WESLEYAN' ALMANAC

MARCH, 1879.

First Quarter, 1 day, 3h, 44m, Morning,
Full Moon, 8day, 8h, 55m, Morning.
Last Quarter, 14 day, 11h, 27m, Afternoon.
New Moon, 22 day, 4h, 50m, Afternoon.
First Quarter 30 day, 8h, 51m, Afternoon.

Day	Day of Week.	SUN Rises	SUN Sets	MOON. Rises	MOON. Souths	MOON. Sets.	HIGH WATER
1	Saturday	6 41	5 44	10 31	6 28	1 28	mo'n
2	SUNDAY	6 40	5 45	11 27	7 23	2 25	0 38
3	Monday	6 38	5 46	A.30	8 16	3 17	1 35
4	Tuesday	6 36	5 48	1 41	9 10	4 2	2 56
5	Wednesday	6 34	5 49	2 55	10 3	4 39	4 29
6	Thursday	6 33	5 50	4 13	10 55	5 11	5 56
7	Friday	6 31	5 52	5 30	11 46	5 38	6 49
8	Saturday	6 29	5 53	6 45	m'rn	6 2	7 34
9	SUNDAY	6 27	5 54	8 7	0 33	6 28	8 11
10	Monday	6 25	5 56	9 29	1 20	6 53	8 49
11	Tuesday	6 23	5 57	10 49	2 24	7 19	9 29
12	Wednesday	6 22	5 58	mo'n	3 31	7 51	10 9
13	Thursday	6 20	5 59	0 7	4 39	8 33	10 50
14	Friday	6 18	6 1	1 16	5 39	9 24	11 33
15	Saturday	6 16	6 2	2 16	6 30	10 24	A 22
16	SUNDAY	6 14	6 3	3 5	7 17	11 29	1 22
17	Monday	6 12	6 4	3 42	8 10	A.38	2 47
18	Tuesday	6 10	6 5	4 12	9 0	1 47	4 38
19	Wednesday	6 9	6 6	4 38	9 46	2 58	5 49
20	Thursday	6 7	6 7	5 0	10 30	4 0	6 43
21	Friday	6 5	6 8	5 18	11 10	5 2	7 28
22	Saturday	6 3	6 10	5 37	11 51	6 5	7 58
23	SUNDAY	6 1	6 11	5 56	A.31	7 6	8 27
24	Monday	5 59	6 12	6 17	1 13	8 9	8 57
25	Tuesday	5 57	6 13	6 40	1 56	9 12	9 25
26	Wednesday	5 56	6 15	7 8	2 42	10 16	9 55
27	Thursday	5 54	6 16	7 43	3 30	11 17	10 24
28	Friday	5 52	6 18	8 27	4 21	m'rn	10 54
29	Saturday	5 50	6 20	9 21	5 13	0 15	11 26
30	SUNDAY	5 48	6 21	10 16	6 5	1 5	mo'n
31	Monday	5 46	6 22	11 21	6 58	1 54	0 11

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 Jape 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, hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes 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 time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the emainder add the time of rising next morning

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH FORSTER, ESQ.

of Bridgewater, formerly of Nictaux, Annapolis Co., was called to his reward on the 5th Jan., 1879, in the 75th year of his age. Bro. F. was converted to God in 1840, under the faithful ministry of the sainted Barrett, and continued to adorn the doctrine of God the Saviour till called to his reward in the skies.

As often as failing strength would permit, he was found at his post in the prayer and class-meetings. His ardent attachment to, and sincere devotion in all the services of the sanctuary proved, beyond a doubt, the existence of that bond of union with the Saviour which is the medium of spiritual life, and the soul's sure anchor "cast within the vail.

It was the writer's privilege frequently converse with the aged pilgrim waiting weary feet for the hour of departure. few hours previous to his death he commorated for the last time on earth, the death of the Lord Jesus as the ground of his undying hope. Calmly he met his latest foe, exclaiming "I cannot doubt.' "The promises of God, how precious." "I know it will be well with me."

On Sunday evening, "at the time of the going down of the sun," the warrior laid his armour down well done and bright, and with victory quivering on his dying lips passed beyond the river for his celestial crowning.

