

'WESLEYAN' ALMANAC, NOVEMBER, 1876.

Full Moon, 1 day, 7, 16m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 8 day, 1h, 3m, Afternoon. New Moon, 15 day, 5h, 3m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 24 day, 0h, 12m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, RISES, SETS, HOURS, MIN.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Farnshore, Cornwallis, Heron, Hanford, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

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.

LINES BY THE LATE REV. T. H. DAVIES.

LOVE TO EARTH IN HEAVEN. When I've become immortal And do my Eden gain, I would, from Heaven's bright portal, A view of earth retain; And send some kindly feeling My friends on earth to cheer, A heaven of love revealing To many a sinner's ear.

A BRAVE BOY.

Willie Francis, a bright Sabbath Scholar, of the Windsor Methodist Church, whose face we readily bring to recollection, has immortalized himself by an act so heroic for one of his years—he is but eleven—that the country is full of his praises.

WILLIE'S STORY. "Mother sent me out to saw wood, and I sawed some and then strolled down the wharf. First, I went down Charlie's wharf, and threw my line to fish, but it was raining so hard that I thought I would run to Harding's wharf and get under a pile of deals out of the rain. I had just got there and thrown my line, when I noticed little Bezzan on Chandler's wharf trying to pull over a play house he had been building with the bricks. Suddenly the house tumbled, and he fell over the wharf and

into the water. It was nearly high water. I saw him rise to the top of the water, then sink again, and the once more and sink again. Two boys who had been playing with him ran away when they saw him go down. I never stopped to think of the distance I had to swim to get to him, nor even thought about whether I could swim or not; I just jumped over the wharf with all my clothes and my shoes and hat on, and paddled over to where he sank. I was a good while swimming over, for the tide was running up and against me. I lost my hat and shoes swimming over, and when I got to the spot where he sank I dived down and got hold of him, and then paddled for the wharf and caught one of the wharf posts, and holding it tightly with one arm and him with the other, I kept so as his head was above water, I screamed as loud as I could for help. I held on some minutes before any one came. I was almost gone myself, the water was so cold, but I am glad I did what I did and saved him. I lost my fishing line, though, and my shoes and hat, and was afraid mother would scold me, but she didn't.

MR. CHANDLER'S STATEMENT.

And Willie, although sorry for his loss, says he is "glad he did it." The distance he swam is nearly two hundred feet. It was pouring rain at the time. Young Bezzan when rescued was frothing at the mouth and considerably swollen, but has since recovered. When Willie got home he was so chilled and exhausted as to be almost unable to articulate a word, and showed many signs of a fit coming on him. His mother got him to bed, gave him warm drinks, told him how brave and noble her little boy had shown himself to be, and in the evening when (in company with Mr. Herbin and Captain Burgess, of the Windsor Volunteers), I went to see him and we presented him the handsome little testimonial made up spontaneously for him by just a few of our town folk. I found him able to narrate the whole beautiful story. In the pelling rain, I was only able to call on a few friends to inform them of the brave act that had just been performed, but I know well that if it were possible to have called, every man and every woman in the town (notwithstanding the dullness of the times) would most cheerfully and spontaneously have added to the list of donors which, let it be never so large, would be quite inadequate as an expression of the feelings of the community under such circumstances. Sitting now, contemplating the grandeur of the feat, and the nobility and heroism of the boy who accomplished it, and calling to mind the situation of these two little fellows when from the top of our high wharf, I first observed their little heads just above the surface of the water, and Willie clinging fondly to his drowning charge, the tubility that attaches to the scene overwhelms me, and I bow in deepest humility in acknowledgement of the lovely genius which could find one so youthful inspire the perpetration of an act at once so manly and brave, and unselfish and heroic.

A WESLEYAN WISLEY.

