

'WESLEYAN' ALMANAC, APRIL, 1876.

First Quarter, 1 day, 11h, 57m, Morning. Full Moon, 8 day, 3h, 24m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 16 day, 4h, 25m, Afternoon. New Moon, 24 day, 2h, 43m, Morning. First Quarter, 30 day, 6h, 13m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, Rises Sets, etc. Lists astronomical data for the month of April.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's ... gives the time of high water at ... and ...

ARE YOU SAVED?

By Rev. D. B. Turney. My dear friend, look at these Capital Letters. I mean with your consent and privilege to make ...

that he had a little boy, and that he was a man of compassion, and she said to herself, 'If Mr. Lincoln knew all about the circumstances, he would not let Bennie be shot.' She took the train and went to Washington. She went to the White House. The sentries after a little passed her in. She went right to the private secretary, and he too, passed her into the President. There were governors and generals there, but when Lincoln turned round and saw the lassie, he asked her what she wanted, and she told it all out in her own way. As he listened, the great tears came stealing down his cheeks—he couldn't keep them back. He at once wrote a despatch and telegraphed it to the front, to have the boy sent to Washington. He went home with that sister. But, my friends, no man ever lived who had the compassion that Jesus had. Sinner, go tell it all out to Him. He knows how prone we are to sin. He will reach out his hand just as he did to the poor leper. There will be virtue and sympathy in that hand.—Moody.

GIDEON OUSELEY.

OUSELEY AT A FUNERAL.—As the priest was reading mass, and the multitude were on their knees, a stranger suddenly rode up. Dismounting, he knelt in the midst of the congregation with manifest solemnity. As the priest went on reading, in a tongue of which the people knew not a word, the stranger caught up passage after passage, selecting, though unknown to his hearers, those portions which conveyed directly Scripture truths or solemn warnings. He suddenly turned the words from Latin into Irish, and repeated aloud after the priest. Then, with deep feeling, he cried at the end of each passage, 'Listen to that!' The priest seems to have been overwhelmed and awed, and the people completely melted. When the mass was ended, and all rose up, Mr. Ouseley, with a face beaming with affection, urged upon the people the necessity of having their peace made with God, telling them that they must become reconciled to Him, and that it was possible so to do by real repentance and true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. As he was taking his departure the crowd cried to the priest, 'Father, who is that? Who is he at all?' 'I do not know,' said the priest: 'he is not a man at all; sure he is an angel. No man could do what he has done.' Long afterwards he (Mr. Ouseley) met a peasant, and accosting him, had a conversation, which we give in the words of Mr. Reilly: 'My dear man, would you not like to be reconciled to God; to have his peace in your heart, and stand clear before the great Judge when He will come in the clouds of heaven to judge the world?' 'Oh, glory be to His holy and blessed name! sir, I have this peace in my heart; and the Lord be praised that I ever saw your face!' 'You have! What do you know about this peace? When did you see me?' 'Don't you remember the day, sir, when you was at the 'berrin' (burial), when the priest was saying mass?' 'I do very well. What about that day?' 'Oh gentleman, you told us then how to get that peace; and I went, blessed be His holy name! to Jesus Christ my Saviour, and got it in my heart, and have had it there ever since.'

OUSELEY WITH THE FLAX-DRESSERS.

When he was travelling in the North of Ireland, he and his companion heard the voices of some young girls at work. They were scutching (dressing) flax. Ouseley, 'quickly alighting, entered the house, taking off his hat and saying, 'God save you, children!' 'Save you kindly, sir,' was the cheerful response. 'What is this you're doing?' 'Scutching flax, sir.' 'Scutching flax! What's that for?' 'Oh, don't you know what flax is, sir? Sure it's what your shirt is made of.' 'What my shirt is made of! How can that be?' 'Don't you see sir,' said one of the elder girls, holding up a bunch of flax. 'That's what we do spin into yarn, and the weavers make (the yarn into the kind of cloth your shirt is made of.' 'Oh, I see—I see' said Mr. Ouseley, 'thank you my dear. And what is all this lying about the floor?' pointing to the heap of chaff which lay at the feet of each of the workers. 'Them's the shows, sir,' 'Shows, my dear! and what will you make of them?' 'Make of them, sir!' and there was a little laugh among the girls. 'Why, nobody could make anything of them.' 'And weren't they part of the flax awhile ago?' 'To be sure, sir; but they are good for nothing now except to be burnt, and a bad fire they make.' 'Oh, I understand, I understand,' said the preacher; and then very solemnly went on. 'And, children dear, just so will the Lord Jesus Christ (and here every head was bowed) come one day with his holy angels, and He will scutch the world, and He will gather together all that is good, every one that is fit for His kingdom, and take them to Himself; and the rest—the shows, the chaff—He will cast into unquenchable fire! 'The Lord save us!' was whispered around. 'Amen,' said the preacher; 'let us pray.' All were promptly on their knees, while Mr. Ouseley, in fervent petitions, pleaded for the salvation of the young workers. Rising up, he blessed

