### WESLEYAN. THE 6 brush and pail into a closet, and slam-KEEPING LENT. WESLEYAN' ALMANAC ming the door upon her finger. "Beafter all?" Is this a fast to keepe APRIL, 1878. fore you get through, the chance goes The larder leane by. Jo," in a coaxing tone, "I've had several small boys, who hovered about. And cleane From fat of veales and sheape? New Moon, 2 day, 5h, 0m, Afternoon. a presentment." "He's a little lively!" said Joe proudly. First Quarter, 10 day, 10h, 40m, Mornisg. Joe evinced no interest, but removed Is it to quit the dish Of fleshe, yet still Full Moon, 17 day, 1h, 43m, Morning. Keep clear of his heels, boys." Last Quarter, 24 day, 4h, 19m, Morning. his pipe to say: Jack subsided, but eyed a pile of To fill SUN MOON. 9 M Rises Sets Rises Souths Sets. H Day of Week. "Now wife, don't get uneasy. Let's be The platter high with fish? boxes in a court on the left. comfortable." " What ails ye, Jack?" Is it to fast an houre, 6 23 6 25 6 26 6 27 6 28 7 28 7 59 8 26 8 55 Monday Tuesday Wednesd "Yes I feel a presentment about those Or ragged goe, "It's the hermit ails him!" cried one 5 41 rags;" the little woman whisked into a Or show Thursday A downcast look and sowre? pointing toward a huge box from one 1 13 8 26 8 50 1 59 9 33 9 23 2 50 10 40 9 53 3 43 11 43 10 25 4 39 m'rn 11 41 5 36 0 42 11 0 chair beside her lord. "They say the Friday Saturday SUNDAY 5 37 5 35 6 29 6 31 side of which somebody's head and 5 34 3 43 11 43 4 39 m'rn 5 36 0 42 6 33 1 31 7 28 2 14 8 20 2 46 9 11 3 14 10 9 3 87

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 circumcise "thy life"-

To show a hearte grief-rent, To starve thy sin,

Not bin, And that's to keepe thy Lent ! Robert Herrick, 1591

# A COLORED SKEPTIC.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

THE TIDES.—The column of the Mooi.'s Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Corn-wallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. When schools were established in the South for the education of the negro, High water at Pictou and Jape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annap-Gis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfound-land 20 minutes EATER, and at St. John's, Newfound-land 20 minutes EATER than at Halifax. At Char-latetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER. they were eagerly patronized by the colored folks of all ages. Coy maidens of thirty and bashful lads equally old gayly trudged to school with diminutive primers their hands, while, the small fry FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY .- Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subin swarmed in the school houses, and were enthusiastic on the education question. 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 Of Pete, the subject of our anecdote, it might be truly written that "ne'er did pencil trace a whiter eye or blacker face." His former master, Dr. H----; had taken great pains with him, instructing BY MRS. MARY STEVENS ROBINSON him daily in reading and writing. In the fall Pete was to go to school, and anxiously looked forward to it. This was 1869. when the sun was in total eclipse in Angust. There were all sorts of rumors among the colored people about calamities which would happen at the time of this phenomenon. A few days befere it occurred the following conversation took place between Pete and a friend. "Pete, did you know dar was gwine to

be a 'clipse ob de sun next week ?" "Yes," said Pete, 'I heard the folks

talkin' 'bout it."

" Pete, I hear dat awful things is gwine to happen when it comes. Dey say de world is gwine to come to an end." Curling his lip in scorn, and fixing his

paper manufactures are giving a big shoulders protruded. price now, husband. Why can't you take a load to the city to-day? I've been thinking of it all the morning!" eyes had a troubled, eager look-the look "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 resumed his lunch, but kept the reins, she had roused him from his torpid conin case Jack should be startled when dition. She wound Joe up to the start. the boy came out. But he did not ing point, just as she did her kitchen appear; there was no sign of life in the clock and he kept upon his course as box. Joe thought he was either up to steadily as that ancient time-piece. some more mischief orafraid; the latter She was just the wife for easy-loving seemed most likely, as he recalled the Joe, whom her brisk ways never wound white still face. ed, for he knew her heart was full of tenderness for him.

etly peeped in. He was somewhat as-An hour later Joe drove into the vard tonished at first, for the boy was on Mrs. Somerby flew out with a lump of his knees. The sight stirred his symsugar for a jaded-looking horse, bought pathies strangely. The pallid lips were by Joe to speculate upon, and who ate moving; soon, low words came forth everything he could get, including his bedding, and never grew fat. dear Lord; but please help me. Mother

"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. But despite this, Jack had become very dear to the childish couple, and they were as blind as doating parents to his defects.

trouble!" "Bless his heart !" cried Mrs. Somerby, as Jack winnied at her approachand thrust his ugly nose into her hand. not see him as he was partly turned Mr. Somerby felt of Jack's ribs with a from the opening. He threaded a rusty professional air, and said : needle, and proceeded to patch his

coat. Joe could see the anxious puck-"I'm trying a new system with this ers in his face as he bent over the ere beast; I think he's picking up a task. grain."

