

'WESLEYAN' ALMANAC, NOVEMBER, 1876.

Full Moon, 1 day, 7h, 16m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 8 day, 1h, 3m, Afternoon. New Moon, 15 day, 8h, 33m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 24 day, 0h, 12m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, Rises Sets, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Corfe, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. High water at Picton sea Japs Tormentine, 3 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax, A. C. Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 50 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charleston, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 29 minutes LATER.

(Continued from first page.)

One of the first of her spiritual letters was addressed to her brother Robert. It was written at Southampton in an early part of her Christian life; and was given by her brother, some years ago, to a gentleman at Cowes, who has expressed the value he sets upon it, by putting it into a handsome frame between two plates of glass, and suspending it among the ornaments of his own parlour. The handwriting and orthography are just such as might have been expected from an uneducated servant girl; but it contains the genuine effusions of a heart overflowing with love to God and man. Even did it partake less of excellence than it does, yet as it is an original letter, from one so celebrated as "the Dairyman's Daughter," and was written three or four years prior to the date of those which have already been published, there is sufficient reason for giving it a place in this account; but I think the reader will see that throughout the whole, an elevated and admirable spirit continually breathes. I give it entire, with the exception of a piece of doggerel poetry, which she had picked up somewhere, and the mere alteration of slight and common grammatical errors. Seeing that she had but just begun to read the Bible attentively, and with a warm heart, her inaccurate quotations from Scripture are quite natural, and only what was to be expected. I subjoin it as nearly as possible verbatim, as I think it will in that state be more interesting; and will, at the same time, fully relieve Mr. Richmond from the charge of having himself written the other letters which are written in her name.

"Southampton, March 3d, 1797." "MY DEAR BROTHER, "I RECEIVED your kind letter the 2d instant, and you may think what a transport of joy I felt to receive such an affectionate letter from a brother I had so little regarded since he had left the world and me. You may well say what great joy it gave you to hear I was converted to God. But are you the only one? No, my dear brother. Think what shouting and rejoicing there was with the angels of God in heaven, that are around the throne, and continually cry, 'Worthy the Lamb of God that was slain, to receive all glory, and honour and praise.' And blessed be God, who hath showed strength with his hand, and with his holy arm hath gotten himself the victory! Yes, and he hath scattered all the proud imaginations of my heart, the great enemies of my soul's salvation. O, how true are those words of my Redeemer, that 'whosoever is in me is a new creature; for, behold, old things are passed away, and all things are become new!' O, how often would the Lord have gathered me unto himself as a hen doth gather her chickens, and I would not! And how often has he stretched out his arm, and I have not regarded it! But how shall I ever praise my God enough, to think how long he has spared a wretch like me, who drank iniquities like water, and followed after the vanity of my own deceitful heart, which was wicked above all things? "It was when I was sitting under that delightful man, Mr. Crabb, that the Lord opened my eyes; and the second time that I heard him. And on Sunday last, in the morning, I was standing at the window, and he came past, and when I saw him my heart leaped within me for joy; for I believed him to be commissioned from the most high God to preach the

Gospel of salvation and peace to all that will hear it. My dear brother, I know it is not good to be partial to any of God's creatures; but I liken him to St. Paul, for he seems to labour more than they all; yet not he, but the grace of God, which is in him, and that is extended to all that hear him speak. It seems as if I could say with David, when he is there, 'O that I could dwell in the house of my God for ever.' I shall ever have the highest esteem for him as a minister of God and Christ.

"And now my dear brother, as I have no money with me, I beg that you will apply to my dear mother for six guineas of my money, and give them to Mr. Crabb, and tell him it is a free gift of a poor, needy creature, who has been to the Lamb of God, naked and destitute of everything; and then when He saw my wretched condition, with what tender compassion did He look down upon me, and sprinkle me with his blood, and give me the whole armour of God, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the breastplate of righteousness! And now his sweet voice still whispers in my heart, 'I counsel thee, my child, to buy of me gold tried in the fire.' What, then, would the dominion of the whole world be to me, and what indeed to the love of God that he hath been pleased to shed abroad in my heart? My dear brother, praise God for it. Buy Mr. Crabb a very large Bible, that when he looks upon it he may bless his God, and think what good he hath done for my poor soul, through the gracious influence of the Spirit of God; and the rest he may dispose of to the glory of God, and the good of poor souls. And what is between you and me think no more of; and pray, my dear brother, send your children to school, and I will pay for them as long as I am able. And do see that our dear brother is not in want of anything that I can do for him. I hope that God will be merciful to all my dear friends who are yet in darkness; may they be filled with the Spirit of God, and may they feel the pardoning love of God shed abroad in their hearts! Do, my dear brother, if possible, assemble them together, and prevail on that good man, Mr. Crabb, to be with them, if possible, (I know that he is a dear lover of souls, that he may assist them in turning to God. I fear what you can say to them will be of no great use; for, remember the words of our Saviour, that a 'Prophet hath no honour in his own country.' My dear brother, how can you rest, seeing any so nearly related to you, so far from God? O when will God cease to be merciful? It is said, when the tide ceases to ebb and flow, then may God cease to be merciful. See them.—

