

WESLEYAN ALMANAC FEBRUARY, 1878.

New Moon, 2 day, 4h, 3m, Morning. First Quarter, 10 day, 9h, 2m, Morning. Full Moon, 17 day, 7h, 2m, Morning. Last Quarter, 23 day, 10h, 5m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Sets), and H.M. (High Moon). Rows include days from Friday to Thursday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrishboro, Cornwallis, 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.

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 LORD AT HAND.

Could Christians watch ten thousand years, Before their Lord himself appears, Yet, as He then shall come at last, 'Twere wise, through all such ages past, 'T have watch'd and waited, and have borne The scoffers' jest, the worldling's scorn.

Lord, make me at all hours awake, And, self-denied, Thy cross to take, Robed for Thy nuptial feast in white, With lamp in hand and burning bright; Nor lack of precious oil be mine When the loud cry, "Arise and shine!" Proclaims Thee come in bridal state, And when preparing is too late!

—From the German.

PULPIT McCLELLANISM.

The country will never cease to laugh at Gen. McClellan for furiously attacking Manassas two days after the enemy had retired, leaving stovepipe in the deserted embrasures to simulate cannon. "Canon" Farrar, Beecher, and Swing as furiously attacked a theology which as touching hyper-calvinism, has been dead seventy-five years. We do not allude to their reputed words about future penalty, since Farrar disavows his certainty of Universalism, Beecher claims he is misrepresented and orthodox, and Swing speaks, as he says, "less from biblical criticism than from simple feeling" on the subject.

These gentlemen and others slander "the churches" when they make the public impression that current theology is illiberal and intolerant. The old theology was abhorrent in some particulars, but, as we say, that theology is dead, and Methodist preachers finished the work more than half a century ago. Yet certain audiences are led to believe that the "old theology" includes all churches, save the three or four audiences which so lately marched upon Manassas. When Mr. Swing was tried for over liberality, it served his purpose to prove himself no more liberal than John Wesley, who accepts Justin Martyr's description of Socrates as "a Christian before Christ," but more recently Mr. Swing ignores the quotation, and leaves Methodists by implication among those who consign Socrates and like men to Hell. When a public teacher talks to a crowd which goes to him on the mistaken presumption that he is more liberal than "the churches," he is under some obligations to give them the exact truth and correct impressions. It is just possible that Mr. Swing may do some day, and it would be a pity to his people to be ignorant that they can find surviving churches as tolerant as—Northwestern Adv.

AN EAST WIND.

The Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D., writes from Beyroot to the Christian Weekly, as follows: "Have you ever thought what is meant in the Bible by an 'east wind'? Had you been here last week you would have learned all about it by bitter experience. No wonder that Jonah's head was scorched by it. In the Arabic version we read (Jonah iv c, 8 v.), 'And it happened at the rising of the sun that God prepared a hot east wind; and the sun smote on Jonah's head, and he wilted, and he asked death for himself, and he said, my death is better than my life.' An east wind began to rage here on Wednesday, August 22nd. A deadening and oppressive heat settled over the land. The next two days it grew more intense. The air was dry hot as the breath of a furnace. The birds sat motionless in the thick trees. The green leaves of the fig trees grew crisp, and dropped to the ground. Book-covers curled up as though they were being held by a coal grate. Doors, bureaus and tables cracked with a loud noise, and warped with the heat. Even the wooden ceilings cracked as if the boards were in agony. Men and beasts panted for breath, and parched for want of water. Our children awoke every hour of the night, calling for cold water. I have rarely enjoyed anything more than I did the sight of a great flock of sparrows, driven by thirst to our yard, where there is a long trough of water. They plunged in, drank, and drank again, flew around, and fairly exulted with delight at finding in this arid mountain, and on such a day, an abundance of water. A huge centipede plunged into our washbowl to slake his thirst, and although obliged to dispatch him for fear of his injuring some of the family, I could not help allowing him to live long enough to enjoy the luxury of a draught of cool water. Writing was almost impossible, as the ink dried on the pen, between the inkstand and the paper. I had to ride four miles on horseback during the heat. Returning after sunset I met Mr. Bliss just coming up from Beyroot. His first question was, 'Is anybody alive on the mountain?' The heat in Beyroot exceeds anything in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. No wonder Jonah wilted. Thousands of Syrians 'wilted' on Friday and I doubt not many said in thought, if not in words, 'My death is better than life' if this east wind continues."

