

WESLEYAN ALMANAC MARCH, 1876.

First Quarter, 3 day, 5h, 33m, Morning. Full Moon, 10 day, 1h, 58m, Morning. Last Quarter, 17 day, 5h, 10m, Afternoon. New Moon, 25 day, 5h, 57m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and various astronomical data for the month of March 1876.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's position gives the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwall, Horton, Harport, 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, 1 hour 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 9 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.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. Psalm cxxxix. 23-24.

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN A PREACHER AND A BELIEVER.

CON. I.

'O Thou who dost prefer, before all temples, The upright heart and pure, inspire my heart.' MILTON.

P. My next inquiry then is, do you not sometimes find yourself troubled with ANGER, and too much warmth of temper? We should show forth our works in all that meekness which heavenly wisdom teaches; but have not your looks been by far too severe, and your words more sharp and cutting than that wisdom allows? Have you not hurt yourself by peevishness, by quarrelsome dispositions, obstinate debates, and unkind reflections? Have you not sometimes felt too much satisfaction in pain-giving others? Have you not at times been carried away by resentment? Has there not been something like malice in your heart, towards those who have offended or deceived you? Have not little things frequently quite discomposed you? Has there not sometimes been something overbearing, forward and vexatious about you? Has not the zeal and piety of others so far provoked you as to draw unguarded and unwarrantable expressions from your lips? Have you not warily insisted upon your rights in frivolous matters? Have you not sometimes been guilty of an unjustifiable and sullen silence towards those who have intentionally or unintentionally grieved you? On other occasions, have you not indulged so vindictive a temper, that you were scarcely to be spoken with? Have you not been guilty of menacings and threatenings when a milder mode would have been better received, and attended with happier effects?

By these questions I do not suppose that you have been guilty of everything, here brought to your view, though it is not impossible; but my intention is to give you an opportunity for self-examination, that in whatever instances you find you have been wrong, you may see the necessity of having more help from the Spirit of God, and a larger measure of grace communicated to you. This warmth of temper is but too common, and is very inconsistent with the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Whatever visits we receive from God; whatever refreshings of his grace, this anger destroys their blessed effects, and leaves us mourning and discouraged. It promotes shyness, impatience of contradiction, painful reflections, and distraction of mind. And should you remain under the power of it, you will grieve the Spirit of God, exceedingly lessen yourself in the estimation of your pious friends and acquaintance, destroy your own peace, and thereby render yourself unable, to a great degree, either to do or to receive good.

B. What you say is too true an account of my heart; this warmth of temper has hurt both myself and others. The Lord help me to put it entirely away!

P. Another thing which I suppose has given you trouble is ENVY. It is a great thing to see others honoured, and ourselves neglected, and not to be hurt by it,—to see others prosper, and not ourselves, and yet rejoice in it—to see others well circumstanced, and we thankful to God for our situation. But have you not been pained when you have seen others preferred to yourself, especially if you believed they were not much better than you, if so good? Are you

never pained at another's welfare? Have you not envied the wise for their wisdom; the rich for their riches; and sometimes the truly spiritual even for their religion? Envy is one of the worst of evils, and should have no place in regenerate souls. It is exceedingly opposed to the very genius and spirit of the Gospel, which is a complete system of benevolence. This disposition can never enter the abode of angels. It is an evil that must be utterly destroyed.—If you think I speak too strongly concerning this, consider it was envy that moved Satan to tempt the first happy pair, by which means all the human race were involved in one common destruction; by this Joseph was sold as a slave,—Daniel cast to the lions,—Jesus given over to the Roman governor. This "bitter envy," as St. James terms it, springeth from the wisdom that is earthly, sensual, devilish, &c. From hence arise murmuring, complaining, discontent, whispering, evil surmising, unthankfulness, and selfishness. My prayer is, that you may obtain a complete deliverance from it, and an everlasting aversion to it.

Have you not also found yourself beset with WORLDLY MINDEDNESS? Have you not sometimes felt yourself too much alive to pleasure; too desirous of riches; too eager to be esteemed by worldly men; entering too much into their spirit, maxims, principles and designs: too much afraid of losing your good name, character and business for the cause of religion? Have you not too much dreaded persecution and its consequences? Have your views been pure in the prosecution of business? According to the Scriptures, you should labor for the supply of your own wants, the maintenance of your family, and the relief of the necessitous poor, and the support of religion and the state. Have you not entered so fully into business, as to neglect prayer, reading and meditation? Have you not been so expensive in dress, furniture, and various superfluities, as to be under the necessity of being a scanty, instead of a liberal giver; and have you not sometimes given rather grudgingly than cheerfully? Is it not said, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" and have you not, in many cases, sown to the flesh where you should have sown to the Spirit? Have you not neglected, from the fear of man, or some other cause, to deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow the Saviour? Has not inordinate affection prevailed in some instances, avarice in others, and frequently desires inconsistent with purity? Have you not found a want of purity of intention, and purity of affection on many occasions?

