

'WESLEYAN' ALMANAC AUGUST, 1876.

Full Moon, 5 day, 2h, 23m, Morning. Last Quarter, 12 day, 5h, 44m, Afternoon. New Moon, 19 day, 8h, 11m, Morning. First Quarter, 26 day, 2h, 3m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HOURS. It lists sunrise and sunset times for each day of the week.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Corfe, Weymouth, Portland, Winton, Newport and Bournemouth. High water at Pictou and Cape 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 and 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 3 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 4 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 10 minutes LATER.

SAY "OUR FATHER."

BY REV. H. VARD SPAAGUE, A.M. The doctrine of prayer has gained new interests of late in both the religious and the learned worlds. It is indebted for this to the asserted inconsistency of prayer with natural laws, whose universal and unyielding empire every day's discoveries illustrated more and more.

No intelligent Christian denies the prevalence of law or quarrels with its control. He believes it would be ill for this world and for men if this were otherwise. He knows that the sins and miseries of men come largely from their ignorance of law in their disdain and defiance of it. He holds that the law exists in the spiritual as in the physical realm, and is as stern in morals as in matter. He subscribes with entire heartiness to Emerson's saying, "The day of days, the great day of the feast of life is that in which the inward eye opens to the Unity in things, to the Omnipotence of law." But he does not, therefore, admit that the power of prayer consists in its influence on the hearts that make it, and that it has no actual power in the world of God. Its influence on the heart depends on the belief that it is pleasing to God and prevails with him. Destroy this and you destroy that. And he, the intelligent Christian, cannot believe either that any illusion can, in God's universe, by a source of great comfort, of surer victory over evil, of greater purity of heart, than a knowledge of the facts could give; or that, in a revelation of the moral order of the world, God could so trifle with the creatures made in his image as to say, "In everything let your requests be made known, and the peace of God shall keep your hearts," if he were held back by his own laws from answering earnest prayers.

Apart from this feature of the case what that is new can be said about the nature, need, or power of prayer? As for its necessity, in all ages and countries men have prayed. It is an instinct of the human heart, in times of trial at least. The avowed Atheists with flippant tongue denying and deriding the being of a God, in the sunshine and prosperity of the voyage, has fallen on his knees to intreat the mercy of that God, when the storm grew terrible and the breakers roared a-lee. And as for its efficacy, from him who in the night, and by the lonely river, prayed and prevailed and was called a "prince of God," down to this very year of grace, the experience of praying men has proved that prayer is strength in trial, light in darkness, peace in sorrow, the staff of the daily road, and the light of the valley of death. While human hearts remain they have ever been, prayer can never go out of date. Let the speculating and sceptical intellect find what plausibility it will in the suggestions of science, the voice of the heart

can never be silenced, and, while the world stands, care and grief and sin will bring their daily burdens to the God that answers prayer. And this deep-heaving heart of humanity which ever "crieth out for the living God" is stirred, as no other voice can stir it, by that word from the Galilean hills, "When ye pray, say Our Father."

That word lifts our thoughts adoringly to the Personal God, the only satisfying object of worship, trust, and love. There is no other portion for the soul. Atheism looks abroad over all the world of life and beauty, and up into the solemn heavens, investigates the laws of matter and mind, observes the adaptations that everywhere prevail, and says "there is no God." All things from an atom to a sun, all beings from a mole to a man, according to the folly of Atheism, have simply happened to be. But "Atheism is without hope, without glory, as it is without reason. It has its own terrors with nothing to calm them. It gives the soul no security against the direst conceivable evils, and it takes away every moral reason for believing in any ultimate triumph of truth and goodness. Such a hope illumines the darkest aspect of theism; clouds and darkness are round about him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

No better for man is that fascinating theory, fascinating to destroy, which professes to worship God, but adds the explanation that all is God; or that God is that spirit of life and motion and beauty which impress the universe, and has no being apart from it, a "Something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man; A motion and a spirit that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And reels through all things."

