

WESLEYAN ALMANAC FEBRUARY, 1878.

New Moon, 3 day, 4h, 5m, Morning. First Quarter, 10 day, 10h, 5m, Morning. Full Moon, 17 day, 10h, 5m, Morning. Last Quarter, 25 day, 10h, 5m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, Sun, Moon, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Parramore, Cornwallis, Horton, Hansport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. High water at Plover and Cape Tormentine, 3 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax.

FERVOR.

BY REV. T. BERTON SMITH.

Christianity was announced in imagery of fire. It was inaugurated with tongues of fire. The influence of its great Agent is a flame, we must not quench. Our own spirits are to kindle into fervor.

Christ means to make a higher manhood, a nobler heroism, a sublimer devotion than art or nature can. He puts more into the heart; draws more out of the heart; lifts it up, with a divine excitement, to an experience and rapture, no other power can secure.

There is a prejudice against excitement, that is unphilosophical and unreasonable. Our highest life is often in excitement. We sometimes live more in an hour, than at other times in days. There are excitements of love, excitements of joy, excitements of vision, excitements of hearing. There is an exhilaration that is holy, sublime, uplifting; when the mind glows with new conceptions, and purposes, with god-like interest and charity. It is then we interpret such words as these, "I live yet not I but Christ liveth in me."

Did you ever dream of being at a funeral, and seeing the body you went to bury, move? attempt to do the things of life? Did you ever attend a religious meeting where corpses undertook the service, slow, stiff, cold; monotonous; phrases in speech and prayer, long preserved, repeated over and over; wrapped around their thoughts, like bandages of mummies? And did you think of Ezekiel's question? "Can these dry bones live?" I am to admire of noise. It is easy for some to mistake noise for devotion, spirituality, power. Noise often comes from habit. Demonstration often comes when there is nothing to demonstrate. Painted fires do not warm. Painted ships do not carry cargoes. Acting as though we had health and life, when we are sick or dead is not useful. Arouing our elves to temporary agility; excitement that comes from song or vociferation, that sets the limbs or lungs into paroxysm of action, of which we weary and sink in dullness, does harm and not good. It is a sham too thin to deceive the world. We need the life, the power, the inspiration of God, going down into the heart, stirring its depths, touching its susceptibilities, kindling its affections; then leaping to the tongue, sparkling in the eye, quickening the whole being into fervor. Then, if the heart burn so; if feeling is so strong, that it will not down; if safety valves are not sufficient, and there is

explosion, let it come. Let us put from us everything of disease or death. Splints are good. They hold the broken bones until they knit. Bandages are good, for varicose veins. But why hind exhortations up in splints, so stiff and slow and set. Why tie up prayers in expressions repeated so often, that every one expects them in every prayer? Why not drop them and use plain, simple words? The prayers would be so much shorter. All the better. A limb in bandages may seem sound and plump and large. A pipe steam arm of real flesh and bone is better.

Fervor becomes the servants of God. Before Him; Angels glow, saints are rapt. These He gives as models. "They will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven." Give dull ears to the world. Give dead forms to the world. Go to sleep when you are serving men. Throw enterprise away, when you are making money. That is what men will not do. When Monday comes their eyes are open, their hearts are brave, their tongues are agile, their wits are keen. Their best of thoughts and energy and manner are in use. When they make money, no dust collects upon them, no grass grows beneath them. What does God see, when they are engaged for Him? "The King's business requires haste." Yes, and energy and skill, life and soul, and every excellence. The clearest head, the warmest heart, the readiest hand, the nimblest foot, for God.

Your work is the grandest men can do. The physician is saving lives. Call him night or day. He sleeps, with one ear listening for the night bell. Family, food, rest, pleasure, study, all are subordinate to the needs of the sick. He may drive at any speed. Vehicles hasten, when the Dr. is on board. All help; none hinder. Upon minutes may hang a life. You, too, are a physician. His patients will die. Yours will live for ever. Shall the physician of the body, outrun the physician of the soul?