The Christian World says: "The friends of the Rev. S. Wesley, at Graves end, have presented him, on his leaving for Poole, Dorset, with a purse of £30." The Poole "Herald," of Sept. 7, says: "The Wesleyan Sunday-school celebrated its sixty-seventh anniversary on Sunday last in the usual manner. Hymns and anthems of an appropriate character were sung in creditable style by the scholars, and sermons were preached by the Rev. Samuel Wesley, the newly-appointed superintendent of the circuit. There were large congregations at each of the services especially that of the evening, when the building was crowded to its utmost capacity and the adjoining school-room brought into requisition." The "Herald" then gives an account of the sermons preached by Mr. Wesley on the occasion. They have the genuine Wesleyan ring. We note this case, because it was in the town of Poole, where John Wesley's grandfather, also a John Wesley, preached to a Dissenting congregation at the time that he was harried by persecution. We are curious to know whether the present Samuel Wesley has any of the Wesley blood in his veins. We cannot find his name among the descendants of the Wesleys, in Mr. Stevenson's late excellent work on the Wesley Family. Can Mr. Stevenson, or Amicus, give us his pedigree? If he is a genuine Wesley, the fact of his appointment to Poole, where his persecuted ancestor so faithfully laboured, is a noteworthy fact. The editor of this paper was baptized by a pastor of Poole Independents—the successors of old John Wesley's congregation. We confess that we should like to know that there is a real Wesleyan Wesley in the ministry. The Rev. Dr. Charles Wesley, grandson of the poet of Methodism, died a few years since; but he was an Anglican chaplain to the Queen—a devoted minister.

OBITUARY.

SISTER AGNES PROWSE was born in Devonshire, England and was converted to God when about twenty-one years of age, subsequently she married and came to this Province, (P.E.I.) Here she and her beloved husband settled on a Farm in Brackley Point Road. Her manner of life from this time was that of an industrious farmer's wife attended by many of the hardships common to the early settlers borne with patience fortified by Grace divine. She held on her way walking by faith in Christ, always known to be of even tempers and regular habits careful for the temporal and spiritual interests of her family being most anxious all should walk in the way of God's commandments uprightly.

She often said to the writer "All my children have professed religion, I trust all possess it" and to this by precept and example she meant to lead them. Bro. William Prowse was the first to being a service near the spot where our departed sister breathed her last (in the house of her son-in-law Mr. Charles Cox), from which has sprung a Methodist Society and Church which was built about a year before Bro. Prowse passed to the Church of the first born twelve years and 18 days before our sister, who seldom spoke of her

A NOVEL BUT EFFICACIOUS KIND OF CHARITY.

One of our religious exchanges gives the following romantic incident as related by an eminent clergyman of this city. It is one more trifles of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." The Rev. Dr. had prepared himself very carefully for a Sabbath evening service. The day was stormy, and he expected very few persons would be present and was tempted to use an old sermon and save his last and best for a fine day and full house. But he remembered the advice of the venerated Dr. DeWitt, "Never change your subject; let the weather change, but always adhere to your preparation." To a very few people he preached. At the close of the services a stranger came forward exhibiting traces of emotion, thanked him heartily for the sermon, and asked the privilege of walking home with him.

The talk was suggested by the sermon. Reaching his house, the stranger was invited in. He regarded the sermon as personal, believed that his religion should be practical, stated that the Lord had blessed him in his basket and store beyond his highest expectations, and asked the Dr. to aid him, by his advice, in bestowing his riches wisely. The Dr. answered that he knew an orphan society that was needy, but it would require a large sum to give it real relief—at least \$10,000. The stranger said nothing; but, taking some checks from his memorandum book, filled up one for \$10,000 and handed it over. He then asked him to name other charities that were really deserving. As names were given checks were drawn in sums of from \$1,000 to \$10,000, until he took his departure, leaving in the hands of the astonished preacher checks to the amount of \$65,000.