Between Atheism and Pentheism the distinction is more verbal than real. The influence on character and life, on the man and the world, must be substantially the same. Nor is there more of strength and hope for man in that dominant philosophy of to-day, which removes God's action as far back into the past,—makes the field of his action as narrow, and reduces himself as near to nonentity as possible, and retain his name at all; which relegates to rude and superstitious times all faith in God who "in the beginning created the heavens and the earth," and still presides over all governor of the world, guardian of the child; and which, instead of this Frammer of the bodies and Father of the spirits of men, exalts the idol of a universal law, and calls in all, on pain of being branded fools, to fall and worship. Who would not utter against such an attempt upon his intelligence and feeling Wordsworth's earnest protest, "I'd rather be a pagan Suckled in a creed unknown So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn. Have light of Proteus coming from the sea, Or hear old Trinton blow his wretched horn."

"Our Father!" Son of the Father, we thank Thee for that word. It tells of pardon for our erring past; it professes strength to our failing hearts; it whispers comfort in our time of grief; and to our brief and burdened lives it promises heaven and home.—Christian Standard.

I WOULD BE GUIDED BY THEE.

BY MRS. BISHOP THOMSON. I would be guided by Thee, Blest Father! Though rugged each pathway be, I'd rather Walk them with bleeding feet About Thee, Than trample on roses sweet Without Thee. I would be guided by Thee, Blest Father! My hand I now reach to Thee— O gather Me close to Thy sheltering side, And lead me! Give me to drink of love's heavenly tide And feed me, I would be guided by Thee, Blest Father! So precious Thy love is to me, I'd rather Thine image were blended with mine. Transcendent, Than revel 'mid jewels that shine Resplendent. I would be guided by Thee, Blest Father! Thy smile in each trial I'd see; When gather The shadow so dark o'er my brow, Life's ending, O, guide, my Father, as now, Ascending.

WHICH. BY MARY B. LEE. "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

"Good morning, Mr. Anderson; pleasant weather for this climate. I've called on a little business,—in fact, to give you an opportunity to devote some of your means to a good work." "Indeed, what is it?" "A new church for the English residents. You know we worship in a very mean building, and if the prosperous merchants, like yourself, will subscribe, say £200, and other smaller amounts, we can have a fine building, an ornament to the town. Come, I know you'll put your name down for £200. There's Tuttle & Wood, £200; Robinson & Sons, £200; Wheeler & Co., £200. Just write Anderson, £200."

"I must think over the matter first. I cannot put down my name for £200 as easily as those gentlemen you have named." "Well, then I'll call again." "Let me see," said Mr. Anderson, when his visitor had departed, I don't like to appear mean, and the church is needed, but whenever I wish to be generous, that old text comes up 'Owe no man anything,' and I feel bound to be honest first. I must look at my list of debts. Ah! there's that old one of Nat Kirby's. How kind he was about it! He told me not to worry, but to pay it when I was able. He has never written so I have left it till the last. I wonder if I had better subscribe to the building fund or pay Nat. I don't like to refuse when all the merchants are contributing; Nat is a rich man and can afford to wait. I believe I'll subscribe and let the debt wait."

Still Mr. Anderson was not satisfied. The subject tormented him all that afternoon and the next morning. "Owe no man anything;" "Be just before you are generous," whispered Conscience, "Do as your neighbors do," said Pride. "Thou shalt not steal. That money is Nat Kirby's. You have no right to use it," answered Conscience.

Mr. Anderson made up his mind to pay what he owed first, help the church afterwards. He took Kirby's account, and calculated the interest and found the amount to be nearly £200. He wrote a note thanking Mr. Kirby for his forbearance and telling him of the draft enclosed. Of course Mr. Anderson could not subscribe to the building fund of the church. He had the moral courage to appear mean rather than be mean. Some years before he had failed in business, and left England to retrieve his fortunes in the West Indies. He was prospering, but the payments of old debts prevented him from having anything to spare.

