

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, 20m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, HOURS, DAYS. Rows for days of the week from Monday to Wednesday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parramatta, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

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.

ORATION AT HOPEWELL, N. B. BY REV. ROBERT WILSON.

The subject of the oration was "This Canada of Ours," and it was a highly finished and suggestive paper.

"Patriotism or love of country, is one of the grandest and most ennobling sentiments that can find a place within the human breast.

"As a people we have much to be proud of, much to be thankful for, and much to lead us to be interested in this Canada of Ours.

sults than the rifle and the sword, and the whistle of the locomotive a more agreeable sound than the stirring strains of military music.

He then went on to speak of the history of Canada so rich in daring achievements, of the vast extent of its territory, the fertile character of its soil, and the excellence of its climate.

"In our political institutions we may place the greatest confidence, and with our form of government we have every reason to be satisfied.

"In conclusion, then, our country is vast, our soil prolific, and our climate the most healthful.

A choice selection was played by the band, after which the

REV. HOWARD SPRAGUE, A. M. was called upon, who spoke of the gratification he felt at being able to participate in the opening of this fine structure on this auspicious day.

He followed me everywhere. If I was reading, he rested on my chair; if playing on the piano, he would listen attentively; indeed, he acquired such a taste for music, that the only time he ever seemed willing to leave me was to perch upon the foot of a gentleman who was singing very finely.

"Into the valley of death Rode the Six Hundred; Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them Volleyed and thundered;

Never: while England held such hearts as those, and we can say with our hearts of the Queen, when we pray that she may be ever, victorious, happy and glorious, long to reign over us, God save the Queen.

RAISINS.

According to Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's physician, and, of course, eminent in his profession, it is better, in case of fatigue from overwork, to eat raisins than to resort to alcohol.

From the New York Tribune: "Mr. Christian K. Ross has been appointed Master Warden of the port of Philadelphia, at a yearly salary of twenty five hundred dollars.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE PET PIGEON.

When I was about nine years old my father and mother were living in a Southern city; and, as I had been very ill for a long time, I was taken from school and permitted to do as I liked.

The first time he saw me asleep he seemed very much alarmed (so my mother told me), but he settled down on my shoulder and kept very quiet till I awoke.

He followed me everywhere. If I was reading, he rested on my chair; if playing on the piano, he would listen attentively; indeed, he acquired such a taste for music, that the only time he ever seemed willing to leave me was to perch upon the foot of a gentleman who was singing very finely.

During the two years that Pidgy and I enjoyed so much together, he never fed from any hand but mine; and once, when I stayed from home over night, he would not eat at all, but pecked at my mother and sister so that they were quite provoked with him.

A COURT BETTER THAN A FIGHT.

One morning, on my walk down town, I was passing through that pleasant, quiet, old-fashioned quarter of the city of New York which used to be called the village of Greenwich.

"Say, mister, won't you make him give me my whip?" "Taint his; its mine."

I looked around upon the crowd of boys, for by this time some fifteen or twenty had gathered about. They looked at me curiously, as if wondering whether I would interfere, and what sort of a fist I should make of it in quelling the combat.

"Well," said I, addressing myself to the two boys in the center of the ring, "if you want to settle your question as boys generally do, you will have to fight it out yourselves; but if you want to settle it as men settle such cases, I will help you.

I did not think that it would do to rest on the promise alone. It would be

case, and command the possessor of the whip to give it up, and then the rogue should take to his heels with the whip and laugh at me.

So I told the boys that when men chose a judge to decide claims to property, they also choose a sheriff to attend the court and execute the judgment.

I looked around to the circle of boys who were all attending to the proceedings with eagerness. I saw a stout, good-natured, plucky-looking lad, a size or two larger than the two combatants.

"Yes sir, I'll be sheriff." "Very good," said I. "Whatever I decide you must make 'em obey. If I say he must give up the whip, you must make him do it.

"By this time quite a crowd of boys had arrived on the scene, and clustered about. The sheriff's hands doubled themselves up into fists, and I could see his elbows moving as he edged himself forward, as if his dignity and authority required a little more room.

"Yes, sir; I'll do it," said he. Then I asked for the story of the whip, and all the boys began to talk at once.

"It's my whip, I made it, and I lost it; and he stole it. Give it up to me." This last he said to the other boy, with a gesture that would no doubt have been a blow or a grab had not the sheriff been on hand.

Then, in answer to my inquiry, the other boy said: "It is my whip, I found it, and it belongs to me."

Next we called for witnesses, and a boy in the crowd said, pointing to the other boy—

"It is his whip, sir. He made it, and his father gave him the lash. Runney and some other boys were playing with it last night, and they throw it over the fence into this boy's area," pointing to the possessor of the whip.

"Yes, there's where I found it," said the latter, "in my father's area, and it belongs to me."

There were no witnesses to the contrary of this; so the facts were made plain.

I explained to the boys that a thing belonged to the person who made it, if he made it of his own materials, because it was produced by his time, skill and ingenuity.

"So my decision is," I concluded, turning to the possessor, "that you must give him the whip."

The boy clutched the whip a little tighter and hesitated; first he looked at me, then he looked at the sheriff, then at the whip; then, with the one eye on the sheriff, and, with the most comical expression on his face, he gave up the whip.

The boys laughed, and the court adjourned.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

BY REV. G. W. FARMER.

A very few years in the travelling connection will suffice to stock the mind with a large, if not carefully selected, assortment of memories.

It was July, and in the West. For