

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

JANUARY, 1879.

Full Moon, 8 day, 7h, 53m. Morning. Last Quarter, 15 day, 6h, 48m. Morning. New Moon, 22 day, 7h, 53m. Morning. First Quarter, 30 day, 7h, 53m. Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HOURS. Rows list days from Wednesday to Friday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and 27m.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A STRAY SNOW FLAKE.

Oh mother, look, the air is white With the beautiful fleecy snow; And ere I go to bed to-night, Please tell me all you know.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

"She thinks herself as good as the best of us," said one of a group of girls that were standing by an open window of a young lady's seminary.

her coming up the walk. She holds her head as high as though she were a born princess, and has the effrontery to carry herself toward us in every way precisely as if she was our equal, and yet she dresses in the plainest possible manner, and I have heard upon good authority, that her father is only a common day laborer, and I know she never spends a cent of money if she can help it."

"Mary Langley does not hold her head high. She is modest and unassuming, as any unprejudiced person can see, and if her dress is plain it is always neat and becoming, and she is certainly not stingy for she excels us in all her charities; and you know Belle, she is a superior scholar and a decided favorite with the teachers as well as with her fellow pupils."

"O, yes, I know she has all these good qualities, but she does not know her place. I believe it has never entered her mind that she is not entitled to as much consideration—not to say respect—as the daughter of a millionaire. Now if I were as poor as she is—"

"Who is it that is so very poor?" said the young lady in question with a light laugh as she advanced to the window and threw her arms round each of the two girls who were discussing her merits and demerits.

Belle Hamilton drew herself laughingly away while her companion answered, "O, Mary! you must have heard enough to know that we were speaking of you. I am so sorry, we did not know that you had come up stairs."

"It is no matter, she said with a smile as she playfully pinched Kate's cheek, "but Belle, dear, how mistaken you are if you think me poor. I have a string of pearls no one of which I would part with for the wealth of the Indies."

"A string of pearls, Mary?" said one and another of the girls as they pressed eagerly around her.

"Yes, a string of pearls, shall I tell you about them?"

"Do, do," cried several voices, and Fannie Elson, the youngest of the group, asked, "Are they a legacy from some deceased relative?"

"No Fannie, they are each and all given from the great King," said Mary, softly. "The first on the list is Life, and around it all the others cluster in beautiful harmony. This pearl is delicately veined and exquisitely colored but very frail, and if once broken or lost the wealth of the world could not replace it. Next comes Health, rose-colored, beautiful, and of untold value, and Time with its changeful, silvery sheen, and Talent of variegated hue, but without waiting to speak of the merits of each there are Sight, Hearing, Strength, Intellect, Reason, Hope, Love, Contentment and Home, a father's blessing, a mother's love and the sweet affection of my schoolmates and such a long list of blessings that I cannot think to mention, real pearls, the possession of which makes me very happy."

"There is one pearl in your possession, Mary, that you forgot to mention," said Alice Parsons, "and I think it is the most lovely one of all. It is the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and it adds the purest luster to all your other pearls."

"If that, indeed, belongs in my list, it is from God, and no glory belongs to the possessor," she answered, while a bright tear-drop trembled in her eye.

Belle Hamilton had pompously left the room, closing the door behind her with a heavy bang, intended to enforce a sense of her contempt and displeasure; while the other girls gathered around their friend and imprinted kisses upon her sweet face, and one of the most thoughtful of them said: "I have learned a lesson. I too, like Belle, sometimes indulged in high notions of gentility and the fitness of things, but I see now that wealth and position with all the advantages they bring, which we sometimes so pride ourselves upon, are but as baubles beside our precious Pearls."

JOE'S BEAR.

BY EMMA HARRIMAN.

I like to tell real stories; and when I tell you of Joe's bear, you may know it is just as near as Joe told it, as I can remember. Joe lives in Minnesota, on a farm on the prairie. Bears do not live on the prairie, and Joe went into the woods to hunt. His best friend Tom was with him, and they 'camped out.' They had been out several days, and had killed one or two deer and some smaller game, when one day they came upon a place where they were sure there was a bear.

"Just look at the tracks, Tom!" said Joe; "I know there is a bear in 'here.' 'Let's run in a pole and see,' said Tom. So they got a pole and thrust it down the opening. A savage growl answered them, at once. 'Hear him!' cried Joe, in delight. He's down there, sure enough; but, how shall we get him? Joe caught the pole and thrust it into the hole vigorously. Out came a big black head, and

a pair of savage-looking jaws snapped at them, then disappeared, suddenly. Joe sprang back, but in an instant he had planned the capture. 'You punch him, Tom, and I'll shoot when he comes out.'

So Joe took the rifle, and Tom thrust in the pole. For a moment there was only an angry growl; then, with a sudden snap, out came the bear's head. Tom jumped back, but Joe had no time to fire before the bear disappeared again.

"I don't exactly like that," said Tom; 'he comes out at a fellow a little too warmly.' 'You take the rifle, and let me try it,' said Joe. So they exchanged; but Tom was too excited to aim well, and missed when he fired. They tried it once or twice more, with no better result, the bear growing more and more furious each moment.

