

WESLEYAN ALMANAC APRIL, 1878.

New Moon, 2 day, 5h, 0m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 10 day, 10h, 40m, Morning. Full Moon, 17 day, 1h, 43m, Morning. Last Quarter, 24 day, 4h, 15m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, Rises Souths Sets, H.M. H.M. H.M. H.M. H.M. H.M. H.M. H.M.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Parrboro, Cornwallis, 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 30 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax.

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 LEADINGS OF LOVE.

BY MRS. MARY STEVENS ROBINSON.

Lord, from earliest youth I've wandered from Thy truth, Turned from Thy face; Yet hast Thou loved me still, Constrained me by Thy will; Ev'n now Thou dost distill Thy dew of grace.

For Christ Thy Son's dear sake, Lord, I beseech Thee, take My sinful soul! Let all I am be Thine; Though, will, no more be mine; Sure, this is thy design; Lord, make me whole!

Naught else have I to give; Yet Thou wilt bid me live, Wilt help me rise, Ab, when I may abide, I shall be satisfied— There, in the skies.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DISCOVERY.

Six hundred years ago there was in Belgium a poor man named Houillos. He was a blacksmith, and his forge was at a little village near Liege. Charcoal cost so much that the poor fellow could scarcely make money enough to give his wife and children food to eat.

MANITOBA will receive a large accession to its population this season. Numbers are flocking thither from Ontario. The Maritime Provinces are sending their contingent.

KEEPING LENT.

Is this a fast to keep The ladder lean And cleave From fat of veales and sheape?

Is it to quit the dish Of fleshe, yet still To fill The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre, Or ragged goe, Or show A downcast look and sowre?

No! 'tis a fast to dole Thy sheafe of wheate, And meate, Unto the hung-y sowle!

It is a fast strife, From old debate And hate To circumsise "thy life!"

To show a hearty grief-vent, To starve thy sin, Not bin, And that's to keepe thy Lent! Robert Herrick, 1591.

A COLORED SKEPTIC.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

When schools were established in the South for the education of the negro, they were eagerly patronized by the colored folks of all ages.

"Pete, did you know dar was gwine to be a 'clipee ob de sun next week?" "Yes," said Pete, "I heard the folks talkin' 'bout it."

When old Bishop Beveridge was about to die, and one asked him if he knew those about his bed, he said, "No."

A little boy in Hyde Park was remonstrated with by his mother for breaking up a quantity of clothes-pins.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BOY IN THE BOX.

BY HELEN C. BARNARD.

"You have n't any more ambition than a snail, Joe Somerby!" said energetic Mrs. Somerby to her husband.

Joe who was smoking behind the stove, slowly removed his pipe to reply:

"Wal, if I haint, I haint; and that's the end on 't!"

"What would become of us if I was easy, too?" continued his spicy partner.

"Why can't you have a little grit?" Joe again puffed away silently.

"Now, you pretend to carry on the rag business, you spend all your money a-buying and a-storing of 'em away; the back room's full, the attic's full, the barn's full—I can't stir hand or foot for them rags! Why on earth don't you sell 'em?"

"Waiting for them to rise, marm!"

"Always a-waiting!" retorted Mrs. Somerby, thrusting her scrubbing

brush and pail into a closet, and slamming the door upon her finger. "Before you get through, the chance goes by. Jo," in a coaxing tone, "I've had a presentment."

Joe evinced no interest, but removed his pipe to say: "Now wife, don't get uneasy. Let's be comfortable."

"Yes I feel a presentment about those rags," the little woman whisked into a chair beside her lord. "They say the paper manufacturers are giving a big price now, husband. Why can't you take a load to the city to-day? I've been thinking of it all the morning!"

"I'll do my own thinking, marm," said Joe with dignity. He rose, however, and laid his pipe away.

Mrs. Somerby said no more, sure that she had roused him from his torpid condition. She wound Joe up to the starting point, just as she did her kitchen clock and he kept upon his course as steadily as that ancient time-piece.

An hour later Joe drove into the yard. Mrs. Somerby flew out with a lump of sugar for a jaded-looking horse, bought by Joe to speculate upon, and who ate everything he could get, including his bedding, and never grew fat.

"I'll make a trotter of him in a month, and sell him to some of the grandees!" Joe said, but his system failed or the material was poor—old Jack slouched along as if each step was likely to be his last.

"Bless his heart!" cried Mrs. Somerby, as Jack winced at her approach and thrust his ugly nose into her hand. Mr. Somerby felt of Jack's ribs with a professional air, and said:

"I'm trying a new system with this 'ere beast; I think he's picking up a grain."

"He'll pick up the grain, no doubt," playfully retorted his wife. "Now then, I'll help you off. Those paper men'll have all they want if your net on hand. I'm glad I put you up to sorting the stuff last week."

