#### WESLEYAN IHE

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"WESLEYAN' ALMANAC JUNE, 1876.

Full Moon, 6 day, 8h, 23m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 14 day, 11h, 0m, Afternoon. New Moon, 21 day, 6h, 2m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 28 day, 11h, 0m, Morning.

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THE TIDES .- The column of the Moon's Southing tives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Corn-wallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and fruro.

High water at Pictou and Jape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annap-blis, St. John, N.B., and Pertland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfeund-and 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Char-lottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 1 hours 54 minutes ATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 10 minutes LATER. 0 mtnutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.-Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum substract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.-Substract the dme of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the cemainder add the time of rising next morning

"THE CROSS OF OUR LORD JE.

SUS CHRIST."

Morally and physically, no less than spiritual the faith of Christ came like the dawn of a new spring to nations effete with the drunkenness of crime. The struggle was long and hard, but from the hour when Christ died began the death knell to every Satanic tyranny and every tolerated abomination. From that hour holiness became the ideal of all who name the name of Christ as their Lord, and the attainment of that ideal the common heritage of souls in which His Spirit dwells.

The effects then, of the work of Carist are even to the unbelievers indisputable and historical. It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it drove thee shameless impurities of heathendom into a congen-There was hardly a class ial darkness. whose wrongs it did not remedy. It admiration his changing expression. rescued the gladiator; it freed the When I paused, he raised his little slave ; it protected the captive ; it nursed the sick ; it sheltered the orphan ; it ing force upon the other, saying "Not elevated the woman; it shrouded as with a halo of sacred innocence the tender years of the child. In every region of life its ameliorating influence to a virtue. It elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude. It ennobled labour from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty. It sanctified marriage from a little less than a blessed sacrament. It rewarded for the first time the angelic beauty of a purity of which men had despaired, and of a meekness at which they had utterly scoffed. It created the very conception of charity and burdened the limits of its obligation from the narrow circle of a neighborhood to the widest horizons of the race. And while it thus evolved the ilea of humanity as a common brotherhood, even where its tidings were not believed, it cleansed the life, and elevated the soul of each individual man. And in all lands were it bas moulded the characters of its true believers, it has created hearts so pure, and lives so peaceful, and homes so sweet, that it might seem as though those angels who had heralded its advent had also whispered to every depressed and deof a dove that is covered with silver

my courage, rose to such a height that when a friend complacently remarked

"I have no doubt certain classes of people will be benefited," I replied "Mr. Moody's exposition of the Bible cannot fail to do good to every class that listen

to him," and then with a feeling of self-satisfaction I mentally thanked God "I was not as others."

The more I heard, the more I wanted to hear; but the truth that had found ts way into my heart, instead of bringng the peace of which Mr. Moody loves to tell, seemed to rankle and fester there, and I was like a "wave of the ea driven about and tossed." A little ight had found its way into my soul, out only enough to show the surroundng darkness.

After a sleepless night, I rose one norning dispirited and discouraged; verything was wrong, and what could do to stem the tide of sin and wretchedness? I could not live in the world without being part of it. I wanted to

do right, but the right seemed as hard to know as to do. Where should I begin? When you want to do any. thing, some one says " begin at the beginning." While I was wondering where to find the beginning, my reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a little three-year-old boy. He was talking earnestly to his older brother, who followed him. "Yes, Lilla," he said, with an important air, "I've plenty to

sell." The bright faces and happy voices were a pleasant interruption, and I watched them as they opened a closet where the young merchant kept his treasures. I could not resist the temptation of giving the little fellow some advice. "Charley," said I, "come here. I've something to tell that will help you." He hesitated a moment, but was soon standing with his sweet earnest face turned toward me, and his loving trusting eyes fixed upon mine. "Are you ready to listen?" He nodded his head, and his eyes grew larger and darker as he caught some of the interest I tried to communicate. "Willie is a large boy," said I, "and he's pretty sharp; now when you sell make a good bargain; take care what you do, and don't let him get the better of you." I spoke strongly and em-

love and believe. Mothers, fathers, you can learn sweet lessons of faith and love from your little child; but while he teaches you, what are you teaching him? Are you willing to reap the harvest that will spring from the seed that you are sowing? You cannot erase what you are daily and hourly engraving on that young heart.-N.Y. Evangelist.

