

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

JULY, 1879.

Full Moon, 3 day, 5h, 24m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 11 day, 4h, 40m, Morning. New Moon, 19 day, 4h, 52m, Afternoon. First Quarter 25 day, 5h, 21m, Morning

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. High water at Falmouth 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 50 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 4 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 4 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 30 minutes LATER.

OBITUARY.

G. LANE, ESQ. To the memory of many Methodist ministers and laymen, seniors and juniors, the name of the late G. Lane, senior, will remain fresh as long as mind has vigour.

Through nine long weeks of intense pain from a singular and rare disease, he exhibited the truest resignation, highest fortitude and the most exemplary patience. Really it could not be believed he was dying, and to the last strong hopes were entertained of his recovery.

On the 27th his remains were conveyed to the earthly resting place of his father in Little York. In the house we spoke from "Thou art my hiding place," and the Rev. Mr. Scott (Pres.) engaged in prayer.

The esteem in which our departed brother was held became evident in the large numbers of all classes, creeds and nationalities who sorrowfully paid their last tribute of respect to his body.

Yours, &c., W. L.

FAMILY READING.

OUR NEGLECT REBUKED.

At one of the fellowship meetings which the native Christians of the South Sea Islands have among themselves, an old man rose and said, "I stand among you to-day a solitary and lonely man. Once I had five noble sons; they are all gone. Oh, that terrible night, when my wife went out to the bushwood never to return—when my boys left my home to be slain by our deadly enemies!"

He sat down. Another man rose up. "I know what my brother says. I, too, mourn to-day sons and daughters slain. If we had known the gospel sooner, they would be with us now. Yes, it is true. Oh, that English Christians had sent us the gospel sooner!"

THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.

The Christian's hope of future blessedness depends upon his assurance of the fact of immortality. In truth, one cannot be a Christian without that assurance; for Christ can have no proper claim to the allegiance of men unless the pledges and promises he has given us of a future state of existence are true and reliable.

Briefly stated, some of the evidences of our immortality are the yearnings of the human heart, which are prophetic of a future life; the inferences of human reason, which help to confirm that prophecy; the declarations and promises of the word of God, which distinctly assure us that we shall live forever; and the historically proved and indisputable fact of Christ's resurrection, which is the most conclusive evidence of the resurrection and external existence of "every soul of man."

Christ lays special emphasis upon the fact of his resurrection as the certain guarantee of the resurrection of the dead: "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and in those sweetly solemn words of our ritual, whose measured cadences have thrilled the stricken souls of thousands with blessed hopes of eternal reunions, as they stood at the graves of loved ones, He says: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

It is on the fact of Christ's resurrection that Paul bases his masterly argument for the immortality of the soul: "Now is Christ risen, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

There is, then, a future existence for us all. "If a man die, he shall live again." But the assurance of our immortality cannot, of itself, give us a well-grounded hope of heaven. "The resurrection of the man Christ Jesus is a sufficient guarantee of the future existence of all, but not of the future happiness of all. Something else is necessary to assure us of that. And now the question is, What is that something? How shall we be made sure of, not desire merely, nor doubtfully anticipate, but confidently expect an eternal life of happiness?"

The Scriptures teach that our future state will be blessed or unhappy, according to the relation we sustain to Christ at death. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" and "even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him;" teaching that those who die in the relation to Christ indicated by these texts, shall not only be raised from the dead, but raised to a state of happiness. The relation of the saved soul to Christ is indicated by the language, "Abide in me, and I in you." It is one of mutual indwelling, in which "God dwelleth in him, and he in God."

By this mutual indwelling, we come into a Union with Christ which is represented to be as close and perfect as that of the branch to the vine. As the branch draws its life from the vine, so the Christian derives his life from God. Thus is the believer made a partaker of the divine nature; that is, not only is his life "hid with Christ in God," but Christ's life is in him. It is the possession of the life of Christ that constitutes the Christian's sure pledge of a happy immortality. For his life is not only essentially immortal, but must, from its very nature, be eternally blessed.

Being partakers of his divine nature, we shall, therefore, be partakers of his blessedness. "Dying in the Lord," i.e., with his essentially blessed life in us, we shall rise to a participation in his glory; "For when Christ who is our life appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory."

Into this eternal life-giving union with Christ we enter by the exercise of a present faith. He who is the Resurrection and the Life gives that life to all who believe. We do not have to wait till death to receive eternal life. We may have it now; for "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." It is begotten in the believing soul, here and now, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; and is different hereafter from what it is now, only in degree, and not in kind. Nor do we have till death, or after death, to know that we have received the gift of eternal life. We may be as sure of it now as we can be of our regeneration and adoption; for the same spirit who witnesses to our adoption, witnesses to our heirship to heaven. "If children, then heirs: heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." Our regeneration, in which

that divine life which is eternally blessed is begotten in our souls, is attested by the love of God and of our neighbor shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. Our possession of this love is a matter of consciousness and of certainty. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." So we know that we have eternal life abiding in us, because we are conscious that the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.