Go to the shore where the life-boatmen are. The gales are out. Yet they sleep. No, two keep watch. They have a gun. They see a rocket. Up! all hands, awake! Away, sweet dreams! away sweet sleep! They launch their boat. What rowing! what mounting and sinking! On! when you see the light! On! where the rockets rise! Near the hull, as you dare to go! Now stand by till every man is saved. Bold nerves of the deep, forgetting home and friends and self, in fervid zeal, to snatch men from the waves. You, too, are saving men. You were once in danger. But for bold hearts and strong hands, you had gone down beneath the billows. Do you remember the man that sailors rescued from a wreck, as soon as he came to consciousness, drew down an attendant's ear, and hoarsely, eagerly, uttered, "There is another man, there is another man."

You are trying to save men who love the wreck, and hug it. The more need of fervor. If they were to awake to their danger, you might even sleep. If the inmates are up, and know their dwelling is on fire, they may escape, but they are asleep. If that chilled man, in a fierce, winter night, is running, to stir his blood, let him run. He is safe. No, he is numb. He wants to sleep. He lies upon the snow. "Leave me alone," he says. "Mind your own business. When I want you, I will call you," and in a little while, he will be dead. Seize him. Rub him. Stir him. Anger him. Anything to get him into motion.

Our friends do not see their danger. Some infidel tells them, there is no danger, and they believe him. They hear that some one preaches, whether forgiven or unforgiven, renewed or unrenewed, there is no danger, and they think, very likely, it is true. And they act upon it. They would not in business, in sickness, in anything but the most important of all. Here they will risk all in a notion, a guess, a doubt. They build upon the sand. They do not see the sand, so they call it rock. And you are to have feeling for them, desire for them, zeal for them. The more indifferent they, the more concerned you. The more ice they have, the more fire you must have. It is of no use to say, it is discouraging, the place is hard, sentiment and circumstances unfavorable. Then you must reduce effort. There are days when you may save fuel. There is a day when breath freezes, every chink is pierced

with cold. This is not a day to save. Pile it on. Open drafs. Raise the flame. "Fervent in spirit" is the watchword for you.

You work for Eternity, sit in the shadow of Eternity, and think. Catch something of its awfulness and grandeur. Send thought out over years more than sands in the mountain. You labor for that. "Why such pains and toil and patience?" they asked a sculptor. "I work for all time," he said. You for all Eternity. Put down time in figures—the longest life. Now put down Eternity. Subtract. You have only diminished the units and the tens. Hundreds, Thousands, Millions are untouched.

If a man is making tents, let him be indifferent. If he is building St. Peter's; if he is hanging that majestic dome, that kindles the beholder like symmetry let down from heaven, let his heart glow. A warrant Michael Angelo dreamed and thought and studied and burned till his vast conception rounded into that wondrous dome that has no peer. The fervid succeed. Hearts are hard. Wills are set. There are stones that you may break with a pick. There are stones that must be broken by fire. There are beams you may join with wooden pins. There are irons, that are welded in the glow of furnace heat.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. LINCOLN.

