

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

OCTOBER 1878.

First Quarter, 3 day, 2h, 46m, Morning. Full Moon, 11 day, 4h, 40m, Morning. Last Quarter, 19 day, 2h, 55m, Morning. New Moon, 25 day, 6h, 44m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The course of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Cornwall, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

STRENGTH GAINED BY SELF-DENIAL.

"Mamma, can I have five cents?" "I gave you some money only a few days ago, Harry. You know mamma hasn't much money, my boy; can't you do without it?"

Harry looked at the dear face, and for the first time noticed how thin it was growing, and manly little fellow that he was, resolved not to let mamma be worried on his account.

"All right mother; I don't really need the money—never you worry. I can use my short slate-pencil awhile longer, and I only wanted to get candy with the other three cents."

Mrs. Dunn laid her work down and drew her boy on her lap. It was an understood thing between the boy and his mother that when they were alone he could be petted as little five-year-old Jim or the baby; and so he was very willing to cuddle down and rest his cheek against his mother's face.

"Harry dear," she said, "you are very fond of candy."

"So are you, mother dear."

"That's true, but I don't buy some every time I feel as if I would enjoy it. I think I never buy candy for myself."

Harry felt a little twinge of shame as he remembered the cocoanut balls he had eaten at recess yesterday. "I'll go halves with you next time," he whispered penitently.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that; but I want my boys to learn to say 'no' to their appetites and desires. The boy that can't pass a candy store—if he happens to catch sight of his favorite confectionery—will, most probably, if he has any craving for stimulants when he grows up, be unable to pass the liquor store. Now, Harry dear, I have wanted to talk to you about this, but I have been waiting until you are old enough to understand me. You know how careful Aunt Kate is of Phil; how, though she tries to toughen him, yet if he gets his feet wet, or is exposed to the slightest damp air, she takes the greatest pains that he shall not suffer any evil effects. Then, though he is as old as you, she still bathes him herself every night and morning, rubbing him with coarse towels and in every way trying to strengthen him. Why does she do all this?"

"You know, mamma, Phil's father—uncle Philip—has consumption, and they are very anxious Phil should not inherit."

"Yes, but Uncle Philip is alive; he goes to business."

"Oh, I know he does; but he isn't half as strong as he'd like to be; he coughs awfully and is sick half the time. I'm glad there is no consumption among us."

"Oh, Harry, there's a worse disease in this family, to fight which you will need all the strength you can gain now, while you are young."

Harry looked at his mother's face in surprise. Surely she was not in earnest! but never had she been more serious.

strength, and it is that you must try to cultivate. It is for this reason that I do not like to see you yield to every little desire. Teach yourself, my boy, to say no to your fancies. Teach yourself self-restraint and self-denial, and your moral nature will grow firm and strong. But it is nearly school-time, and my work, too, is waiting. Think of what I have said. Good-bye, and God bless you."

The boy went off with a very sober face. Was it true that there was danger of his liking strong drink? Why, mother must have meant that there was danger of his being a drunkard. Well, if giving up candy would keep him from that, he would taste no more candy.

That noon his cousin Phil joined him. The very sight of the boy reminded Harry of what his mother had said, and he felt a new sympathy for him—they were both in danger and must strengthen themselves.

"Here, Harry, father sent this to you. He said he hadn't tipped you in some time," and Phil handed his cousin a twenty-five cent piece.

"Oh thank you. Tell Uncle Philip I am so much obliged. I say, let us run over to the cake shop and get a cream cake apiece."

"No, thank you. Mother says it will never do for me to eat cakes. I haven't a great appetite and must eat nourishing food."

Harry turned away with a start—he had forgotten so soon! If it had not been for Phil he would probably have eaten three or four cream cakes! After school Harry was fairly frightened to find how something seemed to be pulling him into the cake and candy store. At last he started running, and never stopped until he reached his mother's room, and tossing his silver piece into her lap, he said:

"There, mother, keep that, and don't let me handle a cent until I can resist. Why, do you know, I could hardly get here—I wanted to spend that money so, for candy. Uncle Philip sent it to me."

"I want you to grow strong, my boy, you must keep the money and steadily refuse temptations. Candy is not like liquor; it is good at certain times, and liquor never is; but it is the habit of self-indulgence that you must break. Let me buy you candy when I think it will be good for you, and break yourself off the habit of spending money for your own gratification." This was the beginning of Harry's fight with his moral weakness. How weak he was he had never suspected until he had failed again and again. After many failures he went humbly to God and asked His help. It was a good fight, and being Christ's faithful servant and soldier, Harry won the victory. Years after, when his friends wondered at his firmness and moral strength, he always said, "I have my mother to thank for it all—she warned me of my weakness, and taught me how to grow strong."—Our Union.