"I do wish she was here!" Joe cried "He'll pick up the grain, no doubt," playfully retorted his wife. "Now then. aloud. I'll help you off. Those paper men'll The boy turned quickly.

wasn't a crumb left when he returned ed at this token of life. "Yer a trotter the pail. The light of hope began to dawn in his sad eyes-who could be "Yer old nag scart, mister?" asked 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 comfort. loving Joe always carried.

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"He'll think he's earned it, if I give him money," was Joe's kind thought. " Quit scaring my horse!" cried Joe. He's proud, and don't want no favora. I'll give the lad a lift, and then\_" After the "litt," what was before the homeless boy? Somehow he had crept disappeared in the box. Mr. Somerby into Joe's sympathies wonderfully. Be 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 inte 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, put. ting 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 crast with the new idea.

"My wife said I'd ought to have a boy, too," he thought, almost running I do. The little chap must be in 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'l 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 there own. John went to school Winters, and helped Mr. Somerby Summers, and got ahead so fast in his happy surroundings that ambition 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 nowheres around when! found our John," he often says; "and he's the best bargain I ever made, next to you!"-St. Nicholas.

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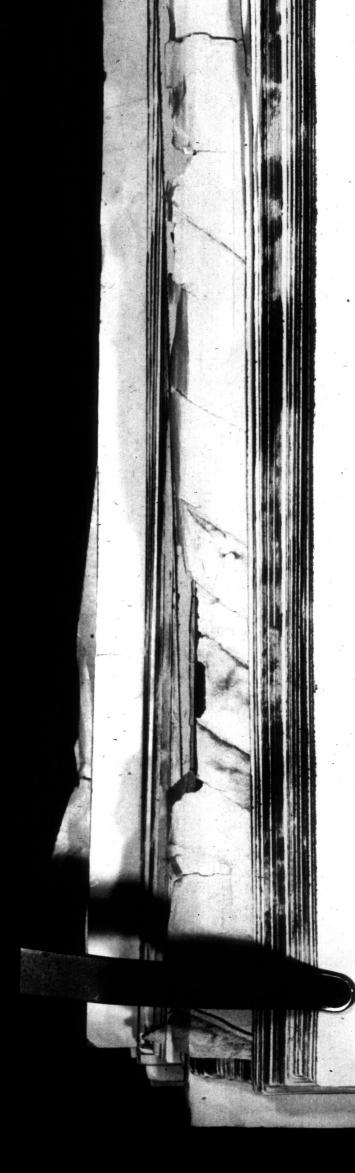
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THE BLACKSMITH'S DISCOVERY. Six hundred years ago there was in Belgium a poor man named Houillos. He was a blacksmith, and his forge was at a August," little village near Liege. Charcoal cost so much that the poor fellow could scarcely make money enough to give his wife and children food to est. Oftentimes it happened that, work as he might, night would come down and find the man tired, the children crying from bitter hunger and not a bit to eat in the house. Bad as matters were when he had work to do, they grew worse when he had none. In despair one day, the smith was at his forge. He had made up his mind that it was of no use for him to try to live any longer, and evil thoughts had just tempted him to kill himself, when a very old man with a white beard entered his shop Houillos did not know him, nor whence he had come, but he began to talk to him and to tell him all his troubles and how he had worked hard, blowing the beliows himself to save expense, and yet could not make money enough to keep his children from starvation because charcoal was so dear. The old man with the white beard felt so sorry for the horseshoer that he began to cry, Then he brightened up sud denly, and said : " My friend you go to the neighboring mountain, dig up the ground, and you will find veins of a hard. black earth suitable for burning in the forge." Houillos must have had much faith (and it makes one wonder how such a man could ever have thought of killing himself.) for he went at once to the place and found the black earth just as the man had said. He threw it into his fire, and lo he forged a horseshoe at one heating. He was so happy-for now he could make | ply : money, and his dear ones need starve no more-that he started off and told of the wonderful black earth that burned longer and stronger than charcoal. The French people call pit-coal houille, after the name of the horsesboe-maker, and all the miners of Liege cherish his memory and talk of him still. They say it was an angel who went to the forge and told the poor man where to find the treasure .-Vermont Chronicle. MANITOBA will receive a large access-

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THE LEADINGS OF LOVE.

