

'WESLEYAN' ALMANAC, MARCH, 1877.

Last Quarter, 6day, 8h. 4m. Afternoon. New Moon, 14day, 10h. 30m. Afternoon. First Quarter, 22day, 8h. 55m. Morning. Full Moon, 29 day, 1h. 35m. Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HOURS. Rows list days from Thursday to Saturday with corresponding times and moon phases.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parraboro, Cornwallis, Horton, 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. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 24 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

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 WORLD'S POPULATION.

The present population of the world is somewhere between fourteen and fifteen hundred millions, the latest and perhaps most trustworthy estimate, that of Drs. Behur and Wagner, placing it about midway between the limits we have mentioned. The impossibility of estimating the number more closely will be apparent when it is remembered that only in a comparatively small part of the world have careful censuses, or indeed censuses of any kind, ever been made.

Table listing population figures for various countries in 1870 and 1875, including Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, European Turkey, Belgium, and Romania.

Sweden and Portugal slightly exceed 4,000,000 inhabitants each; the Netherlands fall a little short of that number; Switzerland fails to reach 3,000,000; while Denmark and Norway fall somewhat below 2,000,000. Greece and Serbia fall short of a million and a-half each, and the smaller States together add less than half a million more.

There are ten cities in the world that have a population of a million or more, namely: London, with 3,490,000; Paris, 1,852,000; New York (with Brooklyn), 1,596,000; Constantinople, 1,075,000; Berlin, 1,045,000; Vienna, 1,001,000; and Canton, S'angtan, Shanchowfu, and Siangfu, in China, with 1,000,000 each.

is that it is undergone for the sake of others. It has thousands and tens of thousands of homes and hearts where the stranger is welcome to the warmest seat at the fire, simply because he is a stranger. Ministering angels who appear oftentimes as silently and mysteriously as if they literally came from heaven on the scenes of suffering where they are needed, and when, now and again, evil breaks out in lurid burning flames, humanity instinctively rushes to the rescue, feels the scorching pain on her own breast, and almost quenches the flames from the clouds of her indignation, or from the fountains of her tears.—Dr. Dale.

WEDDING FEES.

Many years ago, a New York minister was sitting in the office of a lawyer who was one of his members, chatting on various subjects, and as the pastor happened to speak of the hard times, and the dilatoriness of the church in paying his small salary, the lawyer remarked: "Now I hardly agree with you, pastor, in your assertion that ministers are paid less for their work than any other class of professional men."

"Do you think so?" said the clergyman. "Now to come right down to dots, what do you suppose is the average fee that I receive?" "I should say twenty dollars was a low estimate," said the lawyer.

"That calculation is rather large," said the minister, "but still I cannot tell exactly, as I have not reckoned up what I have received this last year." "No, I presume not," said the lawyer. "I have noticed that Ministers don't generally know how much they have received, when the sum is pretty large, but I rather think they would if the sum was a small one."

"Good morning, Dr. A. I came in to see if you could just tie me up, this morning. Sal and I have been talking about it a good while, and we've come to the conclusion that 'tain't any use to wait any longer." "Oh yes," said the Doctor, "walk in, walk in. Where did you want to be married?"

"Right here," said the farmer, if you're willin'. Sal's in the wagon and I'll bring her in." So he brought in a blooming country maid, and the minister, who had doffed his gown and slipped on his best Sunday-go-to-meeting coat, made them one, in his most impressive style.

His friend was quite surprised to see him so soon again, but the pastor relieved his curiosity by saying: "I had no idea when I accepted your offer this morning that I should have to come so soon to claim it, and I hardly think I should have accepted it so quickly, had I known I was to marry a couple to-day, and receive such an unusual and unexpected fee."

"No backing out, now," said the lawyer, "that bargain was fair and square, and you must hold to it. Here's your ten dollars; hand over the fee!" The minister demurred a moment, told him he should beware how he made such rash promises again; but finally, unfastening the cover of the box, said: "All right, I'll stand by the bargain," tumbled out the pup upon the lawyer's desk, and with the blandest smile upon his face, waving his hand and bowing politely, he said, "Here is the fee—which half will you take?"

The blank look of amazement and disgust which overspread the countenance of the lawyer as he looked at the roll of puppiness, was amusing to see. "You don't mean it, that you married a couple and that was your fee?" "Indeed it was," said the minister, "and the farmer who presented it thought he was doing a handsome thing!"

Then, with a hearty laugh, the lawyer handed him the gold piece, and told him that he thought he had nothing more to say in regard to the enriching of ministers by wedding fees.—Standard.