"I was real good of you to wait for me, mamma. Brother John's pond is splendid, and we have had such a jolly time sailing our boats!" and Ned Howard put his ship carefully down on the gravel walk, then fell on his knees beside it, little thinking of the white pantaloons over which poor Bridget had wasted so many sighs while ironing.

"Now, sister, ain't she a reg-ular beauty? Honor bright! she is the prettiest craft in town!" and Ned put his head on one side, and for the space of one minute was lost in admiration of his treasure.

Then, looking up, he said, "Papa, could you stop reading for a few moments and tell me something? I might forget, you know."

"Certainly, my boy!" replied Mr. Howard, closing his book. "Is it a question in Greek or Latin? and a smile flitted over his face."

"No sir; deeper than that," Ned answered. "You see, in the first place, we were having a high time down at the pond, and my 'Lucy' beat Ned Thornton's 'Jane' all to bits," and Ned's eye sparkled with the memory of his victory.

"Just as I had wound up all my string, one end of which was fastened to 'Lucy's' bow, Mr. Thornton came along and looked at 'Lucy' and said, 'Well Ned, my boy, I hope all your ships at sea may come in as safely, but we have to wait until we cross the river before we see many of them.' Then he told of the fun he used to have when a boy. I declare he is a minister I like; he is always so kind, and with a pleasant word for boys. What he says sticks, I tell you!" and in Ned's energetic admiration for Mr. Thornton, he gave the 'Lucy' an affectionate slap which endangered her beauty. "But what did Mr. Thornton mean by that about 'ships at sea'?"

"Mr. Thornton was right, Ned. His idea was that we seldom see our ships in this life, though we send many out from port."

"But how, papa?" and Ned's face wore a puzzled expression.

"We all send different cargoes," his father replied. "Some men's ships are laden with ambition, pride, the love of money, envy or hatred; these have black

sails. As life draws near to an end, we can easily distinguish them from the pure white sails of love, charity, faith and patience, with the motto: 'With God's help,' for the watchword. A kind word to some poor boy, or even a bone to a starved dog, is a tiny craft which goes forth sailing into the great unknown, and may some day come back as a long forgotten sail came into my harbor a few days since."

"You remember my saying I feared I must have a lawsuit with a Mr. Jones about some California land? Last Thursday Mr. Jones came to show me his deeds. His face seemed very familiar, but I thought it must be a resemblance to some one I had known. Mr. Jones looked at me a moment, and then coming forward said very cordially, 'This must be Mr. Howard. I can never forget you, for you once saved my honor when I was a boy in your father's office.'"

"Then it came back to me, like a long forgotten dream, of a bright office boy for whom I had once done something, but what I could not remember. So I said, 'O yes, I know you; but as to the favor, the long years since then must be my excuse for forgetting.'"

"Ah! it was a small matter to you, but the turning point in my life, for it made me trust that there was real kindness in the world, and that a rich man's son could take the part of a poor boy and fight manfully for him."

"I replied, my curiosity fully aroused, 'Come! this is hardly fair: you must tell me what I did.'"

"Do you remember John Haskins?" he answered.

"Indeed I do, and a great rascal he turned out. By the way Jones did you not have some trouble with him?" I said, for just at that moment the two seemed connected in my mind.

"Now you have the missing link, Mr. Howard. Yes; John Haskins accused me of stealing, and when on clear evidence your father discharged me, you begged I might remain a few days for further proof."

"Ah! I remember, I laughed. 'That was my first case. I cleared you and convicted Haskins. How proud I was when my father said, 'Ralph, my boy, persevere; I have great hope of you!'"

"No more proud than when I went home to my sick mother, whom I supported, and told her I still held my position, and that my honesty was clear. That was a happy day," Mr. Jones said his voice trembling.

"And where have you been all these years? Has fortune favoured you?" "Yes; beyond my largest hopes," he answered. "After my mother's death I went to her brother in California. I got on well, and at my uncle's death inherited his property. These papers which prove your title to your land there, I received from him," and handing me a small package, he added, "It gives me pleasure to pass them over to you in memory of your first case."

"I thanked him; and he dined with us this evening, when he will tell you in his own way of my 'ship at sea.'"

DOMESTIC.

COOKING MEATS.

Bread and meat should be among the simplest and least difficult articles of food to cook, but for lack of care or through unpardonable ignorance they are the most frequently spoiled. For the present we only propose to speak of meats.

Where there are no reasons for stringent economy and the choicest pieces are selected, there is no excuse if they are not so cooked as to give the highest gratification. For those who are compelled to choose the cheapest, not the best, there are many ways by which a little skill and a fair amount of good common sense can make even the poorer portions quite satisfactory. Indeed, sometimes the cheapest cuts give more pleasure than the choicest joints that wealth provides, because the one is daintily dressed and finely seasoned, carefully cooked to a turn, and its plebeian origin skillfully covered by a good farmer's sensible wife, and the other ruined by the reckless carelessness of an expensive cook whom no one dare censure or direct.