ST. JOHN AS IT IS.

ST. JOHN, JAN. 22.—The rebuilding of the City proceeds apace. Something over 1,600 buildings were burned down, and now over 800 have been rebuilt. As regards stores and warehouses, it is plainly to be seen that the new City is to be a great improvement on the old. The new stores are fire-proof; they are built with all modern improvements; they are higher, and have more space—more room for business—in short, more accommodation for the business public than was possible under the old state of things. Even if St. John should have fewer stores than before, she will have more accommodation for the transaction of business. King, Prince William, Water, Canterbury, Dock Germain and Charlotte streets, the Market Square, North and South Market Wharves, and the other wharves along the water-side, are all now splendid streets. The work of rebuilding has gone on marvellously on the streets named. There is scarcely a poor or a mean building on one of them. Any City might be proud of such buildings. And then to think that these fine commercial edifices have all gone up in, say, less than five months, for we may date building operations only from 1st August! It is marvellous. But it is not stranger, bolder or more plucky than the determination of the people to build homes for their families all over the burnt district. I looked upon "the burnt district" the morning after the fire—I may say I walked all over it, burning my boots in the hot ashes which in places filled the streets. Everywhere was desolation!

From Queen's Square I looked on the ruins of houses and homes, east, west, north and south. A day or two ago I stood on the same place and in every direction I looked upon houses built and building. I "could not see the City for the houses." It seemed as if a City had sprung up in a night! I was deeply impressed with the possibilities of accomplishment which are within the reach of courageous hearts and willing hands. Not only have many of St. John's noblest residences been rebuilt but they stand today better examples of taste and architectural skill than before. They represent every style of the architect's planning and the builder's art. There is wonderful variety, and, for so much variety, excellent taste. All the finer buildings are of brick or brick and stone. Wooden blocks have given way to brick, and there will henceforth be in the houses of St. John a fuller sense of security than has ever been hitherto enjoyed. Said a Boston gentleman to me a few days ago: "I saw Chicago after the fire and Boston too, and watched their rebuilding, but I can assure you that St. John has gone ahead of them in her building operations. She beats everything I ever witnessed. There has been nothing like it in the world, and it speaks volumes for the pluck and courage of the people."—Moncton Times.

DRIVE RATS AWAY WITHOUT POYSON.

We know of three methods: First, the old French plan. This is followed chiefly in Paris by men who make it a special business. They take a deep tub: with water on the bottom and a little elevation in the middle like an island on which is only a place for one rat to sit on. The trap is covered and has a large balance valve, opening downward. On the middle of this valve a piece of fried pork or cheese is placed, and when the rat walks on to the cheese the valve goes down drops the rat into the water, and moves back into position. A road is made from the rat hole to the top of the tub by means of pieces of board rubbed with cheese, so as to make the walk attractive for rats. In the course of a night some ten, twenty, or even more rats may go down, and if the island was not there they would be found most all alive in the morning quietly swimming around; but the provision of the little island saves the trouble of killing them, because the egotistic instinct for preservation causes them to fight for the exclusive possession of the island on which in the morning the strongest rat is found in solitary possession, all the others being killed and drowned around him. Second, the New York plan, invented by one of the Friends. The floor near the rat-hole is covered with a thin layer of a most caustic potassa. When the rat walks on this it makes their feet sore; these they lick with their tongues, which makes their mouth sore, and the result is that they shun the locality, not alone, but appear to tell all the rats in the neighborhood about, and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them notwithstanding the houses around are full of rats. Third, the Dutch method. This is said to be used successfully in Holland. We have however, never tried it. A number of rats left to themselves in a very large trap or cage, with no food whatever. Their craving hunger will cause them to fight and the weakest will be eaten by the strongest. After a short time the fight is renewed, and the next weakest is the victim, and so it goes on till one strong rat is left. When this one has eaten the last remains of the others, it is set loose. The animal has now acquired such a taste for rat-flesh, that he is the terror of all ratomod, going about seeking whom he may devour. In an incredibly short time the premises are abandoned by all other rats, which will not come back before the cannibal rat has left or died.—Manufacturer and Builder.

