

WESLEYAN ALMANAC JULY, 1877.

Last Quarter, 3 day, 4h, 47m. Afternoon. New Moon, 10 day, 5h, 52m. Afternoon. First Quarter, 17 day, 8h, 58m. Morning. Full Moon, 25 day, 3h, 5m. Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and RISES. Rows list days from Sunday to Tuesday with corresponding times.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Parramore, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Tracy. High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax.

HOW MINISTERS' WIVES KNOW THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

SCENE—BREAKFAST-TABLE.

MONDAY. "My dear, I am utterly preached out. Where on earth an other sermon is ever to come from, I don't know! Grind, grind, grind, whether one is sick or well, full or empty, two sermons a week year in and year out! Of course each discourse must be original, and spiritual, and profound, and learned, and eloquent, and zealous, and abreast of all the science and literature of the day; who is equal to it?"

unending sound of restless pacing to and fro, to and fro. SUNDAY. "Pray, pray for me while I preach."

The conclusion of the whole matter. Night has come. The twin sermons which caused such throes in birth are delivered. The Lord as always before has surprised our weak faith by making good his promise to help. The people listened with a will. They cannot know, it is true, that in the eloquence they have enjoyed, their pastor has for their sakes burned up all at one time the nerve fuel which ought to have lasted for days to come, and that the dingy, smoky rekindling of his "blue Monday" is a natural consequence of the brilliant Sabbath. Yet so far as they do understand, they are kindly appreciative, and not a few come up to him after service, with encouraging words of praise, and others, better still, to tell what these sermons have done for them.

He (the minister) magnifies his office.—Christian Weekly.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

While on our journey home from New Hampshire and Boston a few days since, we stopped over one day in New York and fell into the company of our genial friend, Mr. F. G. Smith, successor to Bradbury, the great music and piano man. Mr. Smith said, "I made a call at the White House in Washington a few days since, when Mrs. Hayes, wife of the president, said, 'Do you know a teacher of music in this city I could employ to teach our children?' 'Yes,' replied Smith, 'Mr. Cooper, of the Interior Department, is a fine teacher and would render you good service.' 'Will you be kind enough to send him up?' said Mrs. Hayes. So Mr. Smith strolled away and found his man, and the next day he called at the White House, Mr. Hayes received him in the red room, and after the usual introduction she remarked, 'So your name is Mr. Copp; the name sounds very familiar. Have you ever taught music?' 'Yes, I made it a profession about twenty years in Columbus, Ohio.' 'Can you remember the names of any of your pupils?' 'Oh, yes. There was Anna Wright, Martha Jones and Lucy Webb.' 'Do you know where Lucy Webb is now?' inquired Mrs. Hayes. 'No, I have lost sight of her entirely,' Mr. Cropp replied. Then Mrs. Hayes handed him a piece of paper with a request that he should give her his autograph. This being done, Mrs. Hayes cast her eyes on the paper, and remarked, 'That looks familiar; my name was Lucy Webb, and you were my music teacher twenty years ago.' Mr. Cropp was then engaged as the musical instructor of the children in the White House. Mrs. Hayes closed the interview by saying, 'Mr. Copp, I suppose you remember the hours of evening song we enjoyed so much in those early days?' He said, 'I remember it well.' Mrs. Hayes then appointed an evening and invited Mr. Copp, his wife and daughter to come to the White House and sing some of the good old Methodist hymns to some of the good old-fashioned tunes.—Herald of the Cross.

The singing hearts are ever a blessing unto themselves. A song is joy-giving. He who can sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner nature carries a rare pleasure with him always. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy burdens seem light; sorrow knocks often, it may be, but often goes away, seldom enters. And when it does enter, when the clouds come and the sunlight is hidden, when the soul walks down into the night and sees never a star, what then? Ah, then trebly blessed is the singing-heart. If it can sing psalms at such a time the stars will shine. Dawn will quicker come, the sunlight sooner reappear.

A GLANCE AT THE LIBRARIES AND WORKS OF ART LOST IN ST. JOHN FIRE.

JOHN FIRE.

