

WESLEYAN ALMANAC, OCTOBER, 1876.

Full Moon, 3 day, 6h, 42m, Morning. Last Quarter, 10 day, 6h, 5m, Morning. New Moon, 17 day, 5h, 43m, Morning. 1st Quarter, 25 day, 3h, 40m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Sets), and HINDS. Rows include SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY for each day of the week.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parryboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 3 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 29 minutes LATER.

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.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

Continued from first page. THE WOMEN'S PAVILLION

is just opposite, let us take a peep in there. This building is devoted to the exhibition of the handiwork of the women of the United States. Entering the library, one is disappointed at not finding a fuller and more complete representation of the fair authors of the land. Harriet Beecher Stowe with characteristic immodesty stands out most prominently—but we looked in vain for many of our favorites. Our better half found in this building much to entertain and detain her, but we must confess that the most interesting object to us was a *Butter woman*, moulded by a young lady of the West. This butter bust is an exquisite affair. In fact, it is the only woman we have as yet seen, that we liked well enough to eat; and if she had not been so carefully pavilioned, we being hungry, she might have suddenly disappeared. But without joking, the butter woman is a marvel of skill, and bespeaks great artistic taste and power for its author. She who made this butter bust, will before the bicentennial of this country, be crowned as one of the first of sculptors in marble. On the whole the woman's pavilion amply repays one for all the time spent in it, and reflects great credit on the fair and beautiful of this country.

Not far from here is AGRICULTURAL HALL.

We would like to spend some time there, for it is brimfull of interest, but must hurry forward, stopping only long enough on our way at Brewer's Hall to get a refreshing glass of water. Taking a turn through Pomological and Horticultural Halls, whose luscious beauty and fragrance, so tempting, will long cling to us, we find ourselves standing in front of

ART GALLERY, OR MEMORIAL HALL.

Our circle is nearly completed, taking in all the principal buildings of the Exhibition, and we are now near main building, our original point of departure.

Memorial Hall is the most imposing and ornate of all the buildings, erected at a cost of \$1,500,000, by the State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia. It is built of granite, glass and iron. It is designed to remain as a memorial of the Exhibition, and is to be made the receptacle of an industrial and art collection, similar to the famous South Kensington Museum, London. We spent much time here but will not dare to describe. Here, more than anywhere else, one feels, if he does not speak it out,—there is too much of it—the vastness and multiplicity of the exhibit overpowers one, and he fails to reap that pleasurable benefit from it that he would if it were not so large and grand a scale. But the lover of art will have his whole soul thrilled and filled here. He will be disappointed, too, in many of the productions of foreign countries. They have not, as a rule, brought forward their best—but few of the old masters are here represented. It strikes us that foreign nations undervalued the art talent of this country, and failed in consequence, to measure up to the demands upon them as competitors. Italy, in our judgment, will bear away the palm in statuary, and we would not be surprised if on the whole, America comes off best in oil painting. England's exhibit here is very fine, and Canada does not show badly for a young nation. We are sorry to find in the glorious display contained in Memorial Hall and annex so much waste

art. As Christian nations we conspire in condemning Greece and Rome for their Bacchanals and Heralias, and nude art, and we professing a so much holier culture and refinement, shrink not from disgracing ourselves before the world by imitating them in this barbarism. Let us notice one piece of statuary and then we will leave this department. Among the many that fascinated us there was one most exquisite little statue in marble called "The Forced Prayer," representing a little child, with hands reverently folded, and an immitable scowl on its face, and tears in its eyes, with a point on its lips, kneeling in the attitude of prayer. We wondered while looking at this statue, whether Pietro Guarnario, if he was to enter some of our places of social prayer, would not find older subjects for his chisel.

It is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous—let us take it, and come down from Memorial Hall to

THE CANADIAN LOG CABIN.

