

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

MAY, 1879.

Full Moon, 6 day, 1h, 51m, Morning. Last Quarter, 12 day, 10h, 22m, Afternoon. New Moon, 21 day, 1h, 36m, Morning. First Quarter 28 day, 7h, 33m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data for May 1879.

THE TIDES.—The column of the MOON'S Southern gives the time of high water at Farrarboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

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 hrs., and 12 to consider add the time of rising next morning.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE BARRETT LEARD. Often, in the midst of joy and happiness, a family circle has cause to mourn.

A NOBLE ENGINEER.

"Cars stop twenty minutes!" called out Conductor Richardson at Allen's Junction.

"Frank, I want you to come back to the first passenger-coach and see a little girl that I don't hardly know what to make of."

Frank nodded without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily snatched hands in a bunch of waste, took a look at his dusty face in a narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam gauge.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor, kindly, as Frank approached.

"My papa was engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead, and my mamma is dead. She died first, before Willie and Susie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, then I must get on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont. And he said, if the conductor would n't let me ride because I had n't

any ticket, I must ask for the engineer, and tell him that I am James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M. and S. Road."

The pleading blue eyes were now suffused with tears, but she did not cry after the manner of childhood in general.

Engineer Frank stooped down and kissed her very tenderly; and then as he brushed the tears from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick. I rather think a merciful Providence guided you aboard this train."

Then turning round round to the passengers, he went on: "I knew Jim Kendrick well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana, before I got acclimated, I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work, and I got homesick and discouraged—could not keep my board bill paid up, and I didn't much care whether I lived or died. One day the pay-car came along and the men were getting their monthly pay, and there was n't a cent coming to me, for I had n't worked an hour for the last month. I felt so 'blue' that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties, and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head on my hands, and cried like a boy, out of sheer home-sickness and discouragement. Pretty soon someone came along and said, in a voice that seemed like sweet music in my ears—for I had n't found much real sympathy, although the boys were all good to me in their way.—You've been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out! I looked up, and there stood Jim Kendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took from the roll of bills a twenty dollar note, and held it out to me. I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through from month to month, so I said half ashamed of my tears that were streaming down my face, 'Indeed I cannot take the money, you must need it yourself.' 'Indeed you will take it, man,' said Jim. You will be alright in a few days, and then you can pay it back again. Now, come home with me to supper, and see the babies. It will do you good." I took the note and accepted the invitation and after that went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I gradually lost sight of him. I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me; but I guess Kendrick's little girl here won't want for anything, if I can prevent it." Then turning again to the child, whose bright eyes were wide open now, the engineer said to her: "I'll take you home with me when we get to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll visit and find out whether those Vermont folks want you or not. If they do, Mary or I shall go on with you. But if they do n't care much about having you, you shall stay with us, and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father. God bless him!"

Just then the eastern train whistled, Engineer Frank vanished out of the car, wiping the tears from his coat-sleeve while the conductor and passengers could not suppress the tears this little episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.—American Rural Home.

EATING BY RULE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Eating is a thing of prime importance in this world. Looked at in merely a philosophical way, it is the fuel that generates steam for the engine. The body unfed would in a day or two, be like a steamer without coal unable to turn the wheel, and drifting helplessly. Yet no one eats with this thought in his mind, but simply because he is hungry. For thousands of years men have eaten without a scientific motive, without rational appreciation of the relations of food to bone, nerve, muscle and so on. The whole motive lay in the mouth. Men ate because it tasted good! But by and by, when science shall have opened up the matter properly, when we know just the ingredients which the various parts of the body need, we shall have scientific bills of fare, in which dishes will not be obscured in absurd foreign names, but will be named from their true uses. Then we shall have bone-building, fat-producing, nerve-replenishing, muscle-forming dishes. The host will scorn the days of ignorance when men asked their guests to take beef or pudding. To a lean and cadaverous guest he will say: "Let me fill up your tissues," "My dear sir, your bones are brittle allow me to pass this compound. Better bones were never made than this produces." To some exiguous scholar, thin and nervous, the jolly host will say: "My dear sir allow me to help you to brains. What do you affect? This dish runs strongly to poetry—or philosophy is it? This has been found to be admirable. Why, sir, philosophy is only food etheria-

THE SECRET PLACE.

"The secret place of the Most High"—where is it? Place! The number of places is infinite—some bad, some indifferent, some good, some better, some best or the best possible. Where is that? It is somewhere; but most people fail to find it. It may be in the palace, and amid the splendour of wealth and prosperity; but it is not certainly there. Or it may be in some lonesome cottage where poverty bears away; but neither is it certainly there. It may be in the house, the crowded street, or a way in the broad fields or solitary woods; it may be there, or it may not. It may be more plainly told where it is not, than where it is. It is certainly not anywhere amid the circles of revelry and sin, though multitudes easy to find it there. It is not amid any of those circumstances where most people think to find it. Thousands upon thousands are looking for it, striving for it, but never discover it, never attain it.

