

WESLEYAN ALMANAC MARCH, 1878.

New Moon, 3 day, 11h, 3m. Afternoon. First Quarter, 11 day, 11h, 46m. Afternoon. Full Moon, 18 day, 4h, 52m. Afternoon. Last Quarter, 25 day, 6h, 35m. Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, RISES, SETS, HOURS, MIN.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water, Eastward, Cornwall, Wallis, Horton, Hansport, 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, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 30 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 1 hour 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.

THE FIRST SOUL ENTERING HEAVEN.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sung Loud anthems round the throne, When, lo! one solitary tongue Began a song unknown!

Not one of all the heavenly host Could these high notes attain, But spirits from a distant coast United in the strain;

And still as hours are fleeting by, The angels ever bear, Some newly ransomed soul on high To join the chorus there.

Oh give me, Lord, my golden harp, And tune my broken voice, That I may sing of troubles sharp Exchanged for endless joys;

JAPANESE WONDERS.

A Japan correspondent of the San Francisco correspondent says:—

"We have just returned from a visit to Nara, one of the capitals of the empire, distant about thirty-six miles. We drove at a brisk trot for an hour before a break occurred in the line of houses, when we crossed a branch of the Uji river by a bridge about a thousand feet long. We entered a long street of what was once, a thousand years ago, a great city. Away up the slope of the hill it is covered, wherever we went, with walls and pavements as indestructible as the hill itself. Granite stairs lead into the wild forest, which now covers the site of vast temples of wood—broad avenues, whose rocky pavements were worn smooth by the feet of devout pilgrims before Christ was born.

"Here was erected, 1,200 years ago, the largest bronze figure the world has ever known. It weighs 450 tons, and the third temple now covers it, without apparent injury to the immense statue. We went around it, but could form no estimate of its size. Our Minister at Tokio told me that it was sixty feet from the seat of lofts leaves to the top of its head, and that a man could climb through the nostril. An officer is said to have taken a chip of the casting, and an analysis of it gave 500 pounds of gold in the alloy. A great halo of gilded wood sets off the dark features as they are revealed in the shadows of the roof.

"To-day we rode to Lake Bewa, distant about seven miles, and our route lay along the great Tokaido. The road is about twenty feet wide, well macadamized, with the inevitable walled-ditch on either side. It is the great thoroughfare from Osaka to Tokio, and from the lake to Kioto it was a continuous stream of travel, many cattle,

and a few horses laden with goods of every description. We entered the town at the south end of the lake, and were taken to a flight of stone-steps to climb to a temple that overlooked the lake. We ascended them; found ourselves on the plateau excavated in the side of the mountain, and turned to look upon the largest lake in Japan. It is sixty miles in length, but narrow at the south end. It is surrounded by rich, alluvial lands.

Our guide next led us to see a bell, which, he told us, had not been rung in twelve hundred years, and pointed to a small wooden building at the head of a flight of wide stone steps. We looked in through wooden bars, well worn by curious visitors, and saw, supported on a strong wooden table, a bell about four feet high, with a bad crack, which seemed to have been caused by fire. It had on it a few plain figures as ornaments. Our guide informed us that it was seventeen hundred years old, and that it had rung in an ancient Shinto temple that once stood where it now lies. For five hundred years its tones floated over the placid lake, and called the people along its shores to worship. Then came a catastrophe, and twelve centuries have passed."

We are exhorted to "grow in grace," but the unregenerate are not expected to grow into grace. Those who are dead in sin must hear the voice of the Son of God, and come forth to life, before they can commence such growth. When translated out of the kingdom of darkness, into the kingdom of God's dear Son," we become children of grace, and are expected to cultivate all the Christian graces, and grow up to manhood in Christ. Some vainly imagine that they may grow into a state of grace, and produce divine fruit, without being "made partakers of the divine nature," by the "renewing of the Holy Ghost." But such fruit cannot be obtained from the carnal nature. For "men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." The tree must be made good, then the growth and fruit will be of like character. Sinner, do not waste your precious time in the vain attempt to produce flowers or fruit of grace from a heart that rejects the Prince of Grace. Receive Him fully, freely, and the heart will become as the garden of the Lord, fruitful in every good thing.

SIMEON SLY, THE SHOEMAKER.