SENDING A DOG OVER THE WIRES.

Telegraph operators, says Mr. Johnston, in his new book on telegraphy, called "Lightning Flashes," sometimes take great delight in playing practical jokes upon persons whom they consider green. About as good a joke of this kind as has lately come to light occurred a few months ago at Norfolk, Conn. One day a gaunt chap, with particles of hay-seed on his coat and in his tow-colored hair, stepped up to the telegraph office at the railroad depot and asked if the boss was in. The operator assured him that he was, and his rural friend went on to relate that he lived up in Danbury, dad come down from there that morning, and had intended bringing his brother's dog, which a man in Norfolk wanted to buy, but had forgotten it, and wanted to know if the dog could be sent down from there by telegraph. The man of lightning, seeing a good chance for a little fun, at once answered, "Certainly, sir, this is a matter of daily occurrence, all that is necessary for you to do is to give me a description of the dog so that no mistake can be made; call again in half an hour, and the dog will be here." "It is a yellow dog, with small ears, and is about so high," said the Granger, placing his hand about eighteen inches from the floor. He then took his departure with the remark that he would call again pretty soon. The operator then sent his message boy to look for a dog as near the description as possible, which he soon succeeded in finding. It was at once brought to the office and secured to the operator's desk by means of a piece of telegraph wire. After a little coaxing, the dog was made to lie quietly down, and everything was in readiness for our rural friend. Punctual to the time appointed he made his appearance and asked if the dog had come. "I will see," said the operator, and stepping up to the instrument he tapped a few times on the key, at the

same time inserting his leg under the desk and managing to step on the dog's toes, which caused the canine to yelp. "Ah! he's coming," said the operator, and then, tapping more furiously on the key, he at the same time kicked the dog from under the table, who, not relishing this kind of treatment, barked furiously and ran around the office with the wire attached to his neck. "Fifty cents, sir," said the operator, turning around to the countryman. "Uncommon nice dog, must be worth fifty dollars; but he is the hardest dog I ever received over the wires; he is so muscular, you see, that he broke the wire, in fact a piece of it is now attached to his neck, which he broke off." During the whole of this operation the countryman gazed on the operator with eyes wide open and full of surprise; but when the dog came fram under the table and was seen by the countryman, that was the culminating point, and he was struck with unbounded amazement. After looking at the dog a moment or so, he said, "Say mister, he ain't so big as he was, and he is darker, how is that?" "Oh, that is easily explained," said the operator; "you see the chemicals employed in making electricity of course darken his original color, and the velocity with which he passes over the wire causes him to contract in size; but after you expose him to the air for a short time he will soon assume his original color." "Du tell!" said the countryman, after placing fifty cents on the counter, he picked up the dog and walked out of the office, remarking that "the man who invented them telegraphs must be a very knowledgeable man."

Under the conviction that the annexed article on the use of Tobacco is true, and calculated to do good, I will be glad to see it in the WESLEYAN. I was once a slave of tobacco, and although it is about 23 years since, by the help of God, I obtained deliverance from its fearful spell, I have not yet forgotten how I sighed and struggled for deliverance, and have not ceased to feel for those who are still in the bondage, and desire that they too may be led to struggle for a possible and happy release. SUBSCRIBER.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

It is strange that any lady can consent to be tied to a man who chews and smokes tobacco. The offensive breath, the discolored teeth, the scent of the clothes he wears, to say nothing of the unwholesome odor that pervades the atmosphere of the house he perambulates, and especially the bed on which he lies, are among the things too disgusting to be tolerated. Then there are the smoky walls, the stained carpets and floors, both of which the habitual smoker and chewer makes odious, and he is the one to renovate them! Not always. She who has to bear the filth and scents that he sees fit to inflict upon her by the use of the vile weed is often the one to do the renovating, and with little thanks, either from him.

I repeat, how can any lady marry a man who uses tobacco? He is an outrage upon decent society, and a destroyer of himself. The tobacco user cannot be a healthy, moral, or spiritual-minded man. His intellect becomes clouded, his moral perceptions blunted, his physique weakened, and when attacked by disease, he has of course less power to resist its force than one of impaired constitution. Thousands annually die ten years earlier than they would for the use of tobacco. If tobacco is so much sweeter than life itself, then let him who will use it, and take the consequences. Perhaps the sooner he is rid of life it will be better for himself and others.