We laid him down in hope of eternal life, and told the mourners of the sympathizing Saviour. WM. BROWN.

MR. SAMUEL IRONS.

On the 25th of Feb., at Young's Cove, Queen's County, N. B., Mr. Samuel Irons, in the 35th year of his age. About a year and a half ago, in our special services, Bro. Irons was brought to experience the love of God, and immediately became identified with the Methodist church From that time he was an earnest and consistent Christian, and in the hour of death he was enabled calmly to trust in the atoning blood. S. J.

CONNEXIONAL EVANGELIST.

SUPPLEMENT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Nothing has yet been said regarding the salary of our evangelist, but we think it should be the same as recommended by the "Minutes of Conference." Some wealthy merchant would "cover himself with glory," and send an honorable fame down to posterity if he were to say "Providing the Conference authorities will pay all the travelling and contingent expenses, I will give $600 for the first year, in order to see the matter tried, and thus relieve the pastor from all anxiety—then profit by that year's experience, and govern your future course accordingly." We believe he would do Methodism a great favor. Should the office be *temporary* or permanent? Hard to decide this now—but we think the former. As a man could not possibly stand the severe strain of preaching twice or thrice on Sunday, and *every night of the week as well*, what could be done to make the burden bearable? As "special services" cannot very well be held in the months of June, July and August, give him those *three months* for recuperation and preparation. Thus there would be nine clear months for service. We suppose that the pastor and evangelists would work together most harmoniously, yet as both have rights let us see them properly guarded. I. Let the pastor name the *places* where he desires the special services and the *length of time* he requires such services held, provide a home for the evangelist, then let his authority stop, and, II give the evangelist power to control and conduct the meetings as he thinks best. Surely this is fair! I notice that when a captain receives a pilot on board, the latter commands the ship pro tem—and the captain stands by his side. In the event of no kind donor of $600 making his appearance, the pastor shall be required to appoint a time and place for the assembling of the friends to make the evangelist a "donation" before he leaves, or send out a special collector. Having now viewed the matter in all its aspects as regards its practicability, just a very few words more. III. How this machinery can be started.

1. Let all the brethren prayerfully consider the matter in their private studies.

2. Discuss the matter when assembled in the annual District meetings.

3. Send on a recommendation to the Conference.

4. The Conference will then give the subject further attention, and finally decide the affair for the year.

Yours respectfully,
JOSHUA.

February 1879.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

DIDN'T THINK."

A DARK LITTLE TALE WITH A BRIGHT LITTLE END.

BY RUTH POOL.

Little Dickey Doane rushed into the house all out of breath, his cheeks burning like two red pennies, and over them tears were dropping. A burst of words came from his lips, tumbling over each other so fast that few could get out straight and smooth through the little cherry doors:

"Got more'n half way to school—last bell ringing—had my hand in my pocket—didn't feel any slate pencil—'gainst the rule to come to school 'out a pencil—had to run back an' 'most kill myself—in such a hurry."

"Here's one, my boy. Why didn't you take a pencil?" asked the mother.

"Didn't thin—," cried Dickey, as he rushed out. We couldn't hear the last letter; the *k* got crushed in the door in Dickey's haste, but his mother knew what it was he had so often before said, "I *didn't think*."

When the small boy came home in the afternoon he was grave and moped about the house, not at all like the "Dancing Dick" he was so often called.

When his mother took him up to bed at night and he sat on her lap, as he always did, to tell her his troubles, if he had any, and to have some loving talk, he said dolefully,

"Mamma, it's almost the last of the term and I hadn't a single bad mark till I got one this morning because I was late. Oh dear!"

His mother soothed him, exhorting him gently to try to learn to think. She had often done this before, and Dickey had tried, though not hard enough and long enough to overcome his fault.

One Friday morning he was just about starting in good season for school, two well-sharpened slate-pencils lying snugly in his pocket, and his books in his strap swung over his shoulder. Just then his mother brought to him a pile of pennies and a bit of dark blue silk.

"Now, Dickey, darling," said she, as she wrapped them together in a piece of paper and handed them to him, "be sure to get me two spools of sewing silk to match this sample. I have enough for to-day's use, but shall need more to-morrow, to finish the dress that I am to wear on Monday to the wedding of Miss Margery Gray."