Thinking over the matter the conclusion was reached that either the man was insane and the checks worthless, or that under the influence of deep feeling and sudden impulse he had in haste done what he would repeat at leisure. He was confirmed in his impressions by the stranger presenting himself early next morning, and supposed he would ask the return of his checks. But no, it was to ask if there was not some other object that, on reflection, the doctor could recommend as deserving a helping hand. He politely answered that he really thought the matter should for the present end where it was; that his gifts were already munificent. The stranger answered "it is the Lord's," and insisted. The Doctor then said that the Foreign Missionary Society of their own church was in a strait. Necessities great, contributions small, a debt impending and missionaries about to be recalled? "What amount would give relief?" He hesitated, but answered truly, "Fifty thousand dollars." A check for the amount was filled up. The man was in his right mind. The checks were good, and duly paid. Ever since Dr. has concerned himself about his preparations, and is not troubled about the weather, adheres to his preparation and leaves the rest to God. That man or a duplicate of him would be welcome in many a church in his city to-day.—New York Herald.

husband until shortly before her death. She remarked "It will be twelve years next month since my partner left me" and she longed to meet him on the other shore. She gradually broke up, with but little pain, calmly waiting firmly trusting, on the 10th of September last closed her eyes on the world to see "The King in His beauty" and joined the multitude whom no man can number in the 83d year of her age. She being dead yet speaketh to her large family of children and grandchildren who mourn but not as for one who had no hope.

GEORGE H. SHARP.

Died at his residence, at Havelock, on Sept. 17th, in the 40th year of his age, George H. Sharp, a man of the strictest integrity and deep piety, a friend to all and an enemy to none. Deceased was born in Ireland, but came to this country in early life. His family subsequently settled at St. John's, Kings Co. Here, under the ministry of the Rev. John Prince our brother was led to see himself, a sinner before God, and to lay hold of the hope set before him in the Gospel. For a long time he walked in darkness, and his soul was filled with anguish; but at length he was enabled to cast himself upon the mercy of Christ. Then light and peace came to him, and he arose a new man in Christ Jesus. His subsequent life proved how genuine was his conversion. He could not do much for the cause of God, or for the ministers of Christ. Many of the brethren who have labored upon this circuit will remember his warm hospitality, his earnest and wholesome counsel. He was ever anxious for the prosperity of Zion. He was the main pillar of our little church at Havelock. In his family we might say: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright." As a husband he was ever kind—as a father, loving and indulgent—as a guardian most watchful. From first to last he maintained family prayer. It was good to meet him in the class room. The warm clasp of his hand, the loving and encouraging words upon his lips—oh how we miss him! By his death, his afflicted family, our church, and the community at large, have sustained a great loss. But our loss is his eternal gain. His death was triumphant. Not a doubt—not a cloud, came over his mind. In the trying hour he was supported by strong faith on the Son of God; and sweetly whispering "O happy day which fixed my choice, On thy my Saviour and my God."

H. R. B. Havelock, Oct. 18, 1876.

GEORGE GODDARD.

Died at Spoon Cove, Burin, Newfoundland, on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, Mr. George Goddard, aged 73 years.

Our deceased friend—whose removal from the Church militant to the Church triumphant will be felt by many, both within and without the immediate family circle, was a man of sterling worth; remarkable for his integrity and other virtues which gave a high moral tone to his general character. He was very much beloved and respected by all classes who knew him, especially by those who knew him best; this was evidenced by many throughout his life, and was fully confirmed by the numbers who were present at his burial. His class-leader, who was intimately acquainted with him for many years, speaks of him as follows: "I knew him as a merchant, to be honest and upright in his dealings; as a neighbor kind and obliging; as a friend sincere and sympathizing; and as a professor of religion devout and holy." To this testimony of his class-leader may be added another—with a little verbal alteration—which I received from his widow in a letter a few days after his decease. She says, "My dear husband who was the only son of his parents, was blest with a pious mother. We were married nearly 51 years; during which period we had been meeting in class and striving to serve God. Throughout this time of our marriage life I have known him to be much in private prayer and communion with God. He appeared to delight in the secrecy of closet devotion. Many were the excellencies which adorned his private character. He was a faithful and loving husband, and a wise and good father. For his grandchildren also he constantly evinced a tenderness and affection which could only be responded to by those who were the objects of these softer feelings which appeared to govern the secret impulses of a heart overflowing with parental and patriarchal love. For many years of late he suffered much from asthma, which were severely felt in his last illness. I greatly feel my loss which I fear I scarcely yet realize, now, therefore I desire to bow with submission to the will of Him through whose mercy and grace I hope soon to have the

