## WESLEYAN' ALMANAC JANUARY, 1878.

New Moon, 3 day, 9h, 32m, Morning. First Quarter, 11 day, 2h, 32m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 18 day, 7h, 56m, Afternoon.

	Day of Week.	SUN		MOON.			HTde
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)	Wednesdy	7 26	4 1	6 2	10 5	2 8	3 5
	Thursday	7 25	4 3	6 41	10 56	3 11	4 5

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, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY .- Add 12 hours to of the sun's setting, and from the sum sub FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Substract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning

A CRUMB OF COMFORT FOR THE ITINERANT'S TABLE.

BY MARY B. WILLARD.

My neighbor, the minister's wife, came home from conference last night. What blessed days are these on which we are fallen, when the pastor's weary wife takes her yearly "outing" as one of the perquisities of the itinerancy? As she leaned over the fence to say held on to her and kept track of her, disappeared, and her whole being had change into something rich and princess in some big Eastern city. It strange." Standing there so lovely in used to come kind o' hard on me once her rejuvenation, my neighbor detailed to me, in her sprightly way, the delights of conference—its exercises. its politics, and the general outcome. which to us Metholists means, of course, the "appointments."

"But oh, if you had seen a strong man break utterly down, and the tears streaming down his face," said the kind-hearted woman, her visage marred again with the returning lines of care at the remembrance of another's sorrow, "you'd be as ready as I to call in question the wisdom of the itinerant system." We've had many a little word-fight-my neighbor and I-over this church problem, and it ought to be said for her that if she is heterodox at this point, spealing methodistically, it is because of others' woes rather than her own. "To think," she went on, "after years of conference-plodding in the hope of mounting up the conference ladder toward the 'good places' by the time his boys needed school advantages, and then with his five children to be sent to a circuit of which Hardscrabble is the best point both in respect to support and a comfortable home. Oh, it is hard! and he such a lovely-spirited man, too, never so much as breathing a word of resentment, but all melted down with submissive sorrow. I cried my own eyes nearly blind, and my best handkerchief wringing wet," she added, her renewed vivacity getting the mastery of sympathy for the mement, though the tears stood glittering in her eyes even now.

By this time grandmother, who had heard the voices, was dragging her little Shaker rocking chair out upon the porch for her share in the "dish o' talk." She must have been somewhere about all the time, for she took in the situation in a twinkling.

Grandmother's wisdom is such an institution in the household, that when she opens her mouth in parable or story we all quietly wait and listen. sure that the nuggets of experience will enrich us all. "If I hadn't lived some of the best years of my life on a circuit. mebbe I should think 'twas an awful on so about. I was set up about our bad place, too," said the dear old lady, boys-Aaron always said so-but I

went on greatly to my neighbor's amusement. "When Aaron and joined conference there was just as fine a lot of young men ordained deacons that year as you'd ever wish to seeregular 'Brush college,' saddle-bag young preachers with no starch nor nonsense about 'em, not a bit-that is to say, when they started in. Some on 'em got starch and nonsensical enough before they got through, but they were all right then. Aaron and I were sent to Pine Lake circuit that year with John Manly as junior preacher and six appointments. John had the real 'go' in him, and made things fly around Pine Lake that year, and of course 'twant likely the elder would let such smart, beautiful sermons fall on the hard. stony ground of Pine Lake circuit two years runniug, when Millville and Newtown couldn't find preachers halt smart enough to bring in the rich people and speculators that came pouring into the Western towns them days. Aaron and I settled that question the first three months, and we began to look up a new junior for next year. Aaron was one of the slow, plodding preachers, and made no kind of doubt but he'd come back to Pine Lake himself; and so he did, with a young fellow right off the farm to ride circuit with him, while John Manly went onto Millville, built a nice church, staved his reg'lar two years, then jumped all the old brethren that looked so kind o' scared and sorry when John's name was read off for the capital of the state, the best station in conference, that I knew they felt as it the old ship was going onto the rocks, sure. John took his wife from Pine Lake, though—a dear little creature, as sweet and soft-mannered as you'd ever see in a town, if she was a farmer's daughter-little Lucy Fithian, one of my Sunday-school girls, and I always "good morning" and "how d'ye do?', and that's how I know about John and her face seemed radiant with more than his fortunes so well. We' hear every the morning sunshine. The lines that | now and then of a new baby in the were fast deepening into wrinkles had house, and old Mrs. Fithian used to send me word by the young preachers evidently "suffered (?) a conference- to conference how Lucy lived like a

