

WESLEYAN ALMANAC, OCTOBER, 1876.

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

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

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern Cross the time of high water at Parramatta, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 3 hrs and 15 minutes LATER than at Halifax.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Sitting one eve at the window, I gazed on the glorious west. Where the sun in its dazzling beauty, Was sinking slowly to rest; Surrounded with clouds of many a hue, Which floated serene on the purest blue.

was addressed to my own soul primarily, rather than to the sinners before me, and that it was myself who needed the lesson. The Holy Spirit opened to my understanding that if I, a Christian, would "walk in the light, as God is in the light, I should have fellowship with Him," in a sense little as yet conceived of, even amid all my earnestness; that I should know inwardly, as a blessed reality, that the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin;" and that all my groanings for deliverance from my inward corruptions would be met by the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. I cannot define fully the effect upon my own soul of the words of my friend, but never had I been filled with such precious "views of the sanctifying, purifying power of Christ. This blessed view of the cleansing blood opened more and more clearly on my soul for two years, a period of prayerful investigation, and yet of anxiety lest my friend were in error in his interpretation of the texts. All this time I was praying God to show me my full privileges in Christ, but to save me from heresy. I met my friend several times in a railway carriage, when he earnestly set before me the fullness of a present privilege which was in Christ, and at our command through faith—illustrating his views by Christian experience.

At a Conference meeting of Presbytery, it was one evening proposed to consecrate ourselves more definitely and fully to God, and the act was accompanied by a wonderful baptism of the Spirit, which opened to my soul the hope of the near consummation of my soul longings. Shortly after this, I invited the brother who had opened these things to me, to address the Church under my care. At the close of his address on being "dead to sin, and risen with Christ," I spoke to the people of the power of Christ to save from their sins all those who would fully consecrate themselves, and trust in Him.

During that week I was led to see, as never before the privilege of an entire soul-rest in Christ, and that it was to be entered into by faith. On this subject, from a full soul; and, after the evening service I proposed to an English manufacturer that a few Christians should meet together the next day to enter into rest. I did not say to seek rest, but, so confident was my faith, to enter in. Ten earnest, godly men, mostly from his workshops, on the following day knelt down in my friends warehouse among the boxes. We remained on our knees an hour and a quarter in prayer, praise and consecration. Of us, too, it might be said, "And when they had prayed..... they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. I have been conscious ever since that it was then and there that, in a definite transaction with God, I entered into a complete soul-rest in Christ, a rest through the cleansing blood which my soul has never lost for one hour since. It was attended by the satisfying certainty that whatever spiritual blessings promised in the Scriptures which I thenceforth claimed in simple faith should be mine.

Since then I have received answers to my prayers for holiness as never before. I have again and again realized more growth in one day, than before in a whole year. From that time my soul has been filled with a wonderful divine consciousness of the actual in-wrought reality of the expression,—"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Instead of pining for rest, I am continually praising God for realized rest, the deep, inward Sabbath-keeping of my blood-cleansed soul. I can now see no limit to the possibilities of the life of Christ in my heart, since I have accepted the atonement in its full purposes, both of pardon and holiness.

"O Jesus! Jesus! precious Lord! What art Thou not to me! Each hour brings joy before unknown, Each day new liberty."

HOLINESS THROUGH FAITH.

A CLERGYMAN'S SUIT FOR LIBEL.—Rev. George H. Hick, pastor of the First Congregational Church, of Mansing, N.Y., brought suit in the Court of Common Pleas against Walter H. Schupe, editor of the Rockland Advocate, for \$10,000 damages for an article published in 1875, charging plaintiff with infamous crimes. The case came before Chief Justice Daly last week. The defendant did not put in an appearance, and no testimony was taken. The Court directed judgment for plaintiff, and the jury awarded him \$5000 damages.—Christian Advocate.

CONVERSION OF A SAILOR.

About 30 years ago H. M. S. Inconstant lay for some time on duty in Halifax harbor. There was on board a truly pious seaman with whom I became acquainted and with whom I had frequent religious conversations. He was emphatically a "Man of One Book," and that book was the Bible. He would scarcely read any other work, except Keith on the Prophecies, which was a favorite with him. But the Bible was his unending companion; "his meat and drink" for the intellect and spirit.