"Give me the rifle," said Joe; 'I'll try shooting in there.' So he got down on his knees, and when he thought he heard the bear moving towards him, he fired. Then they got down and listened. There was a low growl, but it did not sound as near as before. 'Say we try him with the pole again,' Tom said. No head came out this time, and all was still.

"I'm going in there," said Joe; 'I believe I hit him.' 'You'd better not,' said Tom; 'what if he's only wounded?' but Joe was already on his knees, working his way into the opening. It was not a large hole, and it was so filled with his body that he could see nothing.

He heard a growling and snapping as he went on, and thought he might have wounded the bear, but he did not go back. The hole seemed to be shaped like a funnel, he having entered the small end, and he found himself in a much larger place than at first, but still very dark. He began to move cautiously about on his hands and knees, for it was still too low for him to stand, when he suddenly put his hand into the bear's open mouth. You may be sure he jumped, when he felt those sharp teeth and heard the snapping and growling commence again close behind him. But he knew he could not beat a hasty retreat; that trying to crawl out of that narrow opening with a mad bear after him, could be little better than to stay where he was, so he waited a moment.

The bear did not spring upon him, and he touched it with his foot. It did not stir, but the growling and snapping began again. 'She's dead,' he called out to Tom; 'it's an old one with cubs. Throw me the rope, and let's see if we can get her out.' Tom threw him one end of the rope, and he fastened it around her body, then Tom began to pull and to push. It was hard work, for it descended considerably from the entrance to where he stood, so it was no wonder they let it slip back; but Joe jumped when it came on to his shoulders, for he did not know but one of those cubs, or possibly an old bear, had sprung upon him. They finally tugged it out—a big, old black bear, with Joe's bullet in his head. And then Joe scrambled around there in the dark and caught the cubs. He got a good many bites and scratches, but he got the cubs too; and when he pushed the last one out to Tom, and crawled out after it, he was a proud and happy boy, and I don't wonder. I think it was just as brave in him, as for Gen. Putnam to go after the wolf.

A CHILD'S CONVERSION.

In one of the wealthy homes of London lived a little girl named Laura. She had parents to educate her, servants to wait upon her, and carriages to ride in. There seemed a great deal around her to make her happy; but Laura was not pleased and satisfied with those things that please and satisfy other little ones.

She knew she often did those things which she ought not to do, and her heart was filled with fear and trembling. What could save her, she asked herself, from God's displeasure?

Before she could read she treasured up passages of the Bible which others read to her, and went away by herself to ponder them over. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart,' Laura often heard from the sacred volume. "But I do not love him," she said to herself; "I don't know how to love him; and I don't love my neighbor as myself—I love papa, mamma, and my sister best of all. Did ever anybody love God with all their heart, and their neighbor as themselves? Did God really mean so? She was required to be Christ's faithful servant and soldier, and fight manfully under his banner. This amazed her greatly. "I am sure I do not fight; and I do not know what to fight against," she thought.

Laura asked many questions upon these perplexing subjects; but she was bid not to trouble herself upon such matters. "The Bible is not so strict as seems to be," she was told. This eased her mind for a little while; but the Holy Spirit was stirring up Laura's heart. It was forgotten by Laura's friends, that as children sin, and do often bitterly feel the weight of their ill-deserts, they must seek forgiveness and peace through Him "who was

bruised for our transgressions, and by whose stripes we are healed."

When Laura was seven a pious servant-girl came into the family who, observing her serious turn, sometimes spoke to her upon the subjects which so perplexed her.—As soon as this was known she was sent away; but she left some little books behind, which the child hid away and read.

"If I could only be a Methodist, I should be sure of salvation," Laura thought; but as she read she found it was not joining any particular people that could save her, but it was believing Jesus Christ.

One day as she pondered she read the words of the hymn—

"Who on Jesus relies, without money or price, The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys, and the Holy Spirit opened her eyes to behold and her heart to embrace its precious truth.

"Rely on Jesus; I do! I will rely on Jesus," she cried aloud.—"I will trust him as my Saviour, and God will count me good for what he has done and suffered, and I will forgive all of my sins for his sake." Joy and gratitude filled her bosom.

Before, everything seemed easier than to believe; now, the way of believing seemed easier than anything else. Thus the light of the glorious gospel broke upon Laura's mind; she became a lovely disciple of the Lord Jesus, and grew up a devoted Christian woman.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.

Thought moves the world. Human beings can and will think. Bad as well as good thoughts exercise their minds. We begin to think before we speak. It may be that now we often speak before we think. This accounts for the many foolish words often heard. The wise think much more than they talk. The foolish talk much more than they think. Only a tithe of the thoughts of the world is published. And it would be well for our race if much of that had never seen light.

Thoughts more than deeds or words determine character. Solomon says respecting man, "For as he thinketh in his heart so is he." The moral bias or aim of the soul is the essence of character. God's thoughts are always noble, elevating and pure. Some of men's expressed thoughts are of a similar character. Many are not. The influence of wrong thought is every where manifest. We often see it in the newspaper, hear it from the pulpit and the platform, read it in books and behold it in action.

