

'WESLEYAN' ALMANAC AUGUST, 1877.

Last Quarter, 3 day, 6h, 7m, Morning. New Moon, 9 day, 1h, 3m, Morning. First Quarter, 15 day, 6h, 14m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 23 day, 6h, 56m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 31 day, 5h, 1m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, HOURS, HALFS. Rows for days of the week from Wednesday to Friday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Cornwall, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Picton and Cape Tormentine, 2 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 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 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.

IN AND AFTER THE STORM.

It was a moonless, starless night. Above, around, all was murky darkness; for the large snow-flakes which fell so fast could not exhibit their beautiful forms and pure whiteness, and being whirled about by a cutting north wind, almost blinded and quite bewildered a poor traveller, who was trying to make his way through it.

Though when he started he thought he knew his way home perfectly, and could find his way home in the dark, he now began to fear that he might never reach his loved home again. He knew that fond hearts were anxiously waiting for him, and he sighed sadly as he thought upon them.

After wandering about for some time peering anxiously into the bewildering gloom, a light, at first very dim, greeted his eye; he made his way towards it and found to his joy that it streamed from the window of his own cottage. The welcoming was truly affectionate, and the refreshment provided most grateful. After giving thanks for such a merciful deliverance, the tired but rejoicing traveller retired to rest, and his sleep was sweet to him.

When the thankful man awoke in the morning, the newly risen sun was shining very brightly; its beams reflected upon the unsullied snow made the morning unusually bright. He looked admiringly from the window of his chamber, and saw how hill and dale, trees, hedges, and cottages were covered with a mantle of white, pure snow, beautiful and cheerful. "Ah," thought he, "how different from what I experienced last evening! How strange that what seemed so dreadful then should be so lovely now! What I feared would have proved my winding sheet, is now an object of admiration. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Praise him, rain and hail snow and vapor, stormy wind fulfilling his word!"

We do not wonder at the lately bewildered man feeling thus. How different was the snow fast falling down in the darkness, from the snow as it shone so bright in the morning twilight! how different travelling through the blinding snow-storm, and beholding it from a comfortable room.

May not this contrast remind us of many a christian pathway through unexpected trials? Little did Job think when he offered up prayer one morning how storm after storm would come, sweeping away children, servants, property, before the sun went down. It has been something like this with many of God's children since then. A mournful change was so sudden, the circumstances they were plunged into were so perplexing, their way was so hidden, that they were tempted to give up hope, yea, to wish for death to end their sorrows, as Job, Elijah, Jeremiah, and Jonah had done before them. But

beyond the region of snow and storms, was heard, and faith saw light streaming from the home above, cheering on. Yes, and another shining path through darkness (far greater than any mere mortal ever trod) was revealed to view: It was the path trodden by the man of sorrows. Cheered by such revelations, many a tried saint has put forth his hand into the darkness for his father to grasp it, and said, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel." The storm may have continued, but they were not alone in it now; and their songs in the night have arisen, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

There's nothing dark, below above, But in its gloom I trace thy love, And meekly wait that moment when Thy love will make all bright again.

Many a time have Christians been thus guided to some place of rest, where they have reviewed the past before starting afresh on their journey. Hitherto, they have sung, hath the Lord helped us; and, therefore, henceforth we will hope in him.

But this illustration of the traveller will be fully brought out when all the storms of life are past, and the Father's house has been gained. Then in the full enjoyment of God's own rest, all the trials and sorrows of life will be reviewed with grateful wonder and adoring praise. Then the things which were so dark and trying, which weighed down the heart, and bewildered the eyes, will all appear in the light of glory more beautiful than the fair fields of snow, bathed in heaven's sunlight, ever appeared to human eye. God (says one) asks for nothing but time and trust, to make all his dealings with us plain and beautiful to our eye. And the results will not pass away like the snow, but evermore remain for contemplation and praise.

Say not then, tried believer, while passing through the storm, "I shall one day perish; all these things are against me." Hope thou in God, and look for the morning. Ever cherish this thought concerning thy heavenly Father: "His anger endureth but for a moment; in his favor is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Rev. J. Cor.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

When the Duke of Alva was Governor of the Low Countries, so many pious Protestants were put to death that his government was called "the reign of terror," and his council received the name of the "Blood Council."

Amongst the persecuted people of God was a poor man named Dirk Willemzoon. Condemned to death for his conscience towards God, he fled for his life, but was pursued by an officer of justice. A frozen lake lay in his way. It was in the spring of the year, and the ice had become unsafe. He ventured upon upon it; it cracked and shook beneath his steps, but he ran for his life over the trembling ice, and reached the shore in safety.

Hardly had he done so, when a cry of terror came from behind. Looking back, he saw the officer who was in pursuit of him sinking through the broken ice. No one was near but Dirk. Will he leave his pursuer to perish? This would have been the impulse of selfishness; but Dirk had been taught a better lesson. He went back over the cracking ice, reached the drowning officer, and drew him out. They reached the shore together. The officer moved by this noble deed, did not wish to arrest his deliverer; but the burgmaster of Aspern, who came up at that very moment, bade him remember his oath; and he, afraid of his own life, took Willemzoon prisoner. The brave Christian man was condemned to be burnt to death, and the sentence was executed in the following May, 1569.

