

WESLEYAN ALMANAC, NOVEMBER, 1876.

Full Moon, 1 day, 7h, 16m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 8 day, 1h, 3m, Afternoon. New Moon, 15 day, 8h, 35m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 24 day, 0h, 12m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, Rises Souths Sets, and H. M. containing astronomical data for the month of November.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, 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 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 51 minutes AFTER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 29 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.

(Continued from first page.) that is enduring is that based upon individual excellence; if it be true that national decrepitude and decay result from national corruption and crime, and if it be true that the material prosperity of a people, the stability of their institutions, the undiminished perpetuation of their power, and the unsullied honour of their flags must ever be determined by their intelligence and virtue; then in no way can we so effectually promote the prosperity of our country as by the widespread diffusion of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Methodists of Canada! upon you largely rests the responsibility of making this Dominion "a praise in the earth," and never will the work be done until the men who seek their bread along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador have been followed by the Messengers of Peace;—until the solitary settlers by the sea have been sought out and saved;—until the lone dwellers in the mountain and in the forest have been cared for and converted;—until the rising population of our own far West have been won for Jesus, and marshalled under his blessed banner;—until the Frenchman and the Indian shall have learned our language and been proselytized to the true faith. They all belong to the Master, and were ransomed by his blood. The holy heaven must be introduced into all their hearts, they must all be told the story of the cross, and be instructed in holy things. Christ must and will reign without a rival: "to him every knee must bow, and every tongue confess that he is lord to the glory of God the Father."

If, then, we would lessen the crime, promote the virtue, increase the happiness, improve the condition, and exalt the character of our country, we must carry this habit-reforming, mind-enlightening and soul-converting gospel throughout its length and breadth, that every man, woman and child may feel its power and rejoice in its blessedness. Then will the law of God be respected, and the rights of man be held sacred; then will our people be peaceful, prosperous and progressive; then will our public character be known and respected at home and abroad; and then,

"When our country's spoken of In lands beyond the sea, It will be known as 'Canada,' The noble, great and free."

That this work is necessary needs no proof. While much, very much, has been done to evangelise the masses; while our cities and towns have been provided with the means of grace; while many a graceful spire adorns our country villages and the sound of the church-gong bell, rings out upon the peaceful Sabbath air of many a rural district;—while many a humble school-room or lowly dwelling has echoed with the high praises of our King, or the penitent

prayers of the sobbing sinner;—and while multitudes are now glorified and enthroned on the plains of immortality, it is nevertheless true that very much yet remains to be done. Many of our settlements are still destitute of gospel ordinances; in many a place the voice of the Messenger of Mercy is never heard, and the spiritual destitution that prevails is painful in the extreme. In days of discouragement and disaster, when the storms of adversity beat pitilessly upon them, "and sorrows waves around them roll," there is no one near to tell of One "who is touched with the feeling of their infirmities." In time of domestic bereavement, when the poor-breaking heart sobs its sorrows and feels to sink beneath the weight of its crushing grief, there is no one to whisper, "Cast thy burden on the Lord." And in the hour of death, when the soul is afraid to go, and yet must go, and when parent, partner or child increases the distress of the dying by their grief and agony, there is no one to point to the pure and lovely land above, where death is unknown, where sorrow is never experienced.

Yes, this work is a much-needed one. Souls are perishing around us in all directions. Every day adds to the dread number of the eternally undone, and upon the wings of every wind is borne to us the appealing cry, "Come over and help us." Childhood asks, maturity entreats, and age implores us with trembling voice, to give to them the bread of life. It claims our sympathies, it appeals to our largest liberality, and urges us by every argument that compassion can employ, to assist in recovering our fellow countrymen from present and prospective misery. Up, Brothers! rouse to action. Work for God and man, and with heart, and tongue, and means, and endeavor to win souls that will gem and bestud the crown you hope to wear before the throne in the sweet-by-and-by. And in the name of the unconsolable and hopeless dying, of ignorant youth and unholly age, by the pity you have for the perishing, and the loyalty you owe to the Saviour, we would urge upon you to give to this great work your warmest sympathies, and your most hearty and substantial support.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER. (Concluded)

Within a year after her joining the Methodist society, she was obliged by ill health, to leave her situation at Southampton, and return to her parents at Arreton. Getting a little better, she went to reside in a pious family belonging to the Wesleyan society at West Cowes. After this she took up her abode in other pious families in the island; but not quite recovering her health, and having something laid by from former year's earnings, she did not after leaving Southampton, hire herself any more as a servant for stipulated wages. Choosing now to wear the humblest apparel, and desiring nothing but the plainest food, and at the same time, walking as she did as on the verge of eternity, she felt that she wanted but little here below, and she saw that she should not want that little long.