Now the advice given us by the Apostle is "Love not the world, neither the things of the world;" and "Be not conformed to this world." So far as you are alive to these things, you are proportionally hindering and destroying the life of God in your soul, and depriving yourself of many blessings. For these and such like things so distract and divert the mind from God, that it frequently becomes cold or negligent about vital religion,—exceedingly deficient in warm and affectionate praise,—loses the spirit of prayer and watchfulness,—falls into lightness and trifling, is carried away from its rest and centre, gets shorn of its strength,—and thus becomes a more easy prey for the lion that goeth about seeking whom he may devour. The Lord may visit you in this state; yet his visits are likely to be transient, and your soul will advance exceedingly little in the way to heaven.

Nothing then is more evident, if it is required of us to perfect holiness in the fear of God, than that it is impossible for us to be entirely devoted to him, while such things cleave to us; and hence you see the necessity of obtaining a higher salvation.

B. I sincerely thank you for these remarks, and am convinced, from the consideration, merely, of remaining impurities, that it is necessary to be entirely sanctified. I must leave you at present; but hope to see you again, when I shall be thankful if you will resume the subject.

P. Farewell. The Lord be with you, and "fulfill in you all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power."

WHERE ARE YOUR SINS.

A young girl came to see her pastor with regard to the welfare of her soul. "Are you saved?" he asked, "or are you only trying to be saved?" "I am trying," she sadly replied. "How are you trying?" "I am praying, and reading the Bible, and going to church, and striving to keep the Commandments." "How are you succeeding?" "Not very well," she sorrowfully answered. "Do you not see that in all this trying you are leaving Christ out as truly as if there were no Saviour who has come down from heaven to deliver us from sin and its dreadful consequences?" "O, I believe in Christ!" she quickly responded. "Do you! Let us see. Do you believe that Christ died upon the cross?"

"Yes, I know it." "How do you know it? You were not there to see him die." "I know it because God says so in his word." "Do you believe, then, whatever God says in his word?" "Yes, sir." "Well, why did Christ die upon the cross?" "You are correct, for God says over and over again that he died for our sins. Your sins were upon him therefore, when he was nailed to the cross, were they?" "Yes, sir." "Where is Christ now?" "He is up in heaven." "You are right again, for God repeatedly tells us this in his word. Are your sins upon him?" "No, sir." "Observe, your sins were upon him once when he was nailed to the cross, and to day he is in heaven [without them. Where are your sins?" She looked down for a few moments in deep thought, and then, raising her eyes, a sweet smile played over her face as she said: "They must be in the grave.—Selected."

POLLY'S REPROACH.

My parrot was brought as a present to me some years ago. When he first came to live with us, he had been brought from a long way off across the sea; and having been for some weeks on board ship, he had learned to imitate all the sailors said, and to use some very naughty words; so much so, that the first week of his arrival I was obliged to have him taken away from the dining room until he should have learned better manners. I put him under the care of the cook, who declared she had a plan whereby she would undertake to cure Master Polly of saying words that were used on board ship by rude, rough sailors.

She carried him, cage and all, down into the kitchen, and there he remained until he was cured. Every time Polly began to talk, and say amusing little things he had learned, nothing was done to him; but directly he said what was not pretty, cook took some water in her hand, and throwing it over him in his cage, she said, "That's for saying naughty words!" At first, Mr. Polly did not like this at all, and he ruffled up his feathers and talked all the more; but after it was repeated several times, he seemed to understand it was meant as a correction, for he became very quiet, and after a week or two we began to think he might come again to the dining room.

One day it was warm and sunny, and I thought Polly should be hung out in his cage at the back of the house, where he could feel the warm sun, and chatter and talk to his heart's content. Now, it happened that the only place for him to be put was a little above a cistern of water; so they hung up the cage and left him there. I was sitting working at a window close by, also enjoying the sun and fresh morning air, and not thinking at all about Polly, when I looked up and saw our neighbor's tomcat come creeping stealthily along the wall, looking earnestly at the cage hanging over cistern.