in a while, living in a log-house that wasn't very warm for these cold Illinois winters, and my children not very well clothed against the storms and weather; but I never let on to Aaron, and just hugged the children closer at night when the winds whistled through the house. 'Twas twenty years, Sister Hoffman, 'fore Aaron and I got off the circuit and into a good-sized town that took all the preaching Aaron could do. His hair and mine was both turning a little by that time, and John, our eldest boy, was junior preacher at Pine Lake that year. He hadn't had much schooling, to be sure; only what he got from his father, and two winters that he worked for his board at Bro. Fenton's. in Newtown. But they liked John at Pine Lake, and next year he took Tom with him-both on 'em nothing but boys, but they were ordained deacons together in '44. Tom's the one that died in India in '57," said grandmother. with tears in her voice. "When John was presiding elder—that must have been as late as '60, just before the war I thought I'd ride over Pine Lake circuit with him for another sight of the old places. Lucy Fithian, John Manly's wife, you remember, was home for the summer; and oh, so little and puny and pale-a sad, broken-down woman, but as sweet and genteel with her lace cap and lavender ribbons as any city lady I'd ever seen. I introduced my John to her-great, splendid man that he was and is-with so much pride that she felt it a little, and I was sorry afterward, I told her about Tom's going as a missionary, and we cried together over his death out there in a heathen country; and when she knew that James Severance's wife was my own little Lucy, she said 'Why, Sister Granger they do say in our part of the country that Dr. Severance will be one of the new bishops next general confer-

ence!' and she looked as pleased and

her'n that old Mrs. Fithian used to go

asked her to tell me about her children that I wished I'd held my peace. 'I don't know how it is, dar Sister Granger,' says she; 'I thought the Lord was very good to us when He gave us three fine boys, one after the other: and very severe when He took Jamie the brightest one of all, to Himself. It seemed as if we could do so much for our children and bring them up so nicely; but now-a-days I thank Him most for taking Jamie just when He

"She couldn't go on, and I couldn't have let her if she'd wanted to she shook so with sorrow and tears. One of the circuit preacher's wives told me afterward how Robert, their eldest boy, got into some kind of disgrace in college and ran away to California with the gold-hunters, and never's been heard of since. She said the second boy wouldn't take an education, and went into business quite young, and was a thriving man in New York city, but, says she, 'wlthout any more religion than you can put in your thimble.' So I saw why Lucy was glad the Lord took Jamie when He did, and I was real thankful to hear that the little girl that came after Jamie did grew up a real comfort to both John and his wife, married well, and thev make their home with her now. John was superannuated a good many years before Aaron died, just as he always prayed he might, 'in the harness.' Of course I don't say it mightn't all have turned out very differently, and 'twas all of the Lord's dear mercy that 'twas so well with us and our children; but I always feel, Sister Hoffman, when I look over my family,—at my two boys. good strong men in the church to-day. and then that lonesome grave in India -that I'm glad the Lord let me raise my boys on the circuit."

"I wish poor Bro. Grav could hear the story," said my neighbor. Perhaps he may, for in that hope I have written it down .- Northwestern .

If your Pastor does not call for your subscription send it on yourself in a preached the "word" unto them. The registered letter. The cost of registra- walk to the Asylum was long, for an old

We are asked to explain the case of our Lord's driving the money-changers out of the temple. The querist has seen a picture in his Bible, representing Christ scourging the traders. By reference to our Commentary on John ii., he will see that the "scourge" was not for the men, but for their cattlenot to hurt them, but to drive them out. O these Bible pictures! What wretched comments they are! Just think of the wise men represented as three kings"—one of them a negro riding on camels, etc. We like pictures of scenes—illustrations taken from nature-but pictures of Christ, the prophets, apostles, and other Scripture characters—we have no use for them. -Nashville Adv.

There was once a small child who would never please, believe, if you even went down on your knees; And call out to her mother in words such as these "I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease, Once blew her away in a powerful breeze, Over the mountains, and over the seas, To a valley where never a dinner she sees, But down with the ants, the wasps and the bees,

In the woods she must live till she learns to say —St. Niehola Magazine.