CHILDREN' CORNER.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep— So the baby learned her prayer, Kneeling by her mother's chair; In her little bed-gown white, Said it over every night; Learning in her childish way, How a little child could pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep— Said the child a maiden grown; Thinking, with a backward glance, How the happy past had flown, Since, beside her mother's knee, With a child's humility, She had said her simple prayer, Feeling safe in Jesus' care.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep— Yet the words were careless said; Lightly had the hand of Time Laid his fingers on her head; On life's golden afternoon Gay the bells and sweet the tune, And upon her wedding day She had half forgot to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep— How the words come back again, With a measure that was born Half of pleasure, half of pain; Kneeling by a cradle bed, With a hand upon each head, Rose the old prayer, soft and slow, As a brooklet in its flow.

All alone, with bended head, She has nothing but her dead; Yet with heart so full of care, Still her lips repeat the prayer; Rest at last! O, storm-tossed soul! Safe beyond the breakers' roll; He, the Lord, her soul shall keep, Now she lays her down to sleep.

A CRADLE HYMN. The sun in the yellow West, Behind the mountain steep, Has gone to his cloudy rest: Now sleep, My baby, sleep! The silver moon rides high Through the blue air so deep; And chill is the darkening sky: Now sleep, My baby, sleep! The stars, with eyes so bright, Through their far curtains peep, To twinkle o'er the night: Now sleep, My baby, sleep! All beasts and birds are still; No shivering mortals creep O'er shadowy vale or hill: Now sleep, My baby, sleep! Through tree-tops on the wing, The winds of evening sweep, A lullaby to sing: Now sleep, My baby, sleep!

WORSHIP AT FRANK HOLMAN'S.

I have never told you about the family worship in Frank Holman's home. To me it is very beautiful. I have a very sunny feeling toward Frank's household. He was one of the young men who grew up in our establishment, and when he consulted me about his early marriage on a small salary, I advised him not to delay it,

but to take the sweet girl of his choice into such a home as he could provide her. I had no fears of the result, and the years as they have passed have made me more than satisfied that my bachelor advice was good. The years have given them the inevitable cares and sorrows, but they have been also years of perpetual comfort and joy.

A little family has grown up around them, and more than once as we have sat together, they have been good enough to tell me of their gladness that I encouraged them to make a venture which has been so full of blessing. Christians themselves of a bright cheery character, they have made from the beginning a Christian family, and the family worship has been the center of its life. As they have told me, they began their married life in prayer, and from the first the family altar was set up. Its incense has not ceased to send up its fragrant column to God. It has been a privilege, very sweet to me, often to be with them at the evening sacrifice.

They have their family worship early in the evening, usually as soon as possible after Frank comes home at night from business. They tell me that it sometimes is inconvenient, and occasionally is interrupted, but these occasions are so comparatively rare that they do not seriously trouble them. Old friends understand the habits of the household, and expect to find them engaged at that hour, and as I have had occasion to know, so far from feeling disappointed, have rather sought the opportunity of being present at a scene full of touching meaning.

Frank and his wife always sit side by side. I have been present at the family worship in other households, where this seemed to be made of no account; but as soon as Frank takes the Bible or hymn-book in his hand, and seats himself for the service, Fanny takes her place by his side. I have never asked them why, but I understand it well. They have an instinct that, at this hour, when the idea of family life comes peculiarly into visible form, the husband and wife should be close beside each other.

The children, there are three of them now—take their places on either side, and they nestle as closely as possible to father and mother. In other families I have seen them scattered over the room, and at a distance, but not here. My eyes have sometimes filled as I have looked upon the picture of that family group, a group indeed, when little Willie—named after me—was resting his curly head upon his father's knee, and little Mary—named after my brother John's wife—close by her mother's side, and slyly holding her hand, was looking intently into her father's face. They are both uproarious little folks; Willie, brimful of fun and frolic, making things rather lively at times; and Mary, her father's "Tomboy," as he delights to call her, is not far behind her brother in childlike noise and play. But when family worship comes, they sit in a quietness which I confess has surprised me.

I asked Fanny how this came about, how it was that these little folks, at just this one hour, seemed so transformed.

"I do not know," she said, "except it be that they have never had any other idea than that when we take our place, at this service they are to be reverently quiet."

"I noticed," said I, "that you always have the baby in your arms at family worship, even when the nurse is in the room." "Oh yes; I always do that when it is at all possible, and you know that this little fellow makes a considerable part of the family."

"He is a restless baby usually; does he never disturb your devotions?" "Very seldom; I may say never when he is well. It is very curious to see how very early the fact that he must be quiet at this time seems to fix itself in a baby's mind. I can not tell you why, but almost at once they seem to know that this hour is different from every other hour of the day, and they adapt themselves to it long before they can at all understand its meaning."

