

WESLEYAN ALMANAC, DECEMBER, 1876.

Full Moon, 1 day, 6h, 49m, Morning. Last Quarter, 7 day, 10h, m, Afternoon. New Moon, 15 day, 2h, 5m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 23 day, 7h, 27m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 30 day, 5h, 4 m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HOURS. It lists the times of sunrise and sunset for each day of the month.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Farnboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hanseport, Windsor, Newport and Turro. 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 35 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 22 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.

It remains for me now, to consider some of the evidences by which we may assure ourselves, that we have this divine witness within us. That it is possible to pretend to this evidence on false grounds, is lamentably true; and as the matter is one of such transcendent importance, how ought we to take heed lest we be deceived! There are two particulars, in which we deem it important, that the testimony of the Holy Spirit should be distinguished from other impressions: 1.—In the matter of the inward suggestion of promises of scripture merely, however powerfully they may be applied; or of pretended visions, or revelations made through the medium of dreams, or in any other way, however extraordinary. If these are attended by other evidences, which I shall presently notice, they are not to be utterly despised. But Satan possesses the power to use the scriptures; and our dreams or visions, may be only the result of a multitude of business, or they may conceal some cheat or imposture of the devil.

2.—And, subject to the same qualification, mere tenderness of heart or elevation of spirit, are no proof of the presence of the divine testimony. Even in connection with religious acts and exercises, I think it possible for such feelings to exist, and not only be no proof of the presence of the seal of the Holy Ghost; but to constitute no valid evidence of such ordinary operations of the Spirit of God, as even an unregenerate man might experience. Such emotions are intimately allied to peculiarities of mental organization. I read a pathetic passage in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and I weep. I read the story of Joseph and his brethren, or of Jesus at the grave of Lazarus, and I weep. In the one case and in the other, my tears may owe their presence to the same cause, and that cause be one wholly dissociated from all operation of the divine spirit.

Our individual consciousness is sufficient proof of these unaccountable elevations and depressions of spirit, which we so frequently experience, in connection with the ordinary occurrences of life; emotions which run through all the gradations of sorrowful, sombre, passive, peaceful, ecstatic, and emotions, which we never dream of coupling with any peculiar agency. And I think it cannot be reasonably denied, that like sensibilities do result from the relation subsisting between the truth of religion, and our inner natures,—feelings which owe their origin, to causes not supernatural, but ordinary and normal. This being the case, the necessity will be very apparent, that all such experiences, as evidences of the operation of the Holy Spirit upon our heart should be accepted with extreme caution, dissected with incredulous severity, and probed to their utmost depth, with "the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God." Abiding such a test, we may admit them as links in the chain of evidence, by which we seek to prove our gracious state; and thank God for the additional comfort they impart.

To the law, then, and to the testimony for proof. Our own natures may mislead—but this, never! 1. The divine witness is always preceded and attended by true sorrow for sin, showing us its evils, as assailing the character and government of God; causing us to loathe it, and to turn from it with

full purpose of, and endeavor after, future obedience; such a repentance as drives the whole herd of sins before it, and will spare none. (2 Cor. 7; 10, 11.) If then, we have this repentance, the Spirit of God is leading us, and will not suffer us to be deceived; but if not, our cry of "Abba, Father!" is not from above, but is a delusion or cheat of Satan, or of our own deceitful heart; for, if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. (Psa. 66: 18.)

2. Attending this witness, love to God springs up in our hearts, as the result of the love of God, which the Holy Spirit sheds abroad within us. Love to God can never precede a sense of received forgiveness. Between the love of God shed abroad within us by His Spirit, and the movement of our affections God-ward, there is the same relation as between cause and effect. Love to God is the supreme element in religion, and cannot be felt until the heart is renewed in righteousness and true holiness. Such new creation is solely the work of the Holy Ghost: and when it is completed, he himself attests to the glorious fact, by this heavenly baptism of love; filling, quickening and invigorating all our powers; bringing all our affections to one grand centre, even Christ; lifting us above all transitory things; inspiring us with holy enthusiasm in his service, and by sweet constraint, impelling us forward to work and speak and think for him. (Ezek. 36: 25-27; 1 Cor. 6: 11; Titus, 3: 6; Rom. 5: 5.) And O, what a mighty change is that which this sacred anointing produces and seals! Do you ask what it is to love God? It is to cling to him; to experience supreme delight in communion with him; to long after him; to mourn down to our hearts remotest depths, at his slightest frown, and refuse to be comforted until he do smile again upon us; it is to study him, to multiply our adoring glances toward him until we are "changed into the same image, from glory to glory." O, sirs! 'tis no calm, critical, judicious appreciation of his character and works! There is warmth, fervor in it!

