

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1878.

First Quarter, 1 day, 9h, 23m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 9 day, 2h, 3m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 16 day, 10h, 45m, Afternoon. New Moon, 23 day, 5h, 10m, Afternoon. First Quarter 31 day, 9h, 43m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data for each day of the month.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon, a southing gives the time of high water at Portsmouth, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, 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, hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 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.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

SELF SACRIFICE.

One day six boys, ranging in age from six to ten years, were playing in a grave-pit. Suddenly the high bank above them fell and covered them up.

And so the little fellow pointed with a gesture of his head, and telling where the other boys were, bravely remained in his prison of earth until his companions were rescued from death.

THE EXACT TRUTH.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a house. One of them in placing a brick discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other.

His companions advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben; "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied he, "taught me that 'tru h is truth' and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intention of lying."

"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character: it will show itself sooner or later and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks, and carrying the wall up higher till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold, the lie had wrought out the result of the lies! The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in night had toppled over, obliging the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with even so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

A Philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

What is it they ought to know then? First—To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this.

Second—To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age.

in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that Truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second—To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third—To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, how- ever poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.—Home Arts.

AN INCIDENT OF PRINCE ALBERT'S BOYHOOD.

A German duchess, distinguished for her good sense and goodness of heart, was celebrating her birthday in the palace of a small German capital.

The court congratulations were over and the lady had retired from the scene of festivity to the seclusion of her boudoir. Presently she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs. "Ah," she said, "there are my two little grandsons coming up the stairs to congratulate me."

Two rosy lads, of ten and eleven years of age, came in, one named Albert and the other Earnest. They affectionately greeted the duchess, who then gave them the customary present of ten louis d'or to each and related to them the following anecdote:—

"There once lived an emperor in Rome who used to say that no one should go away sorrowful from an interview with a prince. He was always doing good and caring for his people; and when, one evening, while at supper, he recollected that he had not done one single act of kindness to any one during the day, he exclaimed with regret and sorrow 'My friends, I have lost this day!'

My children, take this emperor for your model, and live in a princely way like him."

The boys went down stairs delighted. At the palace gate they met a poor woman wrinkled and old, and bowed down with grieving and trouble.

"Ah, my good young gentlemen," she said, "bestow a trifle on an aged creature. My cottage is going to be sold for debt and I shall not know where to lay my head. My goat the only means of support I had, has been seized. Pity an old woman and be charitable."

Ernest assured her he had no money and so passed on.

Albert hesitated; he thought of her pitiable situation in a moment, was touched by her pleading looks, and tears came into his eyes. The story of the Roman emperor came to his mind. He took from his purse the whole ten louis d'or and gave them to the woman.

Turning away with a light heart, he left the old woman weeping with joy. That boy was Prince Albert of England, justly entitled Albert the Good.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble; the Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth, and Thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies."

QUEER TOM.

Tom Flossofer was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried; I never saw him. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come round the corner whistling, and say:—

"What makes you cry? can you cry tulips? do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here, let's try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time; make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hen's nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string, and flew away far

out of sight. Tom stood still for one moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' won't bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg. "Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "You can't play any mo-o-re!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school 'on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over until it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Flossofer was queer, certainly, but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.—Household Mag.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE.—Do not scribble in the hymn-books in the church. Recently we sat behind a spongy young man minus a forehead, and a young woman of the same type, who spent nearly all the time of the service writing in the blank leaves of the hymn book and giggling at what they had written. This is the kind of people who do things of this sort.

"THEY SAY."

