

WESLEYAN ALMANAC AUGUST, 1877.

Last Quarter, 2 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 for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HURON. Rows list days from Wednesday to Friday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Farnboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Newport and Truro.

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 55 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax.

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.

TEMPERANCE VESIFICATION.

[This is not the first occasion in which we have in desperation yielded publication to the following aberration. Those who find their recreation in such rhyming dissipation must accord it preservation and afford accommodation with due discrimination for their friends' participation, and on no consideration seek its reiteration.

Ye friends of moderation, Who think a re-formation Or moral re-novation Would benefit our nation; Who deem intoxication With all its dissipation In every rank and station A cause of degradation; Of which your observation Gives ample demonstration; Who see the ruination Distrust and desolation To open violation Of moral obligation, The wretched habitation, Without accommodation Or any regulation, For common sustentation, A scene of deprivation Unequalled in creation; The frequent desecration Of Sabbath ordination; The crime and deprecation Defying legislation, The awful profanation Of common conversation; The mental aberration The dire infatuation, With every sad gradation Of maniac desperation— Ye who with consternation Behold this devastation, And utter condemnation Of all inebriation, Why sanction its duration, Or show disapprobation, Of any combination For its extermination? We deem a declaration That offers no temptation By any palliation Of this abomination The only sure foundation; And under this persuasion Hold no communication With noxious emanation Of brewers' fermentation, Of poisonous preparation Of spirits distillation Nor any vain libation Producing stimulation, To this determination, We call consideration, And without hesitation Invite co-operation, Nor doubting imitation Will raise your estimation, And by continuation Afford you consolation, For in participation With this association You may, by meditation, Insure the preservation Of a future generation From all contamination And may each indication Of such regeneration Be the theme of exultation Till its final consummation.—Montreal, Wt.

EARLY CANADIAN RELIC.

A few weeks ago was found in the township of McKellar, on the shores of the Georgian Bay, about ten miles north of Parry Sound, an interesting relic. It was a metal mortar, such as used by chemists, seven inches high, ten inches across the top, six and a quarter inches across the base, and about three quarters of an inch thick.

On each side in three lozenge shaped spaces are as many sharply outlined fleurs de lis. By way of handles are two grotesque heads in the Louis Quatorze style, projecting about an inch and a half. The metal is of a greyish lustre, not at all oxidized, and when struck, emits a clear sonorous sound. The vessel was found by a settler while clearing his land, beneath the roots of a tall pine tree. It came into the possession of Mr. Wm. Beatty, of Parry Sound. A metal pestle was also found with it, which, however, I have not seen, as it has not been sent to Mr. Beatty.

This interesting object is unquestionably a vestige of the early French occupation of the province. It was used I conjecture, for pounding the grain from which were made the wafers for the Holy Eucharist. The bottom of the mortar is considerably worn, as if by long use. In the year 1839, the present Bishop Tache of Red River, found near Orilla a small steel mill which he thought was used for the same purpose.

In 1626 Pere Brebeuf first reached the Huron country by a tortuous route of 900 miles from Quebec, through the Ottawa, Lake Nipissing, the French River and Georgian Bay. He was afterwards joined by Pere Daniel, Davost, Lalemant, Ragueneau, Jogues and many others. At this time the northern half of what is now the county of Simcoe contained a large and flourishing nation of about 30,000 Hurons. They inhabited thirty-two villages, well walled palisaded, with flanking bastions, and containing buildings from thirty to one hundred yards long. They were not mere hunting nomades, but an agricultural people, laying up ample stores of corn for their maintenance during the long winters. The Jesuits established about thirty missions in this country, with resident missionaries, built chapels, set up altars, and made numerous converts among the natives. The chief mission was at Ste. Marie, on the River Wye, about six miles from Penetanguishene. Here, in 1640, was built a stone fort, whose ruins may still be seen. As many as sixty white men were sometimes assembled here, and in 1649 as many as 6,000 Christian Indians were temporary lodged and fed.