## OBITUARY.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LADE ARCHI-BALD MORTON OF HALIFAX.

The following biographical sketch is compiled from information furnished the writer by friends of the departed, who are desirous to add to what already has been written in these columns in grateful memory of so sanctified a life, in order that the holy savour may be still further per-

Our much lamented friend and father in the gospel, Archibald Morton, was born at Halifax in the year of our Lord 1801. We must pass immediately from the cradle to the important event of his second birth, for like Summerfield, all the time between was unrecalled except as matter of regret, and on that account left an unfilled blank. Summerfield said. "I was born at Preston and born again at Dubhappy as if he was her own son; and lin." Archibald Morton was born again that made me think I'd better find out in his native city when 26 years of age, about some o' those lovely babes of under the ministrations of Rev. W. Croscombe. His parents were adherents of the Presbyterian Church, but for some time previous to conversion he had found his way to Methodist meetings, and was cking to and fro. She took up the couldn't help it, they'd come on so fast first awakened under the preaching of the Fig. 1 for both stocking and story, and from the very bottom round of the lad- Rev. Stephen Bamford, and after conver-

der. Well, she looked so sad when I sien he from choice connected himself | Very often when the hymn was given Church, in which connection he remained clear "-he would substitute now for One of the earliest developments of Methodism was the readiness with which it found work for its laymen according to For several years before his last, he seem their gifts and graces. It would require almost every letter of the alphabet to initial the names of the offices which this organization has found for its members Bro. Morton was not long left idle. After the love of Christ first constrained him he was placed on the plan of the Halifax circuit as a local preacher, and about the same time he was appointed to the charge of a Society class.

Our now sainted brother was a workman that needed not to be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth. He was not only mighty in the Scriptures, but having a naturally retentive memory, and being a diligent reader, he could converse or speak on almost any subject of interest. In the year 1836 he removed with his family to the United States, and resided for some time at Philadelphia. where he was ordained a local preacher of the M. E. Church. His gifts for usefulness were so well appreciated by his friends there, that they frequently urged him to enter the Itinerancy among them, but for reasons unknown he declined. Returning after a short absence to his

old home, he took up the work where he had left it. For thirty years he was leader of the choir, first in the Argyle Street, and then in the Grafton Street Church. and also Superintendent of the Sabhath school belonging to these congregations. During several years he led two classes from the membership of which many other leaders had been furnished, and a few preachers of the Gospel, among the latter the late Rev. Dr. C. DeWolf. He was for nine years a city missionary, and the arduous duties of his position seriously impaired his health. Frequent and confining visits to the homes of the degraded and the slovenly, filled with the foulest air, soon told on a constitution not very rugged Many a dying sinner has be pointed to Christ when fulfilling his mission of love, and when afterwards he was obliged to cease from the full activities of these labours, he did what he could, and until laid aside on what proved to be his death-bed he visited the Poors' Asylum every Sabbath afternoon-and tion will be but Two Cents for Two man, and toward the close of his life it tives could soothe as none others can. All the way on the arm of another, that he repaired thither. The severe cold which terminated in his death was contracted by his journey thither on an inclement afternoon. The dictates of love for the poor and the suffering were stronger than those of caution and self-interest. Literally he died in the harness; a worthy end for a veteran soldier.

> All Mr. Morton's religious life showed system and the power of settled principle. Nowhere was this more evident than in his giving. He kept what he called "the Lord's box," into which he placed a certain amount of his income, and when any collector for missionary or charitable objects stepped in, he would look into the box to discover how much of the "Lord's money" he held in trust, and what was given was given cheerfully. In the Quarterly Board and Leaders meetings his natural judgment, and high Christian attainments, caused him to be looked up to for counsel by his brethren and sisters in the Lord. Settled and immovable in his convictions nothing could induce him to deviate from a felt duty, or from the old landmarks which he loved; while the charity which never faileth mellowed his deportment. Especially in later years, so that his words of advice were full of the wisdom which cometh down from above.