Doubtless the stage of the present as well as the past abounds with impure ideas, or rather words adapted to awaken vile thoughts in those who hear. The good literature found in the play is not that which pleases generally. Impure hearts prefer unholy thought. The wrong thought of our world will never be corrected by the theatre.

Novel reading is doing much to dwarf intellect, and to fill the world with impure thought. Good ideas are sometimes mingled with the bad ones, but the evil overcomes the good. Novel reading will never rectify the erroneous thought of our race. The injurious results, of so much light reading; especially among the young, induces us to think, that there is more than one devil connected with some printing presses. The press of to-day is a mighty engine for good or evil. If it were only used, as it should be, for the proper development of man, there would soon be fewer streams of iniquity. But the impure flood which it incessantly pours forth upon the face of the earth, associates with it, in our minds the apocalyptic dragon out of whose mouth a flood issued.

The Bible is the depository of God's great and good thoughts. It is full of ideas, yet, suggests more than it expresses. Only a few of our race, however, become familiar with those ennobling thoughts, for some even in Christian lands consider it unfashionable to read this Book. "O ye fools, when will ye be wise." The ablest and most correct thinkers of this age, are Bible readers. No man in our day is, or can be, fully developed without the influence of Christianity. The best specimens of well developed humanity, are not to be found among the Darwins, Tyndals, Emersons and others of like character, but among those who have studied and felt the power of the "glorious Gospel."

No system of religion on earth, aims at purifying the fountain of thought, man's heart, except, the Christian religion. This where heartily and intelligently embraced does it. It furnishes with proper subjects for thought, hence the purity of thought. After placing before the minds of Christians at Phillipi, some of the leading excellencies of Christ's religion, Paul, thus exhorted them; "Think on those things" It is then, our duty and should be our aim as preachers, educators, writers and publishers to cherish thoughts of purity, integrity and holiness. The general thought of the world must be corrected before its morals are rectified. The heart—the inner nature of man—is the source whence springs "evil thoughts." So said Jesus

Christ, and he knew what was in man. Here then, must begin the work, that will leave its holy impress upon the thought of our world. The "new heart" in Christianity, involves new thought, words and actions. "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." A truly regenerated Christian cherishes right thoughts. His aim is right. He indulges not wicked thoughts, though often sorely tried with them. Hence the soul's warfare. O what battles are fought, won and lost, in the realms of human thought!

The mind of man is a marvellous region. Here Satan's kingdom of darkness is set up. And when the sinner is converted, he is translated from this kingdom into the "kingdom of God's dear Son," which is also set up in this region. "The kingdom of God is within you." When Christ reigns in the soul of man, he brings every thought into obedience. Some rebel, and require much discipline to keep them right. Grace or sin reigns in every human being. They cannot both reign at the same time.

There is doubtless much of superficial thought, in the present age. Men seem not to find time to investigate closely, and think profoundly. Many have insensibly acquired the habit of reading books in a cursory manner, as they do the newspapers. They read but for want of thought—meditation—they understand not. The religious press is doing much to correct wrong thought, and to encourage that which is right. Let agencies of this kind be multiplied and invigorated with live thoughts; so shall the world feel the influence for good, and obscene literature be banished from the homes of the people.

If Christianity cannot rectify and purify the thought of our world, nothing else can do it. It is useless to talk of correct thought or sublime morality, apart from the cleansing blood of the world's Redeemer. G. O. H. Maitland, Jan. 1879.

GEMS WORTH SETTING.

REAPING.

We shape ourselves the joy or sorrow Of which the coming life is made, And fill our future atmosphere With sunshine or with shade. The tissue of the life to be We weave with colors all our own, And in the field of destiny We reap as we have sown. —Whittier.

BELIEVE not ill of a brother till it is proved beyond doubt.

MAKE yourself necessary, young man, and your success is certain.

THERE is but one thing that is sure here on earth, and that is death.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Freule

FOLLOWING many vocations has ruined the life of many a man.

The flower of youth never looks so lovely as when it bends to the Sun of righteousness.

You can not kill goodness, and truth, and integrity, and faith, and holiness; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

How many hours of sadness and sorrow have been caused by the utterance of careless, thoughtless words! A word unspoken, like a sword in the scabbard, is thine. If thou desire to be held wise be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

I WILL govern my life and thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other, for what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts) all our privacies are open.—Seneca.

JOHN BUNYAN said, "I never had, in all my life, so great an inlet into the word of God as now (during his twelve years imprisonment), inasmuch that I have often said, were it lawful, I could pray for even greater trouble, for the greater comfort's sake."

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon forgotten, charities or a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment, or the disguise of a playful railery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling.

A true Christian in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So the world with its love of pleasure getting into the hearts of Christians has ruined its millions.

Show me the man you honor; I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you show me there what your idea of manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be.—Carlyle

THERE is a test point about you somewhere. Perhaps it is pride; you cannot bear an affront; you will not confess a fault. Perhaps it is personal vanity, ready to sacrifice everything to display. Perhaps it is some sensual appetite. Then you are to gather up your moral forces just here, and, till that darling sin is brought under the practical law of Christ, you are shut out from Christ's kingdom.