

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

APRIL, 1879.

Full Moon, 6 day, 6h, 10m, Afternoon.
Last Quarter, 13 day, 9h, 5m, Morning.
New Moon, 21 day, 6h, 41m, Morning.
First Quarter 29 day, 10h, 5m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, Sunrise, Sunset, Moonrise, and Moonset. Rows include days from Tuesday to Wednesday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern 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, 40 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOHN HODGSON OF FARMINGTON.

On the 24th of February, 1879, Mrs. John Hodgson of Farmington, River Phillip, in the 69th year of her age. Mrs. H. whose maiden name was Atkins, had been a member of the Methodist Church, for about 40 years; and with her amiable partner, who survives to mourn the loss of an estimable wife, had entertained the first Methodist Minister, who over roads cut through the woods, and in the rough-cut estate, found their way to their hospitable dwelling, to publish the glad tidings of salvation. A society was formed, of which they both became members, led by a brother Mr. Ralph Hodgson who some years ago removed to Canada.—but whose name is still redolent of fragrant memories in the neighborhood.

In Mrs. Hodgson's little society that then was has lost a prominent member, and the congregation, at East Branch Church, an earnest worker. Though her religious experience was never very demonstrative yet her hands, and her heart, were ever ready for every good work. If an entertainment was to be got up—or an effort put forth to pay a church debt—to procure an organ—or otherwise to increase the interest of the public worship Mrs. H. was always seen taking a leading part.

Mrs. Hodgson, though enjoying a competency of this world's goods, and the subject of general good health, yet for a number of years past she has seen with her partner in life much and sore domestic affliction and bereavement. These things greatly chastened her domestic enjoyment; and long, and often had she occasion to weep over her blighted prospects, and her withered joys. Several years ago she lost two beloved daughters, in the full bloom of early womanhood, both of them however, sinking to rest, "like the mild glory of the setting sun," with the joyful hope of rising fully orb'd, in that milder clime where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." Then two sons were cut down in manhood's prime; and a little later still the amiable Dr. Hodgson of Amherst was taken from him—a son whose death she felt all the more keenly amid growing infirmities she had relied upon him as her medical adviser.

Her last illness was protracted and severe; but she evidenced christian patience and fortitude. Though her words were few—owing greatly to bodily infirmity—yet on one occasion of the writer's visits, she related with deep emotion the happy deaths of her children; and expressed the hope of all the family getting safe to Heaven. She also expressed deep sympathy for him in the loss of a beloved daughter whom he has just buried, pointing to that better life whether we were all tending, and the shortness of the time, ere we shall enter upon its joys.

"O then what raptured greetings,
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendship up,
Where partings are no more."

A very large congregation attended her funeral, which was addressed from Rev. J. L. T.

PALATABLE MEDICINES.—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a honeyed drop of relief; his Cathartic Pills glide sugar-sweet over the palate; and his Sarsaparilla is a nectar that imparts vigor to life, restores the health and expels disease.—Waterford (Pa.) Advertiser.

REV. ARTHUR MURSELL ON THE OLD LANDMARKS.

It cannot fail to be perplexing in the extreme to devout and moderately thoughtful minds to find how constantly we catch new theories of what we had once felt to be fixed and immutable truth. The tender solace that these truths have ever given to all who have apprehended them—the grasp which their everlasting arms have flung around the sinking—and the heart's-ease which their healing leaves have brought to the distressed—these have not been enough to save them from the attacks of busy critics, or the open hostility of the profane. But much as we are disposed to boast the scholarship of our own age over that of former times—it is not the ipse dixit of a college which can uproot the landmarks which the Lord has set. But if the men in the high seats of learning cannot remove them—they can obscure them that they are not to be discerned—or surround them with so many landmarks of their own that we are bewildered betwixt those of that be of God and those that be of men. We sometimes see in the advertisement sheet of a newspaper—a notice commencing "to mariners, harbour-masters, etc."—and then go on to say that a certain light which used to stand upon some headland has been taken away and put in some other place—and that for the future a different kind of light will shine from such and such a rock, than formerly—and so on. Thus would our modern critics try to shift the beacons which the Lord has set up to help the mariner across the tossing ocean of his life. They extinguish some of the fair lights which the Divine hand has kindled—and set up lurid flames and beacons of their own. But as surely as you follow the one, so surely shall you find yourself amongst the breakers,—the breakers of controversy, of doubt, and haply of despair; while, following the other, the voyage shall be prosperous and serene, under the command of the Great Pilot, who holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand.