As an instance of her mortified spirit and self-annihilation, a friend of her's (who has now gone to join her above) informed me that she dined with him, the last time she was at Newport; and when they sat down to partake of the humble meal provided for them, she abstained from the use of anything but potatoes, declaring that, so deeply was she penetrated with a sense of her own unworthiness in the sight of God, that she felt that only the meanest fare was fit for the use of such a sinner as she was exemplifying the feeling of the Patriarch, when he exclaimed, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies."

In the above letter, we have a striking development of her benevolent and generous spirit as to others; however self-denying she might be in regard to her own personal comforts. There was in the Newport society a pious and a very afflicted man of the name of William Adey, well-known and much esteemed; but at this time he and his wife were poor and much distressed. The charitable Dairyman's Daughter, now residing at Cowes, heard of his case, and forwarded for him a small parcel to a mutual friend residing at Newport.

who took it at once to his needy brother, and carelessly throwing it on the table, said, with apparent unconcern, "I wish you may find a guinea in it." On opening its careful foldings, to their agreeable and grateful surprise, it did contain "a guinea for William Adey, presented to him by Elizabeth Wallbridge." William told me this himself with much emotion, on his dying bed, on my incidentally asking him if he knew anything of her. He added, "O she was a good creature; and at another time, when she knew I was in want, she kindly sent me half-a-guinea."

She lived in the spirit of obedience to that useful direction of Methodism, "Exhort, instruct, reprove, all you have any intercourse with." None were spared; not even old professors, when she saw any hope of being useful. And a word of exhortation or reproof was sometimes followed by an act of kindness in reference to temporal circumstances, in order to enforce attention to matter of higher moment. A little before her death, happening to be in a house in Newport, a neighbor stepped in: a poor woman, and destitute of religion. Elizabeth seized the opportunity of conversing with her very closely about her soul, and the affairs of another world; and that she might fasten the words of holy counsel on the heart of the poor woman, she immediately sent her one of her own gowns of some value.

Such was "the Dairyman's Daughter," when she so providentially fell into the hands of the Rev. Leigh Richmond. Till that period it does not appear that she had intercourse with any other Christian friends but the Methodists. By them her dying bed was surrounded, and they followed her remains to the grave. The "remarkably decent woman," of whom Mr. Richmond speaks in his beautiful description of Elizabeth's funeral, was the late Mrs. Pragnell, of Merston, the leader of a class there, and a truly mother in our Israel, in whose class Elizabeth occasionally met, and of whom an interesting memoir was published by the Rev. A. B. Seckerson, when he travelled in the island. The singing in the open air, with which Mr. Richmond was so surprised, delighted and edified, and of which he has given an account at once impressive and attractive, was led by one who has been an important, and is now a venerable member of the Wesleyan society in Newport.

As this account has been written partly to correct a mistake into which Mr. Richmond has fallen, it is necessary to take some notice of it before I close. He not only gives no hint of the fact, that "the Dairyman's Daughter" was a Methodist—this might have been very proper, circumstanced as he was,—but he conducts the reader to the full impression that she was indebted to a clergyman of the established Church for the instrumentality of her conversion. By this means, not only are those deprived of the honour which is their due, but it is ascribed to a quarter to which it does not belong. On this account, the author of that perhaps unequalled tract has been even severely censured—not indeed by those who had the privilege of knowing his character, and his truly catholic and most affectionate spirit—but by those who have been but imperfectly informed of the facts of the case. The matter is scarcely worth the explanation, except as it is one of those overwhelmingly numerous instances which abundantly prove that God does work, not as though bestowing his "uncovenanted mercies" sparingly, occasionally, and as an evident exception to his established order, but liberally, constantly, regularly, by the instrumentality of persons not occupying a certain position in what has too often been asserted to be the exclusive order of the ministry. By those who are not in that order God so evidently works, that he is plainly blessing an instrumentality which he himself has created, and which therefore he recognises; and is now overruling in mercy the evil product of human infirmity, and making it an occasion of good.

