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.

D.M.		SUN		MOON.			HTde Hal'x
		Rises	Sets	Rises	couth	s Sets	H
1	Tuesday	7 42	4 26	6 22			16 4
2	Wednesdy		4 27	7 16		3 13	7 0
3	Thursday	7 42	4 28	8 4		4 16	7 50
4	Friday	7 42	4 29	8 42		5 20	8 30
5	Saturday	7 42	4 30	9 8		6 28	9 8
6	SUNDAY	7 42	4 31	9 30		7 34	
7	Monday	7 41	4 32	9 49	3 13	8 37	10 21 10 53
8	Tuesday	7 41	4 33	10 7	3 53	9 39	10 53 11 25
9	Wednesdy	7 41	4 34	10 24		10 40 11 42	11 59
10	Thursday	7 41	4 35	10 40		m'rn	m'rn
11	Friday	7 40	4 36	11 0		0 46	0 36
19	Saturday	7 40	4 38	11 23	6 38	1 53	1 20
13		7 39	4 39	11 50	7 26.	3 2	2 13
и		7 39	4 40	A 27 1 15	8 19 9 17	4 11	3 23
5	Tuesday	7 36	4 41	2 17	10 19	5 19	4 43
6	Wednesdy	7 38	4 42		11 21	6 21	5 55
7	Thursday	7 37	4 44	3 30 4 50	m'rn	7 12	6 56
8	Friday	7 36	4 45				7 47
9	Saturday	7 36	4 46	6 14	0 22	7 54 8 26	8 32
0	SUNDAY	7 35	4 48	7 34	1 20 2 13		9 17
1	Monday	7 34	4 49	8 53	3 4	8 52	10 2
9	Tuesday	7 33	4 50			9 37	10 46
8	Wednesdy	7 33	4 52	11 27			
4	Thursday	7 32	4 58	mo'L	4 43		
	Friday	7 31	4 55	0 42	5 33	10 24	A 11
	Saturday	7 30	4 56	1 57	6 25	10 53	0 56
	SUNDAY		4 58	3 9	7 19	11 29	1 50
	Monday	7 28	4 59	4 16	8 15	A 14	3 0
	Tuesday	7 27	4 0	4 13	9 10	1 7	1 30
	Wednesdy	7 26	4 1	6 2	10 5	2 8	3 58
1	Thursday	7 25	4 3	6 41	10 56	3 11	4 56

THE TIDE?,—The column of the Mool's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and

High water at Pictou and Jape Tormentine, 2 hrs and II 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 20 minutes EARLER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 26 minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum sub-FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Substract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning

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.

Put up the old pipe, deary, I couldn't smoke to-day, I'm sort o'dazed and frightened, And don't know what to say. It's lonesome in the house, here, And lonesome out o' door-I never knew what lonesome meant In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long And the first June rose has blown, And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day, Too old to be left alone!), heart of love, so still and cold O, precious lips, so white !-For the first sad hours in sixty years, You were ont of my reach last night.

Youv'e cut the nowers? You're very kind She rooted it, last May;
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose,
And threw the stem away;
But she, sweet, thrifty soul, bent down And planted it where she stood. "Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she

"Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest deary—I cannot rest; Let the old man have his will, And wander from porch to garden post-The house is so deathly still; Wander, and long for a sight of the gat She has left ajar for me-We had got so used to each other, dear, So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years and so wise and good, She made me a better man, From the moment I kissed her fair young

And our lover's life began. And seven fine boys she has given me, And out of the seven, not one But the noblest father in all the land Would be proud to call his son.

O, well, Dear Lord, 1'll be patient, But I feel so broken up; At eighty years it's an awsome thing To drain such a bitter cup. I know there's Joseph, and John and Ha And four good men beside, But a hundred sons couldn't be to me Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly, so bright and fair, So winsome, and good, and sweet! She had roses twined in her sunny bair, White shoes on her dainty feet. And I held her hand—was it yesterday That we stood up to be wed? And-No, I remember, I'm eighty to-day And my dear wife, Polly, is dead.

SPECIMENS OF NEWFOUNDLAND HUMOUR.

We get the following from a late copy correspondent.

CHRISTIAN COAL. Jeremiah Batstone had been for thirty years sexton and beadle of the Episcopal Church of Punch Bowl, Newfoundland. He was as may easily be imagined, a sound, steady-going Churchman, strongly conservative in He planted himself firmly on what had there is not a trace. But there are no been realized, and proved sufficient by fewer than 14 Abbets, 7 Priors, 4 Monks long experience, and had a profound and 8 Nuns. Their dresses and deco-

England was only equalled by his dislike to Methodism. The zeal of the Methodists had harrassed the considerably and drawn away many who were once regular churchgoers, and the soul of Jeremiah was 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." For thirty years he had been in charge of the church and kept all things in order. In winter time he prided himself on having the church thoroughly warmed by means of a huge before the pulpit, the funnel running straight up and through the roof. It was a cheering sight on a cold morning to see this great stove, fed for hours before by huge junks of wood that crackled and roared in his wide throat. glowing with a red heat, and recalling memories of the fiery pillar that led the ancient church in the wilderness. As the parson took his place behind the pillar of fire, in his white surplice, the whole face of nature outside covered with winter's winding sheet, Jeremiah never thought he looked so grand and prophet like.

