

WESLEYAN ALMANAC JANUARY, 1878.

New Moon, 3 day, 9h, 32m, Morning. First Quarter, 11 day, 2h, 32m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 18 day, 7h, 56m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 25 day, 11h, 35m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets), NOON (Rises Sets), and HALES (Rises Sets). Rows include days from Tuesday to Thursday.

THE TIDE.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 3 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax.

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

What did you say, dear "breakfast?" Somehow I've slept too late. You are very kind, dear Effie, Go tell them not to wait, I'll dress as quick as ever I can, My old hand trembles sore, And Polly, who used to help, dear heart, Lies t'other side of the door.

SPECIMENS OF NEWFOUNDLAND HUMOUR.

We get the following from a late copy of the Toronto Globe, furnished by a correspondent. THE HETERODOX STOVE AND THE UN-CHRISTIAN COAL. Jeremiah Batstone had been for thirty years sexton and beadle of the Episcopal Church of Punch Bowl, Newfoundland.

His love for the good old Church of England was only equalled by his dislike to Methodism. The zeal of the Methodists had harrassed the Church considerably and drawn away many who were once regular church-goers, and the soul of Jeremiah was vexed within him at such proceedings. For "Methody Preachers" with their "reviving and shouting and praying without book," he had nothing but scorn; and firmly held the doctrine that nothing good could come from "Methodies."

The sexton's ideas were destined to receive a rude shock. Some of the Church had been to St. John's and had become fascinated with the new and improved mode of heating the churches. When they returned they were eloquent in their praises of the Chilson furnace, and told how the warm air stole in through gratings in the floor, and how a powerful heat was generated by a new kind of smokeless coal called "Anthracite."

The difficulties connected with the heterodox stove have been overcome long since; but to this day Jeremiah persists in calling the coal by the dreadful name of "Anti-christ." There has been compiled by a young lady for an English Church journal an amusing paper on the names of clergymen at present in the Church clergy list. From this it appears that "parties in the Church" are represented by 1 Broad, 2 Low, and 4 Dry. Of High there is not a trace. But there are no fewer than 14 Abbots, 7 Priors, 4 Monks and 8 Nuns. Their dresses and decorations are also calculated to excite

while there are also 9 Garlands, 2 Banners, 3 Images, 12 Crosses, 1 Crucifix and 1 Crozier (among 12 Bishops). In the musical department we have Singers and Fiddlers in abundance. Although it is unlawful for the clergy to embark in "trade," we find a prodigious number of Bakers, Butchers, Barbers, Tailors (no fewer than 107 of these, but not one too many, considering the amount of tailoring now required). Of the "clergy at table" there are 5 Salmon, 3 Haddocks, 2 Herrings, 2 Smelts, 4 Cods, 5 Whiting, 1 Grayling, 1 Pike, 3 Roach, and 2 Crabbes. For pieces de resistance we have 18 Bullocks, 7 Kids, 2 Veales (with 8 Bacon, 3 Tongues, and 2 Badhams), 8 Lambs, 14 Harts, 1 Stag, 3 Bucks, 1 Doe, 9 Roes, 7 Hinds, 2 Fawns, and 1 Eland. For game and poultry we have 7 Hares, 2 Rabbits, 1 Cook, 1 Honn, 1 Duck, 20 Drakes, 1 Gander, 3 Goslings, 6 Swans, 4 Peacocks, 4 Partridges, 7 Woodcocks, 1 Coot, 1 Teal, 2 Cranes, and 1 Heron. The supply of vegetables is very scanty, being limited to 2 Beans and 1 Onion. The cellar department is not to be despised, for it contains 8 Binns, in which are stored a dozen and a half of Perry, the same quantity of Hollands 1 of Ginn, and 1 of Port.

THE FAMILY JOURNAL.