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas they stand! O God, their inmost soul convert!" Be sure you do as I have desired in the name of the Lord, and for the glory of his holy name; and my love to all that are in him, and that are wanting to turn to him. Pray excuse this, and write as soon as you conveniently can. "Adieu, dear brother, "ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE"

I should have rejoiced to have added here an extract from a letter which she wrote to her brother not long after this, and in which she gave an interesting account of the manner of her receiving the blessing of entire sanctification; but Mr. Wallbridge informed me that it was lost or destroyed before the preservation of her letters was deemed a matter of any special moment. (To be continued.)

STOP AND SHAKE HANDS. GOLDEN RULE SAYS: "Why is it men dar: out of prayer meeting as soon as the benediction is given? The true idea of the Church is, that it is a family—God's family. Its members are children of one Father, and brothers and sisters one of another. A prayer-meeting, therefore is a family meeting. It is a reunion of brothers and sisters. The service is of the character of a feast; and we all know that after feasting comes talking and exhibition of good nature. After the formal portion of the service is over, brethren why not stay and have an informal service of your own? Talk of whatever the Spirit suggests; tell your joys and your sorrows, your hopes and fears, one to another. 'Laugh with those who laugh, and weep with those who weep.' Don't file out of the room, solemn as crows fly to the groves at night, passing through gloom into deeper gloom; but go forth happy, as children pour out of the door when father and mother start out with them for a ramble in the bright sunshine across the green fields. At least stay long enough after the formal service to shake hands with the pastor and with each other, and greet any stranger that may chance to have dropped in among you of an evening. Lubricate the wheels of your church-machinery with the 'oil of gladness,' and you will be astonished at the ease with which all its parts will soon be working together. Salute every saint in Christ Jesus."

Various experiments made with fresh milk have demonstrated the fact that the nearer milk is kept to the freezing point, in proper vessels, the more rapid is the collection of cream, the quantity is greater, and the butter and cheese are of richer quality.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Summer is fading: the broad leaves that grew So freshly green when June was young are falling; And, all the whistling-birds that were so full of cheer, From rustling haze cope and tangled dell: 'Farewell, sweet Summer, Fragrant, fruity Summer, Sweet farewell."

Upon the windy hills, in many a field, The honey bees hum slowly above the clover; Gleaning the latest sweets its bloom may yield, And, knowing that their harvest time is over, Sing half a lullaby and half a knell; 'Farewell, sweet Summer, Honey-laden Summer, Sweet farewell."

The little brook that bubbles 'mid the ferns, O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows playing, Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns, And with a plaintive, pining voice is saying: 'Sadder and sadder than my songs can tell: 'Farewell, sweet Summer, Warm and dreamy Summer, Sweet farewell."

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding lane, The gusty and crimson leaves before it flying; Its gusty laughter has no sound of pain, But in the hells it sinks to gentle sighing, And mourns the Summer's early broken spell: 'Farewell, sweet Summer, Racy, blooming Summer, Sweet farewell."

So bird, and bee, and brook, and breeze make moan; With melancholy song their loss complaining; I, too, must join them, as I walk alone Among the sights and sounds of Summer's waning; I, too, have loved the season passing well: 'So farewell, Summer, Fair but faded Summer, Sweet farewell."

GEORGE ARNOLD.

SPONGING UPON MINISTERS.

No minister of Christ's gospel, with right views of his calling, preachers for money wages. Even the settled pastor, on a salary, large or small, is very far from regarding his income as compensation for his services. He has given himself wholly to the work of the ministry, and it is divine principle commending itself to every man's conscience as just, that they who preach the gospel, should live of the gospel: that is, that they who receive the work should give of their means to sustain him who ministers to them. The Levites lived of the temple which they served. When the Lord separated the tribe of Levi to bear the ark, to stand before the Lord, to minister unto him, he ordained that Levi should have no part nor inheritance with his brethren, but the Lord would be his inheritance.