them in the name of the Lord, mounted his horse, and rode away, leaving them hardly sure that an angel had not visited them.

APPEAL IN PREACHING.—On one occasion, when Ouseley was preaching, the crowd began to throw heavy missiles. 'He stopped, and, after a pause, cried out, 'Boys, dear, what's the matter with you to-day? Won't you let an old man talk to you a little?' 'We don't want to hear a word out of your old head,' was the prompt reply. 'But I want to tell you what, I think, you would like to hear.' 'No, we will like nothing you can tell us.' 'How do you know? I want to tell you a story about one you all say you respect and love.' 'Who's that?' 'The blessed Virgin.' 'Och, and what do you know about the blessed Virgin?' 'More than you think; and I'm sure you'll be pleased with what I'm sure to tell you, if you'll only listen to me.' 'Come then,' said another voice, 'let us hear what he has to say about the holy Mother.' And there was a lull, and the missionary began, 'There was once a young couple to be married; and they were told, in homely language, the story of the Wedding in Cana, and wound up thus: 'The master tasted it and lo and behold you! it was wine, and the best of wine too! and there was plenty of it for the feast, ay, and it may be, some left to help the young couple setting up housekeeping. And all that, you see, came of the servants taking the advice of the blessed Virgin, and doing what she bid them. Now, if she was here among us this day, she would give just the same advice to every one of us: Whatsoever He saith unto you do it. And now I'll tell you some of the things He says to us: Strive to enter in at the strait gate.' So the preacher got leave to finish his discourse, with not a little of good effect.' On another occasion a furious mob of roughs came near, bent on mischief. 'Mr. Ouseley immediately, with a loud voice, addressed those nearest him: 'make way for the gentlemen!' and then, with a perfect courtesy of manner, looking at the surprised roughs, he said: 'Come forward, gentlemen; I want to speak to you on important business.' Their leader hushed them to quiet, and quite respectfully approached the preacher. 'You know Father O'Shaughnessy, the parish priest?' 'Yes your reverence.' 'Will you carry a message to him for me?' 'To be sure, your reverence.' 'Well, take Gideon Ouseley's compliments to the reverend father, and ask him, Can he make a fly?'—not the fly that they put on the fishing-hook, but one of those little things buzzing about our ears. 'It's no use, your reverence,' said two or three at once; 'shure we know he couldn't.' 'What! is it Father O'Shaughnessy, the parish priest, cannot make one of these little flies?' 'Och, and sure he could do nothing of the kind!' several voices good humouredly shouted. 'Ah, then, gentlemen, if you're sure he couldn't make a little fly out of a bit of clay, how could he make the blessed Saviour out of a bit of bread?' 'True for your reverence,' said several gravely.

DISCRIMINATIVE PREACHING.

