

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

JULY, 1878.

First Quarter, 7 day, 4h, 6m, Morning. Full Moon, 14 day, 6h, 40m, Morning. Last Quarter, 22 day, 8h, 1m, Morning. New Moon, 29 day, 5h, 26m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data for the month of July 1878.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Parrboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro. High water at Fictou and Cape Tormentine, 3 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 35 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 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

FAMILY READING.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING.

The golden age of engraving is sharply defined by the progress of the mechanical arts. The same age, and substantially the same invention, gave birth to the twin arts of printing and engraving—arts to which more than any others, perhaps, we owe the culture and taste which are the ornament of our modern civilization. The engraving, according to Charles Sumner, is not a copy or imitation of the original represented, but a translation into another language, where light and shade supply the place of colour. It does not reproduce the original picture except in drawing and expression; but as Bryant's Homer, and Longfellow's Dante are presentations of the great originals in another language, so the engraving is a presentation of the painting in another material, which is another language. And it is here, as the translator and multiplier of the masterpieces of painting, that engraving finds its true sphere, so that we may define its excellence thus: a great painting reproduced by a great engraver. A fine engraving is, perhaps more than any other work of fine art, a triumph. What the painter achieves by the use of a thousand tints, and the sculptor or architect by projecting his thought with the substantial attribute of form, the engraver presents with equal effect upon the plain surface of the paper with printer's ink alone. By the alchemy of his art, the black line of the graver is transmuted to the rosy blush on beauty's cheek, the soft beaming of the blue eye, the shimmer of golden tresses, the tints of sun-kissed flowers, or the cool green of forest leaves playing hide-and-seek among the lights and shadows of the woods. At the touch of his magic wand the almost inspired plate bursts into vistas, long lines stretch away and melt in the distance. Face or figure, landscape or sea view, city, palace or cathedral, seems solid as the great globe itself, nor can the reason persuade the sight that the scene before it is only a white plane lined and dotted with black. A recent French writer has well said that an engraving fills a place midway between a painting and a book: while it lacks the color, it compensates for this by its more familiar character; it is more portable, it is more companionable, it does not require to be hung in a certain light, and, more than all, it is attainable, and may be possessed by almost any one. Thus the sublime compositions of the old masters, once confined to the galleries of the great, or only known to the world by inadequate copies, are, thanks to the old engravers, left as an inheritance to all lovers of beauty; the engraving goes where the painting cannot go, and where the painting is silent the engraving speaks with the familiarity of a printed book.

These translations of the painter's masterpieces, coming down to us through the loving hand of generation after generation of art-collectors, must be to us in America the chief source of our art knowledge, as they are in some instances the only records of originals which have long since perished.

What is to-day the situation of engraving, considered as a fine art? There is perhaps only one man surviving who deserves to rank with those who have passed away, and he—the German Mandel—has said, "When I die there will be no more." Seventy years ago, Morghen, Longhi, Bartolozzi, and Sharp were still living. But the glory has departed from the graver, and who is he who will take it up where the Masters laid it down?—Harper's, August.

CHRIST'S RELATION TO SACRED POETRY.

We observe that the history of Christianity has been but a strife between men of power, eager to vie with each other, by the gorgeousness of conception, by the dreams of imagination, by the life of reality, by the adjuncts of beauty, and by all the vibrations of harp and lute, in the most forceful expression of that true poetry which has crept over their souls under the spell of Jesus and his charmed name. A sublime and distinct inspiration has seized them and uttered itself through an intense eloquence, such as Homer and Virgil never commanded, because their very soul has melted in gratitude, as no soul can melt but that of a sinner saved by grace. Through hall and basilica, palace and cot, cathedral and mountain-wild, cave and prison, Te Deum has never ceased to swell from softened hearts. The child of persecution and the conquering hero, bishop and king, queen and shepherdess, have sent forth strains of praise to Christ in every form of melody. In the East there is scarcely a rivulet which ripples in its lucid course through Alpine gorges, hardly a leaf which flutters by the willow course, or a beam which flies from the opening day, but has listened to the music of his voice. Children have danced to its flow in the streets of blood-stained Jerusalem; it's marceus have swept in triumph over Egypt's dark sea; by the rivers of Babylon its notes have quivered with delight; its cadences of love have sighed through the cedars of Lebanon, and round the hoary head of Sinai its chorus has gathered victorious over thunders and lightnings, the sound of a trumpet and the muttering voice of cursing words. When David's fingers touched his harp music flew from its strings as if the angels of God spoke words concerning his coming Son; and since that great Son went back to the bosom of his Father and our Father, the freshness of everlasting love has embalmed His name in perpetual song. Pliny tells us that the primitive Christians met before dawn to sing praise to Christ, as God. Then came the confessors and martyrs who kindled the ardor of their religion by the poetry of his doctrine. And, since those days, the catacombs of the Eternal City, the fastnesses of Switzerland, and the glens and mountains of old Scotia, have been witnesses how the truth could give constitutional vigor and verse to the holy joys of man. A cloud of sweet singers in Israel skirts the historic sky of Christianity, embracing Clement and Ambrose, Bernard and Gregory, Hilary and Bede, amongst the more venerable saints. Then follow, in this line, Robert of France, Maria of Hungary, Henrietta of Bradenburg, and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who made the battle-field, the castle, the royal home alive with poetic tributes to Christ; while modern familiarity readily suggests to us English-speaking Christians, Ken and Keble, Byron and Bryant, Scott and Southey, Kirk White and Wordsworth, Milton and Heber, Cowper and Coleridge, Watts and Wesley, whose genius has sung his name. And if all these, with multitudes of others in the Old World and the New, have offered their poetic contributions to Christ, would it not be passing strange if, after all, it should turn out that there is no poetry in Jesus Christ himself? Surely, the seed-poetry which has yielded such a golden harvest must be found in him.—From a sermon by D. Armitage in "The Complete Preacher."