The year previous, the hostile Iroquois from what is now called Central New York attacked the village of St. Joseph near the present site of Barrie. Seven hundred of its 2,000 inhabitants were captured or killed, and Pere Daniel, the resident missionary, became the proto-martyr of the Huron Mission.

In 1649 the Iroquois returned in force, devastated the country, butchered the inhabitants, and at St. Louis, not far from Orillia, cruelly burned at the stake Peres Brebeuf and Lalemant. In the Hotel Dieu, at Quebec, are still preserved in a glass case the skull and other relics of the intrepid Brebeuf, the pioneer Huron missionary.

A reign of terror ensued. The Jesuit Fathers resolved to abandon Ste. Marie. They set fire to the mission buildings, and with sinking hearts, saw in an hour the labor of ten years destroyed. On a rude raft, near sunset on the 14th of June, they embarked, about forty whites in all, and after several days reached Christian Island, about 25 miles due north of Collingwood. They built a new mission fortress, the remains of which may still be seen. Here in winter were assembled six or eight thousand wretched Hurons. They subsisted largely on acorns, boiled with ashes to take away their bitter taste. Before spring harnessed by the Iroquois, and wasted by pestilence, half the number had died. The whole land writes a contemporary chronicler, was a scene of horror, a place of massacre. N'estoit plus vu'une terre d'horreur et un lieu de massacre. With many tears and forty hours of consecutive prayer, they resolved to abandon forever the country, red with the blood of their brethren. With three hundred faithful Hurons, sad relics of a nation once so powerful, they retreated by the French River, whose name commemorates their sufferings, to Quebec. They sailed along the shores where they had dwelt a populous race, not one of whom remained—Il n'en restoit pas mesme un seul. It was probably in this retreat that the interesting relic above mentioned, was abandoned as too heavy for their frail canoes.

On the little company of Jesuit missionaries, seven priests and three lay

laborers died by violence in the service of the mission, and many others suffered tortures far worse than death. Any one interesting in this somewhat unfamiliar chapter in early Canadian history, may find it more fully treated in an article by the present writer, entitled "The last of the Hurons" in the Canadian Monthly, for November, 1872. The missionaries in the three large 8vo. volumes of Relations des Jesuites, published by the Canadian Government.—W. H. Withrow in Toronto Globe.

PREACHING IN PRAYER.

The editor of the Congregationalist gives the outline of a prayer preached to which he was lately compelled to listen, declaring at the same time that he "tones down" the performance. He says:

"The speaker informed the Lord that it was a singularly beautiful morning, and that after the storm the ocean was quiet; that calms after storms are exceedingly pleasant and, indeed, useful; that after a man has been very angry, and gets over it, he has a chance to be ashamed of himself; that storms themselves are salutary, and do things good in a general way; that the sun never seems so bright, and the earth such an agreeable residence, as after a few days of cloudy weather and the gloom of storms; that it is a blessed thing to have sunshine in our hearts, and we all may have it, if we will but remember that God is the great Sun who shines for all, and open those hearts to his gracious shining; that our tears of penitence may be considered raindrops which will fertilize the dry and thirsty earth of our good resolutions, desiccated by procrastination, which is the thief of time; that the brightness of the morning, it behooves us to remember, however, introduces quite often the fervors of the mid-day of toil, and the lengthening shadows of senility; that we all must die, and that some die in the morning of life, while others last till the sear and yellow leaf of a tremulous old age flutters to the ground, and leaves them—to die at last; that many of us are now in the mid-day of the world's anxieties and sublimary concerns; that each morning sees some task begin, each evening sees it close, oh may something attempted, something done, have earned a night's repose; that the past week has been one of good health generally in the congregation, for which we hope we are duly thankful; that the fields seem to promise to be fertile, and the husbandman may reasonably anticipate a prosperous season, provided in the morning he sow his seed, and in the evening withhold not his hand from [why don't he say "potato-bugs," and be done with it?] protection of his nascent crops from those mysterious marauders which seem to have been permitted by an infinitely wise Providence to remind us once more that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance; that—we stopped remembering just then, and our mind wandered."