3. I need scarcely say, further, that this divine baptism will henceforth flow onward, in progressive conformity to God's holy usage, and in practical obedience to all his commands. (Gal. 5: 22-25; John 14: 23.) Therefore we press again the enquiry, are you free from the dominion of sin, so that with full choice of will, and energy of love, you run in the way of God's commandments, having your fruit unto holiness? Such results were never produced by a phantasy or delusion; "but where they are found, the witness from above and the witness within, bear united testimony, which may be received without suspicion, and without fear."

I am sure that you will all agree with me, that the importance of this subject cannot be over-estimated. The times in which we live are peculiarly characterized by a tendency to superficiality in religion, which is more dangerous to its vitality, than were the inquisitorial tortures, the bloody fields, and fiery stakes of three hundred years ago. It is fearfully possible to substitute mere sentiment for true heart-purity; and especially is this danger imminent, from the fact, that there is so much in the religion of Jesus, which appeals so powerfully to our esthetic nature, begetting feelings which may so easily be mistaken for the work of the Spirit; but the movements of which are solely along the line of purely natural causes; and hence, to a large extent, the hold which Christianity has upon the masses of pleasure-loving, thoughtless, godless men and women. The cross is no longer a badge of shame, or an emblem of reproach. We welcome it to our dwellings; we call to our aid the highest culture of which art is capable, to render it attractive; we wreath it with beauty, until, instead of shrinking from it, we could wish to lie upon it, and almost to die upon it. We mould it in gold and precious stones, and hang it about our necks, but only as a sentiment, as an ornament of beauty. The cross dangles to-night, upon the breast of many a belle, upon whose conscience it shall lie, in all the weight of an eternal agony. O friends! Judgment-day, brothers! Suffer me to declare the fear, that there is much of the religion in the world, which is profuse in outward observances, and full of tender sentimental thoughts about guardian angels, and departed spirits, and reclining in the sweet vales of Eden, and roaming by the banks of the river of life; but which is utterly barren of heart-abhorrence of sin in every form, and of the love of, and pursuit after, holiness of life, and of practical, self-denying obedience along the line of everyday Christian duty. And if it be true, that it is a matter of infinite moment, that we live in the possession and practice of true heart religion; and, if it be true, that we are peculiarly in danger of accepting some counterfeit of this religion, therein regarding ourselves as "rich, and increased with goods," and having "need of nothing"—O! how should we heed the call of our heart searching God, and buy

of him "gold tried in the fire, that we may be rich;" and the "white raiment" of holiness "that we may be clothed," and that the shame of our "sinfulness do not appear;" and anoint our eyes with mighty prayer, that we may receive the Holy Ghost—that Spirit by whom alone we can be positively assured of the reality of our change, and whom the Father hath graciously promised, to bestow upon all who call upon him.

O brethren! God help us to be true and honest with ourselves! Him, we cannot deceive! To the closet, to the blood let us haste! Rest not for an hour, without this divine witness! "Where the indubitable seal Which ascertains the Kingdom mine? The powerful stamp I long to feel, The signature of love divine! O! shed it in my heart abroad, Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!" Have I to do with any who once rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven, but have cast away this most precious pearl? I beg you light the candle, sweep the house, seek diligently until you find it. Can you forget when the Lord commanded "his loving-kindness upon you in the day time;" and when "in the night, his song" was with you, and your "prayer was unto the God of your life?"

It may be that, although perishing with hunger, you fear to return. And here you are, in all the gloom of conscious wrath; remorse for the past throwing forward your thoughts upon the future, and worse dread of the future casting you back upon the past; while, upon your soul, is the intolerable burden of wilful backsliding, and of covenant blood despoiled. But with tender pity, and solemn joy, we cry to you, come back! come back! there is forgiveness—plenteous redemption for you! I have read of a tender bird, pursued by a hawk, fluttering into the bosom of a man in the field; who, seizing it with cruel hand, dashed it to the ground and destroyed its life. Poor backslider! fly to Jesus! cast you away? His love looks out of his eye! Dash you down? His hands bearing the print of the nails, are even now reached out to you! He will save thee; "he will rejoice over thee, with joy and with singing!" Do I address any who have never yielded to the gracious call of God? To you, also, does the Spirit come—not to seal—but to lead you to repentance, to Jesus; and thus to fit you for his divine indwelling. O, reject him not! Have you a friend at your side, in whose sympathy and love you can implicitly trust; whose joy is to lavish upon you his kindest offices; whose very heaven is to do you good and make you happy? Is there one far away this night, from whom, for weary months you have been separated; and if the morrow's morn should bring to you the missive of greeting and love from afar, would you ignore the message, or lay it coldly aside, to await a convenient season? Where is the pressure of earthly toil that could debar you one moment from the glad perusal?