As a rule the State buildings are very fine and imposing structures finished and furnished with great taste and cost. Especially is this true of the British State Buildings, and of the New York and Colorado buildings. But when we get around to Canada—lo! a pile of boards erected on logs for pillars. In view of the fact that those buildings are so soon to be demolished we think that Canada has manifested here her usual shrewdness and practical good sense. If not the finest she has the widest, most common sense building on the grounds. If her pillars are logs, and her roofing slabs, and her furniture planks instead of marble and mahogany, she has builded wiser than all the others. And before closing, as American-Canadians we wish to say that Canada proves in almost every department, where she is represented, that she could build other than log cabins if she chose. We knew not how much interest she was taking in the great Exhibition, and confess that it was with some feeling of trepidation that we began to look up the Canadian Exhibit, but the trepidation soon vanished or transformed itself into exultation. Canada stands grandly among the nations almost everywhere, through the entire Exhibition. In her departments of mineralogy, she is outdone by none. Her Educational Exhibit is second to none, so far as we can see, and we have taken special pains to visit and compare, the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Educational Departments—the representative States in this country in Education at matters. In almost every department, Canada need not fear to hold up her products, challenging the criticism and competition of the world. Of course in all this her youthfulness is not forgotten.

There is one department, however, in which Canada does not, in our judgment, stand as well as in all others, that is the art department. We do not profess connoisseurship in this direction, but nevertheless claim to be not all unlearned in the principles of art criticism and art-culture as set forth by Bouvier and Ruskin, and other acknowledged masters; besides we have stood behind the artists' chair, and watched through long hours of intense interest the growing landscape developing under the magic touches of the brush, all the way from the meagrest outline to the perfect nature, and although we were surprised and exceedingly gratified with her art exhibition, our opinion is that Canada does not compare quite so favorably here as elsewhere with other nations.

But if viewed in the light of Ruskin's dictum this is but another jewel in her crown. In his "Queen of the Air," he says, "that the period in which any given people reach their highest point in art is precisely that in which they appear to sign the warrant of their own ruin." He makes also the period of highest art synonymous with that of the greatest indolence and cruelty; so we are still proud of our natal country, and will not be sorry even if she prove inferior in Memorial Hall. Not that we do not wish her to excel in art, but that we would have her period of her decay and ruin, long postponed. Long may she live. Going through the various State buildings, and coming to her humble log cabin, although complying with request we had already registered in New York's splendid mansion, and although Canada's offered us no register, save a huge pine plank, yielding to the irresistible impulses of our old first love, we dashed our name down there as a loyal son of the New Dominion still. That name, if you care to know was the humble, unheralded name S. C. FULTON.

The family of Sir Isaac Newton is at the present day represented by the earl of Portsmouth, whose ancestor married a daughter of the philosopher's niece; and a large mass of Newton's manuscripts have been carefully preserved at Hurbourne. We are informed that the noble owner has recently submitted these papers to the inspection of Professor Adams and other Cambridge men of science, with a view of presenting to the University such as are of purely scientific interest.

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH TO PROVIDE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION FOR THE YOUNG.

AN ESSAY, Read before the S. S. Convention of the Cumberland District, by Rev. R. A. Daniel, and published by request of the Convention.

(Concluded.) Mere knowledge is not necessarily good. It is power tis true; but it may be power for evil. It may be a lamp held so as to guide into safety; or a torch flung so as to scatter death on every hand. Greece possessed the most perfect system of philosophy, but that did not save her from internal corruption which wrought her ruin. When France defied reason, the streets of Paris ran with blood. Knowledge directed to wrong ends works evil—the destruction of all the guards of social purity and national strength. The earth must be directed by heavenly wisdom. The highest knowledge is that which "maketh wise unto salvation." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding."

Such wisdom is only to be found in Bible training. It is true the morals of Christianity are taught in secular schools; but they are as powerless as pagan codes of morals for the making of character. A deist after publicly laboring to disprove Christianity, and to bring Scripture into contempt as a forgery, was found instructing his child from the New Testament. When the inconsistency of this was referred to his reply was—that it was necessary to teach the child morality, and that nowhere was there to be found such morality as in the Bible. The morality of the Bible is the expression of life. It is not artificial; but natural. It is not built up like a temple; but grows from within like a tree. It grows out of personal trust in and love to God; and is the result of this inner life as the branches from out of the tree. To sever the branches from the roots which are the sources of its life would bring swift destruction upon the goodly cedar of Christian morality—forming an instructive comment on the words of holy writ their blossom shall go up as dust; because they have cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel." The work and sphere of the Church is then evident.

