

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER 1878.

First Quarter, 1 day, 5h, 36m. Afternoon. Full Moon, 9 day, 10h, 19m. Afternoon. Last Quarter, 17 day, 1h, 44m. Afternoon. New Moon, 24 day, 4h, 56m. Morning.

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

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position gives the time of high water at Parramore, Cornwallis, Horton, Hansport, Windsor, Newport and Treno.

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 YOUNG FOLKS.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys! The liar's a coward and slave, boys! Though clever at ruses, And sharp at excuses, He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

PLUCK.

Sam was the eldest son of a Welsh family who owned and worked a small hill farm in Central Ohio; then a new country, almost, and spoken of by Eastern people as the West, though it is long way from the West of to-day, whatever it may have been in 1836 or thereabout.

Sam, like many another boy in that country and in those days, longed for an education, and the progress he had made, surrounded as he was with difficulties, gave evidence of this prominent desire as one of the characteristics of his life, which the incident I am about to relate fully proves.

A great drawback troubled him and this was the want of suitable shoes; for as yet he had never been the owner of a pair of shoes that really protected his feet from frost and snow, having only fallen heir to his father's old ones, well worn at that. Now, however, as he saw the year go slipping by and the period drawing near when boyhood and youth would be passed and he would be expected to take up the responsibilities of manhood, he made up his mind that the coming winter's school should find him on hand early and late with a determination to make such progress as he had never made before; and to this end he managed to carry to market by extra work sufficient to buy for himself leather for a pair of shoes, and the neighborhood shoemaker had been promising their completion now for weeks. Either from a press of work or for fear Sam might not prove as prompt a paymaster as some others of his customers, the time for the commencement of the usual three months' term came on and the shoemaker's promise was yet unfulfilled, and Sam did not put in his appearance at the school-house. Two weeks of weary waiting had passed and for want of his shoes Sam had not commenced his attendance at school. The morning of the third Monday Sam came into his breakfast with a piece of board about twelve by eighteen inches and a couple of inches thick, and putting it down as close to the fire as he could and not burn it, he answered the inquiring look of his mother with the declaration, "I am going to school."

"Without your shoes?" "Yes, shoes or no shoes, I am going to school, mother," and he explained the proposed use of the board. Having eaten his breakfast and gathered up his scanty supply of books, he took his hat

tant. Half way between his house and the school-house was the house of a neighbor where Sam knew he would be welcome to halt and warm his bare feet and reheat his board.

So, at a good round double-quick, he was off, and when half way to this neighbor's he halted, and, putting his board on the ground, stood on it till his benumbed feet were warm and limbered up for another run, when he took up his board and made the second stage to neighbor Jones's. Here he warmed his feet and board and repeated the same feat to reach the school-house.

When the boys saw him come up with his board under his arm and understood its use they greeted him with a little good-natured chaff on his improved mode of travel and the saving of leather; but there was too much genuine admiration for his pluck to allow any show of undue mirth at his expense while the master was filled with pleasure at his appearance and spirit with which he came to school.

Whether the shoemaker saw in this the promise of pay for his work, or was moved by admiration of the plan for doing without shoes, I can't say; but Sam soon got his shoes and was able to bid defiance to the weather for the rest of the winter.

The boy was but the blossom of the man, and he grew up to take his place as one of the leading men of his country and State.—Early Days.

BETH BLANCHARD'S TEMPTATION.

Beth Blanchard saw a pair of sparkling eyes, clear complexion and rosy cheeks reflected in the mirror which she held in her hand. Then the blue velvet jacket seemed just suited to the short, light curls, which really made Beth very bewitching. "No other girl in our set" can boast such a charming new suit, and will be so much admired next Sunday." Beth was just saying to herself when a peddler appeared at the open window, with a half concealed smile on his face; for any one could read the vanity and self-gratification which Beth manifested in her countenance.