# I MADE HIM WHAT HE WAS.

A few weeks ago a saloon-keeper in Dover Delaware, who patronized his his own bar very liberally, stepped into a back room, where men were at work about a pump in a well. The covering had been removed, and he approached to look down, but, being very drunk, he pitched in head-foremost. He had become so much of a bloat by the use of strong drink that it was impossible to extricate him in time to save his life. There was great excitement in the town. Men and women who had never teen inside of his saloon before were the first to rush to the rescue, and to offer sympathy to the bereaved family. As he was being dragged from the well and stretched out dead upon the saloon floor, a wholesale liquor-dealer from Philadelphia stepped in. After the first shock of thus finding one of his good customers dead, he turned to a prominent lady, a crusader, and said pointing to the wrecked victim, "I made that man what he was. I lent him his

first dollar, and set him up with his first stock of liquors, and he's now worth \$10,000 or \$15,000."

Looking him full in the face, she responded :

"You made that man what he wasa drunkard, a bloat, a stench in the nostrils of society, and sent him headlong into eternity, and to a drunkard's hell? What is \$15,000 weighed against a lost soul; a wastel life, a wife a widow, and and children orphans ?"

He turned deadly pale, and without a word left the house.

And so we ask; "What is all the business and all the revenue to the millions whose homes are dispoiled: whose children are beggared, and whose ard's grave and a drunkard's hell? Put sucks a sugar plum while the collection is

and believes, I am trying to trust and gospel of Jesus Christ proposes to do for us? Looking at the ills of life through Christian eyes may not all our "regrets and vexations" be shared by our Redeemer? Is not this one reason why he gave himself to us? Does he not again and again offer to take up the burden for us, nay, does he not urge us and with all loving, earnest words be-

seech us to drop our burdens at his feet? "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden. I will be your rest. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Lo, I am with you alway. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Oh the pity of it-that we so almost never get down into the depth and wonder of these words ! The Bible is full of them, but for the most part they have but little meaning for us. Our eves are holden. What need of a little ones laugh the better; the faster 'double soul" in any other sense than this one, that of a mighty Comforter, strong enough, and great enough, and loving enough to lift us over all life's hard places.

Such a one is offered to every human soul.—Christian Weekly

## THE FOPPISH PREACHER.

Recently, in addressing a class of theological graduates, the Rev. Dewit Talmage thus described the foppish and frivolous preacher :

He has a handsome foot or hand, or thinks he has. It is evident from his gait and appearance that he has received most of his inspiration from the tailor. His glove fits so well that it seems to have grown on; his boot, as if made on a last of the latest fashion. His hair twists as though it had been under curling-irons. From his gesticulations you know he has practiced them before the n.irror. He bring with them a sweetness of emotion prides himself on being a lady's man, and looks so sweet (laughter), and has the appearance of one of Godey's fashion-plates.

As he takes out his handkerchief to wipe away a tear in the midst of his sermon the fabric drops musk and patchouly, and " Balm of a thousand flowers," and " Newmown hay," and " Kiss me quick." (Laughter.) He is a stick of ecclesiastical candy -a moral peppermint-a religious chocolate drop. (Laughter.) He takes his text from the most luscious part of Solomon's Song, and lithps in a manner thweet beyond detheription ! (Loud laughter.) He has a diamond ring on two fingers, and a

loved ones are sent headlong to a drunk- glittering stud in his shirt-bosom. He

him pay particular attention to M Moody's remarks. At the conclusion of the service, which was very effective, the Emperor shook hands with Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, and a place being cleared through the crowd by the police, the royal party passed out the Twenty Seventh street floor, entered their carriage and were driven away .- New York World.