Nowhere will our lamented brother be more missed than in the Brunswick St. prayer meetings. Always in his place, always ready to take part, so fervent in prayer, so pointed and practical in exhortation, the vacant seat beside the preacher's stand will be eloquent for years to come to those who are left behind. No where was the depth of his piety more apparent. In prayer he held conscious communion with God, the unction of which fell on all whom he led to the throne of grace: his scriptural addresses were in demonstration of the Spirit. In seasons of revival his face glowed with delight. Holiness to the Lord was his motto, and was reached by his life, and there were times when it appeared written in his countenance. The confidence which he had toward God told plainly that he walked in the light as God is in the light, and had fellowship with the Father and with the Son, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed momentarily from all sin. He often quoted as his experience-

Not a cloud doth arise To darken the skies, Or hide for one moment My Lord from my eyes.

out beginning, "When I can read my title

" Now I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies."

ed to live as much in heaven as on earth. like a high hill whose head is above clouds and storms in the perpetual sumbine One of the most valued relics which w compiler of these remeniscences possesses is a paper sent by Mr. Morton at the beginning of his last new year, a copy of which was sent to all the leaders of the Brunswick Street Church. It is headed " Holiness," and contains many texts for reference under the topics, "Commanda to be holy," "Prayers for holiness," and " How to be holy," and has proved an invaluable guide.

When in his final illness he was at last seized with paralysis, and rendered helpless, would say to his family, "I want you to acknowledge it is the Lord's do. ing." To those who came to see him while he could speak, he would say, "The Lord bless you," and when he could no longer articulate he would take the hand of the visitor, smile, and point to heaven. There were his heart and treasure, and as we have seen, there had been his conversation for years. For him death had no sting, and he sweetly entered into rest on the 27th day of August, 1877. May these lines be blessed of God in stimulating others to follow him as he followed Christ.

R. B.

MISS LILEY VANBUSKIRK.

The subject of this brief memoir was converted at the age of/15 years. It was at the time when a revival of religion was in progress at Liverbool, during the pastorate of the Rev. Joseph Gaetz. As she had always been of a light, gay, thoughtless disposition, her own mother and friends were at first doubtful of her change, but soon learned to rejoice that they put no stumbling block in the way of her union with the visible church. Our purpose is to pass on over the intervening three years to the time of her last sickness when the formation of character by Divine grace became most decided and In the early part of Outober last, she

removed from Middleton to the home of her grandfather, T. S. Harding, in Winds sor, when the tender care of nearest rill others saw that her days were few. but sh herself did not seem to realize that she was going, and made innocent plans for a happy future which was never to be. It was hard to rob so gentle a soul of the child. ish visions and hopes that gave such real delight, but pious friends felt that there must be spoiled in order to draw the affections entirely from earth, and that their whole force might centre in the new home she was fast approaching. It was a while before she fully grasped the thought of approaching death, but when the whole truth was faced, and after s struggle she could give up all that made earth dear, her peace and confidence became marvellous. Had death confronted one naturally as timid and confiding Lilly VanBuskirk to grapple with it alone she must have been crushed, but as it was, with the grace and supporting presence of our Lord Jesus Christ she became a gentle heroine.

From the moment when she willingly gave up all and leaned the weight of her confiding spirit upon Christ who suddesly became to her more precious and kind, and nearer than she had ever dreamed possible, she matured in wisdom and spirituality so rapidly, that they who knes her wondered. Her words, her manner was still the child's : but her faith and spiritual insight, were those of the experienced saint; and when she died, she like "a shock of corn fully ripe."

Sometimes when waking she would sing: her favorite hymns were "The sweet by and by," and "what a friend we have in Jesus." She often spoks complacently of death. On the evening of her last Sabbath she requested her mother to read Ecclesiastes xii. and said, "I am only waiting to go home to Jesus." On the afternoon of the next day, con scious she was going, she told the writer before parting, "we shall meet in hear en." In the evening she suddenly said, 1 am dying, and called all the relatives is the house to her bedside, taking hor mother's hand she prayed, "O Father help her bear this," and giving her Bible 10 her sister charged her to meet her above After praying for all in the house, she exclaimed, Oh, heaven is a beautiful place! Her last words faintly uttered were "Lord Jesus." This was early in the morning of the 4th of December, 1877. Windsor, 1877.

Sore Throat.-The best cure we kn of for sore throat is a gargle of Pal Killer and water-it acts like magic.

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