

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, 35m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Sets), and other astronomical data for the month of March.

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

High water at Pictou and Cape 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 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 30 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.

A SEASIDE REVERIE.

"The sea is His and He made it." I stood alone by the ocean, While the waves in boisterous glee, Dashed high on the cliffs above me, Then backward sank in the sea.

Far up on the beach in silence, His boat the fisherman tied; While hither and thither fitting, The storm-wearied sea bird cried.

Far away a white sail glimmered In the swiftly waning light, A moment she cheered my vision, Then sailed away out of sight.

And all was quiet about me Save the sighing of the sea; But the song the waves then sang me, I fain would repeat for thee.

SONG OF THE WAVES.

Oh long ago, ere creation's birth, When "without form and void" was the planet earth,

Our waters were moved by the Spirit of God— We mirrored the light that was first shed abroad.

Then the fair young land in our midst appeared. And the forest-robed mountains their heads upreared;

On our foam white chargers the sea nymphs rode, And defied the threats of the storm king's pride.

When the morning stars together sang, And heaven and earth with music rang, We joined with our organ like base in the strain:

Ab never again shall be heard such acclaim! The vision changes—a scene of woe— Ye ken that is meant—look aloft at yon bow—

No need to repeat that sad story of death, But praise ye Jehovah for that he hath left

His bow forever a pledge to be, That earth shall no more be destroyed by the sea.

Ages on ages have passed since then, And with them, too, passed generations of men,

But the graveyards of earth hold not all the dead;

Over many a cold form our waters have played. Treacherous, cruel, so are we named, Yet we do but obey our Master's command;

We rise at his bidding, or calmed by a word We acknowledge the power of Galilee's Lord,

We roar in our fury, grow peaceful and still, Laugh aloud in our glee, or refrain at His will.

Then the queen of night in beauty, Ascended her star-lit throne, And showered her sparkling jewels, O'er earth and ocean down.

And out from the lighthouse window, There flashed a glimmering ray, Which grew in an instant brighter, As if to challenge the day.

And I heard the song no longer, The waves at my feet lay still, But methought I heard the echo Faintly murmured "at His will."

Oxford, March 4, 1878. J. J.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR BOY.

I have just finished reading an article headed "What shall I do with my boy?" ending with the plea, "Answer me, some mother; what shall I do?" I am not over fond of advising, but have had considerable experience with boys, being the mother of four fun-loving frolicsome boys.

First, dear young mother, keep your boys heart; that is, provided you already have it. If you have not, the first step is to get it. Study boy-nature. I know of no study more thoroughly interesting. A sturdy, healthy boy, a real live, romping, noisy boy is a living inspiration, in my opinion at least. Next convince your boy that you are his best friend. There are countless ways of convincing him, one is to make home a delightful spot, that is, provided it is within your power so to do. God pity the poor mothers who are wives of intemperate men otherwise unfitted for fatherhood. But even such mothers, if they are what they ought to be, can make home a desirable place for their boys. Their patient love and sympathy can make it a joy to be in their presence, if there is something lacking in the home atmosphere.

Let the earnest growing boys play, even if the house is disorderly, even if Mrs. Gossip and Mrs. Faulfinder do say they never saw such a topsy-turvy house. Ah, if we could only remember how fleet their young days, how very soon, if they live, they will be strong, bearded men, and our homes will be painfully orderly. Will not the memory of dear boyish forms come fraught with pleasantness if we remember that we were patient and loving and hopeful? that it was our influence blessed by the Omnipotent, that started the young feet heavenward? Let us exert ourselves to the utmost to have them feel as well as say, "there's no place like home."

Give your boy, when he is old enough, a pretty, comfortable room which he will take pride in showing to his friends, if you can afford it. Don't pile all the pretty ornaments and tasteful nick-knacks in the parlors and spare room. Put them, at least some of them in your boy's room. Hang pictures on the walls, (inexpensive ones will do,) pictures of flowers, birds, or landscapes, anything that will cultivate his taste and have a tendency to uplift him. Buy him books, sound, instructive, unexceptional books. Let him subscribe for at least one good paper, one that will help.

If, for the love of him, we take to our home a little immortal being, and kindly minister to its welfare, we soon shall find that the heart, as well as the home, will open to the confiding touch of childhood. In blessing we shall be blessed.

Near my home, is a home of wealth and culture, from which God has taken all his children. It seems as if reason was tottering on its throne as the father watched the last child pass away and though years have gone, he is a mourner still. Would not a child voice, in his quiet home, win his heart to its old cheerfulness? Would not some friendless little one blossom into a beautiful manhood or womanhood under the kindly influence of a tithe of the love which those parents lavished on their own darlings? Would not God reward them, even here with consciousness of having ministered to one of these little ones?

There are other homes, where there there is no baby in the house, that would be cheerier with bright child faces in them. There are hearts chilled with care and hardened by constant battling with stern realities of life, into into which a child's love might creep, to warm and to soften, till they shall glow with generous impulse and prompt to noble deeds.