It would take columns to refer even without details to the large amount of valuable books, private property, destroyed. The fact that there was no public library of any importance in the city made it the more necessary for men engaged in literary pursuits, or with literary tastes to supply themselves with books. Several of the clergymen who were burned out lost fine libraries. One of the most valuable collections of books destroyed was that of James R. Ruel, Esq., the collector at this port. Mr. Ruel's library was the result of thirty odd years of labor and expense. It was rich in biography and history, and particularly in that department of history which deals upon the earlier years of the Reformation in England. Scarcely a writer of any eminence of that time, or any who has since written upon the theme but found a place upon his shelves, a line of reading which his natural taste, as well as former habit while editing the Church Witness, imposed upon him. The library of John Boyd, Esq., covered every department of literature, and was also the result of labor from youth upwards. Many of the more expensive works had been purchased in England and many were in rare bindings. No man in the Lower Provinces, perhaps no man in Canada, had a larger number of authors' presentation copies than Mr. Boyd. It is but natural that a man should regret the loss of his books, particularly of works of this kind. Those famous lectures, too, which have delighted so many audiences—thirty in number—have resolved into ashes. Mr. R. Britain, Secretary of the St. John Gas Company, lost a collection of costly works, chiefly on chemical and physical science, together with the transactions of learned societies—a loss that can never be restored. A number of private law libraries, well selected, and of admirable character, were burned. That of A. L. Palmer, Esq., M. P., was enriched with Mr. Palmer's own annotations, the result of a life time of study. Mr. A. A. Stockton's law library was a very fine one. His late uncle began the work of collection, and Mr. S. has followed it up. Mr. C. W. Weldon lost a fine law and general library and indeed all the lawyers suffered severely. In point of cost, value and utility, probably Dr. Wm. Bayard's library is the heaviest loss. It is a low estimate to value it at ten thousand dollars. The costly books on medical science embraces those gathered by his father as well as by himself, and in their department was unsurpassed in this city whilst it contained many rare classical books, as well as a good supply of the best models of modern literature. But we cannot go further into details. One gentleman possessed a rare lot of works on the United States, another's library was almost wholly classical, another had a rich collection of masonic books, others dealt largely with theology. In forty years there will be no such private collections of books in St. John as this fire has destroyed. The carefully selected and large private libraries to which we have referred were not the only valuable things—at once the means and the tokens of culture and refinement—that have perished in the flames. During many years there has been gradually accumulating in St. John fair treasures which imparted an air of elegance and lent a peculiar charm to many a quiet home. We have never yet been the happy possessors of a public collection of works of art in this city, and for that very reason, probably, there has been amongst us a stronger tendency on the part of those who had a taste for the fine arts and their products to gather about themselves some of the objects that could minister to the purest of all worldly enjoyments. In a far higher degree than has generally been supposed, we have been a refined and critical people. There are many gentlemen and ladies in this place who had amassed a store of beautiful things—some of which were costly, too,—and who are now stripped of their cherished surroundings. Quite recently there had been talk in certain quarters about the formation of a local Art Association, and there was a good prospect of success for such an institution. Now the hope of forming it has vanished. It is true that some of our art treasures have been untouched by the conflagration—having fortunately been beyond its reach. Among them Mr. Thomas Furlong's, the largest collection in the city. But in not a few of the residences destroyed were really fine paintings, many of them being from the easels of artists whose reputations were high and well established. And in a still greater number of houses were excellent engravings, many of which were costly and some very rare. In several instances these household treasures were rescued by their owners, who were unable to save any of their furniture from the greedy flames that suddenly encompassed them; but in other unfortunate cases all

these objects of beauty, the gentle sources of pleasure and knowledge to all who used to look at and to study them, have been swept away with the walls they once adorned. The loss of such things is a loss which no insurance can cover or make good. Money may procure for us again rich and handsome furniture. Money may even purchase another beautiful picture, another delicately executed engraving, another charming statuette, another pretty vase, or another choice specimen of bold and clear carving; it can never replace the particular one we have lost. Especially it cannot restore to us the canvas whose very hue and line we had closely studied, which had become dear to us as is the face of an old, familiar friend. Nor can it give us back the family portrait, which had a double value as a work of art and a memorial of the dead. Only those who have suffered losses of this kind can realize or at all understand the regret they feel who have to endure them. There is seldom, therefore, for such sufferers, a widely extended or deep sympathy. Yet there is no class, perhaps, whose hearts have experienced keener pangs than the cultivated,—of the entirely unobtrusive,—whose tasteful homes have been thus desolated in an hour. The very heavy—in many respects irreparable—loss which Dr. W. Bayard has been called on to endure in the destruction of his splendid residence, his large library, and his family plate, is made heavier by the destruction of a number of highly valuable pictures, not one of which escaped. Among them was a fine landscape, "The vale of Strathmore," by John Cairns, a Scotch artist, which will be remembered by those who visited an exhibition held at the Mechanics Institute several years ago. Mr. R. M. Longmaid, who was absent from the city, had all his pictures burnt where they hung. They included, among other fine oil paintings, an admirable one by the late G. F. Mulvaney, R.H.A., "Francis I, and Henry VIII, on the Field of the cloth of Gold," and a bold study of Scottish Highland scenery, by Cairns, entitled "Glen Cairn." A glowing little Welsh landscape by A. Vickers, which had been lent to a friend in another part of the town, is the only picture remaining to him of a good collection. Mr. B. Lester Peters, who could not save any portion of his choice library or his engravings, managed to save two of his finest pictures, a noble one by F. W. Hulme, and a little gem by Vickers. Mr. John Sears rescued only the striking portrait, which has been his pride for many years, and which is ascribed to the pencil of Rubens, and some family portraits. Mr. Henry Vaughan lost every one of his pictures, among them a large painting from the collection of the late John Miller, of Liverpool, which was held at a high place. And Mr. James Stewart, who had some good examples of his own artistic skill, as well as of the art of others, lost them all. The Hon. G. E. King, losing all his books, snatched from the flames several exceedingly fine water colour drawings, by eminent British artists. His brother, S. J. King, who possesses beautiful drawings by McKewan, I. G. Philips and others, besides paintings in oil, saved them all. And Mr. W. P. Dole, losing a large number—about 500 volumes of his books and a number of engravings, was rather fortunate in regard to pictures, having possessed a charming work by Hulme, well known to our amateurs, two little ones by Vickers, one of which the "Art Journal" lately spoke of as a rare work of art, two by G. A. Williams, one of our own C. C. Ward's choicest pieces, and a bright and highly finished one by the late I. T. Stanton, as well as several sweet little water colours by Frantz, Bell Smith, and others. And so we might go over nearly the whole burnt district, finding out that while some of those cherished things, which were lately among us held dear, have been almost by a miracle preserved, many that can never be replaced, are gone forever, as we have already said, losses like these cannot be estimated in mere money.—Globe.