* And why does n't the critical "Congregationalist" say does n't, and be grammatical.—Ed. Rec.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE AT BRISTOL.

Our Methodist readers here will be interested in learning that the Methodist Conference still in session in Bristol, England, chose for its President by a vote of 205, Dr. W. B. Pope, near relative of Dr. H. Pope, of this city. Dr. B. W. Pope's chief competitor was Dr. Rigg, Principal of the Westminster Training College. Dr. Pope is a Theological Professor, an accomplished scholar, and known far beyond the pale of his own denomination as an authority on theological questions of high rank. The Conference elected as its Secretary Dr. Williams, one of the foremost men of his Church.

In the London journal from which we gather these facts, we note the names of the Revs. Messrs. Albrighton and Brewster, well known in this city. Mr. Albrighton was elected into the Legal Hundred—a sort of Methodist House of Lords in the British Methodist ecclesiastical economy. Mr. Brewster is reported as having taken part in a corner-stone laying demonstration in the vicinity of Oxford. The Bristol

Conference is likely to become historical, from the fact that it will settle affirmatively the question of lay representation within its own pale, and thus mark an important advance in the exercise of popular influence in matters ecclesiastical. While referring to Methodist matters we may observe that Mr. Morley Punshon, son of Dr. Punshon, seems in the matter of pulpit oratory, to be a chip of the old block. He is quite a young man, but he was recently selected to take part with his father and the President of the Conference in church opening services, and his sermon on the occasion is described as able and eloquent. It does not often happen that father and son are distinguished for special proficiency in the same art, though there are some striking examples in that direction.—St. John News.

HE THAT WILL NOT WORK NEITHER LET HIM EAT.

Mr. Moody, in a recent address to reformed drunkards in Boston, said:

These are hard times I know, and it is hard to get work, but spring has come and if you cannot get work in the city, start out into the country. A great many farmers want men now. It is not degrading to go out and hoe and shovel in the field. It is noble I think. I do not believe there is a man in this city that really wants work but can get it in the country. If you haven't money to ride, walk out. You can foot it on a good pleasant day like this, ten or fifteen miles a day. Besides, you will have a better chance walking than if you passed the farmer's places on a train. If you are looking for work, do not beg, ask for something to do. If you are offered anything without work do not take it. They will give you some wood to saw or some work to do that will pay for what you get. Your meals will taste a good deal sweeter when you have earned them by the sweat of your brow. If you will not beg or steal men will respect and help you. It may be a hard chance to get the first footing, but if you hold right on God will open a way for you, and if need be send down a legion of angels to help you. "What would you do with a man that would not work?" I think Paul was right. "If a man will not work he shall not eat." I think we are doing these men a great injury if we help them when they won't work. Some of these men have professed, but there is a difference between profession and being regenerated. We are living in days of sham—and they see others come out, and that they are getting fed and getting new clothes, and they say: "These men are making a good thing of it; I guess I'll conform too." When I was President of the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago we used to have those men coming in all the time. They would tell about their suffering, and how they had no work and wanted help. At last I got two or three hundred cords of wood and put it in a vacant lot and got some saws and saw bucks and kept them out of sight. A man would come and ask for help. "Why don't you work?" "I can't get any." "Would you do it if you could get any?" "Oh, yes, anything." "Would you really work in the street?" "Yes." "Would you saw wood?" "Yes." "All right," and then we would bring out the saw and saw buck and send them out, but we would have a boy to watch and see that they did not steal the saw. Then the fellow would say, "I will go home and tell my wife I have got some work," and that would be the last we would see of him. Out of the whole winter I never got more than three or four cords of wood sawed. We heard from our friend Dr. Tyng last week that we want a good deal of mother in this work; yes, and we want some father, too. If you are always showering money on these men, and giving them clothing and raiment, they will live in idleness, and not only ruin themselves, but their children. It is not charity at all to help them when they will not work. If a man will not work let him starve. They never die. I never heard of them really starving to death. You may say that is harsh, but we need a little of that now. It says in the fifteen chapter of Proverbs, "The way of the slothful man is hedged with thorns." I never knew them to get out till they worked their way out. I had