happiness of re-union in heaven with him whose absence I now mourn." From my own observations of our departed brother since my appointment to this circuit I can fully endorse the above testimonies of his class-leader and wife. It is not my desire to unduly eulogise the dead or pronounce flattering encomiums over the graves of departed friends; but I feel myself bound by feelings of respect and honesty for him whose life is here but imperfectly sketched to say a few things more of one whom to know was to love and esteem. Concerning his general deportment it may be truthfully said by his kindness and praiseworthiness to all—irrespective of class or creed he won for himself—though he sought it not—the confidence, esteem and admiration of his neighbors and most intimate acquaintances. Kindness appeared to be one of the principal elements which constituted his beautiful character. His manner was somewhat taciturn, assuming at times a meditative disposition. He was perfectly free from ostentation and show of any kind which would betray the spirit of pride and vain ambition. Possessed of a meek and quiet spirit his piety was marked by the absence of everything like a false profession; and gave unmistakable evidence of sincerity, godliness, and brotherly love. Gentle in his demeanor, a child might find access to his person and confidence; while at the same time he could be stern and unbending in matters relative to his conscience and law of God. He was not insensible as a moral agent of his responsibility to Him to whom he would at last have to be accountable for the acts of his life. This prominent trait in his character undoubtedly governed in a great measure his consistent habits and moral principles which were at times transparent in his dealings with the world. Unobtrusive and sincere, his zeal for God and religion always burned with a fervour characteristic of his profession and beautifully harmonizing with the corresponding graces which emit their virtues and emanate from a life of holy walk with God. Naturally modest and retiring he was better known by his acts of christian benevolence and cheerful giving to the cause of Christ, than any particular sign or semblance of a pretentious charity which sometimes appear as an ornament in others of less piety and practical usefulness to the Church. Those who enjoyed christian fellowship with him in the class and prayer-meetings knew well how to appreciate the many excellencies which like clusters of ripe fruit hung around and adorned his social life. His love for the private and public means of grace was proverbial. He felt great pleasure in attending the class-meeting. This delightful means of grace peculiar to the Methodist Church was ever highly prized by him; who not only saw it in one of the great and essential means by which our church organizations are strengthened; but also a means whereby he could emulate the piety of those who composed the noble bands of the "early Methodists," whose heroic example of self-denial and suffering he regarded as ever worthy of our profound admiration and respect. He considered this sacred institution of our church as one of the best means which tends to cultivate the spirit of holy living and brotherly love. It was indeed to him "the communion of saints." Nor was love for the public worship of God less distinguishable. In respect to this which deserves notice here, he evinced more than an ordinary desire for the services of the sanctuary. His delight was to dwell in the house of the Lord." His feelings in this particular were similar to those expressed by the Psalmist in the 84th Psalm. There were times when he was unavoidably prevented from attending the services in the church so hallowed and sanctified by its many associations and pleasing reminiscences to his affections and memory. The peculiar geographical position of the places within the area of this circuit so intersected by arms of the sea sometimes renders it unsafe in rough weather for those who live at a distance and prevented by nature's barriers to attend. This was the case with him; which he sadly felt and deplored. Neither was it safe for him of late years owing to physical infirmities and advancing age to attend regularly during the winter months. When this prevented, his Sabbaths were spent in his quiet home in reading God's Holy Word, our beautiful hymns, and such books as were purely religious in their character and tendency and afforded proper food for his devotional spirit. Many other praise-worthy things could be said of him; beautifully illustrative of the grace of God which gave evidence of its growth and development as he drew near his tomb. The life of our blessed Saviour and Divine Pattern found in a great measure its exemplification in the life of our dear friend, whose death was somewhat sudden but peaceful. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."