"A stitch in time saves nine." "Mother tells me that about her dresses; but I did not know that it applied to shoes, Uncle Simeon?" Simeon Sly was the village shoemaker, and Mary Brown had come to carry home a pair of her father's shoes which had ripped out on the side. Mr. Sly—the children called him Uncle Simeon—had not mended the shoes, and Mary had to wait while he sewed them; but as all the children liked "Uncle Simeon," who had a great store of stories, Mary was not sorry that she had to wait.

"O," said Uncle Simeon, "it is as true of shoes as of dresses. How many stitches do you think I have put in this side of this shoe? One stitch would have saved them all. And it is true of a great many other things besides shoes and dresses."

"Coats?" asked Mary. "Yes, it is true of coats, and of ships, and of dikes, and of tempers, and of a good many things," said Uncle Simeon, meditatively and slowly. "Why, Uncle Simeon! They don't sew ships, nor dikes, nor tempers."

"I was not exactly thinking of stitches," said Uncle Simeon. "I was thinking of the beginnings of things. Once I came near being shipwrecked. It was as much as the crew and passengers could do to keep the ship afloat till she reached port, working at the pumps night and day. Yet a single nail might have stopped the leak at the beginning. That stitch would have saved us a great many weary nights. When I was in Holland, I heard a beautiful story of a Dutch boy who stopped a hole in the dike with his hand. It was near sunset, and he was afraid to take his hand away, for fear that before he could go to the village and come back with help, the hole would become so large that the workmen would not be able to repair it and keep

out the water. So he stayed all night." "Did he stay all night in the dark?" asked Mary. "Yes," said Simeon, "and he was right cold." "But wasn't he afraid? I should have been. I never could have done it." "Afraid of what?" asked Uncle Simeon.

"Afraid of the—the—well, afraid of the dark?" "No, he wasn't afraid of the dark. He was afraid to let go for fear that the hole should get so big that the fields would be drowned."

"And didn't it?" "No; 'A stitch in time saved nine.' But what! are you afraid of the dark?" "Yes, I am—a little."

"What for? The dark can't hurt you." "O, I've been afraid of the dark ever since Eliza Wilkins told me of that black night when somebody tried to snatch her."

"There's another case of a stitch that was wanted."

"What has sewing got to do with it?" asked Mary.

"You will probably be afraid of the dark now as long as you live, and it will make you miserable. If you had learned the text, 'The darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee,' or that other text about the Lord's dwelling-place—if there had been a stitch of Scripture before you heard Eliza Wilkins's story, you would have forgotten it as soon as you heard it; but now I suppose that you will be miserable in the dark as long as you live. That's just the way. There are ever so many characters ruined for want of a stitch."

"How?" asked Mary. "Some need the stitch of 'No,' to keep them from ripping out and becoming good for nothing. They start as fine as a handsome shoe, but they can't say 'No,' and so, when one asks them to do something wrong, they can't stop, but away they go like machine sewing, that all rips when one thread is out. So it seems to me."

"How funny you do talk," said Mary, more interested than respectful. "And there's the stitch of temperance. Many a young man has not wanted it at all, but he thought he must drink a glass now and then to be marly, till he is past mending. Then there's the stitch of vanity, a few words of reproof at the beginning would have turned the girl in a better direction than thinking all the time what she would wear. And there are many other places where a stitch put in at the right time would save a great deal of sorrow and misery afterward. But," said Uncle Simeon, "I must not keep you. The shoes are done, and you have quite a walk home, and it is getting dark. Good-by!"

AN UNPARDONABLE OFFENCE.—From the Examiner and Chronicle: "Another heretic has been unearthed, and this time in the ranks of the Unitarian clergy, and in the staid city of Boston, U.S. It is no easy matter for a Unitarian to achieve the offence of heresy; but Mr. Clarke has managed to swerve from the tenets of his church on a point of vital significance, and one on which they are all agreed—namely the literary supremacy of Boston. He is reported to have said that he cannot quite agree that Boston is the hub of the universe or even the Athens of America. Manifestly his usefulness as a Boston pastor is at an end."

A very handsome thing has Dr. Tyng's congregation, the Church of the holy Trinity, in this city, done in providing for the enormous debt of \$200,000. The rector was able to announce last Sunday that the last dollar had been pledged. The work of raising this large amount was begun last December, by Mr. Kimball. At the first two meetings \$150,000 was secured and last Sunday the task was completed. Dr. Talmage hopes to raise the remaining \$50,000 on his Tabernacle by Easter.—N. Y. Independent.