Many a lovely child might be more joyous, and more free from selfishness, with one to share its pastimes.

These rewards are with us as results of our self sacrifice; but the motive should be a desire to please and honor God by striving to save at least one soul—leading it on, day by day, in the way of life, up to the very gate of heaven.—Earnest Gilmour in Christian Weekly

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—Take a pint of spirits of turpentine, to which add half an ounce of camphor. Let it stand till the camphor is dissolved; then rub it on the part affected, and it will never fail of removing the complaint. Flannel should be applied after the part is well remented with turpentine. Repeat the application morning and evening. It is said to be equally available for burns, scalds, bruises, and sprains, never failing of success.

MRS. JONES' PUDDING.

They lived in Wales, and the farmer was well-to-do, and all the household were economical, not thinking of meat every day, or anything like as often. The two daughters were named Reliance and Prudence; the sons Amos and James. Reliance was soon to be married to David Thomas, at the next farm.

"We'll have a hasty pudding for dinner to-day, mother," said Farmer Jones to his wife, one morning at breakfast. "Very well, Evan," replied Mrs. Jones; for his will was law.

So when it was time, she began to make the pudding. Her husband and sons were out at their work in the spring sunshine; her daughters were making the beds up-stairs.

"I mustn't forget the salt this time," cried Mrs Jones to herself; "There was a fine fuss from all of 'em about the last one."

For Mrs. Jones, good housewife though she was, was apt to forget to put salt in her hasty puddings, or not to put in enough of it. She put plenty in this time, for they were all fond of salt. Then she went up to the linen room and began laying the winter clothing away in camphor.

It was only a few minutes before Reliance came into the kitchen, when, seeing the pudding cooking, and knowing that her mother was apt to forget to salt it, she put in a handful of salt and stirred it well, so that her father would have no occasion to find fault.

Soon after, Susan passed through the kitchen on her way to the brew-house. "Mother's sure to have forgotten the salt," said she, and added a good handful.

Before long Amos entered to get a jug of beer. And soon after James came in. Each of them put in a handful more salt, as they had no more faith in their mother's remembering it than Reliance or Prudence had.

Just before dinner, Farmer Jones returned from the fields and saw the pudding cooking.

"That pudding smells uncommon good," he said; "but," added the farmer, approaching the kettle, "I'll bet a sixpence the wife's forgot to salt it, as she always does, I used to depend on Reliance, till she got her head chock full of that young man of hers; no chance of her thinkin' on't now. As to Prudence—well, she don't meddle much in the cooking; so I'll put the salt in myself." And taking off the lid, he flung in a handful and a half, stirring the pudding briskly.

Twelve o'clock came, and they all sat down to the table. Mrs. Jones helped her husband to a good serving; for he loved it well, and had besides a sharp appetite. Just a spoonful he took, and leaped up.

"Who on earth salted this here pudding? It—"

Farmer Jones stopped; he suddenly remembered that he had salted it himself. Just then there was a great noise in the stable.

"I should think that crazy colt's a-tryin' to kick in the barn door," said he, and rushed out.

The next to try the pudding was Amos. No sooner had he got it in his mouth than he leaped up too, and went off to see what the colt could be doing, and every one, James, Reliance and Prudence started away, in like manner, leaving Mrs. Jones in amazement.

For each one, you see, silently took credit for the hard salting.

"Law a mercy," cried Mrs. Jones, swallowing down her first mouthful. "This comes of my having put in all that there salt. What could I ha' been thinking of? But they used to say I'd a heavy hand at salting."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating.—Christian at Work.

WARTS.—If they give nospecial inconvenience, let them alone. But if it is of essential importance to get rid of them, purchase half an ounce muriatic acid, put it in a broad bottom vial, so that it will not easily turn over; take a stick as large as the end of a knitting-needle, dip it into the acid, and touch the top of the wart with whatever of the acid adheres to the stick; then with the end of the stick, rub the acid into the top of the wart, without allowing the acid to touch the well skin. Do this night and morning; a safe, painless, and effectual cure is the result.—Hall's Journal of Health.

TO BOIL BEEF.

To get the most nourishment from meat, the juices must be kept in during the cooking process. If every stove had arrangements for roasting, that would be perhaps the better method, but baking meats in the ovens of our ordinary cooking stoves is not roasting by any means. Besides, there are countless pieces in the beef which are not adapted to roasting. These must be boiled. If soup is desired, the meat must be slowly boiled a long time, and the water should be cold when the beef is put on the stove, but if the meat is for the table this must be the method: Have the piece in good shape for cutting up when cold; roll it and tie firmly, or fasten with wooden pins; put into well-salted boiling water, turn once or twice that the whole outside may become seared, thus keeping in the nourishing juices; boil rapidly for twenty minutes, afterward keep over a slow fire for at least two hours. Allow the meat to cool perfectly before attempting to slice for the table.