What two words in the English language have caused more trouble than these? Into a circle of these evil minded persons who are willing listeners to malicious slander enters the gossip, who prefaces her conversation with the words, "they say," and then falls the torrent of "envy, malice and all uncharitableness." Not even her own friends escape. Faster and faster falls the torrent of slander from those venomous lips; from mouth to mouth the scandal passes, and when that circle has disbanded those women carry forth the seeds of slander, which they scatter far and wide, until they grow fast and thick like poisoned weeds, and end in what—a ruined reputation and a broken heart. Oh, if we would all try to speak all the good we know, and not the bad, what a different world this would be. There would be less misery and fewer unhappy homes if some power could stop the slanderer's tongue. I blush with shame that one of my own sex can deliberately destroy the happiness of another just for the love of gossip. I have known women whose only aim in life seemed to be to go from one house to another sowing seeds of discord, causing separation between friends, and worse than all else, trying to cause trouble between husband and wife. Suspicion may arise from nothing but malice, envy, or thoughtlessness; then why should we believe the slanderer's tale when the accused may be innocent! No one has a right to utter a word that injures a fellow being unless they can prove what they say. Suppose tales are true! Do we derive benefit by repeating all we hear? Are we better than the one who bade the sinner "go and sin no more?" O, woman, have you forgotten your wisdom on earth? Are we not here for a holier purpose than to count ourselves among the "they" who say so many unkind words? "This woman's mission to raise up those who fall, and with gentle cheering words to win the wanderer back. O, lover of gossip, pause before you repeat the sorrowful tale. How dare you repeat the sorrowful tale. How dare you be the judge? Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Pause, lest in dark temptation's hour, Ye too should feel its dreadful power. Pity the weak—weep o'er their fall, But speak of good, or not at all. Mobile, Ala. LILY LELAND.

PRESCRIPTION FOR FITS.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticks of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a man. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie forlorn.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go to the church yard and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

For a Fit of Keping.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted and the deranged;

and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

For a fit of Envy.—Go and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh; but envy the rottenness of the bones."—Selected.

HOW A SPIDER CAPTURED A POTATO BEETLE.

I wish to place on record with you an incident which came under my observation, and which almost equals the account of a spider raising a snake in its web, which you published some time ago. I was sitting on my back porch one day this summer, when I observed a potato bug slowly approaching along the floor. Anxious to annihilate as many as possible of these pests, I kept my eye on him until he should come within reach, when I could put my foot on him. While watching in this way I noticed a pretty good sized spider approaching the bug. At a little distance he stopped to survey his contemplated victim, and then, with a mind seemingly determined as to what course to pursue, ran around on the opposite side of the bug, and with an apparent "nip" at him, turned the bug from his course, and toward a corner where I noticed that the spider had a web some four or more inches from the floor. The bug had no inclination to go in that direction, but he was closely driven by the spider, which ran first to one side and then the other; exactly like a shepherd dog driving a sheep, harrying up his victim with an occasional "nip" or bite at its side. Ah, this was something new to me in the habits and ways of the spider, and I watched with intense interest to see what the result would be.

When the bug had been driven into the corner at a point directly under the web, the spider changed tactics, and made a series of circles rapidly around the bug, first in one direction and then in another, occasionally taking a run into the web. While I was unable to see the delicate thread spun by the spider, I saw that the bug's legs soon became so entangled that he could not make any headway, but could only struggle around in a limited latitude, which became more and more limited as the spider untiringly continued his work. Being compelled to leave at this moment, I returned again in about half an hour. I then found the bug on his back and his feet apparently quite firmly bound. He was quite motionless, and I thought was dead, but he soon showed signs of life by vigorous kicking, which nearly released him.

The spider had been running up and down at different points, but quickly left that work, and sliding down to the bug, seemed to attack his throat, and in such a manner, that the bug gave a few spasmodic kicks and seemed to give up the ghost. The spider then returned to his work of attaching lines to the bug and the web. They were soon so numerous that I could see them; besides, the light had become more favorable. The regularity of the lines formed a sort of funnel, diverging as they did from the bug to the outer parts of the web above.

After a time the spider seemed to have lines enough attached, and began the work of shortening each line, as it appeared. He passed from line to line many times over, stopping an instant at each. I was again called away at this juncture and did not see the curiosity again until the next day. The bug was then elevated over an inch above the floor, and the third day he was safely in the centre of the web, some five inches from the floor, and all the tackle employed in hoisting was completely cleared away. In the web were the carcasses of two other potato-bugs, which I have no doubt were caught in like manner, though they may have crawled up the wall into the web, I cannot name the variety of the spider, but it is a very common one, of rather good size taken altogether, but small as compared with the bug; his body was long and slender, with long slender legs, a very ordinary species of house spider (of brown color), and called a large spider on account of his long legs.

