

WESLEYAN ALMANAC FEBRUARY, 1878.

New Moon, 2 day, 4h, 3m, Morning. First Quarter, 10 day, 9h, 2m, Morning. Full Moon, 17 day, 7h, 3m, Morning. Last Quarter, 23 day, 10h, 58m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HOURS. Rows list days from Friday to Thursday with corresponding times for sunrise, sunset, moonrise, and moonset.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hamisport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 3 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.

WONDERS OF WESTMORELAND.

FARMING OPERATIONS.

The representative of the St. John Telegraph, who visited Sackville in connection with a recent very spirited farmers' league meeting, writes as follows:—

I confess I anticipated seeing some fine bovine specimens before I left for home, but we outsiders of Westmoreland were completely taken aback at the show of fat cattle in the barns on the farm of Josiah Wood, Esq. This gentleman's farm is about two-and-a-half miles from the Brunswick House, and consists of 90 acres of upland, and about 400 acres of dyked marsh. Mr. Wood lives in the village, but the farm is managed by Mr. E. Trueman, who understands as much about fattening cattle as is worth knowing, and takes delight in showing his oxen developing with ponderosity under his judicious and generous treatment.

The following season there will be thirteen acres in roots, the rotation being oats on the sod, followed by roots, succeeded by barley, seeded with grass. The manure is all used for roots, top dressing not being practiced. One hundred acres of dyked marsh are pastured, and the balance is in hay. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty cattle are turned over in a year, and hay sold to the amount of \$2.00.

The magnificent sight of forty head of fat oxen being fed in one barn, and that a New Brunswick one, made us feel proud of our country, and of Mr. Wood, and possibly the least bit envious of these graziers whose lines had fallen in such pleasant places. But as we lingered to take a farewell look at the gentle roan steers, and handle them with a sort of mingled feeling of curiosity and awe, Mr. Fawcett, to our astonishment, told us there was a pair near by that were still better. So resuming our drive we soon drove up to Mr. Ayer's farm. The object of our visit was made known and Mr. A. showed us a pair of two year old steers that were prodigious animals for their age. The largest was turned out for our inspection, and he was examined with a

critical eye by the many connoisseurs present. Mr. Fawcett applied his girth chain and found him to girth seven feet four inches. This is supposed to be the largest steer for his age in the Maritime Provinces, if not in the Dominion, and his weight was laid at 950 lbs. dressed beef.

Our next call was upon William George, Esq., whose buildings are all apparently new, in fine order and admirably arranged. The house stands on a commanding position overlooking the marsh, and having a fine belt of trees to protect it from the north. The barns which are placed at a nice distance from the house, behind it and on lower ground, form three sides of a square, and the whole appearance of the steading is one of neatness and compactness. Mr. George has proved himself to belong to the class of progressive farmers by the arrangements he has made, at considerable cost, to cook his feed for his cattle and pigs. He imported from the United States a boiler for steaming the feed and a corn crusher. The crusher and hay cutter are both driven by horse power. The hay when cut is mixed in a large box with the crushed grain, the whole saturated, while being mixed, with cold water and when the box is packed full the cover is firmly held down by a bar, and steam from the boiler introduced at the bottom. It takes about an hour and a half to cook the food properly. Mr. George is well pleased with his investigation, and is confident that it takes less food to carry stock through the winter, than under the old method of feeding hay and grain separately. There is a difference of opinion, however, upon this point among the stock growers of Sackville, and as they have ample means of trying experiments involving considerable cost, I anticipate a more thorough elucidation of facts connected with this important question at no distant day.

From Mr. George's we were driven over the marsh to inspect a canal that has been dug from the river northerly to this point and further for the express purpose of reclaiming unproductive marsh. We were shown an immense tract of marsh lying immediately before us that grows hay, and which had been reclaiming within the last twenty years.

A hasty call at the farms of Messrs. John and Albert Fawcett, who are noted dealers and growers of fine stock, gave further evidence of the growth-producing properties of "broad leaf" and marsh pastures. On our return we took leave of Mr. Black, who had kindly shown us much attention, and who, in addition to his large mercantile business, is also quite a farmer, and takes an active interest in whatever tends to the more intelligent prosecution of the farming business.

A rapid drive soon brought us to our places of rendezvous, and a most kind reception and a capital dinner at the new and very pretty residence of James Dixon, Esq., for many sessions the president of the late Board of Agriculture, was the most graceful recognition of the high value he put upon the Farmer's Provincial League.