A GOOD REMEDY.—My remedy for toothache. It is also a "sure cure" for sick headache, neuralgia, and rheumatism: "One half pint alcohol, one ounce of gum camphor, one ounce chloroform, and one ounce hartshorn. Put the camphor into the alcohol, and after it is all dissolved add the chloroform and hartshorn. Use this freely on the face and in the tooth.—Mrs. A. B. Collar, Belmont, Mitchell County Ind.

DOING UP MEN'S LINENS.

A lady writing to the New York "Evening Post," says: Some time ago my husband used to complain that his linen collars did not set nicely in front. There was always a fullness which, in the case of standing collars, was particularly trying to a man who felt a good deal of pride in the dressing of his neck, as it spoiled the effect of his cravat, and often left a gap for the display of either the collar band of the shirt or a half-inch of bare skin. While talking with a practical shirtmaker one day, he mentioned his annoyance, and inquired if there was any means of relieving it. "Yes," answered the man, "the fault lies with your laundress. While doing up your collars, she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable; and a good pull will alter a fourteen inch into a fifteen inch collar in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise, and not lengthwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They, also, ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull draws the front of the neckband up somewhere directly under your chin, where it was never meant to go, and of course that spoils the set of your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, and your collar an inch too long, you have a most undesirable combination."

SAVING A CHILD'S LIFE.

The following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian cavalry, a few months ago. Not far from thirty thousand cavalry were in line. A little child—a girl of not more than four years, standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They made a detour for the purpose of saluting the empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly upon the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable—and such terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a thousand iron hoofs. Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one—another instant would seal its doom—when a stalwart hussar who was in the front line, without slackening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle bow; and this he did

without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron. Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could not sob forth their gratitude but in broken accents—the mother and the empress. And a proud and happy moment it had been for the hussar when his emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enameled cross of the Order of Marie Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.—Manchester Courier.

PLEASANTRIES.

Minister: "Don't you know it's wished to catch fish on the Sabbath?" Small boy, (not having had a nibble all the morning): "Who's catchin' fish?"

Professor: "Is the intensity of gravity greater at the poles or at the equator?" "Sophomore: "Yes sir!" Professor: "Which?" Sophomore: "It's greater." University Mag.

"We had short-cake for tea," said the little girl to a neighbor's boy who whom she was talking through the fence. "So did we," he answered, "very short—so short it didn't go round."

"My dear," asked Mrs. J.—of her husband on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets?" "The lady's faces," was the bland reply.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

POLLY PERKINS.

BY EVA M. TAPPAN.

Little Polly Perkins, Under the tree, Sewing as busy, As busy can be.

Very long seam, Very warm day; Thread grows knotty, Then gives way.

Little Polly Perkins Says "Oh my!" Throws down her work, Thinks she'll cry.

Looks through her tears; On the grass beside her, Working at his web, she Sees a little spider.

Spider looks funny, Cocks up his eye, "What a silly girl, to Sit there and cry!"

"I work always, Yet I'm gay; Never sit and boo-hoo, That's no way."

Little Polly Perkins, Busy as a bee; "Horrid old spider Shant beat me."

I AM AFRAID.

"George, let's go down to Reed's a little while," said Dan to a companion one evening just as the lamps were lit, and the day was done.

"I've got to study," replied George. "Let the studying do itself, and come on," said Dan.

"I can't; I must get that lesson."

"Well, get up in the morning and get it. Professor Jones says it's the right time to study, anyway, he ought to know."

"I am afraid," said George.

A roar of laughter was the reply that greeted this frank confession, joined in by all the boys that were around.

"What are you afraid of?" inquired Dan, as soon as he could command his tongue.

George hesitated.

"Of his morals," sneered one.

"And his manners," added another.

"And his mammy," supplied a third.

"Let him speak for himself," suggested Dan. "What are you afraid of, George?"

"Why—why, if we go to the morning, and then they might stay late; then I might sleep myself and not get up in the morning; and then they might swear and drink; and it's a bad place."

"Go hire a hall! go hire a hall!" was echoed on all sides.

MARCH 16. This and one of the... "Com... Come a... down; we lau... right to... come on... you don... I am... had the... troop, G... down to... all that... vado as... the crow... Late in... the morn... into his... crept no... To-day, e... ed, confir... perance, o... overcome... you, with... that he i... with no p... youth he... afraid." There... even him... scarcely... hardly da... Courage... do right. Have the... In the... swamp th... pine. Th... was all g... and the p... been battl... at least a h... top, where... eagle's nest... like a great... there many... spring; th... came back... nest, and... One bright... all, stood o... looking in... ily, and n... dress, and... glance to... ing, or, w... moving t... which he c... that a rabe... of the woo... near the d... a red bus... gone off hu... was to wat... "Father... sleepy eagl... "Yes, I... would you... "Ain't it... Ain't you... "No, it c... have no fe... "Why!... and it see... made me a... "Very it... as old as I... high and n... "What d... The old... ments, and... "When... leaving my... blue moon... and bright... seemed ver... seemed as l... dard if any... side of it... at a vast di... body ever g... brook seem... next eagle t... must be lost... The little m... I atten... What old e... wisely they... nothing and... chag-ed no... trees; I hu... There are n... have pass-d