While the draft directed to Nathaniel Kirby, London, England, is lying in the mail-bag, with many other messages of joy and sorrow, Mr. Kirby was passing through a very sorrowful period of his life. He too had failed and left London for the United States. Times were bad and Mr. Kirby soon exhausted his means. Still he struggled and toiled and hoped for better days, till sickness laid hold of him and the strong man gave way. The terrible heat was very hard on Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, both weak and ill. There was no money to buy fruit or needed food. Everything valuable had been parted with, and debts had been incurred for the necessities of life.

Mr. Kirby lay very ill. Jessie Kirby, the oldest daughter, was fanning him, Mrs. Kirby lay in the next room, the second girl attending her. The small, close rooms were stifling, and Jessie sent her brothers and little sister out to find a shady place to sit. She kept fanning her father and weeping. She was startled by the postman's loud impatient knock, and ran down stairs, little dreaming of what awaited her.

The postman handed her Mr. Anderson's note to "Nathaniel Kirby, London, England." It was re-directed to Dey street, New York, United States. It had been across the Atlantic twice.

"What is it, Jessie?" asked Mr. Kirby, in weak tones. "A letter for you, father. See, it was directed to London, first, and then to New York."

"Open it quickly. The first direction is like Will Anderson's writing. I have been thinking of him all the morning. The money he owes would be a fortune to us now."

"Yes, father, it is from Will Anderson."

"Read it, I can't see." "My dear Friend—With many thanks for your great kindness and forbearance when I was in such trouble. I enclose a draft for £150 with interest to date, amounting to £195. Hoping you and family are well, I remain your much obliged friend."

"WILL ANDERSON."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Kirby fervently. If Mr. Anderson could have seen the Kirbys after the receipt of his draft, he would not have had the least doubt about the wisdom of text "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." He had honored God more by paying a just debt than he would have done by contributing money which was not his, to the building of a church.

Good news is a great invigorator. Unseen, intangible, it effects the nerves. The Kirbys forgot the heat and began to improve. When the doctor came, he found his patients decidedly better. Mr. Kirby was soon up and about. Small debts were paid, food and clothes bought and a few hundred dollars invested in business.

It is astonishing how much a small amount of money accomplishes at critical periods. The payment of a small debt saved Mr. Kirby from ruin.

So Mr. Anderson felt that he had decided justly, and was repaid for being honest first, generous afterwards.—Demorest's Monthly.

THE DEACON'S SINGING SCHOOL.

"I am going to see if I can start a singing school," said the good man, as he stood buttoning up his overcoat, and muffling up his ears, one bitter cold night this winter.

"A singing school," said his wife; "how can you do that?"

"I have heard of a widow around the corner a block or two, who is in suffering circumstances. She has five little children, and two of them down sick, and has neither fire nor food. So Bonnie Hope, the office boy, tells me. I thought I would just step around and look into the case."

"Go, by all means," said his wife, "and lose no time. If they are in such need we can relieve them some. But I can't see what all this has to do with a singing school. But never mind, you need not stop to tell me now; but go quickly and do all you can for the poor woman." So out in the piercing cold of the weary night went the husband, while the wife turned to the fireside and her sleeping babies, with the glow of health on their cheeks, showed that they knew nothing of cold or pinching want. With a thankful spirit she thought of her blessings, as she sat down to her little pile of mending. Very busy and quietly she worked, puzzling all the time over what her husband could have meant by starting a singing school. A singing school, and the widow! how queer! what possible connection could they have.

At last she grew tired of the puzzling thought, and said to herself: "I won't bother myself about it any more. He will tell me about it when he comes home. I only hope we may be able to help the widow and make her poor heart sing with joy." "There!" she exclaimed, "can that be what he meant? The widow's heart singing with joy? Wouldn't that be a singing school? It must be; it's just like John. How funny that I should find it out!—and she laughed merely at her lucky guess. Taking up her work again she stitched away with a happy smile on her face, as she thought over again her husband's words, and following him in her imagination in his kind ministrations. By and bye, two shining tears dropped down, tears of pure joy, drawn from the deep wells of her love for her husband, of whom she thought she never felt so fond before. At the first sound of footsteps she sprang to open the door.

"Oh John! did you start the singing-school?"