"Some fine jewelry, Miss, an' a bargain it is, to be sure; just one handsome brooch left, the very style an' quality that's suited to your pretty face; I'm sure you'll not let it pass by." The peddler well knew the effect that flattering words would have on Beth Blanchard, for the mirror was soon laid down, and Beth was carefully examining his stock. Aunt Martha didn't trade with peddlers, or like Beth to wear jewelry, but what of that? Beth loved glitter and display much more than she ought to have done, forgetting that she was not judged by mere outside appearances, and that a pure heart is more in the sight of the Father than all the gems of a kingdom. "I gave spending money of my own," reasoned Beth, as she held the brooch in her hand (a pretty affair, but altogether worthless), and I'll spend it if I choose. It is a penny here and a penny there that I've saved, and no one has a right to find fault if I use it.

"Three dollars; worth double the money; never have such a chance again," said the peddler, noticing Beth's hesitation.

"Well, I guess I'll take it—that is, if I have enough money. I'll go up stairs and see," said Beth, wondering if she could have the heart to rob the missionary-box, which sat on her own little dressing-table, of its last penny. For "missionary and charitable purposes," said the letters on the box, written in Aunt Martha's plain, round hand. "Oh dear! oh dear! why couldn't Aunt Martha have turned some other text card up; and that little frame on the bureau never did stare at Beth so provokingly.

"That's always the way when one wants to do something that no one wants them to do; but I might as well count the money, and not keep him waiting any longer." So saying, Beth took down the box and turned its contents into her lap. "One dollar, two, three—three dollars and five cents." The five cents rattled unpleasantly as it went back by itself to the bottom of the box, and Beth's eyes involuntarily rested on the text, Aunt Margaret's favorite, and that was the reason it was turned out so often: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

Beth had promised herself that half of that money should go toward buying Grace Long a Sunday dress. Grace was the washer-woman's daughter, and was near Beth's age. She was coming now, Beth saw her through the window, with a heavy basket of fresh-ironed clothes, and Beth paused at sight of her pale face and clean but well worn frock. Grace was at the door when Beth reached the sitting room. "I guess I'll not take the booch. I can do without it, and my Aunt don't approve of much jewelry," said Beth, hesitatingly. "As you like, Miss," returned the peddler; "I can sell my jewelry where people know their own minds sooner, and will pay better than you." So say-

ly, for as Aunt Martha's gold-mounted eye-glasses were missing, he was searched after, but could not be found. They had been presented by a brother who lived in California, and were greatly prized as a keepsake.

Although Beth took all the blame on herself, it did not bring them back. I am to tell you that Beth, under the direction of Aunt Martha, spent her money for Grace Long's benefit, and no happier girl than Grace took her seat in Daleville school on the following Sabbath morning.

WILLIE'S PEACH.

Now, little ones, if you were all together, and I should ask how many of you love stories, how many hands would go up? I think there would be just as many hands as there are children. Our Advocate family is large, and there are many bright eyes looking for stories every week. I can not tell you a long story this week, but perhaps I will some other time. I love good children, and love to please them, and would not tell them an untrue story, for I think that is wrong. I will tell you about a little boy I once knew. We will call him Willie. Willie's father was dead, and his mother, although not wealthy, was comfortable. Willie loved his mother dearly, and would make any sacrifice to make her happy. He was on his way to school one morning when a kind lady gave him a peach. Now, all boys love peaches, but Willie thought of his mother, and how glad she would be if he should take her a large, nice peach. So he put it into his deepest pocket, and kept it hid all day; but after school closed it was discovered that Willie Brown had a peach.

"Come, now, let us have a piece," said a boy much larger than Willie. "No, no," said Willie, "this is for mother."

"For mother, indeed!" said another, in a taunting tone, which showed plainly that he had but little regard for his mother, if he had one.

"But, come boys, we will have some fun; we will take it from him." But the boys did not care to help him, perhaps some of them at least secretly admired Willie's manliness.

"Well, I'll take it," said he, starting at Willie. But Willie was a brave little fellow, and succeeded it getting away with his peach.

Now, children, how do you like that kind of boys? Don't you think the peach was sweeter when he told his mother how hard he had resisted, just because he wanted her to have it? S. J. K.

NANCY WHITE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Nancy White was only a washer woman, yet she sat near the splendid coffin where lay in sweet repose together young mother and newborn babe.