When Dickey's welcome little figure was seen coming up the walk in the afternoon the rain was pouring down upon his juvenile umbrella. The mother at the window was unwinding almost the last thread of silk from her spool and wishing that her boy would come with a new supply. As soon as she had taken care of the dripping umbrella and helped the young traveler take off his damp clothes, she said,

"Now give me my spools of silk?"

Dickey's two red lips suddenly jumped far apart and his brown eyes opened to match. Then, as quickly, two fringed curtains dropped down over the eyes and a dismal look, as dark as the day, overspread his whole dear face.

"I didn't think!" said he, as he put his hand in his pocket and took out the money and sample which his mother had given him in the morning.

The child looked so sorry that the mother had no heart to give reproof. The storm had become so violent that no one in the house could go for the silk. In the morning the weather was just as bad, and there lay the unfinished dress that must go to the wedding on Monday. The saying, "Rain before seven, clear before eleven," proved true that day. The clouds began to break away, the silk was sent for and at about noon the impatient fingers were again at work.

It was Saturday, and Dickey, having nothing to do, was inclined to play with his lively tongue a duet with his mother's needle.

"Don't, Dickey," said she, "don't talk now, for I'm getting nervous."

"Don't get that, mamma," said the child. "What can I do to keep you from it? Mayn't I read you 'Robinson Crusoe?'"

The busy mother could not feel just then a very deep interest in the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, but she would not deny the pleading voice, and answered cheerfully,

"Yes, you may read."

So the pet book was brought and many a page was turned before the child wearied of its charms. Dickey's voice had long been hushed in sleep when the tired mother spread upon the spare-room bed her unfinished work. On Sunday she tried not to think of the hurry that Monday would bring, so that she might keep well the holy time.

At last, less than two hours before the time fixed for the wedding, the last stitch was set in the dress. Then how exciting and exhausting was the hurry in getting ready to go. How the head ached and the cheeks flushed. For this guest there was no pleasure at the wedding, and all because Dickey "didn't think." He was very sorry for the hard work, hurry and disappointment that he had caused; and the more so because that was his birth day. As the mother was lying on the sofa to rest, after her return from the wedding, Dickey stroking her head to take away the aching, she said:

"It is just ten by the clock of your life, now, my little boy; I hope you will begin anew to overcome your faults. Pray the Lord, who once laid his hands on children's heads and blessed them, to bless and help you. But while you ask his help you must, at the same time, watch and work, for this is according to his law. He loves to help those who strive to help themselves."

"Well, mamma," said Dickey, "I'll try the two ways at once; and when my clock says eleven I hope I'll be a great deal better boy."

Dickey kept his work, but he had his falls just as big people do.

One day, a few weeks after the wedding of Miss Margery Gray, Dickey was from morning till night all aglow with delight. As his mother went to light a lamp she playfully drew a match over his cheek, saying, "I believe I can kindle it on you, you seem so full of fire." The matter with the boy was this: there was to be a Sunday School pic-nic the next day and his mother had promised his teacher that he should, if nothing prevented, go with her and his class. Dickey had never been to a pic-nic. What unknown joys were before him! No wonder that his heart and his face were aglow. His mother sent him to bed early so that, as she said, he "might get to sleep and cool off."

Next morning Dickey was up as soon as the sun and opening his little bureau drawers to get out the clothes he was to wear. Soon he missed something, he stooped down and looked under the bed, peered into his closet and into every nook and corner of his room. Suddenly a hard thought struck him! He rushed into his mother's room, next his own, and lifted up a bitter cry,

"Oh mamma, I haven't got any shoes! You know you sent them to be mended, and told me to stop at the shop for 'em on my way home from school, but *I didn't think*."

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the mother. "And your papa gone away."

For a moment the thought crossed her mind: "It is better to do nothing but to let my child stay at home and learn a lesson from his loss." Then she looked at the pitiful sight before her,—the little figure in long night-gown and bare feet, the hair unsmoothed, the unwashed face over which streams of tears were running; and she said to herself, "No, I cannot; the punishment would be too severe."