"You'll put me up' till I'm clean gone," said Jo, winking to himself, as he followed his lively wife. "Let them bags alone, marm. You can be putting me up a big lunch."

"It's all ready under the wagon-seat. By good rights, Jo, you'd ought to have a boy to help you."

"It is n't a woman's work, I know," said he, kindly. "You just sit here and look on."

Jo swung her up on a bale as if she had been a child. Inspired by her bright eyes he worked with a will. The wagon was soon loaded. Mrs. Joe ran for his overcoat and best hat, gave him a wifely kiss, and watched him depart from the low brown door-way.

"She's the best bargain I ever made," thought Joe, as he joggled toward the city. "I'm not quite up to her time, I continued he, and there was a tender look in his sleepy eyes. "How-some-ever, I'll make a lucky hit yet!"

The prospects were so cheering that Joe actually snapped the whip at the "trotter" who was meditating with his head between his knees. Jack however, did not increase his gait, but plodded on. It was bitter cold, and Joe had to exercise himself to keep warm. It was afternoon when the laden cart entered the city. Hungry Jack had stopped twice, and gazed around at his master in dumb reproach. Joe was hungry, too, so he hurried into a square, in the business part of the city, covered his pet with an old quilt, and giving him his food went to dispose of his cargo. But Joe's purchasers had gone to dinner, so he returned, mounted the cart, and began upon his own lunch.

Now, if they don't want my stuff, my wife's 'presentment' 's gone up, said the elegant Joe, "and I've had this cold trip for nothing."

Just here a remarkable event occurred. Jack suddenly threw up his meditative head, shied, and stood upon his hind-legs.

"Hey there!" cried his master, delight-

ed at this token of life. "Yer a trotter after all?"

"Yer old nag scart, mister?" asked several small boys, who hovered about.

"He's a little lively!" said Joe proudly. "Keep clear of his heels, boys."

Jack subsided, but eyed a pile of boxes in a court on the left.

"What ails ye, Jack?"

"It's the hermit ails him!" cried one pointing toward a huge box on one side of which somebody's head and shoulders protruded.

"Quit scaring my horse!" cried Joe. The face was startlingly pale, and the eyes had a troubled, eager look—the look of anxious care; but Joe knew their owner was a boy, although he quickly disappeared in the box.

Mr. Somerby resumed his lunch, but kept the reins, in case Jack should be startled when the boy came out. But he did not appear; there was no sign of life in the box. Joe thought he was either up to some more mischief or afraid; the latter seemed most likely, as he recalled the white still face.

Joe got down from his cart and quietly peeped in. He was somewhat astonished at first, for the boy was on his knees. The sight stirred his sympathies strangely. The pallid lips were moving; soon, low words came forth:

"I don't know how to speak to you dear Lord; but please help me. Mother prayed to you, and you helped her. Oh help me. I pray for Jesus sake. Amen."

The listener drew back to brush the tears from his eyes.

"Minds me o' Parson Willoughby's sermon—'Help Lord, or I perish!' I wish my wife was here. I declare I do. The little chap must be in trouble!"

Joe peeped in again. The boy did not see him as he was partly turned from the opening. He threaded a rusty needle, and proceeded to patch his coat. Joe could see the anxious puckers in his face as he bent over the task.

"I do wish she was here!" Joe cried aloud.

The boy turned quickly. "Why don't you go home, lad? You'll freeze to death here."

"This is my home."

"Sho! Do you mean to say you live here?"

"Yes" the lad hesitated, then asked, "Are you from the country, sir?"

"Wal, yes, I be. Though folks don't generally mistrust it when I'm stoked up. But I don't stand no quizzing."

The boy appeared surprised at this sudden outburst; and said, with a frank manly air that appeased Joe:

"I thought if you lived a long way off I would'n't mind answering your questions. I'm English, and my name's John Harper. I don't mix with the street boys, so they call me the hermit!"

"Don't you 'mix' with your own folks, neither!"

"They were lost at sea in our passage to this country," was the low reply. "Sometimes I wish I'd died with them, and not been saved for such miserable life. Can't get work, though I've tried hard enough, and I'd rather starve than beg. I can't beg!" he cried, despairingly. "I'm ordered off for a vagrant if I warm myself in the depots, and I don't suppose the city o' Boston 'll let me stay here long."

"Don't get down at the mouth—don't!" said honest Joe, in a choking voice, as the extent of this dawned upon him.

"There," you know all," said the boy, bitterly. "I scared your horse, or I wouldn't tell so much. Besides, you look kinder than the men I meet. Perhaps they're not so hard on such as me where you live?"

But Joe had gone, his face twitching with suppressed emotion.