JUNE 17, 1876

TALKING AT TABLE is one of the very best digesters; there is no tonic known to equal it, as it is of the kind known to promote hilarity and good feeling generally. Most parents are prone to prohibit their children from laughing and talking at the table; it is unphysiclogical; it is cruelty. Joyousness promotes the circu. lation of the blood, enlivens it, invigorates it. sends its tingling to the remotest parts of the system, carrying with it animation, viger and life. The louder the they talk the better, for then they eat less in a given time, consequently chew their their food more thoroughly.

Discard controversy from the dining table. Discourage all subjects which invite political or religious rancor. Let every topic introduced be calculated to instruct. to interest, or amuse. Do not let the mind run on business or previous mishaps or past disappointments. Never tell bad news at the table, nor for an hour before. Let everything you have to communicate be, if possible, of a gladsome, joyous, hilarious character calculated to bring out pleasant remarks or agreeable associations On the other hand, never administer a reproof at the social board to either servant or child; find fault with nothing; speak unkindly to no one. If remarks are made of the absent let them contain some word of commendation, which, if repeated in their hearing afterward, will kindle kindly feelings, and thus will thoughts of the family table come across the memory in after years, when we have been scattered and some laid in their final resting place. which makes it a pleasure to dwell upon them.-Halls' Journal of Health.

## OBITUARY.

Suddenly, at Weymouth, on the 30th ult., the beoved wife of E. H. Oakes, Esq., departed this life, On the Saturday preceding Mrs. Oakes was partially prostrated by paralysis, but soon revived and seemed improving fast till Monday, when she experienced a severe shock. From this she seemed to ally till about 1 o'clock p.m. On Tuesday she simply raised her hand and breathed hard once and exired. The Rev. J. M. C. Fulton, A.M., her son-inlaw, of Montpelier. Vermont, U.S., receiving a telegram the same evening, with his wife and two chiliren started next morning and reached home on Saturday, in time for the funeral. The other son-in-law, the Rev. S. C. Fulton, of Nichols, N.Y., left with his wife and wife's sister on the 2nd inst. for Weymouth, but have not at this writing arrived. Mrs. Oakes was a native of New York, where her nother still lives to mourn an e before. S was an adherent of the Presbyterian Church. There being no church of that persuasion in Weymouth, she espoused the cause of the Methodist Church there; and not only gave her sympathies to the cause but much of her time and means. She was mainly instrumental in the organization of a Methodist Sunday School in the community; and her house as many of the Methodist Ministers can tes-(Laughter.) It would take about sixty of tity, was always a welcome home for the minister ing man of God. As a wife she was most loving and confiding. As a mother most affectionate and devoted. She had hoped to have all her children and children-in-law me with her, for a time, this summer. perhaps will all meet, eleven in number, and with the grand-children seventeen, but the central figure is not, for God hath taken her; the glory of her home on earth, she will look upon us from her ercellent glory on high, surrounded, we doubt not with her six little grand-angels who went before to welcome her home. May the Lord meet us in our changed relations and by His own presence and blessing fill the vacant place. A BEREAVED SON-IN-LAW.

June 25. GOLDEN light is cut risen upon

JUNE

MONDAY-TUESDAY, 2. 1.11. WEDNES 37-47. THURSDA 12.26. FRIDAY-8.22. SATURI 27.12

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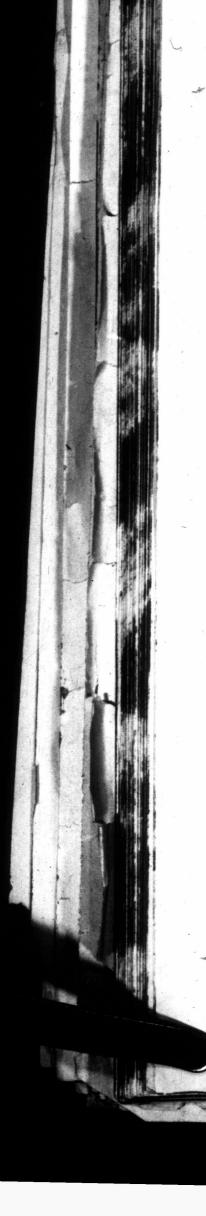
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wings, and her fathers like gold .- Farrar's Life of Christ.