Raising her voice to a cheery tone, she said, "Don't let those brooks run another minute! Dry them up. Run and tell Bridget that mamma says, 'Never mind the fire or the breakfast, but go quick to Billy Piper's shop and get your shoes.'"

Bridget was good natured, and loved Dickey, and she was not slow in getting off. While she was gone the mother dressed herself, and made Dickey ready to go, all but his shoes.

Soon Bridget came panting up stairs scarcely able to say between breaths, 'Sure an' there's a pace o' paper on the door that says, 'Billy Piper gone away for to-day;' an' I didn't know where his house is, so I couldn't go for the shop kay to get the shoes."

"Dickey," said mamma, "slip on the old shoes and India-rubbers that you wore yesterday when you took your best shoes to the shop." While he was doing this, she put on her hat and put her purse in her pocket. "Now, Dickey, let us go and buy some new shoes, if we can, before it is time for the train to start that takes the Sunday School."

The child was dumb with anxiety and eagerness. He took his mother's hand; they hurried to the nearest shoe store. The new boots were bought and buttoned on his feet. Now the two took another street that led to the depot. They reached it, but saw there no crowd of waiting, buzzing children. They had all gone. The train had started; it could yet be seen speeding away. Dickey, who had scarcely spoken since they had left home, lifted up a bitter cry, "Oh, they have all gone; and I can't go! What shall I do? Mamma, mamma!"

The mother embraced him tenderly, only saying, "Try to be quiet, my poor child. Let us go home; that is all we can do now."

In a few minutes the little boy was in his own room again. He unbottoned his new shoes and threw them on the floor; then threw himself upon his bed, buried his face in his pillow, and cried as if the fountains of his disappointed heart were breaking up. A new thought came to his mother's mind. She kissed him, and said a few tender words: then left him alone, and went down stairs to attend to household affairs.

Her good neighbor, the widow Bell, having seen her out so early, came in to learn the cause. When she had heard of Dickey's disappointment, she said, "Do, Mrs. Doane, let me take the child home with me to spend the day with my boys. We will do every thing to make him forget his distress. The little fellow feels worse, I believe, than many a man would to lose ten thousand dollars."

"I don't doubt it," replied Mrs. Doane, tears glistening in her eyes; "but I have had a new thought. Heretofore, when Dickey has fallen into trouble through his fault of forgetfulness, I have tried to help him out, and direct him. Now, instead of doing so, I will, though it gives keen pain to my own heart, leave his to ache as much as it will, hoping that it may help him to overcome his fault."

The self-denying mother went into her kitchen to make ginger-snaps. As she rolled out the dough, how she longed to put some on Dickey's own little board, and call him down to cut out horses, dogs, and all sorts of rude figures, as he was so fond of doing, Love seemed to say, "Yes, go and call the poor child, and make him happy." Wisdom seemed to answer, "No, let him be unhappy as long as he will: it is best." There was a battle in the mother's heart; but, after a time, she said to herself, "Love and Wisdom are true friends, but Wisdom knows what is best for Love." It would have been hard to tell who had the most sorrowful day, the mother or the little boy.

After this terrible disappointment, Dickey grew more watchful and was less frequently heard to say, "I didn't think. It was not until the end of five months that he had another fall.

Children, you don't like to hear of sorrowful things. This is right; for you were made to laugh, and not to cry, though the happiest children must have their troubles and must cry sometimes. You were made to be bright and gay, just as much as leaves are meant to spread out fresh and green in spring, and not to droop dry to the earth as in autumn they do. After you have heard in a few words one more of Dickey Doane's misfortunes you shall see the bright end of this dark little tale, as promised at the beginning.

(*To be continued.*)

MARTIN THE BLACKSMITH.

In the middle of the night Signor Girolamo a rich merchant of Milan, was returning home. As he passed the smithy of a certain blacksmith he was astonished to hear the hammer going, just as if it were day.

"How is it that you work so late, friend Martin?" said he entering the shop. "You toil hard all the day; is it possible that you are not able to gain your bread without staying up at night?"