It is the story of this man's conversion I wish to tell. At the time when this great event in his spiritual history occurred he was captain's Coxswain on another ship. His name, let me say, was Rossia. A pious Lieutenant one day asked him if he read the Bible. Rossia truthfully replied that he did not. The Lieutenant turned up the chapter in Acts, where the conversation of the Ethiopian eunuch is narrated, and left it with Rossia to read. Before the story was concluded he was called away to his duties, and when he returned he had lost his place in the book and could not find it. But his attention had been riveted by some of the facts on which his eye had rested and he was eager to see more. He could not find the place and he could not rest without finding it. In his search he lighted on the notable 53rd of Isaiah, which reminded him of the chapter the Lieutenant had given him to read. There was a puzzling sameness, but it was not the same. He asked God's help, and resolved to read and read on until he should find the passage in question. God's spirit began to work upon his mind and to show him wonderful things out of the divine law. The word whose entrance gives light and which makes wise the simple became more and more precious to him. He began to be greatly in earnest about his soul's salvation. The Saviour heard his cry for light. He was led to the cross; the love of Christ was shed abroad in his heart, and he went on his way rejoicing. He found the story that had first attracted him, and many a sweet story besides; and he became an exemplary Christian man, and a diligent student of God's holy word.—His way was not always smooth. Though his upright conduct and faithfulness won many friends, there was others disposed to ridicule and scorn him. It was part of his duty to look after the Captain's room, and on one occasion there was some trouble on account of an underservant. One day the Captain was ashore having an interview with the Admiral. When he came aboard he summoned Rossia into his presence. Rossia had just been reading the 75th Psalm. The steward and others who heard him called by the Captain jumped at the conclusion that he was to be rebuked if not punished for some neglect of duty. When he returned from the Captain they sneered and asked him where are your consolations now. He simply put his finger on the verse he had been reading before the Captain had called him.—"Lift not your horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck, for promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west." &c. "What," they asked, "are you promoted?" "Yes, the Captain had an interview with the Admiral, and I am now to be Gunner on board H. M. S. Inconstant."

MR. SPURGEON ON PREACHERS AND PEOPLE.

Mr. Spurgeon took part on Tuesday in the proceedings in connection with the laying of the foundation-stone of a new hall in George street, Camberwell, in which Ned Wright proposes for the future to carry on his mission service. The stone was laid by Mr. R. A. Gray.

Mr. Spurgeon said: I came here to day to help a neighbour. The time was when nobody would go inside any place of worship unless he agreed with all that was said and done there; but we have now come to rejoice in diversity of operations where we can see that they are directed to the service of the same Lord. I believe there is not half as much ground for the anxiety people feel when they look at the various denominations in the Church, as they suppose. I have known one place in a town as dead as death could be, and another place was opened, and then both were filled. (Hear, hear.) For my part, if Ned Wright or anybody else can run away with my congregation—a laugh—they are uncommonly welcome; but it will take them all their time, for I always think that if there is a new coach put on the road the old coach should be horsed better, so as to keep the customers. (Great laughter.) What we want to do is by some means to get the great mass of our people to hear the Gospel. I am always hearing it said the great problem is to get the working classes to listen to the Gospel. I do not believe that to be the problem at all, and I deny altogether that the working classes of London attend less at the house of God than other classes in London. People come to the Tabernacle, and when they see the congregation coming out they say no working classes go there, because they would not be so well dressed. But why should not a working man wear as good a suit of clothes as he can possibly get? One of the first things I notice about a man when he turns from his evil ways is that he gets a decent suit of clothes, and if ever he had such a thing before, I am afraid he was in the habit of leaving them rather long at his uncle's. (Laughter.) I do not believe any one in Europe could tell the difference between a workman in his best clothes and any other swell. (Renewed laughter.) I suppose two-thirds of my congregation at the Tabernacle are working men, and wherever you have a vigorous, living church you will find that the bulk of it is made up of the very men whom it is said to be the problem to get to go to the house of God. There is a problem I should like to see solved, and that is how to get the people of the West-end into church, because although there are many places in connection with the Church of England in which the Gospel is truly preached, I must say I do not call it going to the house of God when a man goes to witness professions and pomps and shows. And I know there are hundreds of thousands of people living in the suburbs surrounding London, having large incomes and fine houses, who do not attend church any more than many of the workpeople do. Let us look at the objections people urge to going out on Sunday. Some say their clothes are not good enough, but they are good enough if they have been paid for. (Laughter.) I admit there are persons who should never go to church—those who wear boots that squeak and ladies whose umbrellas are always falling

are a powerful influence for good. Standing by the coffin a few days ago as the mourning friends passed slowly by, taking their last look at a beloved form, I heard one say: "How beautiful she was!" I looked at the pale face of the dead woman and thought—what made her beautiful? The features were not all regular, and no artist would have chosen her for a model beauty. It was the love for God and man that had beamed from her eyes; their sunshine lighting up her whole life, and making her a comfort to all who knew her and the light of a house.

God has given us our faces to aid our hands in doing his work, and we should remember that they have their ministry. Beautiful faces are those who wear the charms of a happy spirit there. It matters nothing if dark or fair. —A. B. Ledoux.