"I reckon I did," said the husband, as soon as he could loose his wrappings; "but I want you to hunt up some flannels and things to help keep it up."

"Oh yes! I will; I know now what you mean. I have thought it all out. Making the widow's heart sing for joy

is your singing-school. Why! precious work, John! 'Pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.' My own heart has been singing for joy all the evening because of your work, and I do not mean to let you do it alone. I want to draw out some of this wonderful music."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR.—Allow me the privilege of saying a few words in reference to the difficulty between Dr. Pickard and the N. S. Conference. Having written the report to which he takes such strong objection I deem it a duty to all concerned to state what I feel and have felt in reference to it. I do not enter at all into the questions discussed—those must be settled by the parties themselves. I simply confine myself to the charge brought by Dr. Pickard against the Conference of establishing what he deems to be an unnecessarily injurious and offensive report.

You stated in your last issue that the account of the proceedings as furnished by the reporter was a correct one. Let me state my own impression—I will endeavour to do so fairly. I felt when reading the report when published, as doubtless many of my brethren also felt, that although it might be true enough as a statement of fact, that still there was danger that it might prove very incorrect so far as its general effect was concerned. My fears in this respect have been confirmed by Dr. Pickard's letter. He concludes at once. I do not say whether or not the report was sufficient grounds for such a conclusion. Perhaps it was—that there was a desire and deliberate attempt on the part of the Conference to injure his reputation and standing. In this so far as I know he is utterly mistaken.

There is no need to deny or conceal the fact that there was great dissatisfaction with the course of the Financial Agent that the Conference felt that this position was untenable and injurious to itself, and it meant to record distinctly its disapproval of his action. So far as the report conveys this impression I have no apology to offer. No account which was faithful to the Conference could have ignored these facts or put them in such a form that the report would have been acceptable to the censured party. This Dr. Pickard himself could not expect, and to say that the report if properly written should not have appeared is simply to say that such a resolution should not have been passed.

Any one can understand however and no one better than the Financial Agent himself, that words may be spoken and statements made in the warmth of debate, as the effluence of feeling, which would pass harmlessly by if simply listened to but, which, if hastily written and stereotyped into a report would convey, and perhaps, unless read in the most charitable light, could convey no other idea than that of intentional injury. This accounts for the circumstance to which reference is made by Dr. P. himself whose previous intercourse with our officials does not appear to have left him in a mood for the most unbounded exercise of charity, and which was unquestionably a fact that no friend of his, and he had many in the Conference, was found to raise his voice in his defence. There was warm feeling and strong language but there was not manifest, nor, I believe felt by any one much less by the Conference collectively any desire or intention to hurt a hair of his head or to affect injuriously his honorable standing among his brethren and before the world. In so far as the report makes any such impression upon the Financial Agent or any one else the blame should rest not upon the Conference but upon the reporter.

I make this statement as a simple act of justice not only to Dr. Pickard, but more especially to the Conference whose officer I was at the time, and whose reputation so far as any official act of mine is concerned I would even hold sacred. It has been violently assailed with imputations under which it has no right to lie. I suppose however that in so far as the report gave occasion for those it would have suffered in silence, but blame should ever rest upon the right shoulders whomsoever they be.

One word in reference to myself. I will be censured, by some severely, perhaps for permitting a report so coloured and pointed, or at least, so crude and liable to misconception to pass from my hand, especially when I realize to some extent, at least the necessity of care in such matters. I simply reply, that to enable the matter to be fully understood would require a somewhat lengthy explanation I do not feel at liberty to give. Even if given, it could only in part perhaps relieve me of the blame. The matter must rest where it is for the present with this simple assurance that it was done, or, more correctly speaking, happened inadvertently and not by design on the part of any one.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong, consequently no one regrets the appearance of the report in the form which it assumed or has more cause to regret it than

B. C. 1000. OF WISDOM

MONDAY—TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY—THURSDAY—FRIDAY—SATURDAY—SUNDAY—TOPIC—Truly Wise—GOLDEN—Dan. 1. for gold, ne for the price—DOCTRINE—104. 24; R

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