Wherefore, it is a mistake to be always thinking of heaven as something in the remote future. We may have it now, and may know that we have it now. If we ever have heaven at all, hereafter, it will be because it is established in our hearts, here, in this vale of tears. Our only present guarantee of the future blessedness of those who die in the Lord, is the knowledge that we are now living in him, and that we have Christ in us the hope of glory. Our heaven there will be more blessed than we are permitted to have here, because it will be in a better world, where all the conditions are more favorable to happiness, and not because the spiritual elements of it are different. What we see now dimly, we shall then see clearly. But if we have a well-grounded hope of the heaven "beyond the flood," we already have in our souls what we will have there. If, therefore, we would calculate our chances for heaven hereafter, we must take an inventory of our present spiritual possessions and see if we have heaven in our souls now. Have we the heaven of God's presence in our souls? Have we consciousness communion with Him? Have we the mind, the spirit, the life of Christ in us? Have we the fellowship and the ineffable consolations of the Spirit, which support the soul in its darkest hours and worst trials, in reverses, disasters, losses, bereavements?

Oh, if men could only be made to see what solace, what peace of mind, what joy there is in the hope and prospect of heaven based upon the conscious possession of it here, there would be fewer despairing, discouraged souls among them! And yet this hope is offered to every man. The way to secure it is very plain and simple. Only accept Christ for your Saviour and you shall have a sure hope of heaven, even the foretaste of it in your soul; for by him "we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." And these tribulations will not discourage and dishearten you, but you shall even glory in them, and be joyful in spite of them, knowing that they are among the things which increase your treasure in heaven, where your heart is, and to which your hopes are anchored. Blessed hope! Blessed assurance of heaven! How it cheers the soul in the sorrows of life! God give us all this hope!

DR. ARNOLD AT RUGBY. From the Argosy. On his appointment to the head mastership of Rugby school, Arnold took his D.D. degree, and from that he was chiefly called in public by the name by which we best know him, Dr. Arnold. The beginning of Dr. Arnold's reign at Rugby was marked by something of gloom and discontent among both the boys and those connected with them. He looked much deeper down into the character of each individual member of the school than it had been the custom of former head masters to do; and when, on closely watching a boy, he saw that he exercised a bad influence over his companions, he quietly requested his friends to remove him as unfit for public school life; thus, as may easily be supposed, causing dissatisfaction in many quarters. Arnold's face had already probably, something to do with his winning way slowly, at first, with the boys. When he was very much in earnest about anything his features would wear a serious gravity of expression, which the very young easily mistook for sternness, and when he had his first interview with a lad, on his arrival at school, he was always most deeply in earnest at the thought of the new charge confided to him, and this made his appearance frighten his scholars a little on first seeing him. Gradually, however, these drawbacks to his popularity faded away, parents found that he had judged rightly for their sons in engaging their care of education and the boys learned that their head-master's face could twinkle with fun, and soften with paternal tenderness; and that there were in him depths of kindly sympathy for their young troubles and difficulties, and stores of genial strength, such as they had never dreamed of in man. Soon the common expression in the school about the head-master came to be among the boys, "We would die for him." The only fault which he would never pardon was a lie—that was always punished by immediate expulsion from the school. This severe respect for truth however, increased on the whole, his ascendancy; for a lofty sense of honor, a manly straightforwardness, are always essential qualities in an English boy's ideal hero.

A PRAYER. My God, men know Thee not. They discern not who and what Thou art. The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehends it not. By Thee we exist; we taste pleasures and forget not him by whom all is caused. We

see naught but by Thee, the universal light, the Sun of souls, who shinest more clearly than our material sun, and seeing nothing but by Thee, we yet behold Thee not. Thou alone impartest all; to the stars their splendor, to the fountains their streams and currents, to the earth plants, to the fruits their flowers, to flowers their beauty and perfume, to all nature its riches, to man health, reason, virtues, graces; Thou givest, doest, rulest all. I see Thee, Lord, only. All else disappears as a shadow to the eyes of him who thus beholds Thee; but the world discerns Thee not. Alas, he does not discover Thee, has seen nothing: he has spent life in the illusions of a dream! As for me, O my God, I have Thee everywhere; even within myself. It is Thou who effectest whatever I do that is good. A thousand times have I felt that I could not subdue my wrong tempers, or destroy my habits, that I could not subdue my pride, nor follow my reason, nor continue to will the good that I once have willed. It is thou who givest a right will, and who maintainest it incorrupt. Without Thee I am but a reed shaken by the wind. I leave myself, O God in Thy hands; mould and remould this clay; give it right form, then break it, if such Thy will; it is thine; it suffices that Thy counsel be fulfilled, and that nothing shall oppose Thy pleasure, for which I am created.—Fenelon.