Further, how many men will have their tobacco, though their families suffer for the necessities of life? They will sometimes give up the habit of drinking spirituous liquor, but seldom their tobacco. How strange this seems to the haters of tobacco, to whom the smell, and even sight of it brings nausea, and which is suggestive of no good except as a means to exterminate vermin. This we think, was the use for which the Creator designed it.

"DEAL only with those who advertise, you will never lose by it, my son." Ben Franklin may have considered this excellent advice to tender to his son, but a case has been tried at the Birmingham Police Court which proves it is possible to lose, even if you restrict your business transactions solely to those who advertise. Messrs. Bentley, Kemp & Co., wine merchants, of 825 Broad Street corner, Birmingham, have advertised very extensively that they were prepared to supply Christmas hampers of first-class wines and spirits, at the rate of one guinea each, or double hampers for two guineas, and forward them to any part of the kingdom, carriage paid, on receipt of post-

office order or check for the amount. An account was opened with a local bank, to give an air of respectability, and as many as fifty letters a day passed through the post-office to the address of the advertisers; the amount remitted in this was between £200 and £300. A reasonable time having elapsed for the delivery of the hampers, and none having arrived, certain persons began to make inquiries. It then transpired that a shop and premises had been taken by Messrs. Bentley, Kemp & Co., for a specific period of six weeks, the rent being paid in advance, probably to prevent difficulties about a reference. Several clerks had been engaged, and arrangements made for carrying on an extensive business; but when the premises came to be searched not a single bottle of wine or spirits could be found. James Bentley has been arrested—which must have been annoying to him, as he was just about to leave town with his wife, no doubt intending to spend Christmas with some of his friends who had been particularly pleased with his hampers—and the case stands adjourned.

J. B. T.

—English Cor. Western Adv.

FRUIT CELLARS.

The importance to every fruit cultivator of a suitable place in which to store the products of his orchards late in the autumn and during the winter is strangely overlooked. No farmer's establishment can be satisfactory without a fruit cellar, and this is especially the case if large quantities of apples, pears, or grapes are among the products of the farm. The ordinary cellars under dwellings do not meet the want, as they are usually not adapted to preserve fruit, except for a month or two after harvest. They often do not protect from frost, or they are damp and without means of ventilation, and fruit soon decays. To keep fruit several conditions are important. First, the atmosphere of a fruit room should be dry; there should be no more dampness than ordinarily exists in the cold outside air. The room should be susceptible of ventilation in the proper weather, not by direct currents of air, but by air modified before it reaches the fruit. A fruit room must be frost-proof; it must be cleanly and accessible. As regards location, it may be placed on a side hill the excavation to the south; or it may be placed under a barn or stable, or other convenient outbuilding. It is not well to store large quantities of fruit in rooms under dwellings, even if they are adapted to the keeping of the fruit. The hygiene of families must not be jeopardized by the possibility of evil results arising from the decay or fermentation of vegetables in rooms under family apartments.

Ten years ago we constructed a fruit cellar under our stable, and it has proved so satisfactory that we venture to give a brief description of it. The division walls are constructed of brick, and the apartments are two in number, an outer and an inner room. The outer room is but partly underground, and is ten by twelve feet in area and eight feet high. The inner room is wholly underground, and frost-proof; it has four brick walls and a cemented floor. In this room the fruit is stored early in December, when the weather becomes cold. The outer room holds the fruit during the autumn months after it is gathered, and it is cool, well lighted and dry. The windows are left open and a free circulation of air allowed so long as no danger from frost exists. When the fruit is taken to the inner room the door is closed and no light admitted. Ventilation is secured in moderate weather by opening the inner door and throwing down a window in the outer room. In this cellar we kept apples of last seasons growth until the present winter in perfect condition. Some of these apples, exhibited at the autumn agricultural fairs, were pronounced as fresh as those of the past seasons's growth.

Apples stored in this cellar which would bring only one dollar a barrel at a time of gathering we sold last spring and summer at three dollars, without picking over. The profits of a good cellar are greater than anything connected with farm arrangements.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.