

WESLEYAN ALMANAC MARCH, 1878.

New Moon, 3 day, 11h, 3m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 11 day, 11h, 46m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 18 day, 4h, 52m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 25 day, 0h, 55m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Date, Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Souths Sets), Hrs, Mins. Lists days from Friday to Sunday with corresponding times.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Souths gives the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwall, Horton, Hansport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou 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 and 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 3 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 3 hours 20 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.

THE WAR FEELING IN ENGLAND.

When an English mob yields to political excitement, there is but little possibility of controlling it. At a public meeting held in Lambeth, Alderman McArthur, well known in Methodist circles, was present as a member of the constituency. The questions discussed were the War loan and the interference of England. Strange scenes were enacted. Here is the conclusion of a report given of the meeting:—

"The meeting here began again to get noisy, and notwithstanding the protests of the chairman and others to restore order, hooting, hissing, singing, &c., were indulged in to such an extent that it was impossible to carry on the business in an intelligible form. Suddenly a number of individuals pressed forward and stormed the platform, a general scrimmage ensuing. During this melee Alderman McArthur was robbed of his watch, two other gentlemen—we are informed—suffering a similar misfortune. It is only fair to state that the large majority of the meeting conducted themselves with propriety and decorum, the noisy portion consisting principally of young lads and those who had evidently come especially to create a disturbance. The meeting was brought to an untimely end about half-past nine o'clock, by the gas being lowered and those on the platform retiring, no special resolution having been passed. Outside the building a large crowd collected, and several of those present commenced haranguing the mob. The people did not disperse for some considerable time after the meeting had been dissolved.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

BY MRS. C F WILDER.

One afternoon I took the biggest piece of work I had in the house, the mending of John's socks. Big, not on account of the size of the holes, I want you to understand, but because, though it was work that ought to be done that day, I did not want to do it, and did want to do something else. And with the stockings, under my arm I ran into sister Dunlap's, who, I knew would make me at peace with myself, by telling me I was a good woman to be doing homely duties. I thought I needed something comforting, for my "Bell Bree" was at home for a vacation of two weeks, so I had plenty of the "homely duties" to perform, as I had never been able to train John in the domestic harness, as so many bright wives have done. I cannot help sighing right here, that I did not commence in a different manner with my John when we were first married; but all the way I can atone for my carelessness is to warn all newly-married people not to begin as I began, but teach their Johns to wait on self, to wind the clock at night, and to lock the doors!

I am in sister Dunlap's by this time, and I find Mrs. Duval there, a woman we all love and admire. She is a member of our church, but seldom can go

out to meeting as she has a sick husband, four children beside the baby, does her own house-work, and gives music lessons. But I found her talking about the last meeting she attended. I dropped into a corner and listened, according to my usual custom when away from home.

"Well, yes, I went last Thursday evening," said Mrs. Duval, in answer to a question of sister Dunlap, "and when I started from the house I commenced as I always do when I have the half mile to make alone, to pray; but I would only begin to tell the Lord how hungry I was when a stanza from a poem I had read would come into my mind and go over and over like the car-fare poetry in the mind of Mark Twain's minister. I entered the church and they were singing, but as I sang, over and over again in mind went the words I had been repeating. The minister prayed; my thoughts would not follow him but a sentence or two at a time. The saints who sat in the front seat followed in prayer; still my mind was not at my control. Again we sang, and while my lips said,

"Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord," my mind was still repeating the words of my hymn,

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things, If we have but a day; We should drink alone at the purest springs, In our upward way; We should love with a life-time's love in an hour, If the hours were few; We should rest, not for dreams, but for power, To be and to do.

"After awhile the pastor said, 'We will now have an experience meeting, and I want to hear from every one present.' Again those near the pulpit, like those of whom St. John speaks who were near-st the throne, were the first to begin the song, and as they sang

"Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's purging blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God."

over and over in my mind went other lines in my hymn.

"Then one after another arose and spoke. I don't know whether the hymns were the key-note to their remarks, or whether their thoughts suggested such mourning hymns. Why, I felt as though they thought they were at the funeral of all their best hopes and aspirations, and was a good mind to start that mourning hymn about 'Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,' only they seemed to have forgotten, even that hitherto the Lord had helped them. I think it is a good plan to mourn enough over the past, but I think it is a good plan, also, to praise God once in awhile for such goodness, mercy long-suffering and tender forbearance as He displays towards us.