"I'll take the hunger out o' them eyes, anyhow!" He grasped the six quart lunch pail, and hastening back cried, as he brandished it about the lad's head, "Just you help a feller eat that, o'd chap. My wife 'ud rave at me if I brought any of it home. Help ye'self!"

Hunger got the better of John Harper's pride. He ate gladly. There

wasn't a crumb left when he returned the pail. The light of hope began to dawn in his sad eyes—who could be brave while famishing!

Meantime, Joe had been puzzling his wits and wishing his wife was there to devise some plan for the wayfarer.

"I wonder if you'd mind my horse a spell, while I go about my business?"

So the pale hermit crept out of his box, and mounted the wagon, well protected by an extra coat that comforting Joe always carried.

"He'll think he's earned it, if I give him money," was Joe's kind thought.

He's proud, and don't want no favor. I'll give the lad a lift, and then—

After the "lift," what was before the homeless boy? Somehow he had crept into Joe's sympathies wonderfully. He couldn't bear to look forward to the hour when Jack and he must leave him to his fate. A chance word from the paper manufacturer put a new idea into Joe's brain. He bought all the cargo at a good price, and engaged the stock at home.

"I'll bring it in soon," said Joe, putting his purse in a safe place. "I don't keep no help to sort my staff, or I'd be on hand tomorrow."

"Ah," said the bland dealer, little thinking what a train of events he was starting. "You are doing a good business: why don't you keep a boy? I know one who is faithful and needy!"

"Yes, yes he's in my cart," done up in my coat!" cried Joe, suddenly. He beamed upon the bewildered dealer, and rushed for the door, almost crazy with the new idea.

"My wife said I'd ought to have a boy, too," he thought, almost running toward the spot where he had left the cart, Jack, and the solitary figure in the great coat. Joe grasped the boy. "I've got a plan for you, John Harper. I want a boy to help me; the dealer says so, my wife says so, and I say so. You must go home with me to night. We'll carry this load to the store-house; the pitch in your baggage and start for better place than this, my lad!"

It was, indeed, "a place" for the boy in the box—a place where he found rest and food and shelter. After a little, he so grew into the hearts of the childless couple that they called him their own. John went to school Winters, and helped Mr. Somerby Summers, and got ahead so fast in his happy surroundings that ambitious Mr. Somerby had him educated. He is now a prosperous merchant, and a text for old Joe to enlarge upon when his wife gets too spicy.

"You wan't nowhere around when I found our John," he often says; "and he's the best bargain I ever made, next to you!"—St. Nicholas.

JESUS WILL TAKE CARE OF ME.

Standing on the pavement, under a lamp, I saw one solitary little figure—a child, with a print pinafore over her head, bare feet, and her little frock dripping wet, as she stood in the dim light under the heavy falling rain.

"Poor little girl! why is she here on such a night?" This was my thought, but I should have hurried on my way to the hotel where we were staying, when the thought unspoken had I not been interrupted by a little voice.—

"Is Mr. Moody in?" said the child very earnestly, coming forward and looking up at me with grave, wild eyes.

"No, my child," I said; "he has gone."

"Gone!" she said. "Where has he gone?"

"He has gone to the quay," I said "to get into the steamer for Wick."

"But which quay?" said the child in a tone of great distress, and with large tears gathering in her eyes.

"My dear child," I tried to explain, you cannot see Mr. Moody now. He has started already. He was to go at eleven o'clock, and it is past that time. But you can shake hands with me instead, and give me a message for him. I will say good-bye to him for you. Have you got any message?"

By this time the tears had rolled down her cheeks, her two little hands were clasped tightly together, her heart so full she did not heed the

AP... which my un... "Oh to Abe... I tried... told he... would... make... her the... the Lor... "Ye... eye res... I too... mine fo... But as... patter o... more, a... gentle, a... me onc... "Jesus... Than... answer... "He... right ha... forsake... "The... gone... "All... An... It was... and stor... snow ha... verance... ground... office in... to cross... miles to... felt chill... walk in... my paid... I set for... little ho... the dear... turn with... left the b... hind me... mal moon... here on... seemed to... before; t... sharp an... I grew... struggle... ing stre... more... guiding... against y... for a f... breath... ing off a... human v... I listened... my eyes... riously i... but not... wilder d... cluding... me, whe... floating... Feeling... near I c... tened fo... sound, a... child's... Prayer... such a s... heart bea... was said... I called... but there... more lov... timid an... a few ste... eight yea... the snow... "My J... you all... "No,"... but she... not get... asleep... I would... then as I... of snow... "Nelly,"... Jesus sen... "Sure... you not... you migh... how came... "We w... to see g... then?" b... left for h... "And... ed; "and