In a certain farm-house, twenty years ago, a great blank book was kept, and labelled "Home Journal." Every night some one made an entry in it. Father set down in it the sale of calves, or mother the cut of the baby's eyetooth; or perhaps Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club; or Tom scrawled, "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and hit Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book was the entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaid's dresses, and long after this there was written. "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother, who is still living, and turn over the pages reverently, with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.—Scribner's Monthly.

SIGNIFICANT FIGURES.

The "Presbyterian" (Philadelphia) quotes some significant figures from a "Blue Book" recently published in Great Britain. It is the report of the Inspector General of Prisons in Ireland, and the following facts are established by it: Popery produces in Ireland between thirty and forty criminals for every one that is chargeable to Presbyterianism! For every Irish Presbyterian sent to jail there are four Episcopalians and between thirty and forty Roman Catholics. The numbers are: Roman Catholics 86 2/3, Episcopalians 9 4/5, Presbyterians 2 2/3. If Irish criminals were distributed equally, according to the strength of the respective denominations, the number out of every hundred would be: Roman Catholics 76 1/2, Episcopalians 9 4/5, Presbyterians 12 1/2. The quota for other Protestant denominations are not given.

The proposal made some time since by the Rev. Arthur Murrell, of a closer union of English Baptists and Congregationalists, has led to a very intelligent discussion of the differences of faith and practice by which they are kept apart. The Rev. John Clifford, editor of the General Baptist Magazine, gives the following account of the present practice of the body which he represents: "I judge there were not more than a dozen General Baptist Churches fifty years ago that would allow unbaptized persons to commune with them at the Lord's table. Now we have not a dozen rigidly enforcing that rule. The

tendency of opinion is strongly in favor of treating baptism as an individual duty, incumbent upon the believer, and not as a term of church communion. Quakers may belong to Baptist churches, and, indeed, do. Wesleyans and Independents find ready access into such communions, and in not a few instances are found holding office."

Recently, when a church steeple was in the course of erection in a Scotch town, the provost had a conversation with the architect, and pointed out the danger which he supposed might arise from the action of the wind upon the weathercock, the great size of which surprised him when he saw it before it was put up. He thought it would be apt to disturb the stones in the pinnacle of the steeple. "Oh, there is no danger!" said the architect. "You see the weathercock turns round with the wind, and never presents any great surface to it. There is nothing fixed but the cardinal points." "Ah, well," said the provost, "and couldn't ye mak' the cardinal points turn round too?"

Could any thing be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy? "Lor', Missus," said he, "I see used to lifting barrels of sugar."

BAPTISM OF SAUL.

If any one should feel interest enough in Saul's baptism to inquire, how was he baptized? the question can be answered, at least in part. He was baptized standing. He stood up and was baptized.

The text is, "And immediately there fell from his eyes, as it had been, scales, and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized."—Acts ix: 18. "And now why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized."—Acts xxii: 16.

The same Greek word is used, Mark xiv: 60: "And the High Priest stood up in the midst and asked Jesus," &c. Luke iv: 16. "And he came to Nazareth, and stood up for to read," &c.—Acts x: 26. "But Peter took him up, saying, stand up; I myself also am a man."—Acts xiv: 10. "Stand upright on thy feet."—Acts xvi: 16. "But rise and stand upon thy feet."—Richmond Advocate.

AN OLD DIALOGUE RE-PRINTED

"Returning from a council the other day, I overheard a discussion between my delegate, Deacon Grumbold, and Deacon Webfut, of the Baptist Church at Riverside. Of course the topic was immersion, and it was introduced by Deacon Webfut remarking that his pastor, Dr. Jordan, had baptized five persons the previous Sunday. Deacon Grumbold, who will never be outdone if he can help it, quietly replied that pastor Cyril baptized on that day nine persons. "Well, I hope he did it in the Scriptural method." "Certainly; our pastor always does according to Scripture." "Well now, Brother Grumbold, what was your idea of the Scriptural method?" "O, I got my notion of it from the first case of baptism on record." "What was that? Not Philip and the eunuch?" "O, no; it was centuries before that. I mean the Israelites when they were baptized in the Red Sea." "Well, brother, that was a clear case of immersion. They were, as St. Paul says, all baptized in the cloud and in the sea." "You are satisfied, Brother Webfut, that they were really baptized?" "Certainly; the apostle says they were; and tells how it was done." "Well, then, I have just one question to ask. Did they get their feet wet?" "They were immersed, that is plain enough. As Paul says, 'they were under the cloud and passed through the sea, and were all baptized in the cloud and in the sea; if that wasn't immersion, what was it?' "Well, Brother Webfut, did they get their feet wet?" "Why, that's nothing to do with it; they had water on all sides of them,