Attention to the art of seasoning, a fair knowledge of the modes of making tough beef tender, nutritious and palatable, are important items in domestic education. Many house-keepers are very careless in giving their directions or in their own use of seasoning, and thus often spoil what might have been delicious. We say "careless," but too often it is the result of ignorance. The injudicious use of salt, pepper and herbs has ruined many a meal that should have been most excellent, and added the tortures of dyspepsia, the usual penalty for such ignorance or misuse of seasoning.

It is a common practice of cooks, and often of those who are called good housekeepers, to sprinkle salt over meat when just ready to put over the fire. Now, to salt any meat before it is well heated through—or, better still, half cooked—will injure very materially the best ever sold in market, and certainly quite spoil a poor article, no matter whether it is steak, roast or stew. It

will harden the fibres, toughen the meat all through, extract the best part of the juice, make it very injurious to the stomach, and give no pleasure to the palate.

If a housekeeper thinks she can explain to her cook the effect this mode of seasoning will have on health and comfort and then feel that her part of the care is over, she will make a great mistake. Unless a proper supervision is steadily practiced she will soon learn that explanations, or even strict injunctions, are usually disregarded. The salt will still be thrown over the meat before it is at all cooked—perhaps because the girl wants it "off her mind"—and, as the result, a poor, indigestible mess of meat is set before the family. Should any one venture to complain, the mistress has any number of excuses at her tongue's end. Upon the butcher, or cook, or both untended, is thrown the whole burden of blame. But, in truth, the chief fault rests with the housekeeper; for with her alone lies the whole responsibility. It is her own business to see that her instructions receive respectful attention, and that her orders are promptly and scrupulously obeyed. Simply to give the order is of little avail. One failure should suffice to teach the mistress that her careful supervision will have more effect than a hundred messages through the speaking-tube or verbal directions.

It is difficult to press upon cooks, or careless, incompetent housekeepers, the simple rule that salt should not be used in seasoning meat or poultry until partly cooked, and on the country, that pepper and herbs, if used, should be added at an earlier stage; because all such seasonings release the best part of their flavor more readily by the action of heat, though not at so intense a degree as to evaporate and thus lose the most delicate part of their flavor.

Rapid cooking and intense heat are as injurious to the meats as the seasoning. Long, gentle cooking—simmering—is best for even the choicest meats, except in broiling. Pepper, spices, herbs, if used, penetrate all through the meat when cooked slowly; but the best flavors evaporate under rapid cooking. A poor, cheap, tough piece of meat is hardly eatable, certainly not digestible, unless these precautions are strictly observed; but it can be made wholesome and delicious if they are properly understood and remembered. The French understand the power of slow cooking to preserve all fine flavors. If they had not such a great fondness for garlic their would be the perfection of meat cooking.

OSTER SAUCE, WHITE. Blanch fifty oysters in their liquor, then reduce it with half pint of veal broth, until nearly all is evaporated, then add to it one pint of milk, simmer a few minutes, skim it clean and add a leason of four yolks of eggs; pass through the tamis into a bain-marie; just before serving add the oysters, washed in warm water, a pinch of cayenne and mace and juice of half a lemon.

OSTER SAUCE, BROWN. Proceed as directed for oyster sauce, white, substituting beef broth for veal broth and milk.

HAUNCH OF MUTTON A L'ANGLAISE. Dress a well-hung haunch of mutton on a spit; set it close to the fire for twenty minutes to form a crust over the entire surface, when, set it back and cover with a buttered paper, baste at first with salted water, afterwards very often with the drippings, roast it thus twenty minutes to the pound, remove the paper, dredge flour over, baste twice, dress it on its dish, ornament with a frill and three silver skewers, add enough stock to the gravy, boil, skim and strain, pour over the remove and send to table.

IRISH STEW. Prepare two pound of mutton cutlets, and lay them in the bottom of a stewpan with a bouquet of parsley, thyme, a blade of mace, white pepper and salt, with a quart of cold water; simmer slowly, skimming often for twenty minutes, when add two dozen onions of equal size, previously cooked in stock, and two dozen small potatoes trimmed quite round to match the size of the onions; continue the simmering until the potatoes are cooked tender, when instantly remove, dress the cutlets in close circular order, with the onions and potatoes in the centre, add to the braise enough white roux to thicken it, strain, and if seasoned correctly pour over the stew, sprinkle over the whole two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley and serve.

