

WESLEYAN ALMANAC JANUARY, 1878.

New Moon, 3 day, 9h, 32m, Morning. First Quarter, 11 day, 2h, 52m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 18 day, 7h, 56m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 25 day, 1h, 35m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, HALLS. Rows list days of the week and corresponding times for sunrise, sunset, moonrise, and moonset.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position 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.

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 perquisites of the itinerancy?

went on greatly to my neighbor's amusement. "When Aaron and I joined conference there was just as fine a lot of young men ordained deacons that year as you'd ever wish to see—regular '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 of '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 running, when Millville and Newtown couldn't find preachers half smart enough to bring in the rich people and speculators that came pouring into the Western towns then 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, stayed his regular 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 if 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 held on to her and kept track of her, and that's how I know about John and his fortunes so well. We hear every now and then of a new baby in the house, and old Mrs. Fithian used to send me word by the young preachers to conference how Lucy lived like a princess in some big Eastern city. It used to come kind o' hard on me once 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 conference!' and she looked as pleased and happy as if he was her own son; and that made me think I'd better find out about some o' those lovely babes of her'n that old Mrs. Fithian used to go on so about. I was set up about our boys—Aaron always said so—but I couldn't help it, they'd come on so fast from the very bottom round of the ladder. Well, she looked so sad when I 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 did.' "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-bunners, 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, 'without any more religion than you can put in your thumb.' 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 they 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. Gray could hear the story," said my neighbor. Perhaps he may, for in that hope I have written it down.—Northwestern.

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Very often when the hymn was given out beginning, "When I can read my title clear"—he would substitute now for when—"Now I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies." For several years before his last, he seemed to live as much in heaven as on earth, like a high hill whose head is above clouds and storms in the perpetual sunshine. One of the most valued relics which the compiler of these reminiscences possesses is a paper sent by Mr. Morton at the beginning of his last 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, "Commands 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, he would say to his family, "I want you to acknowledge it is the Lord's doing." 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 Liverpool, 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 marked. In the early part of October last, she removed from Middleton to the home of her grandfather, T. S. Harding, in Windsor, when the tender care of nearest relatives could soothe as none others can. All others saw that her days were few, but she 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 these 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 a 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 as 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 suddenly 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 knew 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 was 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 spoke 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, conscious she was going, she told the writer before parting, "we shall meet in heaven." In the evening she suddenly said, I am dying, and called all the relatives in the house to her bedside, taking her mother's hand she prayed, "O Father help her bear this," and giving her Bible to 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. R. B.

Not a cloud doth arise To darken the skies, Or hide for one moment My Lord from my eyes. SORE THROAT.—The best cure we know of for sore throat is a gargle of Paul's Killer and water—it acts like magic.

OBITUARY.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LATE ARCHIBALD MORTON OF HALIFAX. The following biographical sketch is compiled from information furnished 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 perpetuated. 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 un-filled blank. Summerfield said, "I was born at Preston, and born again at Dublin." Archibald Morton was born again in his native city when 26 years of age, under the ministrations of Rev. W. Crosscombe. 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 first awakened under the preaching of the Rev. Stephen Bamford, and after conver-