JOHN B. GOUGH tells the following: "A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the door-step clapping his hands and exclaiming, 'Papa has come home!' He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell into the hall. That minister said to me, 'I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was his child, dead! There was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep.' A man about thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him round, and a wife upon the brink of the grave! 'Mr. Gough,' said my friend, 'I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must remain until he awoke, and I did.' When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah, my child!' That minister said further to me, 'One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral.' The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston. Now tell me what rum will

not do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and God-like in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking or hellish. When are we not to fight till the day of our death?"

A TREE THAT GREW IN SIX MONTHS.

Boys and girls who love to see things grow should plant castor-oil beans. The plant has a splendid, palm-like, tropical look, and soon attains great size in any garden—though not quite as tall as the beanstalk in the story of Jack and the Giant. The castor-oil plant is a native of India, where it is a perennial, fifteen or twenty feet high, with a thick stem. In cold climates it becomes an annual. The rapid growth of the plant is illustrated by an instance reported in a garden in Memphis, Tenn. A castor-bean was planted in May, 1871, and in November it had grown to the height of twenty-three feet, with a spread of foliage fifteen feet in diameter. The trunk ten inches above the ground was eight inches in circumference. Another one in a Kansas garden grew to similar size in the same time. It was so strong that a man weighing two hundred pounds climbed up its stem ten feet without bending it.—Youth's Com.

FATE OF A CARELESS BOY.

Mischief and boyish fooling are spied enough away from railroad trains. Sport on the track where cars are moving is deadly temerity, whether the intention is bad or good. Another warning for rash boys comes from Pottsville, Penn.: Patrick M'Govern, aged twelve years, while watching an engine drawing a loaded train of coal-cars on the Reading Railroad, below Pottsville, commenced throwing stones at the cars, and became so absorbed in his play that he did not notice an engine coming up the track until it had struck him. He was dragged a considerable distance before he was discovered. A most horrible sight was then presented on one side of the track. The boy's body was cut into fine pieces.

THE CHILD OF CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Armitage says: "I find a child in no religion but the religion of Jesus. Mohammed seemed to know nothing about a child. The heathen seemed to know nothing about children in their mythology. Their gods were not born as children. They were never clothed with the sympathies of children. They were never endowed with the attributes of children, and hence they make no provision for children. But the great elementary fact of Christianity is the holy child Jesus. The religion of Jesus is the only religion that dares to put its sacred book into the hands of a child. No other religion ever conceived of such a thing. No other religion dare venture its existence on such a venture as that. Sacred books of Hindooism, sacred books of Mahomedanism, put into the hands of children, would shock their authors and votaries. But the Christian religion brings its sacred books to the child. It says to the little ones: 'These are able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith that is in the Lord Jesus;' and, although the child cannot master their mysteries, he can believe their mysteries, he can obey their mysteries, can elucidate their mysteries."

NELLIE'S IDEA OF PRAYER.

Little Nellie, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares. For awhile Nellie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers; but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone: "When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark, angels! while I hear a little noise.'" Her mother asked her what noise that was. "A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do just so" (shutting her mouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment), "till I say Amen." Is not this a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this story of little Nellie have ever thought how wonderful it is that God hears their prayers?

He hears the softest prayer of the little child kneeling by the bedside. There is never too much singing, or too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's "noise."

The first thing is to make your sermon plain. Mr. Blomfield preached on the text, "the fool hath said in his heart 'There is no God.'" Wishing to find out if it pleased his people, he called a poor foolish man to the pulpit and asked him how he liked the sermon. The reply, which made Blomfield a sadder and a wiser man, was: "Well, I must say I can't agree with you. In spite of all you've said I think there must be a God."

FRANKLIN INTRODUCED BY A HORSE.

In old colonial times, when arrangements for public travel were imperfect, Benjamin Franklin used sometimes to ride on horseback from Philadelphia to Boston. On one occasion, as he was passing through Stonington, Conn., his horse suddenly turned up a long lane leading to a house at some distance from the road. Franklin drew the rein and forced him back to the road; but in spite of whip and spur, the horse would not go beyond a walk, and seemed eager to turn back. Franklin, full of curiosity, gave the animal the reins, and instantly he flew up the lane and stopped before the house. The family flocked to the window to see who was coming, and a dignified clergyman came out to welcome the stranger. The traveller, raising his hat, said— "My name is Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia. I am travelling to Boston, and my horse appears to have some business with you, as he has insisted upon coming to your house." "O sir," said the clergyman, "that horse has been here often before!" The animal had belonged to a neighboring clergyman, with whom Mr. Eells, the Stonington minister, was very intimate. Dr. Franklin was invited into the house, and a friendship began which ended only at death. He often remarked that he was perhaps the only man living that had been introduced by a horse.—Youth's Companion.

WASHINGTON'S LAUGH.