Schutzenberger has announced the discovery of an allotropic condition of metallic copper, obtained by electrolysis of a solution of about ten per cent of copper acetate, previously boiled, with two Bunsen or three Daniell cells, the negative platinum plate being placed parallel to the larger positive copper electrode, and three or four centimeters from it. The allotropic copper is then deposited on the platinum as a brittle metal in rugose plates of an aspect resembling bronze. Its specific gravity is from 8.0 to 8.2, that of ordinary copper being 8.8. The moist plates quickly oxidize on the surface in ordinary air. Allotropic copper is changed to ordinary copper by heat or by prolonged contact with diluted sulphuric acid.

The Russian Court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia on its passage round the world.—Pueblo (Col.) People.

IN MEMORY.

[This poem, second to Shelly's "Cloud" in beauty and sweetness of expression and rhythm, provoked the remark from the gifted and lamented Prentice that "one could almost wish to die if he knew such a beautiful tribute would be written to his memory."]

On the bosom of the river, Where the sun unloosed its quiver, And the starlight gleamed forever, Sailed a vessel light and free. Morning dew-drops hung like manna On the bright folds of her banner, And the zephyrs rose to fan her Softly to the radiant sea.

At the prow a pilot beaming In the flush of youth stood dreaming, And he was in glorious seeming, Like an angel from above. Through his hair the soft breeze sported, And as on the wave he floated, Oft that pilot angel-throated, Warbled lays of home and love.

Through those leaves so brightly flowing, Buds of laurel bloom were blowing, And his hands upon were throwing Music from a lyre of gold. Swiftly down the stream he glided Soft the purple wave divided, And a rainbow's arch abided On its canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts with fond devotion Watched him sailing to the ocean— Pleased that never wild commotion 'Midst the elements would rouse, And he seemed some young Apollo, Charming summer winds to follow, While the water-flags' corolla Trembled on his moustache's tips.

But those purple waves enchanted, Rolloped beside a city haunted By an awful spell that danted Every comer to the shore. Nightshade rank the air encumbered, And pale marble statues numbered Where the lotus-eaters slumbered, And wake to life no more.

Then there rush'd with lightning quickness O'er this face a mortal sickness, And the dew in fearful thickess Gathered o'er his temple fair; And there swept a dying murmur Through the lovely Southern summer, As the beautiful pilot came, Perished at that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river, And the sun unbinds his quiver, And the starlight streams forever, On the bosom as before. But that vessel's rainbow banner Greets no more the gay savanna, And that pilot's late drops manna On the purple waves no more.

OBITUARY.

HANNAH SWAINE.

wife of Capt. Chapman Swaine, died on the 25th ult., at North East Harbor, aged 59 years. During the whole of sister Swaine's last illness she manifested a firm assurance in her Redeemer, being by grace divine enabled to glorify God in the furnace of affliction. Having an impression from the first day of her illness that she would not recover, she was always averse to praying for her recovery. Using the apostle's words, she said, I would rather depart that I may be with Christ which is far better. Shortly before her death I asked her concerning her conversion, and her countenance brightened as she informed me, that about the age of eighteen under the preaching of the late Bro. Webb she was convinced of sin and led to seek an interest in the atoning blood of the Lamb. During the great revival on the circuit under the ministry of Bro. McMurray, she came out again and professed to find peace with God. But when Bro. Spangale conducted special services here, afraid that she might be deceived or resting on some false hope, she went forward to the altar and asked the Lord to reveal himself more fully to her; then she received the full witness of the Spirit, and to the end of her life remained in full enjoyment of religion. Sister Swaine was always ready to lend a helping hand in what ever would further the interests of her Master's kingdom, and with her husband took a very active part in building our church and parsonage. In faith as well as in works she was abundant. Many will remember her heart stirring prayers in the house of God, and even at the point of death she evinced an anxiety for the spiritual welfare of others by requesting that her funeral sermon should be preached from the words, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." Her end was peace and though dead she yet speaketh. N. E. H. J. S.

A CHILD'S OPINION—A FACT.

STANLEY had recovered from a very serious illness, brought on by too close application to his books, in his earliest endeavors to outstrip his little school-mates in the race after knowledge.

His little brother, Percy, a youth of three summers, as was quite natural, held a very high opinion of the medicine (Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime) that had produced such gratifying results,—but, at the same time had a very warm affection for it on his own private account. After having enjoyed sundry "refreshers" from the nearly empty bottles, which by common consent had descended to him, he critically holds it up between his eye and the light, and with the air of a "Chief Justice," remarks:—"Mamma, I like 'nat better 'n lobster."

Little Percy's just appreciation is a very general one among the children who have once taken the Emulsion, and mothers would have less cause for anxiety on account of the ceaseless drains upon the too frail constitutions of their fast-growing little ones did they but fully estimate the marvellous strengthening and vivifying properties of this medicine and its adaptability to the wants of GROWING STRUCTURES. Try it! Prepared solely by J. H. ROBINSON, St. John, N. B., and for sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1 per bottle; Six for \$5.

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