

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac.

Table with columns for Day, SUN, MOON, Rises, Sets, Hallex. Includes dates for April 1870 and various astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Sun... Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport, and Truro.

The Family.

For the Provincial Wesleyan. LUTHER'S PROTEST BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS.

"Unless, your Majesty, I am convinced by the plain words of Scripture, I can retract nothing God help me. Here I take my stand."

"Throughout the spacious room, A glorious protest to the truth, The knell of protestantism; And haughty priests and prince, Listened, with baited breath, To that pale monk, who, fearless stood, Delying even death."

Enthroned in state, the monarch sat, Impressive, stern, and cold, Yet, marvelling at the power that made That peasant's son so bold; And every heart in that vast throng, With strange, new feelings stirred, As echoed, through the lofty hall, "I can retract no word."

The mightiest of the land were there, King, prince, and stalwart knight, And torches flashed on jeweled robes, And scarlet vestments bright; They shone as many a mitred brow, On eyes, whose fierce, malignant glare, Marked Spanish's bigot race.

But, foremost here of the van, The army of the good, Undaunted, in that trying hour, The noble Luther stood, His cheek, with studious thought was pale, And marked his brow with care, But, in his eye, shone heavenly light, And angels hovered near.

Celestial messengers, they came, To guard his lowly head, And vain the wrath of bigot foes, His blood they dared not shed! Long years have passed, together now, They sleep, that gathered throng, But still, that Luther's name survive, In memory, and in song.

For, mighty in their power, those words, "Have noblest spirits stirred, God help me. Here I take my stand. I can retract no word!" Oh, truth, thy triumphs who shall tell, Though low thy lot may be, Undying shall thy fame appear, When passed earth's pageantry.

When Faith and Hope shall joyful haste, To mark the things unseen, And Love, so soft a martyr here, Lift up a lowly sacrifice, Then they, the steadfast and the true, Who battled for the right, Approved by Heaven and earth shall stand, In God's undimmed light; Dartmouth, N. S.

*The writer has thought it might not be uninteresting to recall, at the present time, when the Ecumenical Council at Rome is exciting so much attention, Luther's noble protest before the Diet at Worms.

HOW WALTER LANGTON WAS SAVED. It was not far from midnight, and in the month of November, a dull, cold rain had fallen all day, but now there were gleams of moonlight among the clouds, and the wind began to blow with a more determined will than during the early hours of the night. One by one the passengers had settled themselves in as easy postures as possible on the rail cars, and were asleep, or made pretence of being so, except a clerical-looking personage about thirty years of age. He had tried to sleep, but failed, and now he sat upright with a forced look of interest, as he peered through the window into the mist outside.

The whistle of the locomotive blew suddenly, and the train was checked, as if a signal had been made unexpectedly, and the train, without coming to a halt, it moved on again. It was only a village of less than a hundred houses. But the matter was explained when the front door of the car was opened, for a man stepped in that any one accustomed to travel would readily recognize as a railroad official. There was an air of good nature and energy about him that inspired confidence. You would have appeared to him in danger or difficulty with the conviction that he was both able and willing to help.

As he passed quietly, seeking a place to sit down, his eye rested for a second upon the face of our wretched, clerical friend. He was instantly interested, and approached him with a scrutinizing look that arrested the attention of the other. In a moment their hands were clasped, and they seemed half locked in each other's arms.

"Why, Charley, my dear boy, how fortunate I am to meet you! Nothing but the most urgent duty started me out to-night; but I would have come through any storm to meet you. I believe you, Walter. But what will you

think when I tell you that I was thinking of you at the very moment when you came into the car? Your sudden and unexpected appearance... There was sleeping, or you were a spirit, whether I was sleeping, or you were a spirit, I would admit of no denial. They were plain, intelligent, Christian people, who had never seen anything of the world, nor had any great experience of sorrow such as I had. They were kind and sensible enough not to ask me many questions about myself, nor to press me by any excess of services. I think they comprehended in some way that I had been unfortunate, and was ashamed of the condition in which they saw me.

"Was it not about ten years ago? Yes, yes! said he, and a faint sense of pain, and confusion of mind, and my blood hot with fever, my whole life passing in review before me, there came to me a glimmer of hope. The thought came to me, and I found myself cherishing it as a drowning man clinging to the wreck, that if God had given me up entirely to misery and ruin, he would not have put it in my way to do so worthily an act as to save the life of an innocent, loving little child. It had been a long time since I had done anything upon which I could look with the least satisfaction. But this action which I knew to be generous and worthy, seemed to bridge over many years past of sin and worthlessness, and I said I will try and do better. I had no plan or did I try to form any; there was only the determination to redeem my life.