DEATH OF A NOTED GIANTESS.

Mrs. Ruth Benton, alias Fanny Wallace, the celebrated American giantess, who for many years had traveled with circuses, and become well known throughout the country, died at her home in Vernon County, Wisconsin, on Friday last. She was fifty-four years old; seven feet four inches in height, and weighed five hundred and eighty-five pounds. Her coffin was seven feet eight inches in length, three feet six inches in depth, four feet wide at the center, twenty-four inches at the head, and twenty-three inches at the feet. It required eight men with block and tackle to lower the body into the grave. She was a kind, good neighbor, a loving mother, and was beloved by all who knew her.—Caledonia (Minn.) Courier.

HOUSE AND FARM.

THE LUNGS AND CHEST.

Loosen the clothing, and standing erect, throw the shoulders well back, the hands behind, and the breast forward. In this position draw slowly as deep an inspiration as possible, and retain it by an increased effort for a few seconds; then breathe it gradually forth. After a few natural breaths, repeat the long inspiration. Let this be done for ten or fifteen minutes every day, in six weeks time a very perceptible increase in the diameter of the chest and its prominence will be evident.

A TIMELY WARNING.

The Economist says: "Cooling off suddenly when heated sends many of our farmers' youths to an early tomb. It is often a matter of surprise that so many farmers' boys and girls die of consumption. It is thought that abundant exercise in the open air is directly opposed to that disease. So it is; but judgment and knowledge of the laws of health are essential to the preservation of health under any circumstances. When overheated, cool off slowly—never in a strong draft of air. Gentle fanning, especially if the face is wet with cold water, will soon produce a delightful coolness, which leaves no disagreeable results.

GARTERS.

Children should never wear garters, as the stockings can be kept up perfectly well by an attachment of elastic strips to the waistband. If garters are worn, it is important to know how to apply them with the least risk of harm. At the bend of the knee the superficial veins of the legs unite and go deeply into the under part of the thigh beneath the hamstrings tendons. Thus a ligature below the knee obstructs all the superficial veins; but if the constriction is above, the hamstrings tendons keep the pressure off the veins which return the blood from the legs. Unfortunately most people, in ignorance of the above facts, apply the garter below the knee. Elastic bands are the most injurious. They follow the movements of the muscles and never relax their pressure upon the veins. Non-elastic bands, during muscular exertion, become considerably relaxed at intervals, and allow freer circulation of the blood.

FRENCH WAY OF COOKING LAMB CHOPS.

Cut a loin of lamb into chops. Remove all the fat, trim them nicely, and see that they are all the same length. Lay them in a deep dish and cover them with salad oil. Let them steep in the oil for an hour. Having drained the chops from the oil, cover them with a mixture of finely grated bread crumbs, a little minced parsley, seasoned with pepper and salt, and some grated nutmeg; then broil them over a bed of hot coals or a buttered grid-iron; or you may bake them a nice brown in a quick oven. Have ready some smashed potatoes heaped high on a hot dish, in the form of a cone or beehive, and place the lamb chops all around it, so that they stand up and lean against it with the broad end of each chop downward. Ornament the top of the cone with a handsome rose or a bunch of curled parsley.

MENDING GOLDSMITH.

We picked up a short time ago, in a second-hand book-stall, two or three School Readers prepared under the superintendency of the Irish Council of Education. Turning over the pages to look at the selections made for Irish School children, we noticed a curious illustration of pathos. It seems that the Council had discovered an objectionable passage in the "Deserted Village," in the lines: The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade For talking age and whispering lovers made. The educationalist could not permit any thing so shocking as "whispering lovers" and they have altered the lines for their youth thus. It stands in the school-books: For talking age and social converse made. Save us from such poetry-menders. They have only one thing to commend them to our notice—their sublime unconsciousness of blunders. But we like Wesley's indignation at those who presumed to mend his own or his brother Charles's hymns.—National Repository.

THE OLD CITY OF TROY.

The old city of Troy had but one gate. Go round and round the city, and you could find no other. If you wanted to get in, there was but one way and no other. So to the strong and beautiful city of heaven there is but one gate, and no other. Do you know what it is? Christ says, "I am the door."