Most lovely was the face which death had altered so little. The stately parlor draped in black, the beautiful things she had so delighted in, gleams of marble, glimpses of rare color and exquisite drapery, lent a strange and solemn brightness to the scene.

Long and earnestly Nancy White looked on the two pure faces. Her lips trembled, eyes glistened; but a smile fought with the tears.

"After all, God knew best; he hasn't parted them," she said softly.

Nancy White was known all over town for an honest, blunt, and kindly creature. She told homely truths over the wash-tub that many a lady would never have borne from an ordinary acquaintance.

Bene, too, stood at the grave, in her scarlet brown gown, and the somber plaid ribbon over her bonnet. Her heart bled for the suffering husband, and when she saw him standing there, white and rigid as the marble shafts on either side, she whispered "Poor body! there's a cloud between him and the Master."

This thought haunted her, and the next day old Nancy toiled up the steep hill towards the rich man's house.

"Tell him a poor, mean body has come to give him a comfort," she said; "tell him I have brought a message from the Lord of glory."

Presently Nancy was ushered into a dark room, where sat the mourner. Nancy had often comforted his pretty wife before her trial—he knew that, and so, while all his intimate friends might have been blunt creature was admitted.

It was the room where the beautiful young wife had been wont to sit, and he had gathered a few precious mementoes of her busy, happy presence, and sat there with bowed head and sobbing breath. Nancy came quietly in and sat beside him, her faded locks combed back from her hollowed cheeks, her seamed face lighted with unearthly radiance, as she exclaimed in a sweet, solemn voice, "The Lord comfort ye!"

"Nancy, I am in utter despair, was the choked response.

Nancy looked at him pitifully, her heavy hands working one over the other, and at last she said, as if soliloquizing: "My man was drowned in the river. He was good husband and strength, and was brought home to me that loved him so dead. Within the month my two children died, and I was left alone with a blind mother to support. I have seen poverty and sickness, but found God's word true. I begged it to my heart, and it grew dearer than husband and bairns

"Its dark, Nancy, all dark; I have buried my happiness."

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," said Nancy softly. He looked up at her. There stood, rugged, homely, and humble, and it seemed to strike him all at once that her visit was entirely unselfish, so that his heart warmed towards her.

"That's a promise, sir," she added. "Yes, Nancy, that's a promise," he quietly responded.

"From One who never broke his word, sir. He has taken the two sweet angels to himself, to save your soul, sir. You were rich, and easy, and prosperous, and may be, forgetting him."

"Nancy, I would give all the world if I could feel a Christian's comfort," he said sadly.

"And that's a brave speech, sir, to give what isn't your own—a pretty gift, I'm thinking, the Lord would think it. Would I thank you if you said, 'Nancy, I'll give you the house over yonder,' when I know it belongs to Capt. Nash? No, no; give God what belongs to you, your own poor, broken, sinful heart, and he'll make it clean, see if he doesn't. He'll comfort you so that you'll say, in all her dear life you never had such comfort. O my dear man, mourn before God with this sorrow, and you'll bless the day my Master ever sent his poor old servant to say a word to you of him."

The truth struck home. Then was his mourning mingled with contrition. The sweet promise was verified—at the grave of his wife, or surrounded by remembrances of her in the room where she died—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

As for Nancy, she watched him on Sundays from her seat in the corner, or sometimes she met him in the church door, and it was all the reward she needed to hear him say, "God bless you, Nancy; I am trying to get on."

WHY HE COULDN'T.

Lately we read of a boy, called John, who ran into the house one evening and said—"Mother, Willie played the truant this afternoon, and he wanted me to go too, but I couldn't."

"Couldn't? Why not, my son?" "Because," said little John, throwing his arms most lovingly around his mother's neck, "I thought it would make you sorry, and that is why I couldn't."

THE BOY'S DREAM.

One summer evening a little boy was sitting on the threshold of a neat little cottage, in a country village, and as the shades of night descended upon him he fell asleep and dreamed. In his dream he was an old man, with gray hairs on his head; and upon thinking over his past life, he said to himself—"I have lived these years, and not known God, the great Father. I have never thought anything about religion. O that I had my time to live over again! I would learn to live for some good purpose. I would strive to make myself useful in the world, and to know the great Being of whom the Bible speaks."