It is on this principle that we arraign the people who treat ministers of religion as men whose duty to serve them without return, as if they the ministers were at the beck and call of everybody who wanted religious services, whether in this parish or that, or in none at all. Because Protestant ministers are willing to be imposed on is no justification of the impositions to which they are subjected. We never heard of such a minister refusing to listen to a call, however severe the tax upon his strength, or however unreasonable the demand. It is therefore not because they complain, that we re-monstrate.

But because it is the dictate of the gospel, and evidently the thing right and decent to be done, we claim that the spiritual services of a minister should be met with those temporal returns that enables him to bear the burdens and do his work in life. This is the measure of his salary, and hence it is that the call of a pastor, in some denominations, includes this phrase: "that you may be free from worldly cares, we hereby promise you the sum of—" thus stimulating to relieve his mind from anxiety on the score of support. Yet so common is the notion of a minister being public property, he is called upon as freely by persons outside of his parish, for extra services, as if he were the universal bishop paid by general tax for the public good.

One minister, whom we know well, was invited to attend a funeral in this city, and the weather made it necessary for him to hire a carriage, which he did, and paid for it himself, while the family whom he served were abundantly able to provide it and make him some return besides. They did neither.

For another minister a carriage was sent, and at the house he was gravely informed that all the carriages would be required for the friends to go to the cemetery. He was compelled to walk a long distance in extremely bad weather, without being even thanked for his toilsome labors.

Still another minister, to our knowledge, was sent for to go to another city to attend a funeral service; he went paying his railroad fare both ways and losing two days of precious time, receiving a profusion of thanks and only thanks, not even his expenses being refunded. There was money enough to

buy floral decorations in profusion, but not a cent for the Levite of the Lord.

We know also cases of just the opposite character: one instant occurs where a family of wealth spent no money on flowers or pomp of any kind, but to each one of the ministers who attended the funeral, invited or not a handsome acknowledgment was made, in the most acceptable form.

Now in these remarks we wish to be understood as making the distinction clear between paying for services rendered and giving to the Lord's minister that which the master himself has enjoined as right and proper. The worldly may criticize the complaints as mercenary, but the justice and propriety of the demand we make no, Christians will deny. And it becomes the more important when it is remembered that the most of men, however ungodly or indifferent they are, wish the minister to come in the hour of their calamity. To bury the dead child without religious service, is to bury it like a dog. And so the decencies of society, if not the demands of the soul, require a man who has no church relations whatever, to send for a minister to his child's funeral. But in nineteen cases out of twenty, even such a man regards the service as his right, and never feels the duty of acknowledging it as from the Lord.—N. Y. Observer.

HARD WORK IN YOUTH.

Many young people are impatient in the hard work to be done as clerks, or of subordinate positions, and are eager to make fortunes without the long and painful toil which is essential to success. They may learn something from the experience of Vice-President Wilson. He says himself: I feel that I have a right to speak for toiling and toiling men. I was born here in your county of Strafford. I was born in poverty; want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars.

Eighty-four dollars for eleven years of hard toil! I never spent the amount of one dollar of money, counting every penny, from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles, and ask my fellow-women to give me leave to toil. I remember that in October, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, went through your mills seeking employment. If anybody had offered me nine dollars a month I should have accepted it gladly. I went to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket and tried to get work, without success, and returned home footsore and weary, but not discouraged.

I put my pack on my back and walked to where I now live in Massachusetts, and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in this world, and every pulsation of my heart, every conviction of my judgment, every aspiration of my soul, puts me on the side of the toiling men of my country—aye, of all countries.

The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill logs and wood, rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after dark at night, and I received the magnificent sum of six dollars! Each of these dollars looked as large to me as the moon looks to-night.

In his Lecture on England, the "Danbury News" man says: "The London boy is slim in body, with spindling legs and a pale face, and has an appearance of having boarded with a maiden aunt who had had an early disappointment. The terms of endearment among the common people were 'dear' and 'deary,' 'love,' and 'lovey,' and similar expressions, and they were heard with distressing frequency. Still, he didn't know but on the whole they were preferable to 'old man' and 'old woman.'"

The handsomest woman in Europe is the Countess de Castiglione, who belonged to the late Napoleon's court.

OBITUARY.

MR. GABRIEL BEAZLEY.

Departed this life at Mud Cove, in the Brun circuit, on the 12th Sept. Mr. Gabriel Beazley, in the 36th year of his age. Bro. Beazley was converted to God about fifteen years ago, during the time of a very gracious revival when the Rev. John S. Phinney was stationed in this circuit. From that period to the close of life he was very zealous in the cause of religion and truth. In obedience to injunction of Holy Scripture, whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. He worked while it "was day;" entering into and performing the various duties and offices of those institutions and societies with which he was connected, with an ardor and application, which surmounted difficulties and won the admiration and approval of his brethren and friends.