"The next day I was sick, prostrate, and wretched, and the first for drink came upon me, and then a fever, the wildest delirium they had ever witnessed. How thankful I was that I was still alive, and it touched me deeply to see that they were even more thankful than I was. That evening, when they thought I was asleep, I heard the father plead for me in their service of family prayer with such tenderness, and with such assurance of Christ's sympathy, for such as I was, that tears came to my eyes and some how it shamed me ten years ago when we met on the cars and I felt that you were doing God's work in this world, and that I had grown unworthy your company. But it's not so now, shall I tell you how I fell away from God and all goodness, and how I came back to a new and better life?"

"Yes, I am right," I was going to ruin when you saw me last!" "But you are not going to ruin now," he returned with brotherly tenderness. "No, thank God," and his eyes were moist, and his voice trembled in thankfulness. "Charley, you and I had one heart and life nearly when we were boys. You don't know how it shamed me ten years ago when we met on the cars and I felt that you were doing God's work in this world, and that I had grown unworthy your company. But it's not so now, shall I tell you how I fell away from God and all goodness, and how I came back to a new and better life?"

"When I saw you last my wife, utterly wrecked in health, was in a lunatic asylum, and my little daughter was lying away from me among friends. My life which had been happy far beyond my deserving had grown dark. I was fretful and discouraged, and wondering whether it would not be a good thing to die and be out of the way. My heart was growing hard. It seemed to me that God was against me, and it was foolish to hope.

"In less than three months from that time I buried my little daughter. It was one of those fierce diseases that the heats of summer generate that are fatal to little ones. It's a hard stroke to have a child that you love suffer any harm. Perhaps you know something about it. Ah, yes! I see that you have had some such experience yourself.

"Yes, I know what it means." "Well, it's hard to go away with the sweet moisture of a child's kisses on your face, and the pressure of a pair of little arms about your neck, and come back again before a month or two, and find nothing but a little grave with fresh sods of grass upon it, and a handful of faded flowers to mark your hopes.

"But I think," he continued, "I could have gotten over this blow if it had not been for my other troubles. They gave me to understand that my wife's condition of mind was hopeless, and that her life was ebbing away day by day. Pardon me," he said after a pause, and wiping away his tears, "I cannot speak of it. I was entirely overcome, and I think the keepers of the asylum consulted whether I ought also to be taken under their care. In my depression I yielded to the temptation of seeking relief in drink. I was led on partly by my own morbid physical condition, and partly with the hope to get relief from my heavy heart troubles. I made the acquaintance of bad men, as a matter of course, and grew worse and worse.

"It's a terrible thing, Charley, to be falling away from virtue and goodness day by day, as I was, and to be so stupidly conscious of it all the time, to feel that you ought to break away, and yet have the conviction haunt you that an evil fate controls your steps. You get no happiness out of all your misdoings, and you fear to look steadily at the future or even to think of it. God's promises seem to be taken back one by one, and the sky grows darker and darker, till you no longer look up at all, neither is your light what you have lost, nor to pray for something better. At last my wife died. I knew it was a mercy to both of us, but the spirit of insubordination had possession of me. I saw the folly of retelling against God's will, and yet rebelliously persisted in it. I grew moody and ill-tempered, till I found myself without employment of any kind. For a time I was no better than a vagabond, wandering here and there, growing confirmed in my bad habits rather than actually worse in character. Wherever my fancy or necessities carried me in my wanderings, I came back at times to the place where my wife and child were buried. How often, prostrate on the ground beside their quiet sleeping-place, did I promise to do better. I did make some weak attempts at reformation, but easily failed, and each failure strengthened the conviction that possessed me that God had cast me off.