Whether Mr. Richmond did or did not know that Elizabeth Wallbridge was a member of the Methodist Society I cannot learn; but I have a full conviction that when he represents her as informing him that she was awakened in the Established "Church" by a sermon from a missionary clergyman, it was a mere mistake, very naturally re-

sulting from the imperfect recollection he would have of the terms which she employed. Mr. Crabb would at times be called a missionary, as the tract of country over which his labours were spread would then be called a Home Mission amongst us; and as Mr. Richmond wrote from memory, some years after the events occurred, and when he had left the island, and resided in another part of the kingdom, he might easily confound the words which were floating in his memory, and suppose it was some wind-bound missionary who had come on shore at the island, while the vessel was detained on the coast.

As the Rev. J. Crabb is still living, now a venerable and highly respected minister of a congregation at Southampton, and has very kindly furnished the writer of this account with a letter on the subject, an extract from it will set the mistake in a clear and candid light. Mr. Crabb says—

"You request me to give you some information relating to the conversion of the late Elizabeth Wallbridge, known by the name of the 'Dairyman's Daughter.' Perhaps it is known to thousands that I was the honoured though unworthy instrument of leading her to Christ Jesus, her only and dearest Friend. Several friends have urged me many times publicly to correct the little inaccuracies in Mr. Richmond's narrative; but I have felt very unwilling to do it, lest I should in any measure lessen the value and importance of the tract; especially as these little mistakes no more affect the truth of the facts stated, than if a man were, through forgetfulness, to make a mistake as to the right name of the person by whom a very fruitful vineyard had been planted. What does that signify when it is seen that the tree lives and bears fruit? And no one doubts the fact that it is the Supreme Ruler of the universe who gave life to the trees, and who preserves them in life. I was well acquainted with that highly and deservedly beloved servant of Christ, who visited the interesting family in their affliction; and I once ventured to ask him at his own house, 'Pray, did you know the instrument of Elizabeth's conversion?' 'No,' was the answer; but I expect it was under the ministry of a missionary who was going abroad.—to New South Wales—I think it must have been Mr. Marsden. The remark evidently showed how he had misunderstood Elizabeth's reference to a missionary, I said no more, only rejoicing in my own heart that the Holy Spirit had converted her. Mr. Richmond must have fallen into the mistake by only writing from his memory some years after the events had occurred, and not having understood at the time the exact import of the words which fell from the dying lips of Elizabeth. I lost sight of her myself for several years, being obliged to retire from my public duties on account of ill health; but one day a friend came to me and said, 'I have a guinea sent to me by the brother of Elizabeth Wallbridge for you. It comes from her death bed, and she desires your acceptance of it as a small token of Christian love to you as the instrument of her conversion.' I valued the manner in which it was done, and received the token as the grateful gift of a dying Christian. I love her memory, and rejoice that the memoir has been the instrument of converting and comforting thousands of my poor fellow-sinners; and I most earnestly pray that it may long continue to be a blessing to the church and to the world. And I trust also, that your account of dear Elizabeth may satisfy all who have heard imperfect statements of the business. May all the glory be given to God for all his grace bestowed on us mortals!"

This sainted young woman, the influence of whose fervent and consistent piety has been so extensively diffused, and is still operating on so large a scale, died at Hale-Common, in the parish of Arreton, in the full triumph of faith and hope, May 30th, 1801, in the 31st year of her age. On this interesting spot, where "the Dairyman's Daughter" breathed her dying prayers, and where "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof" rested for a moment to receive her happy spirit as it was delivered from the burden of the flesh, a very neat little Methodist chapel has, not long ago, been opened. As it is regularly secured to the use of the public, as a Methodist chapel, and as

there is a debt on it, which it is very desirable to cancel, pious and respectable visitors, who love the name and memory of Elizabeth Wallbridge, and respect the usefulness of that body of Christians to whose instrumentality she was indebted for her saving knowledge of Christ, might find in a donation to the funds of this little Christian sanctuary an appropriate and gratifying expression of the laudable feeling which guided them to the spot.