It is a secret place. No mortal eye has seen it, and yet it is on this earth. You need not ascend to heaven, nor descend into the depths to find it. It is nigh to thee, and the place is wonderfully luminous and beautiful; and not only so, but when one has reached it, and looks out thence upon heaven and earth, an exceeding glory enwreathes itself with all the world of nature. For there the eye of faith opens and looks upon things unseen, and sees Him who is invisible, and love is there full and perfect, pervading and sanctifying all the atmosphere. And safety is also there; for the dweller in that secret place abides under the shadow of the Almighty, under his wings, covered with his feathers, within the divine refuge, the impregnable fortress, secure from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence of sin. Of course fear comes not there—perfect love excludes it; no terror is there by night, no fear of the arrow that flieth by day, for excellent trust is there—trust in the perfect and eternal refuge, in the absolute promise that no harm shall befall the humble dweller, nor any plague come nigh his habitation; for that habitation is God himself, in whom is everlasting strength.

Angels, too, are encamped around, having a charge to keep the dweller of this secret place, and in their blessed hands to bear him through every difficulty. And so peace is there—a peace wonderful and strange exceedingly—the "peace of God that passeth all understanding." It follows that all there is holy, excellent and pure. The silence there is sacred and heavenly; the voices are unearthly and enchanting; the conversations are in heaven; the songs are the charming echoes of paradise; the walks are with God; the fellowship is with the Father and the Son; the communications are with the good of all ages. Something like this is "the secret place," and he who comes there has it as his place of dwelling, his abode, his home, to "move no more." He is no sojourner, as when a stranger comes today and departs to-morrow. Through all his days and nights he clings to that divine abode, singing, "Here be my rest forever!" And here at last, he breathes out his dying breath, and passes from heaven below to the heaven beyond.—Zion's Herald.

PULPIT PREPARATION.

The editor of the Preacher and Homiletic Monthly propounded four queries to J. P. Newman, D.D., in reference (a) to his habits of physical exercise, (b) study hours (c) writing and delivery, and (d) at the best commentary for the average preacher who could buy but one.

He answered as follows: "I am an earl, riser and plan two hours work before breakfast. An hour's walk after the morning meal is my out-door exercise. After the walk I work until 4 p.m., when I dine. I devote my evenings to meetings, to pastoral calls and letter writing. I make my pastoral calls in the evening because I find the men at home. Sometimes when I am pressed I work until midnight, but never later. I average eight hours of hard work per day. In addition to my walks I exercise on the Parlor Gymnasium and Lozier's Health Lift. I take two meals a day: eat regularly; eat plain and substantial food; drink the best, but not strong tea; always go to bed hungry on Sunday night, and my last conscious wish is, 'Oh that breakfast were ready.'" I turn Sunday afternoon into night and sleep, to restore the wasted energies incident to the morning service. When I attempt to speak three times on Sunday I am insufficient twice out of three times. I never write out a sermon except for the press. My sermons are prepared with method and care. The introduction is always written in full and the body of the discourse is embraced in copious notes containing propositions, arguments, illustrations, etc. I give special attention to the peroration. I learn my notes in the study, and having read my text, I close the Bible and speak as the Lord gives me liberty. Lange and Whedon are my favorite commentators, the former for careful research and the latter for incisive thought. Hard study and much prayer are my means for pulpit preparation."

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

On a cold, dreary evening in Autumn, a small boy, poorly clad, yet clean and tidy, with a sack on his back, knocked at the door of an old Quaker in the town of S.

THE WANDERER'S PRAYER.

Friend Lanman was one of the wealthiest men in the county, and President of L.—Valley Railroad.—The boy had come to see if he could obtain a situation on the road. He said he was an orphan—his mother had been dead only two months, and he was now a homeless wanderer. But the lad was too small for the filling of any place within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of the boy, and said to him:

"Thee stop in my house to-night, and on the morrow I will give thee the names of two or three good men in Philadelphia, to whom thee may apply, with assurance of a kind reception at least, I am sorry I have no employment for thee."

Later in the evening the old Quaker went the rounds of his spacious mansion, lantern in hand, as was his wont, to see that all was safe, before retiring for the night. As he passed the door of the little chamber where the poor wandering orphan had been placed to sleep, he heard a voice. He stopped and distinguished the tones of an earnest, simple prayer. He bent his ear nearer, and heard these words from the lips of the boy:

"O Good Father in Heaven! help me to help myself. Watch over me as I watch over my own conduct! Bless the good man in whose house I am sheltered, and spare him long that he may continue his bounty to other suffering and needy ones, Amen."

And the Quaker responded another amen as he moved on; and as he went his way he meditated. The boy had a true idea of the duties of life, and possessed a warm, grateful heart. "I verily think the lad will be a treasure to his employer!" was his concluding reflection.

When the morning came the Quaker had changed his mind concerning his answer to the boy's application.

"Who taught thee to pray?" asked Friend L.

"My mother, sir," was the soft reply, and the rich brown eyes grew moist.

"And thee will not forget thy mother's counsels?"

"I cannot; for I know that my success in life is dependent upon them."

"My boy, thou mayst stay here in my house; and very soon I will take thee to my office. Go now, and get thy breakfast."