On the evening in the summer of 1862 the proprietor of the hotel at which I was living, asked me if I would not interest myself in the case of a young officer of artillery who had that day arrived at the hotel on sick leave, very feeble and greatly in want of some friend to represent him at the war department, whither he had gone only to be repulsed. His story was this: At the breaking out of the war he left a good position in Missouri as a civil engineer to enter a cavalry company under Fremont, who had been appointed to the command of the Department in the West. He served until dangerously wounded and placed in the hospital. As soon as he was again able to mount his horse he rejoined his regiment, participated in several severe engagements until he again fell, a maimed ball having passed through his shoulder, leaving a large ragged orifice. Again for many long weary months he lay in the hospital, piece after piece of bone finding exit through the open wound; but, young, ambitious, hopeful, he kept up his spirits, and finally getting his discharge from hospital, and determined to follow the fortunes of the General for whom he had a high admiration, he proceeded to West Virginia, where Fremont was then in command, and again tendered his services. Fremont at once obtain from him from the Governor of West Virginia, a commission as a lieutenant of artillery, and assigned him a position. Although greatly weakened by his wounds, he faithfully discharged his duties for four or five months, when, broken in health and unfit for service, he had been granted leave of absence, and had come to Washington to draw his back pay. It was his first visit; he knew no one; he was very thin and weak in body; his uniform was faded and threadbare. His face bespoke a truthful nature, and his story was modestly told. From his vest pocket he took a little parcel containing some twenty-five pieces of bone that had come out of his wound at intervals. On applying for his pay at the War Department he was informed by Major G— that they had concluded not to recognize at the Department any commissions issued by the Governor of West Virginia to the officers in General Fremont's command. They could pay no claims for services under those commissions, and he was ordered to report at nine o'clock the second morning thereafter to Captain Smith, to be mustered out of the service.

I went with him to the officer who had thus received him, and who corroborated his statement, adding that although this was evidently a case of great hardship, still, they could not break the rule they had laid down. With this disheartening reply we withdrew.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE ON CHURCH PATRONAGE AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

The current number of the Contemporary Review contains an article on "Disestablishment" by the Duke of Argyle. As a Presbyterian the Duke is acquainted with the history of his Church, and he traces Patronage—he was himself the greatest individual Patron—from its source to its abolition. The abolition of the Patronage in Scotland he regards as conclusive; and therefore he holds it to be "a strange reason for disestablishing a Church that it has just brought to coincide almost, if not altogether, with those who once thought themselves compelled to withdraw or to stand aside" The Duke, when he comes to treat of the English Church Corporation, says, "I venture to express my own clear and decided opinion that the maintenance of ancient national endowments, in connection with a Church that has been really national in its origin, which is still doing work among a large portion of the people, and which is capable of doing the same work among a larger portion still, is a policy involving no injustice to those who have become Dissenters." He goes on to say:—"The difficulty of disendowing the Church of England with any approach to completeness, even if it were disestablished, is a difficulty which does not

seem to have been sufficiently thought of by the members of the Liberation Society. Large as the amount of revenue is connected with that Church which Parliament would have a fair right, if it saw adequate reason, to dispose of otherwise, that property is not sufficient for the full performance of the Church's work in the growing population of the country. This is equally true, though on a smaller scale, with the Established Church of Scotland. The consequence is that both these Churches are compelled to supplement their endowments by voluntary effort, thus combining the stability and the territorial ubiquity which belongs to an Established Church with the life and activity of a Church which is largely dependent on its own exertions. If the sums were counted which within living memory have been poured into the lap of the Church of England by the devotion of her sons, they would be found to amount to millions. No measures short of revolutionary violence, could deprive her of those vast accumulations, nor of that territorial and parochial organization which is the richest of all endowments, and which is the inalienable heritage of a Church which has been really national in its history and origin."

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It was eleven o'clock, the heat terribly oppressive. We reached the ground in front of the White House. "Do you see no further chance for me?" my companion asked. "Yes, one chance,

provided you will follow my instructions to the letter; and, pausing, I told him to enter the White House, go into the large reception-room, where he would probably find from fifty to a hundred people waiting to see the President, and wait till the usher announced that the reception hours were over for the day; then, as the crowd passed out, to walk boldly into the audience-room; and once in I was sure the President would grant him an interview. He must state all the facts to him, and show him his commission, and his little parcel of bones. I ended by bidding him cheer up, follow my instructions and report the result to me.