A EROKEN REVERIE.

The week had been a busy one, but I had found time to attend a number of meetings at the Hippodrome, and some of the truths that lay so near the looking into my face, and I-tell him the speaker's heart, had found their way to story of the Cross, of the Saviour's love mine. At first I had rather shrunk and death, and I feel my own love from the question, so often asked with kindling anew, while I lead him to an emphasis upon the personal pronoun, Calvary. He teaches me while I am only."

"Do you go to the Hippodrome?" teaching him, and God is leading me but I gradually acquired moral courage out of the darkeness. Every hour I necessary. Our only purpose is to ask, to reply "Yes, and I er joy the meetings learn some sweet lessons of faith and if this idea of giving a "double soul" is very mu h." Indeed upon one occasion hope and love. As he trusts, and loves not in one sense precisely what the head, and turning to his Secretary bade

phatically, while I watched with loving hand and brought it down with start !one penny."

I listened while the boys targained together; Charley was an apt scholar, and had profited by my teaching. was felt. It changed pity from a vice When he left the room I looked proudly at him, and congratulated myself upon his being the brightest boy of his age in the city. He closed the door with a boyish bang, and I returned to my reverie; but that sweet trusting face was still looking up into mine. I could not get rid of it, and like a "sharp arrow" from the "bow of the mighty,' the question forced itself upon me "What have you taught that boy?" I had been looking for the beginning, and I had found it in that little child, whose faith in me had never known a doubt. What had I been teaching him? What seed had I been sowing? Humbled in the dust, as I looked into the past, I opened my Bible and read "And these words which I command thee-thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down. I turned over leaf after leaf and read each verse that I could find upon the subject, and while spairing sufferer among the sons of I read I trembled as I thought of my men. "Though ve have lien among teachings. My reverie was done, and I the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings | turned to do the work before me, and the bitter cry arose-Can I undo what I have already done? Can I erase what I have engraven on that young heart? Can I blot out what I have written?

> Mothers, ask yourselves what impressions you are making upon those fresh tablets God has placed in your hands. Again the little boy stands beside me, with his hands in mine, and his eyes

this demon, till the hairs of his head become serpents, and live coals burn into his flesh to the very bone, and fighting devils, he leaps out into eternity; and then ask, 'Are my hands clean? Do I love my neighbour as myself? Am I doing all I can to stay the tide that is bearing so many down and may yet bear me down ?"-Christian Woman.

# A DOUBLE SOUL. BY A. B. C.

In that remarkable book of Arthur Helps, " Realmah," the following conversation occurs between some of the leading characters :

MILVEBTON.-Well, I have a fanciful idea which indeed has been in my mind for many years.

ELLESMERE.-Let us guess. The philosopher's stone? The power of always reasoning rightly? Long life? SIR ARTHUR .--- Is it the power of seeing clearly into other men's mind's? MILVEETON, -- No, you will never guess it. I shall have some difficulty in explaining. I mean that there should be a double soul, taking the word "soul" to include all powers, both of thought and feeling, so that you should be able to give one of these souls perfect rest. They should be so intimately in unison that what one thinks or feels, or says, or does, should be admitted to be thought, and felt, and said. and done by the other which is absent. Think of the advantages of my fancy if it were realized-all the regrets, and vexations, and remorses being partaken by another soul which would occasionally come fresh to the work, and bear the burden which its exhausted compeer and partner was almost fainting under. Have you not known occasions in which you have said to yourself, "I would give anything to have another me-to take up the burden for this day

We cannot quote it entire, nor is it

being taken up (laughter), and though not yourself in the place of that mother short-sighted at all, has his glasses astride whose son is pursued day and night by his nose, lifts the hymn-book fantastically, and reads :

There is a land of pu-ah delight, Where saints immawtal reign.

them to equal one decent doll-baby. After hearing such a young man preach, an old clergyman arose in the pulpit to make the closing prayer, and said : " O Lord, 1 less this young man, and make his heart as soft as his head." (Laughter.)