For several years he was a consistent member of the "Sons of Temperance," established at Brun Bay. The neat Temperance Hall at that place is a standing memorial to the sympathy and love which he and a few others evinced in this good and praiseworthy work, which has proved a boon to society there. But his zeal and love were not confined to this alone. More intense was the zeal and greater was the love which he manifested for the public services of "God's house," and the private and social means of grace. The Sabbath was a delight to him; and it was the joy of his heart to be found on that day in the house of the Lord. He was no idle spectator there; but fully participated in those delightful exercises of Divine worship, which were times of refreshing to his soul. When in the enjoyment of health—and for some time after he was a constant attendant at the prayer meetings held in his own home; besides those which he conducted in other places. His willing and efficient services on these occasions were by God made a blessing to himself and his fellow-worshippers. His devotion to the class-meeting was not less apparent. Prayer and praise appeared after his conversion to be the native elements of his soul. For some time he faithfully discharged the duties of leader; which failing health and increasing infirmity compelled him to decline. The members of his class—who in a particular manner were privileged to witness his faith and good works—as may be really inferred—were very much attached to him and deeply sympathized, with him during his protracted illness, which extended over a period of three years. During this interval of severe affliction and suffering he evinced a patience truly worthy of heroic fame. The disease which caused his death was deeply rooted in the internal parts of his system; and baffled the ability and skill of his medical attendants. At first, surgical operations were performed in hope of alleviating his intense suffering; and if possible to effect a cure. These kind and skillful services proved his complaint to be incurable. The last year of his life witnessed its rapid decline, attended with indescribable suffering. At times the paroxysms of pain produced an agony of feeling which mortality could hardly endure; shaking the frail tabernacle to its very centre, and threatening its immediate dissolution. But he murmured not. The beautiful lines of John Harris the Cornish poet, written about thirty years ago, on the "death of his father," may be here cited in part and applied with propriety to Bro. Beazley's affliction, and the spirit in which he endured it.

"Stretched on affliction's rack, The iron in his bones, No murmur pass'd his sainted lips, No murmur in his groans. Resign'd, submissive, meek, He waited for the change, When angel bands would bear him hence, Through fields of light to range."

Since we came to this circuit we paid him several visits, and always found him in the enjoyment of peace. On two of these occasions we administered to him, in company with his affectionate and devoted wife, the "Sacrament of the Lord's Supper." These were seasons of great grace and blessing to his soul. He fully appreciated these sacred and solemn services; and appeared to realize the great benefits derived in communion with the Saviour in this form of holy devotion and spiritual worship. His affections sanctified through grace, were entirely consecrated to Christ; hence the grateful feelings and hallowed pleasure which result from his participation in all the ordinances and institutions of the Methodist Church. As death drew near the organs and powers of speech became very inefficient and weak; till at last he could not articulate his words, but continued to give signs of his peace with God and hope of heaven. A little before he died he thus asleep—"to sleep in Jesus"—and thus peacefully past from a scene of mortal suffering to the rest remaining for God's people; to the inheritance of the saints in light," where the afflictions of this life are unknown, and joy eternally abounds.

His death was improved by a funeral sermon preached in memory of him and brother Goddard in our church on Rev. vii. 13-17, "The White Robed Multitude." The text was considered to be appropriate in reference to the life and death of each. The service was remarkable for its solemnity; and it is hoped that the truths advanced will prove to be a blessing to many who were present, both to the families of the deceased and other members of our congregation. J. P. Burin, N. F., Oct. 17, 1876.

NOVEMBER 11, 1876. MONDAY— TUESDAY— Acts 3:1-16. WEDNESDAY— Prov. 31:10. THURSDAY— 2:1-17. FRIDAY— Psa. 112:1. SATURDAY— 90:1-17. SUNDAY— 103:1-18. TOPIC— GOLDEN RULE IN EX. 112:6. DOCTRINE— Acts 2:22. 31. THE CONVERTING have lost left free to attempt to gave the CHURCH ate body ization, bu public. T in one or Peace, f trouble. house, ge WALKING fear of him and The Holy er. His it grew. him. 32. PE Saul's detles still out from intending these tou nine mil thirty-on Lydd. S 33. E eight yo timbs. probabl 34. M sial, he healed that Jo of whic ARISE— BED—S without or blan AROSE feet. P did. I and he they v their s 35. Lydda. Eneas the lo habita pleten who e Messa belief turned deed. occur 36. an s on g of band 2:10 3. also wom while inco bea to l have but wo ver to an Sp the 16. to th m d h a d s e t h e