

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

APRIL, 1879.

Full Moon, 6 day, 6h, 10m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 12 day, 9h, 5m, Morning. New Moon, 21 day, 9h, 41m, Morning. First Quarter 30 day, 10h, 3m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of the Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The columns of the Moon's Position give the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwall, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. High water at Falmouth and Jape 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, 2 hours 54 minutes later. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes later. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 50 minutes later.

OBITUARY.

In the month of February there passed to his eternal rest Mr. JOHN GARDNER, a man whose earnest devotion to the cause of Christ, and eminent usefulness in the church claim more than a mere mention of his death in your columns.

The subject of these remarks was a native of St. John. Early religious impressions were yielded to, resulting in his conversion to God.

He was not one of those who content with their own salvation, never extend a helping hand nor offer a kindly word to another, but both by example and personal effort he strove to lead others to Jesus.

His early religious associations were connected with the German Street Methodist Church, where he began the course of true piety which resulted in such a triumphant death.

For ten or twelve years he occupied the position of class leader, a duty in which he took special delight, as the experience of those who were, in this means of grace, placed under his care can testify.

He was also a teacher in the Sunday School of the German Street Church for several years.

In the spring of 1840 he entered upon the duties of Superintendent of the Centenary Sabbath School, a position which he retained up to the year 1865.

His kindness of heart and earnestness of purpose endeared him to the children, and won for him the christian esteem and love of all his fellow workers.

He was also a class leader in Centenary Church until the time of the great fire of June 20, 1877, when he beheld the accumulations of years swept away by the flames, and so many of the associations of his earlier years destroyed. He then removed to Carleton where he quietly spent the remainder of his days in the midst of those who entertained the highest respect for him and who will ever fondly cherish his memory.

As a man he was respected by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. As a christian, his piety was of that unostentatious type so becoming in a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, as a worker he was ever at the post of duty.

The closing days of his life were spent in the closest communion with Jesus. God's word was a treasure to him; he loved to dwell upon its great and precious promises, took an intense delight in listening to Wesley's hymns, and never seemed happier than when his friends called and engaged in prayer.

On the morning of February 7th being in the 78th year of his age, his happy spirit entered upon the glories of the better life. R. W. Carleton, N. B. April 9th, 1879.

Died at Somerset, Bermuda, on the 6th of February, in the 60th year of his age, George H. Siggins. The deceased was a native of Hertfordshire, England, and came to this country in H. M. Service about the year 1834. Shortly after his arrival he was made very happy in learning experimentally the difference between the form and the power of godliness. In 1835 under the ministry of Thomas Richardson he was received on trial in the Wesleyan Church. From that time to the day of his death he retained the evidence of his acceptance with God. Although his youth presented but few educational advantages, by untiring indu-

stry he acquired a very respectable knowledge of the theology and literature of our church. He filled its various offices always with zeal and efficiency. As superintendent of the Sabbath School his genial manner combined with rare disciplinary powers made him eminently successful. As Chapel Steward the interests of his charge were as faithfully conserved as if it had been his own private property. But perhaps in no branch of our Church work was he more successful than as class leader. So rich was his own life in christian experience and so full was his own heart with the "fruit of the Spirit" that his advice was ever fresh and edifying. As a private christian he possessed the entire confidence of his brethren. He was a fearless rebuker of sin and whether found in the service of his Queen or his God he was never "on furlough" when "duty" called. He was a decided, uncompromising Wesleyan, not from bigotry party spirit, or personal emolument, but from an intelligent conviction that the truths taught were scriptural and that in the Methodist ministry was found the true apostolic succession of grace. In a community like this where all had learned to lean upon his strong arms and be guided by his in ture judgment his loss is irreparable.

We need not dwell upon the last days of such a life. He had followed the good shepherd too long to fail of the "green pastures" and "still waters" in his time of special need. His state of feeling is not described by negative resignation. His experience meant more than that. Not hope, though that was indeed an anchor to his soul sure and steadfast. His was positive triumph. He was more than conqueror through him that loved him. Such expressions as "God is love," "Love so amazing so divine demands my soul, my life, my all," were continually upon his lips. May the blessings so fervently invoked by that dying father rest down with healing grace and saving power upon all the members of his bereaved family. B.

IS AFRICA READY FOR THE MISSIONARY SICKLE?