This may be a very common habit of the spider, running out and driving in game to a place where it can be secured and hoisted, but I never heard of the like before.—R. B. Tuller in Scientific American.

HARD TO SAY.—A learned man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are: "I made a mistake."

When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault," Goldsmith says, "His confession shows more greatness than his victories."

Shame does not consist in having nothing to eat, but in not having wisdom enough to exempt you from fear and sorrow.—Epictetus.

The day is coming when our garments shall shine as the sun, but meanwhile our glory is hidden; we are princes in disguise. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; only we know that in the resurrection day we shall put on "incorruption" and "immortality" and "glory," and what we know not now we shall know hereafter. Our coat of many colors shall attract even the eye of angels.

When you say you will begin to take pains to-morrow, be assured that it is the same thing as if you said, "To day I will be shameless, impertinent, base; it shall be in the power of others to grieve me; I will be passionate. I will be envious to-day."—Epictetus.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses (as the Roman Emperor Nero did) with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.

OBITUARY.

MEMOIR.

Of Mrs. ANN, wife of Mr. Thomas Harris, of Canning. The subject of the succeeding remarks was born in Canning, on the 3rd of May, 1813. Under the faithful preaching of the Rev. Henry Pope, Senr., she was led to seek, and found, the knowledge of her acceptance with God. Early in her Christian life, she united with the Methodist Church, and ever after gave evidence, in all the relations of life of the saving and sanctifying grace of God.

Within the past few years, many in this section of the country, who through the instrumentality of our venerable Brother Pope were brought to God; have like himself finished the Christian course with joy. What blessed results—commercial and domestic. Mrs. Harris was a person of an unobtrusive but truly amiable disposition, and of a peaceful and quiet mind. But the secret of her Christian excellencies, was her devotional spirit, she was a woman of prayer, could the walls of her closet become vocal they could testify of the earnest prayers for her husband, children, and friends. We trust that her ardent desires will have their consummation, in those who can never forget her many excellencies. Or if the bereaved would always strive to adhere to the advice and examples, and carry out the wishes in reference to others, so often manifested by these sainted ones, how blessed would be the results. For some time this mother in Israel, was through indisposition unable to attend the means of grace, as she was wont, but her heart was fixed. God was her portion.

Her last illness was but short, she had gone to visit one of her daughters, and on the morning of the last Sabbath she spent on earth she complained of unusual illness and requested to be taken home. This was done and medical aid was promptly secured, and for a time, hopes were entertained of her recovery. But as the moments of the expiring Sabbath passed away, indications of an alarming character were manifest. Her husband, who in sudden alarm had left the room for a few moments to procure some alleviation to her sufferings, found on his return to the room, that she had gone to the nobler Sabbath above. How unexpected to her sorrowing family, the beloved wife and mother gone, never more to return. But she had exchanged mortality for eternal life.

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"Lo the pain of life is past, All her warfare now is o'er, Death and hell behind are cast, Grief and suffering are no more."

She died on the 8th of September last, in the 65th year of her age, justly lamented by her afflicted husband and children, and numerous friends. A large number of friends attended her funeral, and the occasion was improved by a suitable sermon, from Rev. J. Strothard.

J. G. HENNIGAR, Canning, 1878.

JANE LOWREY.

Died Nov. 10th, in the 87th year of her age, Jane, relict of the late Wm. Lowrey, of Westfield, N. B. The deceased was a member of the Methodist Church, for 69 years. She was a generous supporter of the Church of her choice. Her house was always open for ministers and they were made welcome and comfortable, until late years, when the infirmities of old age forbade her that pleasure. She died in the Lord and her works follow her.

JOHN WM. BUCHANAN.

Died of consumption, in the 26th year of his life, John Wm. Buchanan, of Westfield, N. B. Our dear departed brother was an amiable and moral young man, diligent in business and beloved by all; but not until several weeks before his death did he realize the assurance of sins forgiven when he rejoiced with exceeding great joy. He requested to receive the sacrament which was complied with. He now sleeps in Jesus.