"Our fathers trusted in Thee, and were helped." Apostles, fathers, and old sires who held fast the form of sound words, have set their mark upon the landmarks which they believed to be of God. Now, we are not about to lay down the rule that you and I are bound to believe everything that our fathers believed, or that a man's creed and faith is to be hereditary, and handed down unchanged to his posterity. But when we recollect the firmness with which the old men clung to the broad doctrines of the Gospel, and the strength they gathered, and the rest and peace and joy of the soul they drank from them, as from a crystal spring, these memories ought surely to check that mania for fashionable doubting which is so common now, and make us cherish with some reverence the intimations of the past. True chivalry, affection, and respect puts forth a gentle hand to clutch the garment of the old man, and to detain the presence, as he passes from the stage; but the brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would bid him gather up his garments quickly and begone, and would rudely push him from the platform ere the last accents of his testimony have been spoken, and bid him go and take his landmarks with him. And thus we have the spectacle of an old generation of Christian scholars and prayerful students passing away, leaving behind a sonship too busy and conceited to shed a tear of love—carrying the Bible and the Gospel, and the Cross clasped to their hearts, while the successors fill their places with books upon arithmetic and the paraphernalia of a lecture-room on the one hand, or an altar on the other. The Rationalist make haste to replace the vacancy with apparatus; the Ritualist to fill it up with toys. Have we gone too far in saying that modern thought has grown impatient with the Bible, the Gospel and the Cross? Let us see. What part of the Bible has it not assailed? The Pentateuch it has long swept off the canon as unauthentic. All that we read about creation and the flood is fable. And the laws about the landmarks from which Solomon was not ashamed to quote from our text, are buried and laid upon the shelf. Different men assail different portions of the Book, and various systems level their batteries of prejudice at various points, until by some the Scripture is torn all to pieces and cast to the four winds of heaven, and by even the most forbearing of the cultured Vandals of what is called modern thought it is condensed into a mere pamphlet of morality instead of the tome of teaching through which we have eternal life. There is hardly a prophet but has been reviewed by the viscerators of the day as they would review a work from Mudie's library. The Temanite and the Shuhite never misconstrued the baited Job with half the prejudice of the so-called intellects of our time. Isaiah instead of being sawn asunder is quartered and hacked to pieces; the weeping prophet is drowned in his own tears; Ezekiel ground to atoms amidst his wheels; Daniel is devoured bodily by the learned-demons; and Jonah is swallowed by the deep monsters

with a more inexorable voracity than the fish; for they never cast him up again. The histories and events of the great chronicles are rudely contradicted and gainsaid, because some school-maister with a slate and pencil cannot bring his sums right. And every miracle which the might of the Lord wrought for the favor of his people and the frustration of their foes is pook-pooked as an absurdity, because the Professors cannot do so with their enchantments. They will believe a few of what are called miracles because they can do them themselves. A few natural phenomena which Professor this or that can show to a company of martinets in a dark room, or with a tableful of apparatus will account for the miracle of the Red Sea. An aeronaut goes up in a balloon and comes down, and quite explains away the pillar of fire and cloud, and that their toy-wand has swallowed up the rod of Aaron; but when Aaron's threatens to swallow up their's they say that is not authentic, and that miracles did not occur. Nor does the New Testament fare any better than the Old at the hands of these invaders. There is no toll of deference levied on their homage as they pass over the line; the recognize no voice of warning with a cry "Take thy shoes from off thy feet." The mind which halts in its career of spiritual rapine is denounced as ignorant or slavish; to hesitate to stamp the hoof upon a lily or a spring flower is the folly of a child; and the vanguard of the thought of this age has only pity and a sneer for such a feeling as it stalks upon its boasted march of progress. We are told that the legends of the nursery are obsolete, and that broader views are gaining ground with thoughtful minds. We don't believe it. The truth is, that a few, a very few, thoughtful men, whose thinking consists in negation from first to last, have laid the basis of this system—these few honest doubters have been joined by a larger band of those who are simply restless, and these again by men who are inimical to the spirit of Scripture, and together they have formed a coterie and called themselves the leaders of thought of the age. They have a following it is true; but of whom does it consist? Of the mere satellites of fashion; of the wealth, the pedantry and the stupidity of our large populations. A string of carriages is seen, setting down and taking up at the door where an advanced Professor is to lecture, and because the milliner is represented from floor to ceiling in the lecture-room, these views are said to be gaining ground. But in an age of Fashion who ever suspects these minions of the mode of having any views at all? It becomes respectable to follow a certain name for a time, and so vainlings go to follow the name, and to display the dress. But as to views—one would no more suspect such people of having any views than they would dream of charging more than the thousandth part of the crowds which go to the Royal Academy's exhibition of paintings with understanding the laws of perspective. It is the thing to do, and so every one who has a dress to show, or a lounge to air, goes to show it; and all who would be in the fashion (and who would not?) are bound to advance with the times. And hence it is that we find the times advancing over the pavement of the New Testament, as though it were the floor of St. Albans, Holborn, or of Professor Huxley's lecture-room; and ladies drag their trains, and dandies set their dress-boots upon the authority of this, and the authority of that, and the inspiration of the other. People who never heard of Strauss, of Baur, or of Tubingen, are quite prepared to say that our Saviour was but a well-meaning man who had many infirmities and made many mistakes—His miracles are recorded in the New Testament were in part imagery, and in part accountable by natural theories—that the raising of Lazarus never occurred, since the Gospel of John is a forgery from first to last—that the atonement is a doctrine to be scouted as bloody and unrighteous, and that Paul was a fanatic who wrote unthinkingly, and that much of what bears his name was never written by him at all. Thus is the Bible rubbed through the tribulation of criticism from Genesis to Revelation, until in the faith of the age in which we live as represented by its so-called leaders, there are but inspired fragments here and there remaining.