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down with a snap. Then you find people who say they do not go because of the heat and the bad air. I could indicate some places where they could have three pews to themselves if they liked—(laughter)—and plenty of air. To all sextons and chapel-keepers I would give this wrinkle—open your windows often. (Laughter.) I often preach in country chapels where the people get packed like herrings in a barrel—(laughter)—and I have tried to get the windows opened, but they would not, for they never had been opened. (A laugh.) I went into one of these places once, and it was so close and hot that I asked every gentleman near a widow to smash a pane or two. (Laughter.) There was soon a very grand smash, but then the beautiful fresh air streamed in. I paid the bill afterwards like an honest man; but it was much better to do than bear the cruelty of preaching in such an atmosphere or forcing people to listen when they were more disposed to sleep. There is a common complaint that the preacher can neither be understood nor heard, and there is some truth in it. I wish some preachers who mumble at a very great rate would get a new set of teeth. If men have anything worth being heard, they should speak out. Preachers use various kinds of English; one with many-syllabled words, the other the Saxon their mothers talked. I heard a story once of a number of sailors who were playing cards up aloft, and had a light for the purposal. The captain sent a midshipman to tell them to put it out, the midshipman told them to "extinguish that luminary." But the sailors did not understand him. Then the captain called out, "Douse that glim"—and out went the candle. (Great laughter.) I should not have said that, but I should have taken a middle point, and said "Put out that candle, boys." (Laughter.) I believe "high falutin'" is too much used in the pulpit. We preachers should speak so that people could not misunderstand us even if they tried to do so. Some men occasionally stay away from communion because their wives have a large little family—(a laugh)—and these poor women cannot leave the children. I should like to whisper in the ears of some Christian young women that they might go and take care of the children for a Sunday and let the mother go out. (Applause.) As for the husbands, I don't think they always take their fair turn with their wives, for I see some Christian men out on Sunday whose wives never get out for a month together. I think, too, that people have a good deal to do with the filling of the churches, and that they might bring friends when they could. I'll tell you what I often send. When I go into a street and ask for a chapel I am told it is round the corner by the Duke of Prussia, or the Marquis of Granby, or the Mother Red Cap, but I don't find that the churches are conspicuous places. Don't let this happen with you. Advertise, distribute handbills, for the life of business is black ink. You ought to distribute tracts—I mean good ones—and if I knew where you could get good ones I should tell you, for they are generally soporific articles. (Laughter.) Mr. Spurgeon concluded, after an earnest exhortation, by remarking that as book numbers sold best when they were illustrated with plates, so in that meeting they were going to see what could be done with plates.

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THE MINISTRY OF A FACE.

For some time it was my privilege to attend the little American chapel of a German city, and I got to know the faces of many of its congregation. In one of the pews near the pulpit there sat, Sunday after Sunday, a quiet, unassuming man, who always kept his eyes fixed on the minister, and was always first in his place. His earnest face and attentive manner more than once rebuked me, when I was tempted to become restless and wandering in thought. One Sabbath, the wanderer who had preached, asked me after service: "Who was that man on my left?" describing him. "He helped me to preach; he seemed to be listening so attentively."

It is many a month since I sat in that chapel, but that face still comes up before me in the crowded services of our metropolis, and I often think how we all might help our pastor by a quiet, attentive listening to his words. There is much in a look. There is a world of influence in a face; and a bright sunny countenance will bring cheer and sunshine into the most rainy day, and ease the pain of the sick-room.

There are faces that rest us to watch them, and there are honest, open faces we would trust anywhere. Then let us be careful of our frowns and fretful expressions; they will leave their mark if allowed to visit our faces. Let us feel bright looks and cheery words together

A. D. 34. MONDAY-TUESDAY the Jews. WEDNESDAY to AS THURSDAY John. FRIDAY-1 Cor. 15. SATURDAY 1 Tim. 1. SUNDAY- TOPIC: Jesus. GOLDEN I give you. DOCTRINE: 2 Cor. While the zeal of also carries leadership present be follower of. TITLE: The true conve Jesus; an what leads easy and b give you. rative into 2. "The ov new life." to be learn the DOCTR tian a new 1. The ol 1. AND S of Saul on of Stephen proving the leader of the 3, 4. He blood, of Tarsus, in cian, or H also a Rom maker. At of age he e plete his e Gamaliel. and was a energy of e pects of em gogue (cha ted with S ing mad" a work had months, a threatening they were 22, 4; 26, posed to Vitellius, a decree of over all questions. all matters 2. Desir the projec the matter ness, asking the officers him, to a disciples e and bring JERUSALE try and pu oldest city and forty em, in the tween the and celebr and wealth SYNAGOG were resid pect to fi who had f WAY—RA then come 2. The c 3. SUDA ions, after come NE there SUD LIGHT FR of the sun 13. At of the glo verses 17. 4. HE F dead. (Re Lord, so s same sigh Chap. 26, glorious f feet, whi was then words we ing, in He CUTEST J coming J Jesus ma 5. WHO asks. Ch erene, ch CUTEST, w had truly the true him, as