"Do you take the babies when they are very young in your arms at the family worship?"

"Always, and almost as soon as I myself am able to sit by my husband's side. I suppose, indeed, that that is the secret of it all—the children have never known anything else than to be still and attentive at this time."

I did not need to ask any other questions. I saw it all "Ah," I thought, "wise little wife and mother! How far-reaching and true that intuition of thine! Would that more mothers had caught a little of its inspiration!"—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

THE ROBIN'S VIST.

Once a robin flew into a pretty room; and just as he went in, the wind banged the window-blinds shut, so he could not get out again.

At first he did not mind, but flew about and lit on the bright picture frames, and wished his pretty wife were with him to enjoy the pleasant place. Then he rested on the back of a small chair, and then he saw another robin!

"O-ho!" sang he to himself, "here is some one else. I must speak to him: 'Whew! Mr. Robin, glad to meet you. My name is Cock Robin. What do you call this place?'" But the other robin did not answer. He only opened his mouth and jerked his head from side to side just as Mr. Cock Robin did. You see the other robin lived in the looking-glass, and could not speak.

"A rude fellow!" chirped Mr. Cock Robin to himself. "Not worth talking to! Ah! yonder are some fine cherries! I'll eat some." The cherries were in a bowl on the table. Mr. Cock Robin helped himself. Then he decided to try the other bird once more.

"My friend," sang he softly, as he caught the stem of a fine cherry in his beak, and flew to the chair again, "here is a fine cherry for you;—O! O!" Well might Mr. Cock Robin say "O!" for there stood the other robin on just such a chair, offering him a cherry in the most polite manner!

"Thanks!" said Mr. Cock Robin. "But, my deaf and dumb friend, as we each have one, we need not stand on ceremony." So both began to eat.

"He is a fine sociable fellow, after all," said Mr. Cock Robin. The door opened, and in came a little girl.

"What's that?" cried Cock Robin faintly to himself. The girl clapped her hands for joy, and ran toward him. Up flew Mr. Cock Robin in a great fright. He whisked past the looking-glass, and saw that the other robin was badly scared also. Then he tried to fly out of a closed window where there were no blinds; but he only dashed against some very hard kind of air that hurt his sides. If he had been like you he would have known that it was window-glass, and not hard air.

"Poor birdie!" said the little girl, as she threw open the window, "You shall go out if you want to." In an instant, Mr. Cock Robin was flying through the sunlight to his little wife.

"Where have you been?" chirped she, as he reached the nest. "O, I've been on a visit," said Mr. Cock Robin—and he told her all about it.

Soon Mrs. Cock Robin said, softly, "I should like to see that other one. Was he very handsome, my dear?" "Handsome!" cried Mr. Robin, sharply. "Handsome! Not all, my dear—a very homely bird, indeed! Yes, ma'am—very homely, and deaf as a post."

"How dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Cock Robin.—Morning Star.

THE RIVER PEDDLER.

As he stood on the bank, looking across the misty gulf, uncertain what to do, he heard a dog bark. The sound came from the water's edge below, and only a few rods up the creek. The moonlight slanted down the slope, and showed him some sort of craft by the shore. At the farther end of it, a warm glow—ruddier than the moonlight, and confined to a small space—shone upon the bank and the water. The thing looked to Jacob like some gigantic lightning-bug.

MARCH 24, 1877. It proved steam-heat, on the dog. The dog kept up a fur as he approached, visible, cooking little stove on deck, or cabin. Jacob's step bank; afraid, silenced the him: "Want any 'Yes,' said A pleasant was called up the man was t "Come do man. "Won't the "Not with thing from the "From the "The Ark. Noah; but that Haven't ye he and his Ark; something in "What is ascending the "My line of fancy goods, to anything from to a side-cour the river, com Hush your noi Ripper seem any rate, he he aboard. "If ye ain't Longshore, "and make yo can, while I turn." As he resum noticed that he heist, but very wrinkled, serio mouth about w of self-conceit. "I didn't c said Jacob. "Then what I'm a peddle peddler's cart the railroads stores and wo here, and final don't make me man is, or whe the same thin bigger'n a ped on much the s and in much t about the sam about the sam what they wa it." Jacob sat do lay waited for Sam Longsho kept on talkin "I go from the shores; I where big boa where there's a great rede There ain't m thought over sions about. And the pu mouth showd having come sciens: "I don't t anything," h Jacob, who "If I hear of and read it, a my judgement again if it's next custom customer for I know just There's a mon and I've stud just how to ap know a benev cious man, a woman of go minute I set proach 'em a benevolent make him w somebody of articles. If itiveness, I there never w bargains bef again. Take