A young minister had gone to a prosperous church in a certain town to preach his first sermon. Before leaving the house the gentleman who was entertaining him suggested to him not to preach against Universalists. 'There are,' said he, 'several Universalist families who have pews in our church, and we don't want them offended.' The young minister promised. At the church vestibule, one of the deacons drew him aside: 'Do you see these gentlemen just passing in? They are Spiritualists, but come here occasionally. I wish you would be a little careful not to say anything that might hurt their feelings.' The minister promised. As he was ascending the pulpit steps one of the elders button-holed him for a moment to whisper an additional caution: 'The leading liquor dealer has just come into church, and he gives us a lift sometimes. I wish you would be particular not to allude to the whisky business or the temperance question.' The young minister, getting fairly frightened to see the moral ground thus steadily narrowing before him, inquired: 'Pray, whom or what shall I preach against, then?' The elder's reply came with an air of triumph: 'Preach against the Jews; they haven't got a friend in town.' If preaching is the art of not hurting anybody, that certainly would have been an effective direction. But if, on the other hand, it means the application of truth to mind and conscience, then that is the most effective which lays the arrow on the string for present effect, which aims at the sins and sorrows that are straight before it, and which determines the effectiveness of the aim by the fluttering of the birds.—Selected.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Behold our Lord on cross upraise! His bleeding wounds the ground have stained. His tortured limbs the nails confine— My Lord! my God! the crime was mine. His bosom bare the blood drop stain While trembling earth proclaims His pain, The dead in fear and dread arise— Is this, O Lord! our sacrifice? The cruel spear has entered wide, The crimson flood flows from his side, The sun in awe and darkness seems Thy love, O Lord, mankind redeems. The vaulted towers of Heaven sound, The weeping angels God surround, The thunders crash, the mountains rend— Mercy, Lord! our souls defend. The lightnings flash their dazzling light, The ocean moans—terrific night, The groans of Earth their terrors blend— Is this O Lord, Creation's end?

FAITH ANSWERED.

Mr. Moody, in a recent sermon at the Hippodrome, related the following incident: As I was coming out of a daily prayer-meeting in one of our Western cities, a mother came up to me and said, 'I want you see my husband, and ask him to come to Christ.' I took out my memorandum book, and I put down his name. She says, 'I want to have you go and see him.' I knew the name, and that it was a learned judge, and so said to her, 'I can't argue with him. He is a great deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then I am not much for infidel argument.' 'Well, Mr. Moody,' she says, 'that aint what he wants. He's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Saviour.' She urged me so hard and strong that I consented to go. I went up to the office, where the judge was doing business, and told him what I had come for. He laughed at me. 'You are very foolish,' he said, and began to argue with me. I said, 'I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have just one favour to ask of you, and that is, when you are converted you will let me know.' 'Yes,

said he, 'I will do that; I will let you know,' and with a good deal of sarcasm. I thought the prayers of that wife would be answered if mine were not.

A year and a half after I was in that city, and a servant came to my door and said: 'There is a man in the drawing-room.' I found the Judge there. He said: 'I promised I would let you know when I was converted.' I had heard it from other lips, but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said his wife had gone out to meet one night and he was home alone, and while he was sitting there by the fire he thought, 'Supposing my wife is right and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and a hell, and I shall be separated from them.' His first thought was 'I don't believe a word of it.' The second thought came, 'You believe in the God who created you, and that the God who created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life.' 'Yes, the God that created me can give me life.' I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O God teach me.' And as I prayed, I don't understand it, but it began to get very dark, and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife, and I pretended to be asleep. She knelt down beside that bed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O God teach me.' I had to change my prayer, 'O God save me; O God take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying, 'O God, take away this load.' I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my knees; I cried in agony to my Lord. 'O Lord, for Christ's sake take away this guilt.' I don't how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said, 'I wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted.' The old Judge said to me: 'Mr. Moody, I have enjoyed life in the last three months more than all put together.' The Judge did not believe. The wife did, and God honored her faith, and saved that man. And he went up to Springfield, Ill., and the old Judge stood up there, and told those politicians what God for Christ sake had done for him.

THE SOLDIER'S HYMN.