The sun had sunk to rest, and darkness covered the face of the earth when this little boy awoke and found himself once more a child, on the threshold of his father's cottage. He did not forget his dream; but earnestly sought him who said—"I love them that love Me; and they that seek Me early shall find Me." Nor did he seek in vain.

THE PANSY.

There is a fable told about a king's garden, in which, all at once, the trees and flowers began to pine and make complaint.

The oak was sad, because it could not yield flowers; the rosebush was sad, because it could bear no fruit; the vine was sad, because it had to cling to the wall, and could cast no cool shadow.

"I am not of the least use in the world," said the oak.

"I might as well die, since I yield no fruit," said the rosebush.

"What can I do in the world?" said the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy, which all this time held up its glad, fresh face, while all the rest were sad.

And the king said, "What makes you so fresh and glad, while all the rest pine and are sad?"

"I thought," said the pansy, "that you wanted me here, because here you planted me; so I made up my mind that I would try and be the best little pansy that could be."

Reader, are you like the oak, the rosebush and the vine—doing nothing, because you cannot do all that others do? Then, rather be like the pansy, and do your best in that little spot where God's hand has placed you.

GIVING OUR HEART TO GOD.

One day a lady was teaching a class of little girls. She was talking to them about giving our heart to God. "My dear children," she said, "how soon may we give our hearts to God, and become true Christians?" They did not answer at first. Then she spoke to them one by one. Turning to the oldest scholar in the class, she asked, "What do you say, Mary?"

DOMESTIC.

STEWED OYSTERS.

Place fifty oysters on the fire in their liquor, as soon as they boil withdraw the stew, skim it well, add to it a pint of boiling milk, a pat of butter, white pepper and salt, and serve at once with crackers and pickles.

FRIED OYSTERS.

Wash thirty double extras in their liquor, wipe dry and dip in fine white bread-crumbs, then in beaten eggs, then in the crumbs, again with a broad knife shape them oval and quite level. Ten minutes before dinner-time, place them on the wire lining of a deep frying-pan and immerse them in plenty of lard made smoking hot for the purpose. A golden yellow; dress them on a folded napkin in close circular order, fill the centre with fried parsley and send them to table.

CODFISH WITH OYSTER SAUCE.

Trim and boil a piece of codfish in plain salted water, until sufficiently cooked, withdraw, drain, and dress it on a hot dish, and send to table with a bowl of either white or brown oyster sauce.

PARIS LETTER.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE AMERICAN MECHANICAL COLLECTOR AT THE EXHIBITION. AMERICAN INVENTORS, THE TYPE WRITER, THE ELECTRIC PEN, A MACHINE THAT WILL MAKE A PAIR OF SHOES FROM THE HIDE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN MILITARY FIRE ARMS, ETC., ETC.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PARIS, 1878.

Though the American section in Paris is not large compared with those of other manufacturing nations, there are present so many of the contrivances which illustrate the subtle mechanical genius so well recognized already that "Yankee" is almost a synonym of inventor, that the little rail-off spaces of the American collection is, to amateurs in mechanism, a most fascinating stroll. Few of these contributions occupy more than a few square feet, but many of them are already widely known. The writing machine, by which the operator touching a series of keys, like those of an accordion, prints his thoughts, or anything that he may desire to copy, more rapidly than they can be written legibly with a pen; the sewing machines, whose name is legion, and which here are illustrated by new variations for special work, a little device attached to one, making an embroidering machine. The telephone and phonograph are here, and besides them an electric pen by the same inventor—a pen which, carrying a tiny electrometer at the top drives a needle through the paper 10,000 times per minute, forming a stencil sheet through which, with an ink roller, copies may be produced more rapidly and economically than with a lithographic press, and of an excellence that must be seen to be appreciated.