This instruction while it is biblical should also be denominational. The catechism must take a prominent place in the school. We have no sympathy with the liberalism of the day which would discard all creeds and catechisms. Things have changed wonderfully within a century—since Wesley was stoned by infuriated mobs. A little more than a century ago, two men were tied to the tail of a cart and whipped through the streets of Boston with knotted lashes, because they were Quakers; and another was publicly beaten for being a baptist. All that, it seems, has passed away; and as society usually goes to extremes, it is verging now toward the extreme of liberalism. So friendly are the churches becoming—so much do we hear about Christian union—that really the line of distinction seem almost obliterated; a great many do not know what they believe; and men are saying it does not matter what the creed may be if the life be right. But it does matter; for a people loose in their creed will be loose in their life. There can be no piety without theology; in order to love God we must know him, and theology is the knowledge of God. Our knowledge will crystallize into certain forms of doctrine: we shall have a distinctive view of Divine truth. Whether Divine sovereignty or Divine love be the centre of our system of theology, some system we must have. A church without a creed is a body without a backbone. It is a rope of sand swept and scattered by the first breath of opposition. Methodism formerly was pronounced in her creed. If we are more liberal than our fathers possibly we are less permanently successful. The stream as it widened has grown shallower. In many cases our religion has been a thing of nerves and tears, lasting as an April shower. In many cases our children grow up without a knowledge of our doctrines, and become an easy prey in some cases to influences, which otherwise they would have been superior to. These hold with a loose

grasp the doctrines and principles of our church, because they are ignorant of what those doctrines are. We would therefore plead for the introduction and the right use of our catechisms in all our schools. They should be buried in the mind of the child—to use the illustration of another—like the water pipes beneath a city, which for a time seem useless being hidden and almost forgotten; yet which, when some day the gates of the reservoir are hoisted become the ways along which flow streams of cool invigorating water. So should these doctrines lie in the mind of the child, that through them streams of salvation may flow.

In conclusion we have only to say; that such instruction should be imparted as to lead to immediate results in conversion. The aim of too many teachers is to have a correct recitation on the Sabbath, rather than a consecration of heart; and life through the week. These things ought not so to be. The Church should see to it that the law of God is not only written on the memory, but upon the heart. So that the children may come to be epistles of Christ written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not on tables of the heart." The teacher should seek to bring the heart under the melting influence of Divine love; so that the intellect may not only receive the impress of Divine truth, but the character the impress of the Divine mind; that they may "obey from the heart that mould of doctrine into which they are delivered." If the child is not thus led from respect of a father's authority to an acknowledgment of the Heavenly Father; and from the tenderness of a mother's love to the compassion of the mother's gentleness; then such an one cannot be truly said to be the member of a Christian class, nor can the instruction imparted be properly regarded as religious instruction. As among the Romans there was a custom of holding the face of every new born infant towards the heavens, signifying by the act that it was to look above the earth. So the Church is to turn the thought of childhood toward that which is spiritual, that the feet may tread heavenward. "Grand a work! How great the responsibility of the Church; if through her care or carelessness the stream of life may be turned heavenward or hellward; if an immortal may be fashioned into a demon or an angel. How great the reward, when the work has been faithfully done—the trust sacredly kept.

"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages," were the words of Pharaoh's daughter to the mother of Moses. Thus Christ commits to the Church the care of childhood, that she may bring it up in the admonition of the Lord." He too says, "I will give thee thy wages." He says to the Church, says to each teacher whether in the pulpit or in the class; "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren ye have done unto me."

Such the work, the responsibility, the reward. A reward more lasting than the stars, even as one of these little ones "is greater than they."