laborers that their work is noticed. It takes so little to please a child. After dinner I often say to my girls (I have four, the eldest not quite ten years of age), "Now, we shall see how quickly we can do up the work, and get ready to sit down, and then I shall be able to read a story to my girls." Then there is hurrying to and fro, I assure you. Nellie, the eldest, can take off the younger children's bibs and put them away, help clear off the table, put chairs in their places, and save mamma a great many steps. The other three are equally busy, even two-year-old Daisy trots around the room picking up her blocks and every bit of stuff she can find on the floor, bringing each separate bit to me, with a dignified, "I hep," meaning "I help." When the work is all done, what a happy circle gather around me; and with little tired Daisy in my lap, I read some simple story to them, and they go back to their dolls and toys with fresh vigor.

Another chief delight of children is cooking. Surely we mothers can remember when happiness consisted of a patty tin, a little pie crust, and a few pieces of apple, and bits of sugar. I very seldom make pies without giving the two eldest children materials enough to make tiny pies for themselves and little sisters. Bread-making is a real carnival time in my kitchen, for I always allow the four a piece of dough each, to make into any shaped loaves they please, and have often been surprised to see the ingenuity they display in moulding the dough into pretty shapes. They put them to raise in tin plates, and when they are baked, papa and mamma are presented with the prettiest loaves, for which they are careful to express their thanks. "But don't they make a mess with dough and flour?" you say; I never give the dough to them till I have kneaded it past the point of stickiness; then I place my molding board on the corner of the kitchen table and two have the side and the other two the end, and it keeps them busy and happy for a good half hour, at least. It teaches them neatness too, for they will learn to be very careful about their hands, when they see how particular mamma is about her own, and how carefully she examines theirs before allowing them to begin "making bread," as they call it.

Some children do not care for a slate and pencil, but to others it is a great gift. I have known quiet, thoughtful little ones amuse themselves for an hour at a time, drawing pictures of houses, trees, dogs, little boys and girls going to school, and dozens of other things occurring to their active imaginations. You will, occasionally, need the subject explained to you, but beware of laughing, even if it does look laughable to you. Take an interest in their little thoughts and fancies. I cannot bear to hear a mother say, "Go away, do, and don't bother me." Poor little things; they live in the present, and their sorrow is deep and heartfelt, even if, as is often said, "it does not last long." What more pitiful picture than a griefed, heart-broken child?