One of the finest types of American invention is the flexible shaft for transferring power round corners, and to out of the way places. One sees the operator holding what, at first sight, seems to be a small hose, but furnished with an auger at its extremity, with which he thrusts and bores in every direction—over his head, under his feet, to the right to the left—it upsets all one's ideas of regularity in machinery. Pharoah could not have been more surprised at seeing Moses's rod turned into a serpent than some of the operators were to see this rope-like device eating into the planks set on all sides for it to work on. It is as good as a piece of leg-iron. It is really a "flexible shaft," a cable of steel wires wound coat over coat, each successive coating in the reverse direction of the preceding, until the strength required is attained, and in which longitudinal flexibility is combined with circumferential rigidity.

Close by stands a "wire cork screw machine" which catches a straight piece of steel wire and throws it out a cork screw of such temper that it may be driven through an inch deal plank and not yield a hair's breadth. The deftest waiter will take as long to pull a cork as this machine to make a half dozen cork-screws of an exceptionally good quality. Here is a screw cutting machine. One tool cuts the rod down to the dimensions of the screw, another cuts it off, having the head the full size of the rod, another takes it from the lathe and passes it on to have the thread cut, a cutter passes by and leaves the head slotted, another with four iron fingers takes and fixes it to a fifth cutter, when the head is finished, when still another tool comes to push it into the pan placed to receive it. No intervention is need until another rod is introduced.

A set of shoe making apparatus in another enclosure, takes the leather in the hide and turns it out with slight manual application, a pair of shoes, sewed, pegged, or screwed in about fifteen minutes.

A novel planing machine shows a revolving cutter fixed in a disk which is by means of an elbow, arrangement of band and pulleys, moved in any direction over the board to be planed, giving a very remarkable finish to the surface. In general, however, the wood working apparatus is not so interesting and by far less extensive than at Philadelphia.

It is a little remarkable, since necessity is the mother of invention, that we who are not a warlike people should excel those of bellicose nations in the construction of their arms. The Remington Company exhibition new forms of military guns that are obviously an improvement on simple breach loaders. The breach block in one is the same as in the Martini Henry rifle, but the opening is effected by the hammer, and can be worked by the thumb of the right hand. The motions are fewer and the action simpler than in a Henry rifle. But a more interesting arm is a breach loader on the pattern of a Remington auxiliary magazine so arranged that a reserve of seven cartridges may be held until a critical moment when, by pushing aside the key of the magazine, the reserve is brought into

DRUNKEN.

Attention has of late to drunk facturers and drinks, that / come to be deal ness.

Sometimes a drunkard in his rational tone of mind rather than of love and justice in the Inter-Ocean People have speaking of the placing all the drunkenness on we place the re drinker, and le crime against for which he we will begin to mision young me clusion that it a few wild oats, or less will not a respectability, and best society. D and the drunkard fails to murder under of crime, it stances do not cause he has not work. Young responsible if you reap in the harvest.

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a

Dare to say "I drink," Pause for a moment Think of the w For answering the cost Think of the t rain. Think of her he Think of her "No."

Think of the bow Think of the snow. Look at them! Think of a n breath. Think how the death. Think of the with wo Might have been "N

Think of the lo unknown Hiding fair b own; Think of pro low. That still might to say "I Think of the bowl. Driving to ruin Think of all th And when you say "No

ACTION OF Some views ment directed to inquire into on the human the commissio demy, states diseases of the heart, not affected with p to be regarded cessive indulg article, and it seems primaril nervous system and influencing body, the circu the number of blood." Attent bad digestion, and clouded m tobacco to exee

DRUNKEN Attention has of late to drunk facturers and drinks, that / come to be deal ness.

Sometimes a drunkard in his rational tone of mind rather than of love and justice in the Inter-Ocean People have speaking of the placing all the drunkenness on we place the re drinker, and le crime against for which he we will begin to mision young me clusion that it a few wild oats, or less will not a respectability, and best society. D and the drunkard fails to murder under of crime, it stances do not cause he has not work. Young responsible if you reap in the harvest.

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a

"IT DON'T HUR most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, harm." Says the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich party, visits theatre suppers, and the reckless manner ders her health, and it doesn't hurt It is easy enough to see that finally injurious they will not admit in their own case every day of his next, which hunc his chin a fool, meeting his time. The young lady a