Was it not a noble thing he did? But there is One who has done for us a far more generous act of self-sacrifice; One who left a glory infinitely greater than we can imagine, who lived a suffering life, who died a death of agony; and yet, in the midst of his tortures, prayed for his murderers, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

To love our enemies is indeed beyond human nature. It was a new thing in the earth when God sent his Son to die for his enemies, when Christ laid down his life for them who hated him. Then

for the first time was love, in the full divine meaning of it, manifested. But after that manifestation the way was paved for Christ's "new commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." As I have loved my enemies, as I loved you when ye were yet enemies, so go ye forth in my name and with my spirit, to follow my example, showing to them that are injuring you—not mere forbearance, not mere patience—but love, active beneficent love, true heartfelt love that can feel for them, that will pray for them, that will stretch forth the hand to save them.—Good News.

THE MORAL RIGHT OF HOARDING.

As, before the tribunal of physical law, no man has any business to stuff and glut and gorge his body until it weighs five hundred, so in the court of conscience no man has the moral right to become, and to remain, "worth his millions."

There is a plain command: "Freely ye have received, freely give," and there is another, as plain: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." It is simply impossible that a merchant, or a business man of any sort, who begins, and carries forward and controls his life by the Word of God (which simply enunciate what, as a matter of fact, is most for his happiness and prosperity here and hereafter, and most for the good of the world, and the glory of God, through him), shall grow to be worth many millions. He may have a large property—and neither God nor good men can object to that. But so long as there is—according to the Divine intent—an outlet correspondent in size to the inflowing, there will be no glut or gorge, but by as much more copious as may be the spring pouring into his treasury its abundant tribute, by so much more broad, and deep, and sweet, and salubrious, will be the river of his beneficence flowing far and wide, to make men bless him because he blesses them.—The Congregationalists.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourselves out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either. In heaven, either, I say. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory (so at least wise men say) that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will, and do God's will, like the other angels. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own he found that he had made a hell. When he wanted to be a little god for himself, he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore he saw God no more, and learned to hate him whose name his love.—Kingsley's Sermons.

GLEANINGS.

PRAYER.—Among the forms of insect life there is a little creature known to naturalists which can gather around itself a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and so clothed it descends into the bottom of the pool; and you may see the little diver moving about dry and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all around be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector; a transparent vesture—the world sees it not; a real defence—it keeps out the world. By means of it the believer can gather so much of heavenly atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the putrid depths of this contaminating world, that for a season no evil will touch him; and he knows when to ascend for a new supply. Communion with God kept Daniel pure in Babylon.—Dr. James Hamilton.

Peter the Great, it has been discovered, was the founder of the first Russian newspaper, and also the first editor ever known in Russia.

The Rev. Dr. Farrar is engaged upon another work, which will be issued in parts corresponding to the Life of Christ, and will deal with the early history of the church as it is described in the Acts of the Apostles.

The death is announced of the Rev. Sir Henry William Baker, the originator and principal editor of Hymns Ancient and Modern, one of the most popular collections of recent date among English churchmen.

The late Charles Edward Horsley, (once of Melbourne), the eminent organist, left with Harper & Brothers, a few days before he died, a text-book on harmony, which is pronounced one of the most simple and practical works on the subject ever written.

The Archbishop of York, in a recent temperance sermon, said that £14,000,000 were spent for intoxicating drink in Great Britain; and to give an idea of what this large sum meant, he said that you might lay £30 upon every letter of the Bible before you would exhaust this sum.

Prof. E. B. Taylor said, in a recent lecture "On the Philosophy of Languages," at the London Institution—"Should the extraordinary increase of the English-speaking people continue at the existing ratio, there will, in twenty years, be 890,000,000 of them as against 80,000,000 of French or German."

Rev. Wm. Arthur has been engaged for some years past upon a volume to be entitled "The Pope, the Kings and the People." It is to be an historical work, drawn from original sources, tracing the Ultramontane movement for the "reconstruction of society" under a pontifical theory, with dominion over all rulers or nations. The period includes the six years from the publication of the syllabus to the end of the Vatican Council.

GARIBALDI.—There is a man that I admire very much: I don't know that I admire his judgment. That is Garibaldi, and I am no Italian either; but I admire that man. When he was going to Rome they took him captive and threw him into prison. And he wrote to the people outside, this:—"If fifty Garibaldi's be thrown into prison, let Rome be free." That's enthusiasm. He didn't care anything about Garibaldi; it was the cause he was looking at. And when the cause of Christ sinks deep into our hearts, and we want only to see Christ exalted, and to save a perishing world, then the church will have power, and all the hosts of death and hell cannot stand before it. Well, my friends, the question is—Have you got it? Have you got enthusiasm for Christ? Has the spirit of God moved on your heart yet? Are you ready to be called a fool for Christ's sake? Are you ready to be called beside yourself? Are you ready to bear the scoffs and jeers of the world for Christ's sake.—Moody.