"Did no one come to your help in all those days? It seems to me that men are, lost when they become outcasts." "I was, from all my early friends and associates. I shunned the face of all whom I had ever known." "If you could have but seen how God was caring for you!" "Let me tell you how He did care for me. One day in my wanderings, I came to a little village, Millgrove. I was sicker at heart than ever before. Straggle to relate, the idea of drinking to dissipate grief or invigorate my wretched system, never came into my mind. I passed by a place where men were musing, and became conscious of a repugnance for liquor, and had no disposition whatever to drink, as was my custom on every opportunity. Wandering on through the village, I sat down on the bank of a little stream over which a dam had been built for a large mill, a short distance below. For the first time in my life the thought of self-destruction came into my mind. Many a time before had I wished myself dead and out of trouble, but not that by my own hand. I said to myself that, death was inevitable soon, that I had nothing to live for, and it would be just as well to meet it there as a month or year hence. This was the tenor of my thoughts when a shrill, childish scream startled me, and a glance in the direction from which it came showed me a child struggling in the water. In a moment, without a thought, so vigorous was the impulse, I plunged into the water and, especially a minister, could have directed and led me as this child did. I had prejudices and doubts that, without any choice or design of mine, would have arrayed themselves in opposition to all such approaches. Yes, I clearly see in Christ's method with me a proof of His love and tenderness. He shows the

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"That night, as I lay awake for a long time, restless, and my blood hot with fever, my whole life passing in review before me, there came to me a glimmer of hope. The thought came to me, and I found myself cherishing it as a drowning man clinging to the wreck, that if God had given me up entirely to misery and ruin, he would not have put it in my way to do so worthily an act as to save the life of an innocent, loving little child. It had been a long time since I had done anything upon which I could look with the least satisfaction. But this action which I knew to be generous and worthy, seemed to bridge over many years past of sin and worthlessness, and I said I will try and do better. I had no plan or did I try to form any; there was only the determination to redeem my life.

"The next day I was sick, prostrate, and wretched, and the first for drink came upon me, and then a fever, the wildest delirium they had ever witnessed. How thankful I was that I was still alive, and it touched me deeply to see that they were even more thankful than I was. That evening, when they thought I was asleep, I heard the father plead for me in their service of family prayer with such tenderness, and with such assurance of Christ's sympathy, for such as I was, that tears came to my eyes and some how it shamed me ten years ago when we met on the cars and I felt that you were doing God's work in this world, and that I had grown unworthy your company. But it's not so now, shall I tell you how I fell away from God and all goodness, and how I came back to a new and better life?"

"When I saw you last my wife, utterly wrecked in health, was in a lunatic asylum, and my little daughter was lying away from me among friends. My life which had been happy far beyond my deserving had grown dark. I was fretful and discouraged, and wondering whether it would not be a good thing to die and be out of the way. My heart was growing hard. It seemed to me that God was against me, and it was foolish to hope.

"In less than three months from that time I buried my little daughter. It was one of those fierce diseases that the heats of summer generate that are fatal to little ones. It's a hard stroke to have a child that you love suffer any harm. Perhaps you know something about it. Ah, yes! I see that you have had some such experience yourself.

"Yes, I know what it means." "Well, it's hard to go away with the sweet moisture of a child's kisses on your face, and the pressure of a pair of little arms about your neck, and come back again before a month or two, and find nothing but a little grave with fresh sods of grass upon it, and a handful of faded flowers to mark your hopes.

"But I think," he continued, "I could have gotten over this blow if it had not been for my other troubles. They gave me to understand that my wife's condition of mind was hopeless, and that her life was ebbing away day by day. Pardon me," he said after a pause, and wiping away his tears, "I cannot speak of it. I was entirely overcome, and I think the keepers of the asylum consulted whether I ought also to be taken under their care. In my depression I yielded to the temptation of seeking relief in drink. I was led on partly by my own morbid physical condition, and partly with the hope to get relief from my heavy heart troubles. I made the acquaintance of bad men, as a matter of course, and grew worse and worse.

"It's a terrible thing, Charley, to be falling away from virtue and goodness day by day, as I was, and to be so stupidly conscious of it all the time, to feel that you ought to break away, and yet have the conviction haunt you that an evil fate controls your steps. You get no happiness out of all your misdoings, and you fear to look steadily at the future or even to think of it. God's promises seem to be taken back one by one, and the sky grows darker and darker, till you no longer look up at all, neither is your light what you have lost, nor to pray for something better. At last my wife died. I knew it was a mercy to both of us, but the spirit of insubordination had possession of me. I saw the folly of retelling against God's will, and yet rebelliously persisted in it. I grew moody and ill-tempered, till I found myself without employment of any kind. For a time I was no better than a vagabond, wandering here and there, growing confirmed in my bad habits rather than actually worse in character. Wherever my fancy or necessities carried me in my wanderings, I came back at times to the place where my wife and child were buried. How often, prostrate on the ground beside their quiet sleeping-place, did I promise to do better. I did make some weak attempts at reformation, but easily failed, and each failure strengthened the conviction that possessed me that God had cast me off.

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