Is there one in heaven, the tones of whose last, loving farewell still tremble upon your ears? And if, as you in sorrows "long for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," you could hear that voice, speaking to you, in tender tone, from the "excellent glory," would you turn away in flight, apathy, and labor to drown the angelic whisper, in a whirl and a strife of your own creation? Hear me. To your friend at your side you may refuse a sign of recognition and regard; the missive from afar you may cast aside, nor ever bestow upon it a glance or thought; to the voice from heaven you may cry, "Depart, depart! I know you not, I desire you not!" But when you have done all this, I charge you turn not aside from the warning; the pleadings of the Holy Ghost! By the infinite love which sends him to your heart thrust him not away! By the misery of a life wrenched from divine guidance and joy, grieve him not! By the darkness of the hour of the death struggle, with "God is departed from me" for its bitterest woe, grieve not the Spirit! By the remorse which forevermore shall harrow the last soil in the world of woe, as he shall look back and remember that he might have been saved. I entreat you, my guilty but redeemed brother, do not despise to the Spirit of grace! Stay, then, insulted Spirit, stay!

THE BIBLE.—One of the first things necessary in order to acquire this reliquary for the book, is for every one to have a Bible of his own. This is essential, as in the course of lifetime the associations which cluster around such a book; its promise—tried and proved—like old familiar faces; and the marked passages, enabling one to follow the same thought from Genesis to Revelation, thereby throwing a flood of concentrated light upon any one point, all combine to give it a value which a dozen new Bibles never could possess.

"I DIE HAPPY."—It is said that in his last hours, Bishop Butler, when conversing with his chaplain on those subjects which could then alone be interesting, thus expressed his uneasiness: "Though I have tried to avoid sin and to please God to the utmost of my powers; yet from being conscious of my constant weakness, I am afraid to die." "My lord," said the chaplain, "you forget that Jesus Christ is a Saviour," "True," replied the bishop; "but how shall I know that He is a Saviour for me?" "My lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'" "True," said the bishop; "and I have read that Scripture a thousand times, but I never felt its full value till this moment, Stop there; for now I die happy!"

GOOD ADVICE.—Says the Watchman: "I have found in the class-room that the girls who have the most on the outside of their heads have the least inside. Last summer I heard a fashionable young lady read her graduating essay, earnestly demanding 'a wider sphere for woman,' while her chest was so narrowed by artificial means that she could hardly read her essay. She evidently thought this whole world a 'pent-up Utica' that was confining her powers; but all the poor girl needed was sufficient strength and purpose of character to free herself from the thralldom of fashion, and go to work in an earnest way to bring nearer to Christ the world she had found so much out of order. Some of you, my dear girls, may be filled with infinite longing for a career. Let me tell you that what our sex most needs at present is women who, unembarrassed by fashionable drapery, can walk a few miles without being tired—women whose thinking powers are not injured, who find a 'career' in earnest doing of their master's work, however homely it may be."

OBITUARY.

PHEBY CALBECK.

Died at Searstown, on the Bedeque circuit, on the 14th inst., Pheby Calbeck, widow of the late William Calbeck Esq., and daughter of the late Joseph Wood, of Tryon, whose name will be held in the remembrance of those ministers who have labored on this circuit in years past, and who after having served his God, and his generation to ripe old age, passed away in the triumph of faith, to his happy home in heaven, but who still lives in the remembrance of his brethren who have survived him, as a pious and devout Christian, and in whose house the ministers of Christ always found a welcome and a happy home. Our departed sister in early life chose her father's God as her God, and gave her heart to the Lord, and followed her father's footsteps by joining the church in which he had been a member so many years, and through her Christian pilgrimage, adorned her profession by a life of steady persevering piety and devotedness to God, until her Lord and Master said it is enough come up higher. Our departed sister, was a woman of quiet mind and of few words, there was nothing in her religion of parade or show, and she thus pursued the noiseless tenor of her way, with untiring perseverance, delight, in the public ordinances of God's house on which she was a constant attendant until affliction confined her to her home. Thus through all the varied tracts of life she pursued and maintained her onward course for fifty years, until a few months of her decease, she then rapidly declined. Although not confined to her bed, until about a fortnight previous to her death, her merciful Father saved her from extreme suffering. On the morning of the day on which she died, she was very happy in God, and passed away in the glorious hope of her resurrection unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. We therefore rejoice that our sister the heaven hath gained.