I returned to my rooms. Three hours passed, and still he came not. At half-past two, however, he entered, his eyes lit up with a joyful expression and his thin face glowing with happiness. Drawing from the breast of his old faded coat a monstrous official envelope and laying it on the table before me, he exclaimed, "Just look at that!" The envelope was unsealed and addressed "To the Secretary of War," and it contained his old soiled commission which had been treated as of such little value, with this endorsement thereon: "Let the within named J. W— be paid for his services up to date, disregarding all formalities. A. Lincoln." He then informed me that he had followed my instructions to the letter. When the usher announced that the hour had arrived for the Cabinet meeting, he saw a gentleman entering the President's room, and boldly pushed in after him. The President had requested the gentleman who had just entered, and who proved to be Mr. Secretary Seward come to attend the Cabinet meeting, to be seated while he spoke "to this young man"; and seeming to observe that he was weak and exhausted, he invited him to be seated, and then asked him what he could do for him. For half an hour he conversed freely with him, drawing out all the facts in the case, examined the pieces of bone from the poor fellow's shoulder, complimented him on his bravery and splendid record, asked how he would like to go home and see his friends and recover his health, and gave authority to raise a company of cavalry and command it himself. Of course he replied that he would be delighted to do that, but he had to report next morning to Captain Smith to be mustered out of the service. "Don't give yourself any uneasiness: I will attend to that. Obey the order and report to the Captain, but have no fear of being mustered out," said the President, who then wrote his peremptory order that justice should be done to him.

Armed with this weapon of strength, we hastened again to our inexorable major, and handed him the rejected commission with the order and signature of "A Lincoln" upon it. He at first looked disturbed and as though he would like to avoid compliance, but finally saying, "This seems peremptory in its terms," he issued the order that secured the young officer his rightful dues. But how about the morrow? Amidst his manifold, overwhelming official cares at that eventful period would A. Lincoln think of his promise? Yes, and he more than fulfilled it. When our lieutenant reported to Captain Smith, Captain Smith knew him, and was affable and kindly in manner. He had received orders not to muster Lieutenant J. W— out of the service, but to see that he was provided with a proper conveyance to his home; and this was followed by a Captain's commission with authority to raise a company of cavalry.—Lippincott.

How THEY MAKE NEWSPAPERS.—A Texas boy, after visiting a Galveston Newspaper office, wrote the following composition on "How they made Newspapers:" "The head men sit down to their desk and write on square pieces of paper what to print in the paper. They put them in a box and send them up stairs; a man takes them and gives a lot of other men every one a piece of this paper that is written on. The man that the paper is given on after the types and fixes them one after the other so they read what the paper reads. A man then takes the words and puts them in a box and places it in some machinery that makes it go back and forth; then there is a boy who stands over the machinery, and puts the paper on the machinery and then some books brings it down over the box with the types in and the types have ink on, the types print on the paper, there is books that takes the paper and lays it on another machine that folds it up and then they sell them. The end."

Two can and were so, that ent hon together from bu One of a little F jet about those litt is famed. For so nessed hi "Grotto" catch pen and do ma ing tricks. being a lo time, and was being would be a and endea language b tion was c Without he commen diligent, fa the langua hearing a g the store th uttering a v At length had very tru of an infinit and his own on his acqu The own senior in the course rank One mornin room of the firm, and, lo approached "Tom," as send one of France to bu offered the c could speak about the e no go for this was for not st boy. "Well," sa is next?" "Why, you put the quest ness; and, a vous, why sou and all of us In the oou was called be ing terms wer if he could ou guage of the to go to. T and inwardly would give th "Of course you should ha could only spe cannot, we sh one else. Ve etc." "Well," sa helped; and t to study now; can. Mr. Tou have a little c pass muster." Mr. Toutett an animated to the surpris having been ke time for some Toulettevery ca that Tom was place. Tom was a firm were hear capable of hold he was instruc for departure by "Tom now r who met him w hal ha!" "Well, Tom so." "Ah," replie this time. My ved of, and I ap the next steamer "You don't when did you lea "When you A new light fla ion of Grotto's m "What!" said ing over that d ing?" "Just so; at d what success o rded."