A writer in Lippincott's Magazine tells the following story, which she heard when a little girl from Mrs. Madison: "One day, in Philadelphia," said Mistress Dolly Madison, "I was sitting in my parlor with a very dear friend, Mrs. R. B. Lee, when in walked Payne Todd (her son) dressed in my calico bed-gown. While we were laughing at the figure he cut, the servant threw open the door and announced General and Mrs. Washington. What to do with that dreadful boy I didn't know. He could not face the President in that garb. Neither could he leave the room without meeting them, for the door they were entering was the only one. I made him crawl quickly under a low, broad settee on which I was sitting. I had just time to arrange the drapery when the Washingtons entered. After the courtly greeting, and the usual compliments of the season, there came from under the settee a heavy sigh, which evidently attracted the General's notice. However, I only talked and laughed a little louder, hoping to divert his attention when—oh, me!—there came an outcry and a kick that could not be ignored. So I stooped down and dragged Payne out by the leg. General Washington's dignity left him for once. Laugh! Why he fairly roared! He nearly went into convulsions. The sight of that boy in that gown, all so unexpected, coming wrong end first from under my seat—it was too much."

MR. WADSWORTH, member of the British Parliament, is a Methodist local preacher. Recently in a sermon he referred in strong terms to the decrease of liberality among Christians. The Scribes and Pharisees—of whom Christians often spoke with something like contempt—were strict in their liberality, and gave of what they obtained in the week one-tenth to God. They as Christians should give a great deal more; but they did not give one half of what their fathers did, and not one tenth of what they would give if they were honest with God.

"Who wouldn't be an editor?" asks an Indiana paper. "You wouldn't," replies an Illinois exchange, "if you tried a hundred years."

TOMMY'S DREAM; OR THE GEOGRAPHY DEMON.

I hate my geography lesson! It's nothing but nonsense and names; To bother me so every morning, It's really the greatest of shames.

The brooks, they flow into the rivers, And the rivers flow into the sea; I hope, for my part they enjoy it, But what does it matter to me?

Of late even more I've disliked it, And more disagreeable it seems, Ever since the sad evening last winter, When I had that most frightful of dreams.

I thought that a great horrid monster Stood suddenly here in my room— A frightful Geography Demon, Enveloped in fogs and gloom:

His body and head like a mountain, A volcano on top of a hat; His arms and his legs were like rivers, With a brook round his neck for cravat.

He laid on my trembling shoulder His fingers, cold, clammy and long; And fixing his red eyes upon me, He roared forth this horrible song:

"Come! come! rise and come Away to the banks of the Muskingum! It flows o'er the plains of Timbuctoo, With the peak of Teneriffe just in view, And the cataracts leap in the pale moonshine, As they dance o'er the cliffs of Brandwine.

"Flee! flee! rise and flee Away to the banks of the Tombigbee! We'll pass by Alaska's flowery strand, Where the emeral towers of Pekin stand; We'll pass him by, and will rest awhile On Michillimackinac's tropic isle; While the apes of Barbary frisk around, And the parrots crow with a lovely sound.

"Hie! hie! rise and hie Away to the banks of the Yang-tze-ki! There the giant mountains of Oshkosh stand, And the ice-bergs gleam through the falling sand; While the elephant sits on the palm-tree high And the cannibals feast on bad-boy pie.

"Go! go! rise and go Away to the banks of the Hoang-ho! There the Chickasaw Sachem makes his tea, And the kettle boils and waits for thee, We'll smite thee ho! and we'll lay thee low, On the beautiful banks of the Hoang-ho!"

These terrible words were still sounding Like trumpets and drums through my head, When the monster clutched tighter my shoulder, And dragged me half out of the bed.

In terror, I clung to the bed post; But the faithless bed-post, it broke. I screamed out loud in my anguish, And suddenly—well, I awoke.

He was gone. But I cannot forget him, The fearful Geography spirit. He has my first thought in morning, He has my last shudder at night.

Do you blame me for hating my lesson? Is it strange that that frightful dream seem? Or that I more and more should abhor it Since I had that most horrible dream? Laura E. Richard's in St. Nicholas for July

SOME CLEAR GRIT.

About thirty years ago, said Judge _____, I stepped in a book-store in Cincinnati in search of some book that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply. "How much do they cost?" "One dollar, my lad." "I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he, "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?" How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to sink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked. "Try another place, sir." "Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?" "O, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise. Four different stores I entered with him, and each time refused. "Will you try again?" I asked. "Yes, sir; I will try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one." We entered the fifth store and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much he had. "You want the book very much," said the proprietor. "Yes, very much." "Why do you want it so very much?" "To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."