The sexton's ideas were destined to receive a rude shock. Some of the Church had been to St. John's and had become facinated 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." Jeremiah's stove was pronounced unsightly, "beastly." Even the parson fell in with the new-fangled notions, and the end of it was that the stove was discarded, and a new furnace with a supply of Anthracite coal was ordered. The new apparatus was furnished by a prominent Methodist ironmonger in St. John's, and this last circumstance added great bitterness to the district with which Jeremiah regarded the innovation. His growls were deep and continuous, but he had to submit. The new machinery was set up, and Jeremiah was the unwilling engineer. He set doggedly to work to kindle the arthracite coal, but no amount of chips or shavings had any effect. "You might as well try to kindle a piece of Catalina stone," said the indignant sexton. When the congregation assembled, expecting to find the church delicionsly warm, they had to sit in a temperature below freezingpoint, while a suffocating vapor filled the building and kept the parson coughing throughout the service, and almost stifled some whose lungs were weak. Torrents of indignation were poured out on the head of the unlucky Jeremiah, who stood at the furnace grim and begrimed, rather pleased at the by it: bottom of his heart with the general result. Various individuals made abortive efforts to start the furnace. Damp chimneys and anthracite coal thwarted all their endeavors. Jeremiah looked on triumphant. He had his revenge. Here was the outcome of radical reforms and the sweeping away of a stove that had warmed two or three generations-poisonous gases and an artic temperature. The parsons and Churchwardens were utterly puzzled, and asked with a bewildered air, "Whatever is the matter with the furnace?" "Mat ter!" exclaimed the outraged but now triumphant Jeremiah, "Why, what could you look for from a Methody stove and Anti-christ coal."

The difficulties cannected with the of the Toronto Globe, furnished by a heterdox stove have been overcome long since; but to this day Jeremiah per-THE HETERODOX STOVE AND THE UN- sists in calling the eoal by the dreadful name of "Anti-christ."-Star.

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 his views-utterly opposed to all inno- in the Church" are represented by 1 vations and so-called improvements. Broad, 2 Low, and 4 Dry. Of High

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 Kidds, 2 Veales (with 8 Bacon, 8 Tongues, and 2 Badhams), 8 Lambs, wood-stove, which was planted right 14 Harts, 1 Stagg, 8 Bucks, 1 Doe, 9 Roes, 7 Hinds, 2 Fawns, and 1 Eland. For game and poultry we have 7 Hares, 2 Rabbits, 1 Cock, 1 Henn, 1 Duck, 20 Drakes, 1 Gander, 8 Goslings, 6 Swans, 4 Peacocks, 4 Partridges, 7 Woodcocks, 1 Coote, 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 eves. 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

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 ... Episcopalians . Presbyterians

If Irish criminals were distributed equally, according to the strength of the respective denominations, the num-

ber out of every hundred would be: Roman Catholics ... Episcopalians... Presbyterians

The quota for other Protestant denominations are not given.

The proposal made some time since by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, of a closer union of English Baptists and Congregationalists, has led to a very intelligent discussion of the differences of faith tion to ask. Did they get their feet and practice by which they are kept | wet?' 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 ontempt for all new inventions and rations are also calculated to excite the Lord's table. Now we have not a ish departures from the old paths. aneasiness, for Hoods and Capes abound, dozen rigidly enforcing that rule. The they had water on all sides of them, lie.

His love for the good old Church of while there are also 9 Garlands, 2 Ban- tendency of opinion is strongly in favor ners, 3 Images, 12 Crosses, 1 Crucifix of treating baptism as an individual and 1 Crozier (among 12 Bishops). In duty, incumbent upon the believer, and not as a term of church communion. Quakers may belong to Baptist churches, and, indeed, do. Weslevans and Independents find fready access into such communions, and in not a few instances are found holding office."

> Recently, when a church steeple was n 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 couldna 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'se 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:

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 Naz-. . . and stood up for to sively. 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 xxvi: 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 Grumbole, and Deacon Webfut, of the Baptist Churc 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 Grumbole, who will never be outdone if he can help it, quietly replied that pastor Cyril baptized on that day nine per-

"Well, I hope he did it in the Scrip- tist. tural method.

"Certainly; our pastor always does according to Scripture.'

" 'Well now, Brother Gumbole, what what is 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 always cheating me, you are; but you

"'O, no; it was centuries before that. | you learned"—defiantly. I mean the Israelites when they were baptized in the Red Sea.

"' Well, brother, that was a clear listence, and whose tender, loving care case of immersion. They were, as St., he constantly received. And yet her Paul says, all baptized in the cloud and influence over his young, pliant mind 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 ques-

" '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?'

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." -- Congrega.

THE DECEIVED SON

BY SARAH P. 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 creosote 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. HINTON: 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 ere 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

He poured a few drops of a dark liquid from a small bottle on a bit of cotton, and taking it up with his for-

ceps, 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

"What, you haven't pulled it out?" xclaimed 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 den-

"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 be bitterly. "You knew Dr. Hilton was going to pull my tooth when you brought me here. You are can't do it many times more. I've got

Whom did Harry so well understand? His mother, to whom he owed his exwas 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 rankling 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 honest ly with them. Never deceive them, of " 'Why, that's nothing to do with it; tell them the least fractional part of