"Brother Bond in his usual way mourned over the coldness of his heart and the back-slidden state of the church, and ended his remarks by saying 'we must get up a revival.' I was feeling wicked enough, but what did Mark Erwin, who sat behind me, do but whisper, 'most February.' He is the boy that told me if he could keep out of the way of church members through January and February he was never talked to during the rest of the year about his soul's salvation. He said he was struck dumb with amazement when I spoke to him in the summer time.

But, oh dear! they sang another doleful hymn; then another arose and said he did not know whether he was a child of God or not. He was afraid God did not love him, and he did not see how God could, he was so wicked: and so on and so on. Well, I thought to myself, I didn't see how God could tither, if that was the way they kept up their complaints. It is ignorance that makes Christians talk in that way? Don't they know that God says that He gave his dear Son to die for us! And then our salvation does not at all depend on how we look in God's eyes but how He looks in ours, and we all know that we really dishonor God by living in constant doubt and fear. And it must be dreadfully uncomfortable spending one's whole life feeling your own pulse! If they would just go to work for Jesus, who long ago, by divine grace, sooked out our salvation for us, they would not have to inquire so often after their own spiritual health. You need not look up at me so, sister Dunlap, I'm not through yet, you see I can't go very often and when I do go I

go starving, and what kind of food is this these old Christians offer me?

"Who can wonder I am out of patience? But then they were not all clear down," and Mrs. Duval gave a little laugh. "There was old Mr. Sandpaper who sits next the throne. He rose and urged us all to come up on the mount (where he stood); urged us to seek the 'second blessing.' When he sat down I came pretty near rising myself and saying that it wouldn't do out West for us to turn into ascetic saints and sit at home in an easy chair singing

"Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Rise from transitory things, till we get so high we had to have our wives do all the sublunary affairs, like cutting the wood, milking the cow, feeding the pigs, etc; we'd better clip our wings, as John did the turkey's just before Thanksgiving, than get up so high as not to be of any mortal use in the world. It is a great pity old Sandpaper—excuse me—old Mr. Sandpaper does not let his wife try her wings once in awhile—poor woman."

"I thought sister Duval, you believed in sanctification," said Mrs. Dunlap. "Among all my friends I should have said you was the one who most hungered and thirsted after righteousness. That it was you who was most anxious to say, 'Christ is all and in all.'"

"Don't! don't!" and Mrs. Duval put out her hand to ward off the words. "Don't use the word sanctification when I am thinking of old Mr. Sandpaper and his loud professions. I do believe in a genuine religious experience, and think we ought to live up to what light we have. And," she added thoughtfully, "sometimes when I have caught a glimpse of the joy which God gives when I am living near Him, I then resolve that I will have no will of my own separate from God. Yes, above all I want to die to sin as Christ died for it. I do want an entire devotion to God's service. I do want to live my life as full as if I had but a day. But what is the need of saying this? God knows it and I know it. The operations of the Spirit are so different in different individuals, that I think it not best to discuss so subtle a question as sanctification, holiness or whatever you may call the great gift of God."

But you didn't finish about the meeting," I suggested from my corner, for I did want she should own up to what she did, for John told me the night before. "I wasn't going to finish, little one," she said, turning to me and opening her eyes. "Why not?" said sister Dunlap, "I would like to hear." Then catching a glimpse of Mrs. Duval's face, she exclaimed, "I do believe you rose and repeated those lines that were so fixed in your mind."

"Well, marm, if you must know, I did do that very thing," said Mrs. Duval laughing. "And I told 'em it was not coldness, nor diffidence, nor a dread of the cross that ailed them, it was sheer laziness." They had the idea in their minds that they had eternity to do the work of this life. But if they knew that they had but a day and their life work must be crowded into it, I guessed they would not sit around lamenting their luke-warmness and their past sinfulness, but would arouse themselves and find some real, true Christian work to do. They would take hold heartily of the work next before them. And if the hours of the day they were to live were named after the months of the year, commencing with January, they wouldn't drop their work and sit with folded hands after the first hour. I almost wish ever one of them had to do the work as I do, then they'd have to do all for the glory of God, for they could not get time to lay down the cross if they once took it up. Oh, our life-work! How I wish that we all were

From our clamorous work set free, To work or to pray, And to be what the Father would have us be As if we had but a day."