BY A MEMBER OF LIBERIA CONFERENCE. During the session of the General Missionary Committee in New York last November, an eminent divine of that place made the declaration that Africa was not ready for the missionary. He would place her lowest down in the scale of appropriations and effort. It is simply surprising how such an idea could have found lodgement in so capacious and able a mind. The idea is a mistaken one. Not all portions of any missionary land are ready for the Gospel. Greater persecutions have been suffered in China by the missionaries than in all Africa. Mexico—a pet field with the Board—gives more violent demonstrations, has murdered more missionaries than Africa. Africa not ripe for the missionary? Let the man who says so come to Africa and look for himself, visit the aborigines in their villages, and ask them if they are ready? Why, the field is "white for the harvest." True, there may be a few lewd and drunken kings, like the late Jimmy Parks at Boporo, who would resist the gospel; and even his people were not in accord with him. At Bathurst the Wesleyans have a large and prosperous work. We preached to a crowded house there, which was composed entirely of native converts. They were civilized, and I felt myself called upon to preach my very best, as intelligent and critical eyes were fastened upon me from every direction. Up the Gambia River, at M'Arthur's Island, a distant island of seventy-five miles, another large and flourishing Mission is in full blast. I met three of the Wesleyan missionaries, who all bear testimony of the most positive kind that that portion of heathen Africa is simply a harvest-field. Taking the Liberian coast-line of over 600 miles in length, and from that penetrate interiorward seventy-five miles, within this belt are comprised thousands of heathens asking for the true light. Their cry is, "Send us God-men." This is not a vision, but an actual state of affairs here. I am perfectly cognizant that this part of the African vineyard is ripe, and many have and are coming to the Saviour of men, and learning of him who is called Wonderful.

In addition to these nine managers any person may become a life manager upon payment of \$100 or more into the treasury at one time. Soon as funds accumulate in our hands we shall send out labourers among the heathens. The Missionary Committee of the M. E. Church had better look to their laurels or we will reach Musardu and the far interior ahead of them. Besides this Liberian belt, the entire Southern part of Africa is a fine Mission field, where the Missionary has been very successful. Stanley tells us of King Mtesse, in the very heart of Africa, that he stands ready to welcome the Christian

standard. English Missionaries are already there and find him true to his pledges with Stanley. Other missionaries are venturing beyond Mtesse's domains, but look to him for protection. About three months since, four young white men came ashore at Monrovia, while waiting for the steamer to transact her business in the port; we fell in with them and made their acquaintance, and found them to be missionaries from England, who were to penetrate Africa by going far up the Congo. They informed me that several others would soon follow. Scores of other facts might be adduced to show that other denominations consider the African field ready for the sickle. But there comes a voice from the Missionary Committee of the M. E. Church of America, which says put Africa lowest down in the scale of appropriation and effort, for she is not ready for the missionary. With this thought influencing every mind of that Committee, they proceeded to give \$2,000, and continue the one heroic man in the field. Osgood is to go out and stand the battle alone among the interior heathens. Mexico, China, Japan, Germany, India get thousands of dollars. All these are dealt with in a princely manner. Over fifty applicants stood ready to come to Africa when the call was made for three men one year ago. Africa is a more needy field than Germany. Methodism has got a good strong foothold among an intelligent race; she can now hold her own and win. No mission field desires to give up an annual subsidy which they know they can have just as well as not by the asking. American Methodism had no such helps, but trusted in Providence, and went forth to her task of sacrifice, sufferings, discipling, and triumphing, and in her case has been verified the saying, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again bringing his sheaves with him." Heathen Africa is emphatically ready for the missionary. Many a time my heart has burned within me to go to the heathen myself, and give up my present work.

Let no one delude themselves that Africa is a barren field. Its climate, save in certain localities, is not dangerous. The heat is not oppressive. The first six months of our sojourn here the thermometer indicated the highest degree at 88. That was during the rainy season. The mercury was frequently at 76, 77, and 78 degrees. We are now in the midst of the heated term, or "Dries," as it is called. The highest point yet reached is only 88 degrees. The greater portion of the heat has been less. When the Harmattan winds began to blow, the night became very cold. Water standing over night in your room would chill your teeth upon drinking it in the morning. This cold night atmosphere generally affects the temperature of the day following. I speak of those things because so many in their remarks to me, and in their letters, express the belief that Africa is a place where people simply swelter in a roasting sun heat. I here ask for our work in Africa the favourable consideration of the beneficent. Don't forget our "Home Missionary Treasury." The Treasurer is put under bonds with two good substantial securities, and all funds paid into his hands will be faithfully accounted for. In conclusion we will hope that the next General Missionary Committee will not be influenced by the mistaken idea that Africa is not ready for the missionary.