The following is the latest summary of statistics of Baptist churches throughout the world. In addition to those of the United Kingdom, there are in the Colonies, 305 churches, 164 pastors, or missionaries; and 33,980 members; in Canada, 707 churches, 487 pastors, and 61,972 members; in India, 56 churches, 52 pastors or missionaries, and 4873 members; in Foreign States, including the United States, 23,811 churches, 14,212 pastors, and 1,990,320 members.

From the London, G.B., Methodist. The other day at a place not twenty miles from London, a plain countryman entered a depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and asked for a Bible. One was shown him. "Is this a real Bible?" "What do you mean?" "I mean is it a right Bible?" "Yes, of course, it is. It is the Bible appointed to be read in churches." "Churches! then it is not what I want. I want a real, good Methodist Bible that there's no mistake about."

There is quite a long list of "Invitations to circuits" relating to next year's appointments afloat. Some of the industrious brethren who have compiled it would confer a benefit on preachers and circuit stewards if they printed it. There are still ministers "unfixed," and circuits on the outlook, and it would be convenient to them to know who are available and who are engaged. It is not too much to say that already many arrangements are made between ministers and circuits for the Conference of 1880.

A SCOTTISH SERMON.

There was a revival at Kirkaldy, in Scotland. A minister dreamed that he went down to the realms of darkness. There was a great convale of evil spirits. Beelzebub sat upon the throne. The question was: "How shall we counteract the influence of the spirit of God in Kirkaldy?" "Who will go?"

"I will go," said one. "And what will you tell them?" "I will tell them there is no God."

"Tell a Scotchman there is no God? The Scotchman has the Bible. He has his eyes open. Avaunt! Who will go?" "I will go," said another evil spirit.

"What will you tell them?" "I will tell them there is no Hell."

"What! tell a Scotchman that the God of the Universe has not got a prison? A Scotchman that reads his Bible? A Scotchman that knows that all the most dreadful descriptions in the New Testament of a place of future punishment are from the lips of the Lord Jesus Christ himself? They will laugh at you. Avaunt! Who will go?"

"I will go," said one. "And what will you tell them?" "I will tell them that Jesus Christ was not divine."

"What! tell a Scotchman that Jesus Christ was not divine? A Scotchman that knows that the whole Gospel of John was written to prove the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ? They will laugh at you. Go to America, if you will, and teach such doctrines; but you can not do it successfully in Scotland. Avaunt! Who will go?"

"I will go," said one. "And what will you tell them?" "I will tell them there is a God. I will tell them he has a moral government administered by laws. I will tell them there is no law without a penalty. I will tell them they have all broken that law—that law given in love and mercy. I will tell them they are all justly exposed to the terrible penalty of that law. I will tell them that Jesus Christ was divine; that he died on the cross to save sinners from the everlasting penalty, and the penalty that would be visited upon them in this place for ever. I will tell them that Jesus suffered agonies untold for them. I will tell them how he suffered in Gethsemane. I will tell them that in Pilate's hall he was buffeted and scourged and spit upon. I will tell them that on the cross he endured the hidings of his Father's face for them. I will tell them that on Calvary's cross he bore their sins in his own body on the tree, that they might be saved from Hell, saved from sin and sorrow on earth, saved for ever in Heaven. I will tell every anxious weeping sinner in Kirkaldy that the moment he goes and believes in Jesus the Holy Spirit will change his heart, and he will be converted and turned from going down to death and Hell. I will tell them that Jesus stands ready to receive them; that the Holy Spirit stands ready at any time to work that great, that saving change upon them. Yes, in a word," said the evil spirit, addressing Beelzebub, "I will tell them anything that any evangelical minister would tell a company of anxious inquirers, almost persuaded to become Christians. But," said he—and ah! he said it with a Satanic laugh, with a knowing leer—"I will whisper in the ear of every weeping sinner in Kirkaldy, 'There is time enough yet.' I will walk up and down those isles, and wherever I see a tear dropped, where

ever I see a labored sigh, O! I will bend over and say, 'Sinner, that is all right, that is all true what your minister says. It is all necessary; you should be converted before you die. But there is time enough yet; time enough yet.'