FROM THE "PRESBYTERIAN": "The story which is told by the New York 'Evangelist,' that a Presbyterian Church in the State of New York has recently engaged a Methodist minister to supply the pulpit for six months, with the express stipulation 'that he shall preach Calvinistic doctrine,' is very well matched by a story of a Massachusetts minister, which is told by the 'Christian Register,' who replied to a Church Committee, to whom he offered his services, when they inquired what doctrine he preached, "Any doctrine you wish; I understand them all."

OUR NEW SAINT FRANCIS.

His other name is Murphy. He belongs to the Holy Catholic Church, the Methodist wing of it; and he has been canonized in his lifetime by the blessings and the prayers of thousands of the poor.

The other Saint Francis was something of a scamp in early life. His escapades are carefully narrated by his biographers as a good background for his latter sanctity. Finally he was flogged and thrown into prison for his offences; and while in prison he was converted and devoted himself to the service of the poor.

Much of this is true of the modern Saint Francis. He, too, found Christ in prison—for the prison is a place where men sometimes find Christ in more senses than one—and gave himself up to a service whose demands and whose rewards he did not then at all forecast.

"Mediæval Europe," says the historian, "owes much to the Franciscans. They went everywhere, and were like flames of fire wherever they went. First of all they roused the masses. Poor men, wearing nothing but brown frocks girded about the waist by bits of rope, they brought the gospel home to the poor. By and by they made themselves felt in every walk of life." It begins to look as if modern America were going to be a large debtor to the new order of Franciscans—to Murphy's men. If "the masses" of mediæval Europe were any more thoroughly roused than the masses of some of our American cities and towns have been by the preaching of Murphy, it must have been a sight to see them.

It is to the poor that Francis Murphy preaches—the poorest of the poor—the men who have lost manhood and honor and self-respect in the bondage of strong drink. And when he preaches they listen. No doubt about that. Night after night the largest halls are crowded to suffocation; hundreds stand for hours, or cling to the edges of platforms and the railings of galleries, listening to his proclamation of liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.

He is a study—this man Murphy. Get a seat on the platform, if you can, where you can watch his movements. The great crowd, orderly and cheery, is waiting for his appearance. Suddenly there is a brightening of faces and a clapping of hands, and Murphy walks forward, bowing to the audience, shaking hands right and left, and beaming on everybody. He is a short man, about as tall as Moody, but not quite so stout, though his chest is full and his limbs are muscular. The face is Celtic but shapely, the bright eyes look out from under heavy eye-brows, the clean-shaven jaw is firm, and the generous mouth is curtained by a black mustache. A good-natured man, beyond-a-doubt; and on the best terms with his environments.

The service begins with singing. The great choir lead in two or three of the "gospel melodies" of Bliss and Sankey, the congregation joining in the chorus; and there are one or two sacred songs of a more pretentious character by singers who go about with the apostle of temperance to sing the gospel, after the manner of Sankey. Then Murphy rises, Bible in hand, and reads a few verses, commenting on them in a homely and pointed fashion. His exegesis is something queer, but never mind about that! Bad-exegesis often yields good doctrine. If the sacred writer does not say just what the expounder represents him as saying, he might well have said it. Then there is a short prayer, and the orator naturally passes along ways of familiar and informal talk into the speech of the evening.

The story of his own life make up a good part of all his speeches. If he stays only a day or two in a place you get an abridgment of it; if he tarries longer he gives it to you at length, in installments, with more or less of discursive moralizing and description and appeal thrown in evening by evening. The story is well told. You would not tell so much of it if you were in his place; but you do not feel, after all, like censuring his frankness. You can see in his experience the depths of

degradation and woe into which drink plunges men; and he evidently thinks he has a better right to show you the dark side of his own life than that of any other man's. Often as he has told the tale it is far from being a mere recitation. His heart swells with emotions that are not simulated, and the tears start from his own eyes as he speaks of the woes of "mother" and the children in the days when drink was cursing his home.