PRAY OR.—It is easy to know the knock of a beggar at one's door. Low, timid, hesitating, it seems to say, "I have no claim on the kindness of this house; I may be told I come too often; I may be treated as a troublesome and unworthy mendicant; the door may be flung in my face by some surly servant. How different on his return from school, the loud knocking, the bounding step, the joyous rush of the child to his father's presence, as he climbs on his knee, and flings his arms around his neck; the bold face and ready tongue with which he reminds his father of some promised favour? Now, why are God's people bold? To a Father in God, to an Elder Brother in Christ, faith conducts our steps in prayer; therefore, in an hour of need, faith, bold of spirit, raises her suppliant hands and cries to God, "O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down."—Dr. Guthrie.

An English Methodist preacher gave the following good advice in an assembly of local preachers:—"You had better continue your unconsciously-broad Sussex or Kentish way of pronouncing words than give it up for a tip-tongued mincing English. The cockney who laughs at your provincial words and accent generally speaks a worse English than you do; and the style of the clerical dandy who says 'He that hath yaws to yaw let him yaw! is worse than either.'"

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.

The following remarks on the difficulties of an editor, says the Victorian Independent, are by a witty correspondent of the National Baptist:

"Towards the close of my last interview with the Antipode editor, anxious to get all the light I could, I said to him: "Do you have much success in trying to please everybody?" He replied: "Oh, no." Said I: "Do you always find that people know just what they want?" He replied by taking from a pigeon-hole a packet of letters from complaining readers, and he read passages out of them. One wrote: 'We want more articles discussing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and of the denomination.' Another: 'We want more short practical religious articles.' Another: 'You ought to have a sermon every week.' Another: 'We want more stories for the children.' Another: 'You must have more news from the churches, accounts of revivals, &c. That is the life of the paper.' Another: 'We want more religious selections.' Another said: 'There must be more about the temperance question.' Another: 'I cannot take the paper unless it exposes the iniquities of those anti-Christian societies.' Another: 'We must have more for the farmer.' Another: 'You don't publish enough recipes for the housekeeper.' Another: 'There must be more from the eastern section of the field.' And another: 'The country parsons must not be so ignored. Why do we have no sermons from the country ministers?' Another: 'What we want is a sermon every week by Spurgeon.' "Meanwhile," said the editor, "no one wishes any less of any department, except that all unite in regretting the space devoted to advertisements, though no one asks to have the price of the paper raised enough to get on without the advertisements. On one point all were agreed: each and several were of opinion that nothing would do the paper so much good as to publish his communications in full, in the most prominent place. And no one offered any suggestion as to making the paper ten times its present size."

Well," said I, "what do you do in the premises? "Do?" said he. "Why what can we do, but fall back on Esop's fable, improved and amended, and enlarged for the present time? 'What do you mean?' said I. 'Why, do you remember the fable about the old man, and his son, and the ass. You remember that first the old man rode while the son walked. Then all the people cried, "See the lazy wretch riding, and making his poor little son walk." So the son rode and the father walked. Then the people said, "See that undutiful whelp riding while his grey-haired old father totters along on foot." So they got off and both walked. Then the people said, "Oh! what fools to walk when they have a great strong ass to carry them." Then they both got on and rode. And then the people said, "Oh, the cruel monsters to overload that poor little ass." Then the father and son took up the ass and carried him. And then the people shouted louder than ever, "Oh, do see, carrying the ass in their arms!" Finally the old man said to his son, "My boy, it is of no use to try to please them. Let us please ourselves."

"Oh! yes," said I, "I remember." "But do you know what became of the ass?" he said. "No," said I. "Well, the ass became the editor of a paper, and tried to please every one, and to displease nobody."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MUSIC.

Alone in her cottage home a mother sat knitting by the dim light of a solitary candle. And her thoughts had flown back to when she was a light-hearted girl singing about the old farmhouse, the home of her childhood. She could see in her mind's eye all its nooks and crannies, the ancient wainscoted parlour, the spacious kitchen with its floor of red tiles, and the laburnum tree waving outside the open window. All came back to her in this quiet hour, for bells were chiming in the distance, and they wakened old chords of memory.

Back to the present, for the click of the gate and rapid footsteps on the path betokened the return of her boy from school.

It was a dark November evening, and Harry had seen through the window a bright genial fire and his mother, looking as he said so comfortable and jolly, that he flung down his school books, and with them all his scholarly troubles (for he was not so high in his class as he might be), and declared it was good to have done with lessons for the day.

"Are you not late, my boy?" "Yes, mother; I was kept in to write another page of that stupid old grammar," and here a cloud came over the bright face. "I wanted to have gone