Dressed uniform, Christ's soldiers were, When duty calls abroad; Not purchased by their coat nor care, But by their Prince bestowed. Christ's soldiers do eat Christ-like bread. Wear regimental dress; 'Tis heavenly white, and faced with red, 'Tis Christ's own righteousness. A bright and shining robe it is, And to the soldiers dear; No rose can learn to blush like this, Nor lily look so fair. 'Twas wrought by Jesus' skillful hand, And stained in His own blood; It makes the angels gazing stand, To view this robe of God. Their shield is faith, their helmet hope, And so they march along; Christ Jesus is their leader there, And conscience beats the drum. The trumpet sounds at Christ's command, A long and joyful sound, The soldiers shout to praise their King, Whilst walls come tumbling down. 'Tis curious wove and wrought throughout 'Tis of such mixture fine, Nor could the worth of all the globe, By purchase make it mine. VOLTAIRE AT FERNEX.—Voltaire was over sixty when he built himself this magnificent retreat. Yet the score of years that he lived here was probably the busiest of his life. His secretary slept in a little recess above Voltaire's bedroom, and at the least noise at night came down to write under his master's dictation. In this way he made up for the interruptions of society. Many stories are told of the importunate who came from far and near to see the intellectual wonder of his century. None better than the following, which I have never met in English: One day an unknown person demanded to see the lord of Fernex. 'Tell him that I am not here,' shouted Voltaire. 'But I hear him,' urged the stranger. 'Tell him that I am ill, then.' 'I will feel his pulse; I am in that business.' 'Tell him I'm dead.' 'I'll bury him; it won't be the first one, either, I am a doctor.' 'Well,' exclaimed Voltaire, 'that's an obstinate mortal; let him come in. Now, Sir, do you take me for a strange animal?' 'Yes, Sir, for the Phenix.' 'Do you know, then, Sir, that it costs twelve thousand francs to see me?' 'Certainly, here are twenty-four. I'll come again to-morrow.' Voltaire was unarm'd, and lavished all manner of politeness upon his visitor.

OBITUARY.

Died of diphtheria, on the 31st of Feby., at the residence of John Lindsay, Esq., Mrs. THOMAS LINDSAY, of Willamstown, in the 41st year of her age. Mrs. Lindsay was born in Willamstown, and was the eldest daughter of the late Matthew Corbett of that place. She was converted to God during some special services, held on the Jacksonville circuit, by the Rev. John Phinney, from which time, until her death, she was an active and consistent member of the Methodist Church. Her place was seldom vacant in the public or social means of grace, when her health was such that she could attend. Following the example of her Master, she was ever ministering to the afflicted around her, until her self-sacrificing spirit brought her to a premature grave. A few days previous to her sickness, she had left her home to attend on the family of her brother-in-law, then prostrated with diphtheria, and whilst there, she caught that disease in its most malignant form. A physician was at once summoned; but human skill seemed to be of no avail, the disease made steady and rapid progress, until worn out nature sunk beneath it, and she was numbered with the dead. We visited her a few hours before her death, and found her perfectly resigned to the will of God, and rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality. Our dear sister will be greatly missed in the church and the community in which she lived; but most of all in the family circle, where she filled the place of wife and mother in the highest sense of the word. W. D. Died, at Leicester, on the River Philip, Jan. 21st., JOHN FINLAY, in the 69th year of his age. Bro. Finlay experienced the converting grace of God about thirty five years ago under the ministry of the late Rev. W. Wilson. The new heart made a new life. At once he united with the church of his choice, of which he ever after continued an honoured and faithful member. He prized highly the class and prayer meetings, and was regular in his attendance on all the means of grace. Largely did he contribute toward the support of the Gospel. About three years since he was stricken with paralysis, which made him unfit for active work, and incapable of attending regularly the house of God, yet hopes were entertained of his recovery. His last attack of sickness was brief. During special services held at Leicester in January, a prayer meeting was held in his house, at which he gave his testimony of the power of the religion of Jesus to save, and before that time next day he was wearing his crown. He was not, for the Lord took him. W. A. River Philip, March 1876.

TELL OUT YOUR STORY.

There is a story told in the life of Abraham Lincoln, which touches my heart when I read it. One reason why people liked him so much was because he was a man of compassion. The story is that of little Bennie. He enlisted at a very early age. One night the companion who went with him was sick, and Bennie had to go out on picket duty in his stead. The next night Bennie had to go out again. As it was his second night without sleep, he became weary and fell asleep. He was tried and ordered to be shot. When the news reached his father and mother in Vermont, it was a terrible blow to them. News came, also, that Mr. Lincoln was not going to interfere again in army affairs, so the father and mother thought there was no hope for their boy. There was a little child in the family who had read the life of Lincoln, and she knew

MONDAY

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