritualistico-Methodist mongrel, who believes a great deal of everything, and nothing in particular, and while he is a Methodist, he wants to be broad and take into his creed and practice everything but Methodism. The mongrel is sometimes found in the pulpit. His sermons are wonderful, perfectly wonderful. New sermons, full of new discoveries, and possibly he will throw in, now and then, just by way of variety, you know, a new doctrine.

The mongrel of the pew regards going to the altar improper, as it is making a display of yourself, and it under a red-hot Gospel sermon mourners come forward, he doesn't know what to do with them; he feels as an old bachelor handling a young baby. The revival will come in its own time in a quiet way, and persons will be intelligently converted, and nobody hurt. The class is out of his creed altogether, and mentioned only as a thing of the past, while the pulpit should do all the public praying as well as preaching, and the pew should be edified, beautifully, eloquently edified, only and always edified. Responding Amen to the sermon is rather strange, and shouting out of the question. He is a Methodist in name, and thinks he is at heart, and in all things, but he is only a mongrel. We would not have any man pin his faith down to a form or an exercise without exercising his intelligence and best judgment in his religion; but if he is a Methodist, we would have him a pure-bred, intelligent, convicted, convinced, whole-souled Methodist, in the full exercise of all his spiritual and mental powers; a Methodist with all his heart, with all his mind, and with all his might. If a man drifts away from Methodist doctrine and Methodist usage, he should drift away from the Methodist Church, and not try to adulterate it with his new notions or way, which can do him no good, and certainly do it harm.

We have not written the above with an eye upon any individual or upon any particular congregation, but looking upon the general Church everywhere, we see that the Methodist Church cannot live without Methodism, and that real, spiritual, glorious, old-fashioned Methodism, is not in blossom and beauty as it used to be. There is too much sermon and not enough class. Too much church and not enough closet. If we cannot be Methodists, let us go where we can be something definite, and know ourselves, and be known of men as representatives of some great truths and practices. But if we love the old ways still, and want to be Methodist in all that word means, let us stop criticising our own Church, know what we really believe, find out what Methodism is by studying history and the Bible, get the fullness of the blessing of peace, in the sanctification of the soul, and blaze for the glory of God in practice and spread of Methodism.—Methodist Protestants.

"If," says a writer, "you enter a lot where there is a vicious dog, be careful to remove your hat or cap as the animal approaches you; hold the same down between you and the dog. When you have done this you have secured perfect immunity from attack. The dog will not bite you if this advice is followed. Such is my faith in this policy that I will pay all doctor's bills from dog bites and funeral expenses from deaths by hydrophobia.—Exchange.

AN O...

When M... his busines... made him... of the day... window w... catch his e... and there v... loving wor... But one... deserted... eager watch... the door fo... Fearing... made anxio... servants co... Martha... Laura was... garden a li... Mr. Eva... customed h... old-fashion... As he ap... he fancied... sobs; quic... erod Laura... her head b... "Why... matter?"... from her p... For some... only answe... lifted her... arms aroun... imploring... "Promi... never beco... "What... Mr. Evans... "Why... came from... boys aroun... were torm... I begged... him alone... called my... cannot rep... poor child... "Yes, t... "He sa... Evans; I... day, that... would scoo... ter. O, pe... me that th... How can t... noble papa... ard?"... A flush... mounted t... "Do th... he explain... he contin... easy; the... casion... with your... that I hav... an occasi... see the d... consciously... intoxicated... "Than... kissing h... I was mis... Mr. Ev... ion that h... him, caus... time, that... ional glas... every par... self-respec... bits, the... to be bow... should do... Perhaps... such a be... drinking... glass, fol... fill a mis... —Youth...