#### THE EMPEROR AT MOODY'S SER-VICES

At the evening service at the Hippodrome Mr. Moody's text was, "What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?" At Mr. Moody's right hand sat Dom Pedro and his suite, Mr. Christine Tomsen, and a number of other gentlemen. The Emperor had a small umbrella between his knees, on the top of which swung his high silk hat. He paid the closest attention to Mr. Sankey's singing, shaking his head in the draw of the british Islands, they possessed patriotic the draw of the british Islands, they possessed patriotic the draw of the british Islands, they possessed patriotic the draw of the british Islands, they possessed patriotic the draw of the british Islands, they possessed patriotic the british Islands, the possessed patriotic the british Islands, the possessed patriotic the british Islands, the possessed patriotic the british Islands is the british Island approval, and when "The Ninety-and-Nine" was sung he held a hymn-book in

his hand and traced the words as Mr. Sankey sang them. Mr. Moody, after giving out his t xt said: "I do not care so much about the your bearts. I do not care what denomi. manners, with a quick and warm sympathy for things and persons of the past, and the zest with sermon if L could impress the text upon nation a man may belong to, nor would I go across the street to change his denomination, but I would go around the world to bring one single soul to Jesus. (The Emperor shook his head and muttered, Yes.) Men mean to decide some day what they will do with Christ, but worldly interest stands in the way. If it were not for this lack of decision hundreds of young men in this city would be Christians." As the speaker became excited. large drops of perspiration stood upon the Emperor's forehead, and he leaned forward on the edge of his chair, endeavoring to catch every word, not once removing his eyes from Mr. Moody's face. Mr. Moody spoke with unusual distinctness. "If you wish true liberty and peace," he said, "accept Christ and you will sojoy it." (" Very true," said Dom Pedro, turning to his Secretary.) "A kingdom will not buy Christ or a place in heaven beside him. Even a great Emperor cannot save his

soul with all his wealth and power unless

he bows himself at Christ's feet and ac-

MRA NATHAN SMITH.

an old disciple of Christ, being the last male men ber of the first Methodist Society organized Maitland in 1825. Father Smith died at his residence Upper Selmah, on the 19th February, 1876, at the advanced age of 87. His forefathers came

when about 14 years of age, he was savingly com verted to God, and during his long discipleship, be creditably sustained the most important offices of the Church in the Circuit. His wise counsels, loralty to Methodist doctrines and discipline, and ear nestness in promoting the material and spiritual interests of the church will long be remembered. He was a true friend, and very entertaining which he entered into conversition upon topics affect ing the interests of the Church of Christ rendere the visits of the writer occasions of pleasare and profit.

the school of Christ, and a lively appreciation the work of the fiely spirit on the soul of man ever enjoyed by the writer was at one of his

a few months before his death, when very ill, from which he hover recovered. close he possessed great vigor o gentleness of spirit. His fait. ms soul filled with prayer and praise

Not a cloud doth arise, To darken the shies, Or nide for .. moment My Lord, from my eyes. he wite of his youth had youe two years before Thus he was called to his long desired rest. where they are an ripe in grace as in years, an "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the deal cepts of him." The Emperor bowed his J. JOHNSON. of his Saints."

"Our fathers, where are they ? And the prophets do they live forever ?" The late Nathan Smith was themselves in Nathan. Under the ministry of the late Rev. Jas. Mann,

in conversation he showed profound learning in Praise and prayer were the actreshments of his ome; one of the most delightful seasons of grace

The deceased was the father of ten children, all of whom survive him, and without exception they are striving to serve their father's God in connection i his sous have proved to be successful ministers of the gospel of

For some years before death Father Smith because a supermutated officer of the government, under which he had faithfully served for over 50 year. As are came on the carthy tabenacle gradual manifested symptoms of advancing infinity infi i few months before his death, when he was the cind coupled with torieus, an There was a hour when he could no

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