Friend L. lived to see the poor boy he had adopted rise, step by step, until he finally assumed the responsible office which the failing guardian could hold no longer.—Selected.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

"Eddie," said Harry, "I'll be a minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples."

Harry began: "My text is a short and easy one—'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon: 'First.—Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is; but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word. 'Second. Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over. 'Third.—Be kind to baby—' 'You have left out, Be kind to Harry,' interrupted Eddie. 'Yes,' said Harry, 'I didn't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying: Be kind to little Munnie, and let her have your red soldier to play with when she wants it.' 'Fourth.—Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you.' Here Eddie looked a little ashamed and said, 'But she pulled my hair with the comb.' 'People mustn't talk in meeting,' said Harry.

"Fifth.—Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry. 'Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing." And without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or to give out a hymn, he began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.—Children's Record.

AN INCIDENT.—A little girl was on the train, recently, when a fearful collision took place, demolishing both engines and ruining several cars. Wonderful to relate no lives were lost, and no person seriously injured. People were expressing their wonder that not even this child said, "Mamma, you prayed this morning, before we started, that God would take care of us, and I know He would. He has, hasn't He, mamma?" Tears came to the eyes of several who listened, and one said, "Give me the faith of a child," for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A new line of steamers is to be employed this season in running between Montreal and Bristol, carrying cattle and agricultural produce. Bristol was once second only to London as a shipping port. It can never regain its former relative position. But Bristol business men are taking a new departure in commercial pursuits, they have been lately improving their shipping facilities and hope to witness a rapid enlargement of the trade of that port.

THE LAST RESORT.—"We borrow an illustration from ex-Governor Vance. His mother was a Methodist, and desired to see her son a preacher of the Methodist doctrine. He was importuned to turn his thoughts in that direction, "I am not good enough, mother." "Can't you be an exhorter then my son?" "Not good enough even for that, mother." She was puzzled and distressed. A new idea came to her: with beseeching look, she said: "Can't you preach a while in the Episcopal Church?" The Lord might convert you there, and then you could begin in the Methodist Church."—Richmond Christian Advocate.

MOTHERS will find the Pain Killer invaluable in the nursery, and it should be always kept near at hand in case of accident. For pain in the breasts take a little Pain Killer in sweetened milk and water, bathing the breasts in it clear at the same time. If the milk passages are clogged, from cold or other causes, bathing in the Pain Killer will give immediate relief.

In the cure of Consumption, there is probably no known medicine equal to the Syrup of Hypophosphites prepared by Mr. James I. Fellows, chemist, St. John, N. B. A number of cases have come under our notice the past year, when the results which have followed its use have been astonishing. We write this unsolicited by any one, and advise the afflicted to try it.—Editor "Colonial Farmer."

DIPHTHERIA has for a long time been very prevalent, and very fatal. Its fatality seems to be greatly owing to neglecting what is supposed to be an ordinary cold or sore throat until it has progressed to its stages, and then when medical aid is procured it has too often been found to be too late. From the fatality attending this disease every family should keep a remedy on hand and use it on first appearance of sore throat. A preparation called DIPHTHERINE has been placed before the public. It is the discovery of an English physician, and has been regarded where it has been used, to be an infallible remedy for that disease. It is placed within the reach of all, put up in bottles with full directions, and sold by Druggists and dealers in medicines at the low price of 25 cents a bottle.

TELEGRAMS.

THE I. OF HEADING.

What do absteriner? I be very good Methodists w

When I tell you only about three will not expect a censure which foolish or very of my own life the very best I ever know ha

I concede all t you disposed to think at all ev this, that it is total abstinence quite safe to Nazaries, beca

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is a great dif and moun." Pe We are talking a strength; and I without alcohol cessary for him also the exampl of whom the e them that are hith not arise Perhaps some o of the greatest o have you to say Was H. a text- question to ask, ly. I don't bet

my tectotal frind with me for say conviction, and l or so dishone believe to be a go argument. (He use may be ma said, "If I am in that respect, argument had too years. Now, if r body to be like

spects, nothing e have this convic some man who he like the Master come total abst Twenty-five year a sweet innocent, I never heard a subsequent histo yesterday, when I with his father, his boy was gettin "You see me pre of the trouble that upon me. More ly drunk himsel have watche him brought bac go again to his ex ago, by a miracle verted—saved, a salvation of oth But a short time the drunk again, a him that means d son there is no m tal abstinence and will not be surpr that that father is he never allows wi his house. The u us must be: Does If those of you ca can satisfy you Master approve sent position rath right. But if I Master approve take in this case option. And I su the value of every the Master is ju that prompts it. A be approved, not b but by all sound-t not total absterin tated this year, a stance under which because a tectotal ny which that great to the effects of tot an experience of n am clearer in my my heels; and I am et." Some might s to follow Dr. Guthr I were to become a injure my health." tined the speaker say extravagant t lieve that in nine hundred even a mod be no worse in heal better, if he gave up (Hear, hear.) The spirits or wine or health is in many c less superstition. I a glass of brandy a the cold out. But that the effect of t ally to lower the