and water above them; they were completely surrounded by water." "Well, Brother Webfut, as I understand, they went 'on dry ground through the midst of the sea; and if you can immerse me on dry ground, I am very willing to be immersed. I believe in dry ground baptism, where you won't get your feet wet."—Congregationalist.

THE DECEIVED SON.

BY SARAH F. BRIGHAM.

The usually bright, handsome face of Harry Endford was disfigured by having his cheek terribly swollen. All night he had suffered intensely with a defective tooth, and the camphor and crocote his mother had applied brought no relief.

"Harry," said Mrs. Endford pityingly, "I must take you to Dr. Hilton. He will stop the pain at once." "Oh, dear! no, mother," exclaimed Harry quickly; "I don't want to go to the dentist's. He'll pull my tooth out, I know he will."

"No, he shan't, Harry; he'll cure it right off." After a little pondering Harry decided to accompany his mother to the dentist's. He was nearly mad from pain, and was willing to accept any possibility of relief. Having gained her son's consent, Mrs. Endford wrote the following:—

Dr. HILTON: I shall soon bring my son Harry to your office. He has an ulcerated tooth which I am sure will have to be extracted. Please resort to a little artifice to hide your intention; he is a nervous, timid boy, and thereby will be spared the dread which would be to him more than pain.

Very truly yours, E. H. ENDFORD.

A little later Harry and his mother were inside the dentist's office. He examined the aching tooth carefully. "It is a very bad tooth," he said. "You are not going to pull it?" questioned Harry, giving his face a quick, searching glance.

"I will put something on it that will cause the pain to entirely cease in a short time," replied Dr. Hilton.

He poured a few drops of a dark liquid from a small bottle on a bit of cotton, and taking it up with his forceps, he said to Harry,—

"Open your mouth wide now, and let me lay this on the tooth." Harry opened his mouth, but in an instant the treacherous forceps had tight hold of his tooth; and it was extracted and in Dr. Hilton's hand before he had the slightest suspicion of his intention.

"What, you haven't pulled it out?" exclaimed Harry greatly astonished.

"Yes, I have. You didn't feel it much, did you?" "You've cheated me?" returned Harry, with an angry, flushed face. "You told me you were going to put something on to stop the pain."

"I did. These forceps are the truest pain-killer I know," laughed the dentist.

"Well, it is all over now," said Mrs. Endford, "and the tooth will never ache again. Are you not glad?"

Tears sprung into Harry's eyes. "You knew all about it, mother," said he bitterly. "You knew Dr. Hilton was going to pull my tooth when you brought me here. You are always cheating me, you are; but you can't do it many times more. I've got you learned!"—defiantly.

Whom did Harry so well understand? His mother, to whom he owed his existence, and whose tender, loving care he constantly received. And yet her influence over his young, pliant mind was nearly gone. Why? Because again and again in the management of her son she had resorted to artifice and dissimulation.

Poor Harry! there was a ranking wound in his heart. Through deception he had been saved the fear he would have experienced from having his tooth extracted, but poison and bitterness had sprung up in his heart far exceeding any physical pain. His moral nature had received a lasting blight. Mothers, my little story is strictly true. If you wish to be loved and honoured by your children, deal honestly with them. Never deceive them, or tell them the least fractional part of a lie.