WHITEFIELD'S COURTSHIP.

The celebrated George Whitefield began his courtship in a singular fashion. His biographer pronounces him one of the oldest wooers that ever wooed. When Whitefield was in America, and had under his charge the orphan house in Savannah "it was much impressed on his heart that he ought to marry in order to have a helpmate in his arduous work." He had also fixed his mind on the young lady whom he intended to ask to become his wife. So he addressed a letter to her parents, and inclosed another to herself. In his letter to the parents he stated that he wanted a wife to help him in the management of his increasing family, and then said:—"This letter comes like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relations, to one who whether your daughter, Miss E—, is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking, and if so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage to her. You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal; for I bless God if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." He wrote in a similar strain to the young lady, asking her, among many other questions, if she could leave her home and trust in Him for support who feeds the young ravens, and bear the inclemencies of air both as to heat and cold in a foreign climate; whether, having a husband, she could be as though she had none. He also told her that he thought the passionate expressions which ordinary courtiers use ought to be avoided by those who would marry in the

FIRE AND TOW.

One day, lately, Aunt Lottie was going for a walk, and being a great favorite with her two nephews, she was anxious to get away without their seeing her; for it was impracticable to take the boys, and she disliked very much to refuse to gratify them. If you could understand her relief when the front door was softly closed behind her, you would also understand her astonishment upon seeing what she did.

Standing on the lower bar of the picket fence, with his toes thrust through the openings, unmindful of the chafing that the shoes were getting, she saw Archie, holding with one hand a large velocipede, and steadying himself by the gate-post with the other; while, beside him, little Jim found it hard work to get his chin high enough to look over the fence. Outside the fence, on a pile of lumber that was waiting for the carpenters, she saw three other boys, who looked so defiant that she thought there had been some trouble; and so there had. "Archie, dear." "Yes, Auntie." "What is the trouble? Do you know those boys?" "No Auntie, I don't." "Tell me, then, what has happened." "Well, you see, Jim and I want to go outside, and those boys say that if we do they will give us a good rubbing." "What does that mean?" "It means to thrash." "Oh! that is very sad. I must speak to the enemy on the other side." Aunt Lottie went down the street—when she reached the pile of lumber she asked kindly: "Well boys, what is the matter?" The tallest of the boys put his hands into his pockets and answered:

Lord; and that if she thought marriage would in any way be prejudicial to his better part, she was to be so kind as to send him a denial; that she need not be afraid to speak her mind, as he loved her only for God.

The letters were not so successful as Abraham's servant. The parents were not very anxious to send their daughter on such an adventure, and Whitefield continued for a longer space in his bachelor condition. Some time after he essayed another courtship, with a widow in Wales, after the same style. The mode in which Rebekah was chosen for Isaac seems to have been Whitefield's ideal of obtaining a wife. The week after he was married he went on one of his evangelistic tours, and left his newly wedded wife to muse alone amid the Welsh hills in the second quarter of their honeymoon.

DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—From the reports of dealers in this city we think no proprietary medicine has had a larger sale. Its valuable properties as a speedy cure for pain cannot fail to be generally appreciated, and no family should be without it, in case of accident, or sudden attack of dysentery, diarrhoea or cholera morbus.—Montreal Transcript.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHIMES OF THE CLOCK.

What says the clock when it strikes one? Watch, says the clock, oh watch little one. What says the clock when it strikes two? Love God little one, for God loves you. Tell me softly what it whispers at three? It is, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Then come, gentle lambs, and wonder no more, 'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four. And, oh! let your young hearts with gladness revive, When it echoes so sweetly "God bless you," at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of day, That your life is a vapor that fadeth away. And what says the clock when it strikes seven? Of such is the kingdom—The kingdom of heaven.

And what says the clock when it strikes eight? Strive, strive to enter in at that beautiful gate. And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine, My son, give me that heart of thine.

And such be your voices, responsive at ten, Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna! Amen! And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven, Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven. When the deep strokes at midnight the watch-word shall ring, "Lo! these are My jewels, these, these," saith the King.