Outflying the tempest and wind, He rest hath sooner obtained, And left her companions behind, Still tossed on a sea of distress, Her willing to gain the blessed shore, Where all is assurance and peace, And sorrow and sin are no more.

RICHARD HUDSON.

MRS. JANE BOND.

Late of Halifax, was born May 14, 1820, and died at Shubenacadie, Oct. 22, 1876. Privileged with pious parents, she was early inclined to the service of God, but not until the year 1832, under the ministry of the late Rev. W. Crossway, did she give her heart fully to Christ, and became

member of the Methodist Church. From that period to the day of her death, she was through grace enabled to adorn the Saviour in all things. Though of retiring disposition, in lowliness of mind she daily endeavored to place her all on God's altar. For some time previous to her last illness, fears were entertained concerning her health, and her friends hoping a change of air would probably restore her, under medical advice she paid a visit to her native village, but alas! contrary to all expectations, she suddenly fell prostrate under disease. Her sufferings were both distressing and indescribable, yet in the greatest paroxysms, amid wearisome days and restless nights, her confidence in God was never shaken. Her patient spirit was a marvel to all those who witnessed it. As the end approached, Divine grace strengthened her for the final conflict. Having maintained through her blameless life a cheerful trust in the merits of her Saviour, she entered the valley of death with a perfect composure of spirit, and with a blessed hope of immortality. In the following month, Nov. 28th, her firstborn son, John Bond, peacefully closed his meek and unobtrusive service of faith and love, and entered upon the rest that remaineth for the people of God, aged 22 years, and whose remains now lay by the side of all that is mortal of his mother, in the burial ground at Lower Rawdon, there to await the morning of the general resurrection of the dead. E. R. B. Kaye St., Halifax.

Died, Jan. 7, 1876, at Aylesford West, Mrs. FOSTER, in the 95th year of her age. It was my intention at the time of the removal of our departed friend, to furnish a brief notice of it for the WESLEYAN. I regret that a variety of engagements prevented me from doing it sooner, and though late, I feel it a duty to the memory of that venerable and devoted Christian mother, that the church should preserve some record of her.

From early youth she had the fear of God before her eyes, so that when any minister visited the place where she resided, she gladly formed one of the congregation; and being an excellent singer she rendered valuable aid in the service. About 45 years ago she received a divine charge, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Desbrisay, and joined the church, and remained to the end of her life, a meek, humble but cheerful Christian. In the various relations of life, as a wife and mother, she exhibited the virtues and graces of true piety. She trained up her children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," and had the pleasure of seeing several of them identified with the church of her choice, and they now "Rise up and call her blessed."

Through life she delighted to sing the songs of Zion, and in the house of God never thought of letting that part of Divine worship be performed by proxy, but would join heartily in singing to the praise and glory of God. When the writer of this, became acquainted with her on the Aylesford circuit, though she was, "In age and feebleness extreme," yet she would delight in repeating those hymns and revival pieces which had gladdened her in her early days, and would sing them with evident pleasure and strength of voice considering her advanced age. As a traveller to Zion she pursued her course with songs and joy upon her head to the last. She spoke frequently of her interest in her Saviour. No fears oppressed her, as she neared the "valley," but in a calm and peaceful manner, she passed away to join the angels of the skies. J. S. ADDY.

MRS. ANN CHISHOLM.

One by one the older members of our church here, are passing away. Admiring each of us to be also ready—for when a few years are come then we too shall go the way whence we shall not return. Sister Chisholm was led to connect herself with the Methodist Church in Windsor, January 1833, during a revival of religion under the faithful ministry and zealous labours of father Crosscombe and Bro. McMurray. She was deeply convinced of her lost state through sin—and then earnestly sought and found redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins. She obtained and ever enjoyed a clear evidence of her acceptance with God. Walking in the light of God's countenance, she became a willing worker in his church, and for some years discharged the duties of a class-leader, until infirmities detained her from the public means of grace. She was called to glorify God by patiently suffering his will, as well as by active service. For 13 years she was unable to attend the sanctuary services, but through all these years she held fast her confidence steadfast until the end. Often during her last illness, which was protracted and painful, she longed to depart and be with Christ. She fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 10th, aged 76 years. JAMES ENGLAND.