All children, I think, delight in picture scrap-books. To make those lasting, as well as pretty, you should get thin glazed stuff (such as is used for facing dress shirts), and fold it in sheets the size you wish the pages of your book to be. Have these sheets double, and turn in the edges and stitch them together, if you have a sewing-machine, and I hope you have. The pictures can then be pasted on with starch or common flour paste. Make two little slits in the back of each sheet, and put pieces of braid or ribbon trough to tie them together. For the covers, get some stiff paste-board, and cover with the same drab or brown stuff, and bind the edges with scarlet braid. On the top cover paste a pretty picture, and cut out fancy letters to form the initials of the child's name you intend it for; paste these underneath the picture, and when all is thoroughly dry, you will have something that will outlast a dozen common toys, and that the little ones may use and enjoy to their heart's content. Additional sheets or pages can be added at any time, as your pictures accumulate.

THE CHILDREN.

BY M. T. SUTHERLAND.

I think mothers often make a mistake in not allowing children, little girls particularly, to take an active share in light household tasks. Of course, at first it is ever so much easier to do things yourself but it pleases the little ones so much to think they are helping mamma, and after a while they really do help a great deal. Like grown-up persons, however, they like to have their labors appreciated, and a pleasant, "How nicely my little girl has made the dining-room look!" or "How different the bedroom looks, since Nellie took her duster in there," will show the little

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"I wish father would come home." The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad. "Your father will be very angry," said an aunt who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and, with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered: "He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again on the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down on the sofa again, and hid his face entirely from sight. "That's father, now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of the bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came back, saying, with a disappointed air, "It is not father. I wonder what keeps him so late; O I wish he would come."

"You seem anxious to get yourself deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for one week, and who was neither very amiable nor sympathizing toward children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment. "I believe, Aunt Phebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, somewhat warmly, "but you won't." "I must confess," replied Aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you would not escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father is good to me, and he loves me." "If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness does not seem to have helped you much." "Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech. "Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now for the first time. In an undertone she added: "You are very wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door. "It's father!" And he went gliding down stairs. "Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter? You don't look happy." "Won't you come in here?" And he drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand. "You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statue which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came a shadow of regret. "Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice. "I did it." "How?" "I threw my ball in there once—only once—in forgetfulness." The poor boy's tones were tremulous and husky. A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said, cheerfully: "What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

INTERMEDIATE BIBLE FIRST QUARTER—TEST B. C. 1520. LESSON STORED; or, T. 42, 1-10. April EXPLANATORY Verses 1, 2. Job asked by Jehovah interrogations and shown his infinite p righteousness, in co ness of man. Jo ways are too deep made the subject is humbled at the own rebellious spiri God are so far beyo of man, that we r righteousness, even it." I know. He sonal experience. thing. Not only by but by his supre is Almighty, by the ture he must also b comfort for God's feel that they are i No thought. The better. "No thou hindered," no powe purposes.

3. Who is he. Th asked by Jehovah i of his address. Ch Job now repeats it, as if saying, "Doa I am the man who b 4. "Man feels his brought face to fac then, shall we feel him in the final counsel. Obscure an words. Uttered In his blindness of the dealings of Chap. 7, 20, 21; 1 "Even good men knowledge." He n not for man to call of God. Too weak creign majesty of able counsels.

4. Hear, I beseech mandated, in a sou (chap. 13, 22) that G let him reply in righteousness. G his word, and (chap stand forth and a Now Job speaks, he ive, asking nothing, fession and recanta Again quoting th (chap. 35, 3) as say Demand of me? swer—nothing but pride," verse 5, 6, beneath God's rod s submits to everyth

5, 5, Heard of the has learned somev but all his knowled pared with the reve now received. 8. " of God is that of a with him." Mine eye which had only his soul, but the s his soul now lookd clearest vision is th of faith." Abhor m expression of sinc own haughty utto own righteousness, ing God for his should be thorough vined of our sins, e rificial repentance know of God the les in ourselves." Dus ental lands peopl and cover their hea bols of grief.

7. These words. R contained in the pr 41). Eliphaz the named of Job's th leader in their discou came from Teman south-east of Pale against thee. Not fended against God because, while Job b not. Their futile d mysteries of the div rebuked by the voi but while Job abas Lord they remain self-righteousness between saint and a repented while the s nited." Spoken of "spoken unto me," ble penitence of J 13. "God recognize servant."

8. Seven bullocks feet number to repr rifice. 14. "Note

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible." "Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! O, is not that the better philosophy of our homes? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels, because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah! if we were always right with ourselves, we would often be right with our children.—Steps Toward Heaven.