EARTHLY MINDEDNESS.

Earthly mindedness is a woeful disease; it clogs the mind and unfits the soul for spiritual work. The thoughts of the world shut out the thoughts of God and eternity; they tempt many poor souls, like Martha, to be carefully troubled about many things, even things which will not avail them at a dying hour, while one thing necessary is quite neglected and forgotten. Ah! what numbers there are dying of this disease! When other plagues kill their thousands this slays its ten thousands. Pharaoh's word concerning the Israelites might well be applied to many of them, Ex. xiv: 3, "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." So hot are they in pursuing the world, so busied in providing for their families, in paying their debts, in making bargains, purchases, and in courting the favor of men, that they can find no time in their lives, nor room in their hearts, for precious Christ and the concerns of their souls. O sinners! this disease of earthly-mindedness doth quite defeat the design of the gospel, and mar your profiting by Sabbath and sermons; it turns the house of God into a place of merchandise, by your thoughtfulness in it about worldly gain and profit. What a fearful distemper is this that turns a man's head and heart where his feet should be?

TESTIMONY OF A CONVERTED SKEPTIC.

Men who have strayed into skepticism are continually coming back to the Bible, and accepting it again as their teacher, their guide and their comforter. I am myself an instance of this. Carried away, as by a tempest from my early faith, I wandered for years in the dreary regions of doubt and unbelief. I looked for light and beheld darkness. I sought rest and found disquietude. And the farther I went the worse I fared, and the longer I remained in those dismal shades the more wretched I became. I found myself at length face to face with utter darkness and eternal death. God in his mercy rescued me from that awful state and brought me back to Christ. And here I am happy in the light of his truth, and in the assurance of his love. I praise the Bible, and love Christ and Christianity more than ever, and I am more happy in the work of a minister than ever I was in my life. And my ability to maintain the claims of Christ and Christianity and the Bible to the love and reverence and gratitude of mankind is greater than ever. And my hatred and horror of infidelity are greater than ever. I know it to be the extreme of madness and misery—the utter degradation and ruin of man's soul.—Joseph Barker.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

LIVING IN AN OMNIBUS.

A TRUE STORY.

"Chips, ma'am? Only five cents a basket," said a little voice, as I stood at my gate one morning, deciding which way I should walk.

Looking around, I saw a small, yellow-haired, blue-eyed boy, smiling at me with such a cheerful, confiding face, that I took the chips at once, and ordered some more.

"Where do you live," I asked, as we waited for Katy, the girl, to empty the basket.

"In the old 'bus, ma'am."

"In what?" I exclaimed.

"The old omnibus down on the Flats, ma'am. It's cheap, and jolly, now we are used to it," said the boy.

"How came you to live there?" I asked, laughing at the odd idea.

"We were Germans; and when father died we were very poor. We came to this city in the spring, but couldn't get any place, there were so many of us, and we had so little money. We stopped one night in the 'bus that was left to tumble down on the Flats behind the great stables. The man who owned it laughed when my mother asked if we might stay there, and said we might for a while; so we've been there ever since, and like it lots."

While the boy spoke, I took a fancy that I'd like to see this queer home of his. The Flats were not far off, and I decided to go that way and perhaps help the poor woman, if she seemed honest. As Katy handed back the basket, I said to the lad:

"Will you show me this funny home of yours, and tell me your name?"

"O yes, ma'am; I am just going home, and my name is Fritz."

I saw him look wistfully at a tray of nice little cakes which Katy had put on the window-seat, and I gave him one, saying, as he put it in his pocket, very carefully,—

"How many of you are there?"

"Six, besides mother."

I just emptied the tray into the basket, and we went away together. We soon came to the flats behind the stables, and there I saw a queer sight. A great shabby omnibus, of the old-fashioned sort, with a long body, high steps, and flat roof, with the grass growing about its wheels, and smoke coming out of a stove-pipe poking through the roof. A pig dozed underneath it; ducks waddled and swam in a pool near by; children of all sizes swarmed up and down the steps; and a woman was washing in the shadow of the great omnibus.

"That's mother," said Fritz, and then let me to introduce myself, while he passed his cake-basket to the little folks.