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;

For Christ Thy Son's dear sake,

Thought, will, no more be mine ;

Ev'n now Thou dost distill

Lord, I beseech Thee, take

Thy dews of grace.

M∜ sinful soul!

Let all I am be Thine;

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,

There, in the skies.

I shall be satisfied-

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ion to its population this season. Num-bers are flocking thither from Untario. The Maritime Provinces are sending their contingent. The immigrants from Europe are likely to foot up a handsome fig. uer. It is to be regretted that any in the Lower Provinces should feel disposed to pull up stakes, But if the impulse is iresistable, Manitoba should be their objective point .- News.

big white eyes on him, Pete answered, have all they want if your not on hand. with contempt, "Go 'way nigga. Don't you know that school opens in September? How, den, can de world come to an end in

When old Bishop Beveridge was about to die, and one asked him if he knew those about his bed, he said, " No." His wife bowed over his pillow and asked, " Do you know me?" "No." Another asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ ?" And the venerable prelate folded his hands and said, "I have known Him for fourty-four years. He is my best friend." When Jonathan Edwards was dying, after he had dismissed all his family, he gathered his limbs up in bed, and said, "And now where is Jesus, my faithful friend ?"

A little boy in Hyde Park was remonstrated with by his mother for breaking up a quantity of clothes-pins. "You mustn't hurt them," said she, "as I want to use them." His naive reply was, "I ain't hurting them. Thay can't feel."

## 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 as with sleeves rolled to the elbow, she scoured the kitchen paint. Joe who was smoking behind the

stove, slowly removed his pipe to re-

"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 part-

"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

you sell 'em ?" "Waiting for them to rise, marm!" "Always a-waiting !" retorted Mrs. Somerby, thrusting her scrubbing

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 wifely kiss, and watched him depart

from the low brown door-way. "She's the best bargain I ever made." thought Joe, as he jogged toward the city. "I'm not quite up to her time, I know," continued he, and there was a tender look in his sleepy eyes. "Howsomedever. 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 plodd. ed 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. mv wife's 'presentiment' 's gone up,' said the elegant Joe, "and I've had this cold trip for nothing." for them rags! Why on earth don't

Just here a remarkable event occurred. Jack suddenly threw up his med-

itative head, shied, and stood upon his ve'self!" hind-legs.

"Why don't you go home, lad You'll freeze to death here."

The face was startlingly pale, and the

of anxious care; but Joe knew their

owner was a boy, although he quickly

Joe got down from his cart and qui-

"I don't know how to speak to you

prayed to you, and you helped her. Oh

help me. I pray for Jesus sake. Amen."

tears from his eyes.

The listener drew back to brush the

"'Minds me o' Parson Willoughby's

sermon-' Help Lord, or I perish !' I

wish my wife was here. I declare

Joe peeped in again. The boy did

"This is my Lome." " 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 slicked up. But I don't stand no guizzing."

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'nt 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 miser able life. Can't get work, though Iv'd 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 mouthdon'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'r 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 I will say good-bye to him for 70 that, o'd chap. My wife 'ud rave at me if I brought any of it home. Help

Hunger got the better of John Har- were clasped tightly together, her her "Hey there!" cried his master, delight. per's pride. He ate gladly. There heart so full she did not heed the

JESUS WILL TAKE CARE OF ME

Standing on the pavement, under lamp, I saw one solitary little figurea child, with a print pinafore over be head, bare feet, and her littl. front dripping wet, as she stood in the dim light under the heavy falling rain 'Poor little girl ! why is she here of such a night ?" This was my thought but I should have hurried on my my to the hotel where we were staying with 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 with eves.

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

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

"He has gone to the quay," I ' to get into the steamer for Wick. "But which quay ?" said the child's a tone of great distress, and with lang tears gathering in her eyes.

"My dear child," I tried to explain you cannot see Mr. Moody now. has started already. He was to go 1

eleven o'clock, and it is past that time But you can shake hands with me is stead, and give me a message for his Have you got any message ?"

By this time the tears had rol down her cheeks, her two little have

eight yea the snow "My you all " No." but she not get asleep. I would then as J of snow "Nelly," Jesus ser "Sure you not you migh how cam "We to see then?" h left for h "And ed; "and