BENJAMIN CARVOSO, Newport, Isle of Wight, July 1887.

OBITUARY.

MRS. S. WHITE.

On the 4th of September, that fatal disease, Diphtheria, was the means of terminating the life of Ella, beloved wife of Sebastian White. The deceased was, for some time previous to her death, an accredited member of the Baptist Church. During her sickness, the Saviour, whom she had chosen in health, was her comfort, and, though sorrowful at the thought of parting with her husband and little boy, she could yet say, "Not my will, but thine be done, O Lord."

Just two weeks after the mother was laid to rest, the child, a promising young boy of two years old, was placed by her side, thus leaving the husband and father doubly bereaved.

Mr. Odber White, on the 4th of October, gazed upon the cold and silent form of his youthful wife, to whom he had been married only a year before. Mary Alice had become a follower of Jesus, and as an evidence of confidence in the All Wise, she sang, a little before the stillness of death, the hymn beginning with those beautiful words—

"My God is reconciled." Trusting in Christ, she found to die was gain.

Again the death angel came. On October 19th, Josephine, eldest daughter of Mr. Michael White, and sister of the above-mentioned young men, met her death by an accident of the saddest nature. While warming herself by the stove, her clothing caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished she was most fearfully burned. All that could be done to relieve her was speedily done, but to no avail. After lingering in great agony, a short time, she ceased to breathe, and the liberated soul passed to the land of which it is said, there shall be no more pain. This stricken family feel most deeply this sad trial so suddenly coming upon them. In the midst of their sorrow they rejoice that Jesus was precious in the dying hour. Calmly, without a murmur, she committed her spirit unto God who gave it. Her last testimony was—

"My heavenly home is bright and fair, No pain, no death, shall enter there." May the great comforter sustain and solace these stricken hearts, and lead them to trust in him whose ways are ways of mystery and love. R. W. W. Nashuaak, Nov. 3rd, 1876.

ISRAEL CHESLEY.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. And precious in the memory of friends left behind is the triumph of their loved ones over the last enemy. Such is the feeling to-day of the mourning friends of Mrs. Israel Chesley, of New Germany, who exchanged mortality for life on October 7th. For two years she had been a sufferer, and sometimes her pain was intense. Willingly, however, she bore it as coming from him who knew what was best for her, and with a cheerful faith in him she rejected even in her sufferings. For about twenty-five years this sister had been a member of the Baptist Church, during which time she has let her light shine before her friends. She frequently attended the class-meeting of our own church with her husband, who is a Methodist, and those who heard her speak of her soul's life bear witness to the clearness and general joyfulness of her testimony. We visited her in her sickness, and left that dying woman not once, not twice merely, but again and again thanking God for a religion that could meet death without alarm. We have gone to see her with our own soul crushed and sorrowing; we have left cheer and rejoicing, feeling as if we had been renewing our strength. Her end was peace; she passed quietly into rest, and when we committed her body to the grave we did it feeling that then also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. She leaves a sorrowing husband and seven children to mourn for her and to be encouraged by her example to live for God. She has lived for God from her youth, having given him her heart when she was only 18 years of age, and after an exemplary Christian life in her 44th year she has been called hence. A. H. ("Christian Messenger" please copy.)

NOVEMBER 1st

A. D. 41. MONDAY—TUESDAY—Acts 10, 21-3. WEDNESDAY—ham. Gen. 1. THURSDAY—1. 10-20. FRIDAY—19. 11-21. SATURDAY—12. 1-10. SUNDAY—54-60. DOCTRINE—Mark 16. 13. TOPIC—GOLDEN OF PERSONS.

The carried out time is to be open is the chosen apostles' nations. The Gentile to Judist the Christ question, even us in this land of cised Jews believed t at first. But Jesus vation is lieving, at the means lesson; he Vision. pressed in pastor of of Topic. No means the salvation lesson. The vision and 2. The is, The Go

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