charge of the relief in Chicago for a number of years, and I was brought into contact with these lazy men, and I say there is no hope for a man that will not work. Talk about their conversion, it is only just put on to get a little money out of you without work. Some of you ladies think you are doing God's service by giving them money, but you are really injuring them. It says in Ecclesiastes, tenth chapter and eighteenth verse, "By much slothfulness the building decayeth." You see many young men in Boston rotten/decayed from idleness. You cannot keep the body healthy without work. We are commanded to earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. Get something to do. If it is for fifteen hours a day all the better, for while you are at work Satan does not have so much chance to tempt you. It is these men that are out of work that Satan tempts.

THE SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS BELL.

A bell is a very useful instrument in a Sunday-school if it is kept in its proper place. Sometimes the best place for it is in a closet locked up, and the key where the superintendent can't find it. We are quite sure this would be an improvement over the custom in use in some schools, where the superintendent plies the bell so vigorously and continuously as to suggest that he may, at some period of his life, have rung the dinner bell in a boarding house.

A bell in a Sunday-school may be a valuable help, or a noisy nuisance; it depends on the one who controls it. Some superintendents have a huge bell, or a great gong, or a shrill, sharp-toned call-bell, which they delight in sounding at every conceivable opportunity. They are as pleased with it as a child with a new toy. It is not so much the noise it makes which pleases them, as what the noise reveals, and that is the fact that the man who strikes the bell is the superintendent of the school, a position far above that of the Great Mogul or the Grand Turk. By means of his bell he announces this inspiring and soul-thrilling fact to an admiring audience. Put all such bells into the closet under lock and key, and if the superintendent cannot be separated from his beloved bell, put him there too. It would be a relief to a long-suffering school.

There are superintendents who somehow have acquired the habit of neglecting the bell. They seldom touch it, and when they do, it is done lightly, though with sufficient distinctness of sound to be heard throughout the room. There is no noisy clangor as though a fire were raging, but a gentle touch, and a delicate, distinct ting, which instantly commands attention. Why? Because all who hear the bell know that the man who has touched it expects attention, and will have it. He makes no noise, he sends forth no excited shriek, nor any angry shout, but there he stands, calm, self-possessed, looking with steady gaze at his school, who have learned to look at him when the signal is given.

Let all superintendents remember this fact: it is not the bell which brings a school to order, but the man who stands behind the bell.—S.S. Jour

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Last Sabbath a clergyman from a distant city supplied at one of our village churches. In the course of his sermon he used, as illustrating his subject, a very thrilling story of a young sailor in a foreign land, who had recklessly broken the laws of that country, and who, unheard and almost untried, had been condemned to death for insurrection; whose execution was at hand and whose coffin was before him, when the American consul came forward, and wrapping the condemned man, told those who sought his life to fire through that at their peril. This thoughtful act saved the prisoner's life. The preacher had scarcely reached his temporary residence at the close of the service, when he received a call from a gentleman and lady, the gentleman introducing the lady as his wife, and declaring himself to be the man referred to in the story of that evening's discourse. It is needless to say that the clergyman was greatly astonished and interested while he listened to the man's story of this thrilling adventure, giving as he did every little incident of the remarkable occurrence with the names of the American and British consuls, and many particulars which were new to the preacher. But the main facts were as related in the story, only the man claimed to be an American born, instead of a Norwegian. It may be added that his story was such as to carry conviction to his hearers that he was telling the truth. Altogether it was a very remarkable incident.—St. Johnsbury Caledonian.