I had no fear for my parrot for I knew that he was out of reach of pussy's claws, so I went on with my work, when suddenly I heard a loud splash, and then a mew, and almost immediately a queer, sharp little voice called out (which I knew to be Polly's). "That's for saying naughty words!"

I looked from my window, and saw pussy struggling in the water, and Polly looking very wise. I could not help laughing, in spite of poor pussy's troubles, who no doubt fell into the cistern while trying to reach the cage, but I soon rescued him.

No doubt the noise of the splash of water reminded Polly of what cook had said when she punished him, but I am afraid pussy did not take a lesson from Polly's reproach.—Children's Prize.

STONEMAN JACKSON'S DEATH.

About daylight on Sunday morning, Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and it was better that he should be prepared for the worst. He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added, "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your heavenly Father." He still expressed a hope of his recovery, but requested her, if he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before

the sun went down he would be with the Saviour. He replied, "Oh no, you are frightened my child, death is not so near; I may yet get well." She fell over the bed, weeping bitterly and told him that the physicians said there was no hope. After a moment's pause, he asked her to call me. "Doctor, Anna informs me that you have told her I am to die to day. Is it so?" When he was answered, he turned his eyes towards the ceiling, and gazed for a moment or two, as if in intense thought, then replied, "Very good, very good; it is all right." He then tried to comfort his almost heart-broken wife, and told her he had a good deal to say to her, but he was too weak. Col. Pendleton came into the room about 1 o'clock, and he asked him "who was preaching at the headquarters to-day?" When told that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God! they are very kind." He said, "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday." His mind now began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked as if in command on the field, giving orders in his old way; then the scene shifted and he was at the mess table, in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of return of his mind would appear, and during them I offered him some brandy and water, but he declined it saying, "It will only delay my departure, and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible." About half past one he was told that he had but two hours to live, and he answered again, feebly, but firmly, "Very good: it is all right." A few moments before he died he cried out, in his delirium, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Major Hawks"—then he stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and then he said quietly, and with an expression of relief, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain, or the least struggle, his spirit passed.—Richmond Dispatch.

OBITUARY.

JOHN EDGAR RAY.

Died at Carleton, near Yarmouth, on the 19th of November, 1875. He was the son of Alfred Ray, of Granville, now for many years an esteemed local preacher, who, with Mrs. Ray, mourns over his loss, not because of the departed himself, but because of their own loneliness. Born the 20th November, 1851, John, from childhood, had been an amiable and obedient son, reproducing in the glass of youth many of those kind-hearted features which distinguish his parents, and which all the ministers who have laboured in Granville remember in their bearing and action. He was not only one among a large family of estimable children, but one distinguished by personal traits, upon which all the survivors love to dwell. Grave cheerful, neat when in boyhood marked an outward reception, and an esteem of the Gospel of grace and purity and leavening power. He evidently waited for that Gospel to exercise its heart-transforming influence upon himself, as he had seen and acknowledged it in others. Previous to his leaving home in the Fall of 1872, a sermon by the Rev. Eben England was the means of fastening conviction upon his mind, and awakening the young heart to its instant need of Christ. But as yet he did not experience religion. At Yarmouth he entered into the employ of Wyman Bros., and his general deportment and business habits gave much satisfaction. The next year he removed to Carleton, and there, during a revival of religion in the Presbyterian Church, this son of many prayers experienced a change of heart, and knew the forgiveness of sins. So true it is that renewing grace knows no name among men, but is the same in all, the churches. John Ray recognized in the Presbyterian tents, the Spirit which had so long breathed upon the family of his father and mother, and under the ministry of the Rev. J. C. Meek, was brought out into the light his parents had enjoyed. Last May he entered upon the marriage relation with Emma Miller, of Carleton, who had been converted to God at the same time. That relation was not long to continue. In less than a year he sickened with fever, and although he seemed to be on the verge of complete recovery, and was permitted to anticipate life, while conversing with his father, who, most providentially, had gone to Yarmouth on business, yet within a few days after Mr. Ray had left, feeling that his son was out of danger, the disease struck inwardly and carried him to another world. Who shall say that