A stout, cheery, tidy body was Mrs. Hummel, and very ready to tell her story and show her house.

"Hans, the oldest, works in the stables, ma'am, and Gretchen and Fritz sells chips; little Karl and Lottie beg the cold victuals, and baby Franz mudds the ducks while I wash; and so we get on well, thanks be to Gott," said the good woman, watching her flock with a contented smile.

She took me into the omnibus, where everything was as neat and closely stowed as on board of a ship. The stove stood at the end, and on it was cooking some savory smelling soup, made from the scraps the children had begged. They slept and sat on the long seats, and ate on a wide board laid across. Clothes were hung to the roof in bundles, or stowed under the seat. The dishes were on a shelf or two over the stove; and the small stock of food they had was kept in a closet made in the driver's seat, which was boarded over outside, and a door cut from the inside. Some of the boys slept on the roof in fine weather, for they were hardy lads, and a big dog guarded the pig and ducks, as well as the children.

"How will you manage when the cold weather comes?" I asked.

She shook her head, and looked sober for a minute, as she stroked the white head of baby Franz, who clung to her gown; then a smile broke over her face, and she answered trustfully,—

"I do my best, ma'am, and keep a brave heart in me; for I remember the dear Gott is a father to such as these; and he won't let them suffer."

"You may be sure of that," I said heartily, and resolved that her beautiful faith should be rewarded by finding friends close by her.

"We are saving to get clothes for Gretchen and Fritz to go to school in the winter, ma'am. Karl and Lottie make toy furniture, as the father taught them; and when bad weather comes they can sit warm in the 'bus, and make their bits of chairs and tables as well as ever. They can earn but little yet; still, they are so good I can leave Franz with them, and old Spitz, the dog, while I go out washing when it gets too cold to work here."

"Perhaps some kind person would take one of the children, and so lessen your care," I said; for I rather coveted pretty Lottie.

"Ah, but no! I could not spare one, even to you, best ma'am. They are my treasures, and I keep them all, all, as long as I can find bread to give them," cried the mother, gathering her flock into her arms, and feeling herself rich in spite of her poverty. I said no more but slipped a bit of money into pretty Lottie's hand, and said good-bye.

A happier, healthier, busier set I never saw; each had work to do, and did it cheerfully. Often they had hunger and cold to bear, but bore it patiently. Very seldom did any of the pleasant things that children like come to them; but they were contented, and enjoyed playing with oyster-shells, old shoes and broken crockery as much as many children enjoy their fine toys. Few mothers have more loving children, or so more for them, than good Mrs. Hummel; and I think I never saw a happier family than those little red-cheeked, yellow-haired Germans, as they gratefully smiled and nodded at me from the steps of their funny omnibus home.—Louisa M. Alcott.

TELEGRAMS.

JUDGE D. TEMPERANCE PROACHABLE. Judge Davis, at a recent gathering, gave an account of a case of intemperance. Apologizing for reading his speech, he said: "The cause of intemperance is fully discussed, an extraordinary thing new about the papers a few principal of a few at the approach of the next year, and quired of them engaged in the from meat, but out of respect to would all agree to luxury, and so to send in on the note indicating the would abstain surprise the next the notes, to find written the sil [Laughter.] I am invited to relations of int The theme is a l as alcohol, and without a sort of ness of past gene all our good thi born. Little is their testimonies, our own experie No one doubts Throughout Chr spires rise to heat demnation of it. mains, and will y chained to mal lenium. But against the reit ing and Gospel Justice Marshall gan his argumen Eden: "It is sa Court knows some thory I shall a ence knows, by M ence of crime au proceed to speak It is not quite sus the relation of int is that of causes of other causes, and jealousy, lust and are narrower in more easily repres and society, more fluences and rest sanctioned by law statutory license. But among all temperance stand proachable chief." established both gatively. It is pr of intemperance, its non-existence; the ocean may be and by the sbb. consider the proof proposition is, t wherever intemper lent, crime is most is the mercury of eter, which intemp site affect as heat cognized fact has ary principal in the law—that drunken crime. No principal is b settled, and it w manifest fact that, case, all crime woul fy itself by intoxic even in capital case to treat drunkenne of crime, and to h intent was equally ber one. In com drunken man is ter is fortunate that i making drunk was by law as a source venue the wisdom popular notions, an ference from that k and gave us princip heritage, which, I have had the virtue toxicating drinks en crimes by firing quenching the coner murderer, whose ho mitting his crimes name, in his confes only once did he fee conscience. That about to kill an infu looked up and smil said he, "I drank brandy, and then T His case is one of times in my own exp men looked up to m they had to say w the law should not faltering, said: " would not and could had I not been drun That habits of int