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd-boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman, as he said: "Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep." My desires were moderate—a fine buck worth a hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was; but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field, I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." I began to see through it. Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said: "Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: "You are right now. I have only one word of advice to give you: Be careful who you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three.

"And what valuable lessons they are! "Fidelity in all things; do your best to your employers; carefulness about your associates." Let everybody take these lessons home and study them. They are the foundation stone of character and honorable success.

FAMILY PRAYERS.

Let me not be misunderstood. Family prayers are not family religion. I have known houses in which, with scrupulous regularity, prayers were offered, and the household always assembled at the time set apart; and yet in vain could one look for any trace, throughout the day, of the spirit and power of godliness. The atmosphere of the circle was worldly. Frivolity and mere self-pleasing reigned. The worship of the early hour was only the witness against the levity of the rest of the day. Therefore I speak of the family worship merely as a symbol of fellowship. But if the symbol is rightly used, if it is loved and kept as a help to the reality, it is full of profit. It promotes the sympathy which should animate the members of the home circle. It is a visible sign of their oneness. It provides an opportunity for instruction in the contents of Scripture, all the more valuable that the divine teaching steals into the soul, "precept upon precept, line upon line." It keeps alive in all the obligation of duties as more than any claim of rights cements the ties of affection, bestows on all relationships "the beauties of holiness." It is a monitor to those who command, reminding them of what they owe to the children and household—a monitor equally to those who are ruled, reminding them of the honour and obedience that are due in the Lord. It serves as "an edge and border to preserve the web of life from unravelling; it tends to keep everything in its proper place and time; it naturally introduces a similar regularity into other employments." Let none plead want of ability for conducting an exercise so blessed.—The Family Treasury.

DESPERIENCE OF DE REB'REND QUACKO STRONG.

Swing dat gate wide, Postle Peter, Ring de big bell, beat de gong, Saints and martyrs den will meet dar Brudder, Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Sound dat bugle! Angel Gabriel! Tell de elders loud an' long, Of'ar out dem high seats ob heaben, Here comes Reb'rend Quacko Strong!

Turn de guard out, Gin'ral Michael, Arms present de line along, Let de band play "Conk'r'in Hero" For de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Den bid Moses bring de crown 'an' Palms, an' weddin' gown along! Wid procession to de landin', Hero's de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Joseph, march down wid your bred'ren, Tribes an' banners musterin' strong Speech of welcome from ole Abram, Answer, Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Tune your harp-strings tight, King David Sing your good Ole Hundred song, Let de seraphs dance wid cymbals 'Round de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Angels hear me yell Hosanna, Hear my dulcimer spiritool song; Halleluyah! I'm a comin', I'm de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Make that white robe radder spacious, And de waist belt 'stond'ry long, 'Cause 'twill take some room in glory For de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

What! No one at de landin'! 'Fear like suff' in 'nadders wrong, Guess 'I'll gib dat sleepy Peter Fits—from Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

What a narrow little gateway! My! that gate am hard to move, "Who am dat?" says Postle Peter From de parapat above.

Uncle Peter, don't you know me— Me a shinin' light so long? Why de berry niggers call me Good ole Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Dun'no me—de shouting preacher, Reg'lar hull bog Wesleyan too? Whar' in de woods you've been a leafin'? Some old rooster's bodder'd you.

I reckon. Why! I've converted Hundreds o' darkies in a song, Dun'no me! nor yet my massa! I'm de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Hark to that ar' our us roaring' Far away but rolling nigher; See de dreadin' dragon flyin', Head like night and mouf like fire!

'Tis de berry king of debbills, An' he am rushing right along Oh, dear Peter, please to open To-Glass leader Quacko Strong.