that business visit was not at God, in order that father and son might once more look upon each other. "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord." He was buried by the Templars, Rev. Mr. Meek preaching the funeral sermon. In a letter to the sorrowing mother. Mr. Meek says:—"Edgar's life since he came to Carleton has been a consistent one. He openly and publicly confessed to be a follower of Jesus. Although not a member of my Church, yet he had gained a place in my affections, and I ever regarded him with interest and love. His walk and life in Carleton was such as to gain for him the esteem of all who knew him. He has gone to his Father; we leave him with a sure and certain hope that when the angels gather in the Redeemed, our dear brother will be among them with golden harp singing the song of the Redeemed." A fortnight previous to his decease Bro. Ray's soul was especially exercised in supplication at the public prayer-meeting, and all who heard him remarked the heavenliness of his spirit and words. It was as though, "while speaking in prayer," the angel who was shortly to come for the spirit "touched him about the time of the evening oblation." "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" A. STEWART DES. BRISAY. March 13, 1876.

ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

MR. EDITOR.—Some person has remarked that Revivals of Religion are always followed in close succession by sickness and death. Such at least has been our experience. I little thought when a few weeks ago I sent you a line or two respecting the good work going on in our midst, that we would so soon have to record the death of one of our number, and one too, of the youngest of those who came out of the world and testified to his desire to be on the Lord's side. Your readers will all have noticed in a former issue the death of J. Forrest Scott, youngest son of our beloved pastor, and one of our Sabbath School scholars, a boy who, during his short sojourn among us endeared himself to us all, not only by his amiable disposition, his affectionate nature, his readiness to oblige, his considerable thoughtfulness for others, but above all by his love for everything that was good. It was about the New Year that his health began to fail, and he complained a good deal of a pain in his head, still it was not until the middle of February that his friends became at all anxious about his recovery. Medical aid was then summoned, sympathizing friends voluntarily rendered their assistance. Parents offered up sincere and heart-felt prayer for the restoration of their child, if in accordance with the divine will, but all seemed of no avail to stay the progress of disease. Fever had set in, and after fourteen days and nights of extreme suffering his spirit passed away to God who gave it; and weeping parents and mourning friends have been enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Latham (and who could better sympathize with a brother and his family in affliction, than He who has so recently met with a similar bereavement?) himself. An appropriate discourse was delivered from Feb. 12. 23. After which the remains were interred in the little cemetery at Glen Margaret, and from the windows of the Mission House, sorrowing friends can behold the last resting place of their loved one. Yours, &c., J. M. G. F. March 13, 1876.

THE HORSE BY M. Old Ned, the stable one every his head held very saying "How are Fred and Ted, w him, began nibbl "Well, old fell horse, at last, " you?" "Old fellow!" angry snort, "don again, if you plea ter this. I wore "And what of brown horse. "Why, don't y Ned, tossing his m tning, only men horse is considere certainly must be traordinary horse. So don't be quite you have been. M if you please." The black "and hoarse laugh. "It is you who a said Fred; that h your brain from th "Yes, indeed, Ted, "just wait ur and you'll see ho head will be covere and I'll kick you b So Fred and Ted laughed and laugh dog woke up and lence.—Selected.

THE CLEFT.

A Highland mo spring, was sudden glen among the mo long recalled by fell great May storm." vain, for some time, arms, to buffet the laid the child down ferns, in the deep cle brave resolve, if poss way home through t obtain succor for her found by the anxio morning, stretched snow shroud. But directed them to the lay, all unconscious from which it was re Many long years returned from dista soldier, covered with The first Sabbath of repairing to a city ch an aged clergyman accents, the story Strange to say, that e the same Highland g had spent his youth, was illustrating the anecdote of the widow A few days afterwa summoned to visit th old soldier. "I am th were the words which as he stood by the e man. "Lay i in the churchyard and prayers she used to of answered. . . . I ance in old age where my childhood—in th but it is—THE ROE Macduff, author of Cl

A TOUCHING.

A drunkard who h property returned one nished home. He ent Anguish was gnawing and language was im his agony as he enter ment, and there beh appetite—his loving child, Morose and su self without a word; he could not look up said to the little one "Come, my dear bed;" and that littl went, knelt by her me ing wistfully into the like a piece of chisel repeated her nightly o When she had fims four years of age said "Dear mother, may prayer?" "Yes, yes, my sweet And she lifted up he her eyes, and prayed. "O God, spare, O spe That prayer was lif rapidly to the thron heard on high; it wa The responsive "Amen father's lips, and his came a heart of flesh were both clasped to h penitence he said, "M saved your father fr grave. I'll sign the pl