Now and then he strikes off into digressions humorous, descriptive, dramatic—some of which are very telling. The story of the Irish girl, who felt so grand riding in her mistress's carriage that she wished she could stand on the sidewalk and see herself pass by, is capitally told; and always when he drops into his native brogue the Irish, that he gives us a genuine bit of character. Some of his more tragic passages are simply tremendous. His description of Sheridan's Ride, for example, or his imaginative portrayal of the "upas tree" of intemperance, are astounding performances. Such rhetoric, such elocution, such acting, are not often heard nor seen. He roars like a caged tiger; he leaps, at the climax of his passion, three or four feet into the air.

Of course you do not approve of all this; it is not your way of doing it. Neither do you approve of all of Murphy's orthodoxy or syntax. But it does the business. Crude though the performance may be, in spots, it is a telling performance. The acting is immense, but it is scarcely more excessive than is often seen upon the classic stage. The rhetoric may be faulty, but it is a big-hearted man that is talking, and the people do not stop to measure his words by critical standards. And now and then comes a passage of natural description or a touch of human nature that marks the real orator.

What is better, the spirit of the man and his methods of work are so wholly Christian that they disarm criticism. "You can't quarrel with me," he says every day, "for I won't quarrel." If the Catholic priest forbids his people to attend Murphy's meetings, Murphy excommunicates Father Matthew, and says not a word about the priest, except in kindness. For "the rum-seller," a long the black dragon of the temperance reformer, he has nothing but sympathy. And if the prohibitionist denounces him for his gentle treatment of the liquor dealers, he only says to the prohibitionist, "God bless you! we are going to get everybody to stop drinking liquor, and then nobody will want to sell it!" Not a word of censure or denunciation falls from his lips.

Better still, his whole reliance is on the Divine power. All his meetings are intensely religious meetings. All the songs that are sung are sacred songs. The pledge includes the phrase, "God helping me." Every man who signs it is told he will need God's help in keeping it. And almost all of those who are reclaimed in his meetings confess their sense of this need and their purpose to seek this help.

There is nothing to say in the view of all this, except to heap Murphy's oft-repeated benediction upon his own head and "God bless him!" May the new Franciscan order grow faster and live longer than the old one! May the boys with the badges of blue, like the Gray Friars of old, go every where, and be wherever they go "like flames of fire," kindling a new hope in the heart of the drunkard, and lighting the way by which he may escape from degradation and woe!—Sunday Afternoon.

CLERGYMAN makes a pastoral call. Lady brings forward her son eight years of age, to be examined as to his theological sentiments.

Pastor—'What's a miracle?' Boy—'Dunno.' Pastor—'If you were to see the sun in the middle of the night, what would you think of it?' Boy—'Should think it was the moon.' Pastor—'But if somebody were to tell you 'twas the sun what would you think?' Boy—'Should think 'twas a lie.' Pastor—'But I don't lie. If I should tell you it was the sun what would you think?' Boy—'Should think you wasn't sober.'

A little... The... With... Above... Twas... Then... Say!... Or kn... Ah! w... To loc... For m... Is this... Of sug... Pray... Ah! he... But al... No, he... And he... Behind... And in... This b... Gives a... And so... I've se... SIX S... 1. M... er; a... God i... praye... 2. M... reading... ber th... that... what... begin... rules... 3. M... ing to... night... for yo... am I d... 4. I... thing... room... blessi... camof... xiv. 25... 5. N... Christi... people... 2 Cor... How w... strive t... 6. M... contr... Can wh... is true... lievé... the lia... PRE... The... some... subject... be very... ternal... moistu... the de... to sea... tieable... windy... tar is... acid in... fresh e... ly boil... Apply... recom... the pe... charre... will no... A thic... would... wood... would... give it... of cha... applied... perfect... coal ta... ground... A copi... leum i... faces... A T... the... it: A... fast ta... tumble... "casta... will ha... if no',... placing... (three... goblet... inner e... both di... round... tumble... then la... as so...