TEMPERANCE HALL.—We understand that some friends of the Rev. G. M. Campbell, of this city, are making preparations to have him preach in the Temperance Hall every Sunday evening during the winter, in order to afford an opportunity to many persons to attend divine service, who are unable to procure pews in the Methodist church. The Rev. Mr. McKeown, resident pastor of this church in Fredericton, is unable to procure seating accommodation for many families who would attend his preaching, but are excluded for the want of pews. Hence the necessity for this extra service. It all probability a new Methodist church will be erected in this city at no distant day.—Fred Rep.

Captain Cameron, the African explorer, was asked at the session of the British Association, to what he owed his success. He replied that he should be remembered that a man, although he was black, was a man just as much as if he were white. The proper way to get on among the natives was to behave towards them like a gentleman was. He found that the use of any force that was unnecessary or at all wanton was likely to endanger any African traveller.

A CLERGYMAN AND A BURGLAR.

(From the New York Sunday Mercury.)

The Rev. Dr. Rice, formerly rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, lived until recently at 109 West Twenty-second street. Early in the summer he went to Hempstead, leaving his furniture and silver locked in his dwelling. A week ago Friday the Doctor came to New York, unlocked the front door and entered the parlor. Soon he heard footsteps coming softly down the stairs. He went into the hall and there he discovered a burglar. "What are you doing here?" asked the Doctor. The burglar pointed a pistol at the clergyman's head and said: "If you move I will blow your brains out," and dragged him into the parlor and told him to sit down. "I began to talk to him," said the Rector to a "Mercury" reporter. "My good fellow," said I, "what induces you to commit this crime upon crime? You have committed burglary, and now you are about to commit murder. It will do you no good to kill an old man like me. You have already run the risk of twenty years in State Prison and to no purpose. If you kill me you will be found out, for I have many friends in the city and am well known here. The murder will cause great excitement, and you will be hanged for it. As a mere matter of policy it is folly to kill me. And then, why do you want to add crime to crime?" "Well, you take the matter pretty coolly," said the burglar. "Who are you, anyhow?" "I'm the Rev. Dr. Rice, of the Episcopal Church, and have spent a portion of my time laboring among your class of 'people.' The burglar's manner changed when I said this, and he took the pistol away from my head. Taking the burglar's left hand in mine (the right held the pistol), I added: "My good fellow what has induced you to lead this life of crime? Why do you do so?" The hand containing the pistol dropped by the burglar's side. "I am suffering," he said, "for food to eat, and am without work and no one pities me. You are the first man, sir, that has spoken a kind word to me in a long time. I shall not harm you. I am surprised at your coolness. You are the most remarkable man I ever saw."

The Doctor had a heavy gold chain hanging from his vest, and a gold watch attached to it. He also had money in his pockets. The burglar did not attempt to rob him. He said:—"You have destroyed all my desire to steal, and as for harming you, you need not fear that. But I must escape, and how to do it I don't know. I am afraid to go out, for you will give an alarm and I shall be arrested. I cannot stay here, that's certain, and I cannot harm you, for you talk so kindly to me. Haven't the heart to injure you, I don't see any other way than to tie you. Is there a closet handy to put you in?"

"That is unnecessary," said the Doctor. "I will allow you to escape. I will give you all the time you want. I will not make any alarm until you are out of danger. My life is in danger, and I promise you that you shall have all the time you want."

"Well, I guess I'll trust you." He started out for the door. As he was about to go out, the Doctor called to him: "My good fellow, you say that you are in want. Here, take this dollar, (handing him a silver dollar). I am willing to help you further if you will write me when you get away. You need not fear to do so, for I will not trouble you, if you really desire to reform."

The burglar stood leaning against the front door of the house with one hand on the knob, looking pensively at the floor. Drawing a long breath, he raised himself full length, and, changing his position to rest himself, he said, slowly, and with much feeling, thank you, sir, thank you, sir. I expected to have a fight with you when I heard you coming in the door. You have conquered me without fighting. You will hear from me again, sir; I will never forget this occurrence. I believe that there is one kind-hearted man left in the world. Good by."

The burglar, casting a glance behind him, slid out upon the stoop, and shutting the door after him, walked rapidly away toward Ninth avenue.