EYE-GATE.

Keep close guard, boys and girls, over Eye-gate. In these days of steam and lightning and printing presses, the Arch-enemy often brings up his mightiest forces over against Eye-gate. In olden times, you know, they used to build high and strong walls all around their towns. In these walls were great gates to shut out enemies, and to let in friends, and supplies of food and clothing for the townspeople; and on some high place overlooking the town was the citadel, or castle of the king to whom the town belonged. This was strongly fortified, and was the last point of defence. When an enemy seized this, they were complete masters of the whole place.

So old John Bunyan writes of the "famous town of Mansoul," in a story called the "Holy War" which everyone should read. This town of Mansoul had five gates, which, like the walls, could never be opened or forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of these gates were, Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feet-gate. There was reared up within the town a most famous and stately palace, with the great and good king who built the town intended for himself alone, and committed the keeping of it only to the men of the town. When I see a boy or a girl spending their time over trashy novels I want to cry out, "Mind Eye-gate sharp! an enemy is about." When I see then interested in the sensational weeklies and story papers that swarm through the land, and like the frogs of Egypt, are found on every side, even in the bedrooms, and in the trunks and pockets of brighteyed boys and girls, I say in sorrow, "Alas! Eye-gate has been left open and the frog of discontent has already hopped in." Soon lessons at school will be too dull to be studied, mother's wishes and father's commands will seem to irksome to be carried out, and the boy's thoughts and the girl's dreams will be of anything but duty.

"Well, ma'am, the whole of it is that we fellows wanted those chaps to let us try their velocipede, and they made faces at us; and then we told them that if they came outside of the gate we would whip them."

"Who are the oldest and strongest, you or they?"

"We are," answered the spokesman, with a shake of the head, to prove their satisfaction with the honor.

"Yes, you are; so I want to say a few things to you. In the first place, those little fellows have two big brothers who will not allow any of you to fight here." (Aunt Lottie knew that a big brother meant a great deal with the boys.) "And," she continued, "it is wicked to fight, and I will not allow it. But I am a friend to boys, and I think they all have rights that must be respected. It was not kind in my nephews to make faces at you, and they must not do it any more. Now, then, if any such thing should happen, if you feel aggrieved by anything that Archie and Jim may do, I want you to ring at the door-bell and ask for Aunt Lottie—that is my name—and I will see to it that it is corrected. Will you promise?"

"Yes, ma'am, we will," the three boys said. And when Aunt Lottie had thanked them she passed on. And the wind waited to her ears what the boys did not intend her to hear: "Isn't she splendid?" as they got down from the wood-pile and went away.

When Aunt Lottie was helping the boys into their night-gowns at night, she had a good talk with them about the faces and thrashings that had formed the subject of conversation in the morning.

"You, Archie and little Jim, with those boys, remind me very much of what fire and tow are—very good when separate, and very full of harm when together."

"What does tow mean?" hisped Jim. "I wanted you to ask, boys, so that I could tell you that ropes are made of hemp; and tow is old rope picked in pieces. It is dry, and is used to caulk vessels, is easily ignited, so, if you bring fire near it, it flashes up at once. If God has given to you a quick temper, it is the more to your credit to control it, and it honors you to be the victor. But, dear boys, do not be unkind; ugly words stain your souls, that ought to be pure; and if they are not pure, God will never welcome you to heaven.—Now, before you jump into your beds, fix in your minds about the fire and tow, and that we may all remember what a blessing a sweet temper is, let us ask God to help us to gain and keep such a gift."—N. Y. Observer.

JOY FOR POST GEORGE. Messrs. C. In the Aut about two ye on account his appetite poor. The disease been sleep, and previously u complaint to but concluded administered to directions symptomatic before it, five inches bottles had affected. In March two bottles Spring used having been ties therein. him up so the strength in a ince he has also say that urge ones eif fore mention minutes of a the stomach, before or sin I have seen y plied to catt per (so call results. A nce had a by this terri of 5 or 6 bott a cure was e helped app know this to no other Lin in his count in a similar o have also use complete suc on cows. Th heard tell of You

Sworn to and designed, J.

More than has passed a ment was in most widely valuable into the world. it a day.

It is said Vada's Cava sparingly of quantity of won't cost m money on the

TIGHT BINDING