Ole Nick's comin', I can feel it Getting warmer all about, Oh! my good, kind, Kurnel Peter Let me in, I'm all too stout

To go 'long wid Major Satan Into dat warm climate 'mong Fire an' brimstone. Hear me knoeekin', Ole church member, Quacko Strong.

Dat loud nose an' comin' nearer, Dred'lar smell like powder smoke; 'Nudder screech! Good heaben help me— Lord, forgib dis poor ole moka.

Allers was so berry holy, Singin' and prayin' extra long; Now the debble's gwine to catch me, Poor ole nigger, Quacko Strong.

Hi! dat gate swing back a little, Mighty squeezein' to get froo! Ole Apollyon howlin' louder, Everything around am blue.

Bang de gate goes! an' Be elzebab, Bunch ob wool upon his prong, Goes along widout de soul ob Missabul sinner, name ob Strong. —Evening Post.

HOW GAS WAS FIRST USED.—Great was the amazement of all England, when, at the close of the last century, William Murdock discovered the use of combustible air or gas. So little was the invention understood and believed in by those who had not seen it in use that even great and wise men laughed at the idea. "How could there be light without a wick?" said a member of Parliament when the subject was brought before the House. Even Sir Humphrey Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns by gas, and asked one of the proprietors if they meant to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gas meter.

Sir Walter Scott, too, made himself merry over the idea of illuminating London by smoke, though he was glad enough, not long after, to make his own house at Abbotsford light and cheerful on wintry nights by the use of that very smoke.

When the House of Commons was lighted by gas the architect imagined that the gas ran on fire though the pipes and therefore he insisted on their being placed several inches from the wall for fear of the building taking fire. The members might be observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved hands, and wondering why they did not feel warm.

The first shop lighted in London by the new method was Mr. Askerman's, in the Strand, in 1810; and one lady of rank was so delighted with the brilliancy of the gas lamp on the counter that she asked to take it home in her carriage.

The following lines were copied from the Album of a young lady of Elizabeth, N. J.

- 1—Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. 2—Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and affection. 3—Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. 4—Three things to delight in—Frankness, freedom and beauty. 5—Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit. 6—Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. 7—Three things to fight for—Honor, country and home. 8—Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct. 9—Three things to think about—Life, death and eternity.

"I was in Nashville, Tennessee, a few days ago," writes a clerical friend in New Haven, Connecticut, "and heard a colored preacher describe the rainbow in the following language:

"You will observe, my breddren, dat de rainbow is composed of all colors except white. Dere ain't no white in it. Derefore de rainbow is a bow of promise for de colored race. Perhaps you don't know how de rainbow is made. I'll tell you, and I want you to remember it. De sky comes down an' scoops up de water from de ocean, de winds blow it over on de land, an' den de lelectricity disintegrates de water, an' de rain comes down, before de sun, an' in dis way de rainbow am formed."

BITS OF THINGS.

Thank goodness there is one place where prosperity is still to be found—in the dictionary.

Books are men of higher nature, and the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.—Mrs. Browning.

There is no man so friendless, but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—Bulmer.

Philosophy triumphs easily enough over the past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.—Rochefoucault.

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of your own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires and ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.—Landon.

As folly on the one side, though it can desire, would, notwithstanding, never be content; so on the other, wisdom ever acquiesces with the present, and is never dissatisfied with its immediate conditions.—Montaigne.

We should carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity the state, angels the company, the Lamb the light; and God the inheritance and portion of his people forever.—Jeremy Taylor.

"The great weakness of most people lays in the fact that their neighbors know them better than they know themselves."

It turns out that a man in Michigan who "lived forty days on water," had plenty of provisions in his boat all the while he was sailing around on the lake.

"How nicely this corn pops!" said a young man who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded, demurely, "its got over being green."

A precocious city boy, becoming wearied with school duties, consoled himself and his mother by remarking, a day or two since: "Well, I'll pass this zamination and be promulgated, then I'll have lots of weeks vegetation."

"How quiet and lovely?" remarked the tourist. "Surely this might be a spot the poet had in mind when he said, 'Silence reigns.'" Guide: "Ah! and ye may say that same. And thunders, too, yer honor!"

"It is a settled principle, your honour," said an eminent lawyer, "that causes always produce effects." "They always do for the lawyers," responded the judge; "but I've sometimes known a cause to deprive a client of all his effects."

Youth—Got such a thing as a light about yer, guv'ner? Crusty Old Boy—A light! What, d'ye want to go to bed? Bewit Youth.

The editor who submitted the following to his wife was told "that it was not smart: "The phonograph has been determined to be female, because it repeats every thing that is said to it."

Doctor of Divinity lightning is now darting athwart the literary heavens, and an innumerable host of us "outsiders" are dodging and hiding like children in a thunder-storm, in order, if possible, to avoid being struck.—Central Methodist.

A wise man hath foibles as well as a fool. But the difference between them is that the foibles of the one are known to himself, and concealed from the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world and concealed from himself.