Beelzebub cried: "Away! away! away! Thou art the one. Fly away to Kirkaldy. Whisper it in the ear of every weeping sinner: 'Time enough yet. Time enough yet.'

O! that is what the devil is doing here to-night. While for nearly two hours I have been, with aching head and weary frame, saying, 'Turn ye, why will ye die?' While I have been telling you that delays are dangerous, there has been another preacher here. I am your friend, but he is your enemy. He wants to drag you with him down into the pit. And he it is that is whispering, 'Time enough yet.' O! who is the preacher you will listen to? Will you heed the words of your common enemy, or will you heed the words of your friend? Yes, will you heed the words of your Heavenly Father, who loves you, and who with paternal accents and in tenderness cries, 'Turn ye, I have given my son to die for you?'

CHILDREN'S CORNER

FOR LITTLE ONES. Who made all things? God made all things in earth and sky, From worms that creep to clouds that fly.

Where is God? I cannot find a lonely spot, Where the Almighty God is not.

What is God? God is a spirit just and wise, We cannot see with mortal eyes.

Can God see you? He sees me in the darkest night, As well as in the noon-day bright.

Can you hide from God? I cannot from his presence fly, Nor hide me from his piercing eye.

How long has God lived? Before the sun; he lived always; I cannot count eternal days.

Is God Great? He must be very, very great, Who could such mighty works create.

Is God powerful? He holds the lightning in his hand, And thunders roll at his command.

Is God holy? He is so holy and so pure, He can't the smallest sin endure.

Is God good? How good he is no man can tell, Nor angels who in glory dwell.

What good has God done you? He sent his holy son to die For such a sinful worm as I.

Is God merciful? If I repent, he will forgive My sinful soul, and let it live.

A TWOFOLD RIDDLE.

BY WILLIAM F. MOSS. The laziest object that ever I knew, Is a thing that under the water grew; The only move of itself that it makes, Is to open its mouth when food it takes. It sleeps and it fattens every day, But none ever knew it to work or play; In the self-same bed where it was born, It ever has been both night and morn. While fishes and men are with it in love, Still neither could ever persuade it to move. And when by force you have torn it away, Its name's its protest (by query) each day. Now tell me, I beg, what this thing may be, And how, in its name, a protest you see.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. DR. NEWTON. "I am the light of the world."—John viii. 12. I have already, you will I hope remember, spoken to you twice on this beautiful passage, and showed how Jesus may be compared with the light, because we are dependant on him not only for the life and growth of our souls, but also for any beauty that they may possess, just as the flowers depend on the light of the sun for their life, and growth, and beauty. But there is a third, or rather fourth, thing for which we are dependant on the light—viz., SAFETY. And on this account, too, Jesus may be compared to the light.

There is danger in darkness. We cannot see the evils that threaten us then, nor how to escape them. It is under the cover of darkness that thieves go forth to rob, and murderers to kill, and all sorts of wicked people to do bad things. And it was the knowledge He had of this which led our Saviour to say, "He that doeth evil hateth the

light, his de... iii. 20) ers hav... in light ledge to... When I... cipal s... shops, i... things i... en or ir... these v... great ir... was don... those s... seen, ha... And oth... over the... through... you will... the shop... should g... he woul... the peop... stay aw... to the s... This sho... light. And J... Light of... salvation... vation m... know H... safe. So... the Lord... teous ru... xviii. 10) of the w... His peop... thee unde... be safe u... fulness a... and buck... Book ver... Himself t... ones ung... This is w... do for th... let Him (C... this for a... learn to k... is just as... down on e... to a safe li... Not long... riages wa... mountains... where the... one side, s... that rose... the other... quite clos... once the v... "Down br... The pas... raised the... pecting to... disaster. a little gir... ing upon t... front of the... to stop the... as if the pe... to death. girls eye ca... wall of rock... ing up her... into this m... train went... gers heard... girl saying, Johnny! cl... How be... shows us h... safe. We a... than those... gir'. But... truth on ou... He is the r... hiding-plac... Him and sa... "Rock o... Let me... then, like t... ing close to... which we fi... found in th... us. I rememb... somewhere i... illustrates v... subject. Th... a non-cond... means that t... power in it, ... ning from s... ful thunder... And when t... der would ro... flash out, and... neighborhood... this tree. The people