"Signor Girolamo," said Martin, pulling off his cap, "in the day I can earn what is enough for me, but you must knew that my mate Lazzaro has had his house burnt down, and he and his wife and children are without the necessaries of life. To help them I rise two hours earlier than usual in the morning, and go to bed two hours later at night, that at the end of the week I have done the work of exactly two days. The earnings of those two days I give to my friend."

The Signor was astounded at this goodness.

"Bravo! Martin," said he, "you act most nobly; all the more so, since your mate is not likely to be in a position to repay you this debt."

"As to that," cried Martin, "it will not matter to me if he cannot. I am sure he would do the same, and for me were I in his place."

Signor Girolamo wished him goodnight, and went away quite moved to think how this poor workman managed with only two hands to help his neighbor, while so many rich people did nothing of the kind. The next day, therefore, meaning to reward him for his generosity, he came back carrying a hundred crowns, which he presented.

"Here," said he, "take this. You are a good man, and deserve it. You can buy iron with this money enlarge your shop, provide better for your family, and put by something for your old age."

The blacksmith thanked the Signor warmly, but said:

"This money I must ask yon to excuse me from taking. As long as I am able to work, it is not right for me to take money which I have not earned. If I want to lay in a stock of iron my credit will enable me to do so, for an honest workman who is punctual in his payments can always find some one to give him credit. I would beg you to give this silver to my mate Lazzaro. He would thus get out of his difficulties, and resume his work, while I should have a few hours more sleep."

Signor Girolamo acted on Martin's advice, but at the same time he related to every one in Milan the tale of the blacksmith's generosity. What was the result? All who needed a blacksmith went to Martin, so that soon he had a flourishing business. Thus with no other help than his own skill, and honesty, he secured for himself a his competence.

THE DUKE'S STRATAGEM.

There was once a German Duke who disguised himself, and during the night placed a large stone in the middle of the road near his palace.

Next morning a sturdy peasant named Hans, came that way with his lumbering ox-cart.

"O, these lazy people," said he, "there is this big stone in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hans went on his way, scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. His head was held so far back that he didn't see the stone, so he stumbled over it. He began to storm at the country people, and call them "boors and blockheads for leaving a huge rock in the road for a gentleman to fall over." Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants with pack-horses and goods, on their way to the fair, to be held at the village near the Duke's palace. When they came to the stone the road was so narrow that they had to go off on a single file on either side. One of them cried out, "Did any one ever see the like of that big stone lying here all the morning, and no one stopping to take it away?"

It lay there for three weeks, then the Duke sent word to all the people on his lands to meet near where this stone lay as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd gathered at the Dornthou. Each side of the cut was thronged with people overlooking the road. Old Hans, the farmer, was there, and so was Berthold the merchant.

And now a winding horn was heard, and the people all strained their necks and eyes toward the castle, as a splendid calvacade came galloping up to the Dornthou.

The Duke rode into the cut, got down from his horse, and with a pleasant smile began to speak to the people thus:

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way."

When he had spoken these words he stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it lay a small leather bag. The Duke held it up that all the people might see. On a piece of paper, fastened to the bag, were these words, "For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag, and out fell a gold ring and twenty large gold coins.

Then everybody wished that he had moved the stone, instead of going round it and only blaming his neighbors. They all lost the prize because they had not formed the habit of helpfulness.

MR. WESLEY AND THE BULL.

In the winter of 1763, during a very hard frost, Mr. Wesley visited Sheerness. His carriage could not cross the ferry, it being frozen over, and several friends went to meet him. When about half-way between the "half-way house" and sheerness, they saw a bull coming toward them, foaming at the mouth, and a number of men running after it, and calling to the party to get out of the way; but this was impossible, there being a large moat on both sides of the road. As the bull approached Mr. Wesley saw their danger immediately took off his hat, kuelt down and said, "Let us pray." The bull came up, made a dead stand, looking at Mr. Wesley for two or three minutes, it seemed to be awed and restrained by a supernatural power. Mr. Wesley was at the head of the party, and nearest to the bull, my grandfather and his son Thomas next. The men then came up, and the bull made a rush, passing by them without injuring any one, Mr. Wesley then gave out a hymn, in which all heartily joined.—*Methodist Recorder.*