SUBYAN ALMANAC JULY, 1877.

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

Day of Week.	SUN	MOON.	18 X
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THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornvallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and

High water at Pictou and Jape 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 EARLER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 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 substract the time of rising. FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Substract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

TRANSLATION FROM VICTOR HUGH. The tomb asked of the rose: What dost thou with the tears, which

Sheds on thee every Summer morn, Thou sweetest flower that blows ?" The rose asked of the tomb: What dost thou with the treasures

Thou hidest deep from light and air, Until the day of doom?"

The rose said: " Home of night, Deep in my bosom I distill Those pearly tears to scents, that fill The senses with delight." The tomb said: "Flower of love, I make of every treasure rare, Hidden so deep from light and air, A soul for heaven above.

METHODIST TABLE-TALK. ······

-A. J. M., in Chamber's Journal.

of St. Michael's Caldmore. In Norwich, on Friday last, we had a pleasing example of Christian charity and courtesy. Three Wesleyan ministers and several laymen were attending the funeral of one of our local preachers, who was interred on "the church side" of the cemetery. The officiating clergyman walked to the grave in company with the chairman of the district, the Rev. H. M. Harvard. After reading a part of the service, he gave out, verse by verse, from our Hymn-book, a hymn we had chosen, he joined with us in singing; and then most politely asked Mr. Harvard to address the cortege. Having concluded his service, he shook hands, and we parted feeling we were brethren.

The attendance at the funeral of the Rev. George T. Perks, on Saturday, was so large and representative as to show in how great esteem he was held. His sudden departure has caused very wide-spread regret, and is most admonitory to others who are in danger of working beyond their strength. Mr. Perks for years has been almost incessant in toil. The demand made on prominent ministers for sermons, speeches, and correspondence is most exacting, and the penalty for yielding to it is comparatively early death. It will be well if several now in the work of the ministry will take timely warn-

Of course there has been already a good deal of speculation as to Mr. Perks' successor at the Mission House. Several names have been freely mentioned. It is probable the Rev. E. E. Jenkins will be proposed, and almost certain that those who nominated the Rev. John Walton last year will do so again. Happily there is no lack of men suitable for the important position, for, if none who have been nominated before are elected, there are others equally able to fill the post with ability.

Now that returns have been made by the districts, it appears there are more than 180 candidates for the ministry. The number is so large that there will be difficulty in accommodating them at Richmond and Didsbury during the Examination Week.

and one or two more bishops resign or die, Lord Beaconsfield will have appointed more ¶ Right Reverend Fathers in God" for the Established Church than any other English Prime Minister. A large share of this sort of patronage has fallen to him in comparatively short

Here is a recent utterance by the Archdeacon of Cornwall, in one of his visitation charges. I commend its caution to the Bishop of Lincoln, and its courtesy and kindliness to the Church Times :- "He (the archdeacon) looked upon John Wesley in somewhat the same light as one of the old prophets, who were raised up from time to time to call the children of Israel to repentance from their ignorance, sloth, and sin. No one could be at all conversant with the county of Cornwall without being aware that there, at least. Wesley wrought a great work for God. and he believed it was not a little owing to Wesley's exertions that now wherever the Cornishman went all over the world he carried with him a character for piety, peacefulness, and industry. He was not without hope that at some not very distant day a few of the leading Wesleyan ministers would not think it beneath them to accept consecration as bishops from the Primate and Metropolitans of the English Church. Then, without altering their present organisation, the future candidates for the Methodist ministry might receive Episcopal ordination, and stand on the same footing in this respect as their great founder.

The Annual Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland has just been in session. I notice that a resolution in favour of disestablishment was carried by an enormous majority, the numbers were 78 against and 460 for the revolutionary measure. So the leaven

My Cornish readers all round the world-and where are they not to be found ?-will be glad to hear that the monster gathering at Gwennap Pit, the scene of Mr. Wesley's famous exploits, was more than usually great on Whit Monday. Ten or twelve thousand wellbred people heard the olden Gospel strains that Wesley uttered, from the Rev. W. Andrew, chairman of the district .- London Methodist.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The following is from the advance sheets of the new book of European Thank God, all clergymen have not travel "Abroad Again," by Curtis agre, shallow spirit of the Vicar Guild, author of "Over the Ocean." and editor of the Boston "Commercial

> "While our horses were resting at Samaden, in the upper Engadine, we enjoyed the unexpected pleasure of an interview with the Danish author, Hans Christian Andersen. The good-natured fairy story-teller, who was then sojouring at the hotel, on hearing that two Americans that had read his books would like to see him, came to us with extended hands of welcome, though just returned from a fatiguing excursion to the Morterasch glacier. He had but recently returned from Italy, where he had been for his health; and had been staying here for a week's rest, ere returning to Copenhagen. He was tall. thin, even attenuated in figure; his head small, but forehead high, which was the only point of beauty in his face; his nose being large and prominent, cheek-bones very distinct, and his grey eyes small. But they sparkled with a pleasant smile, which wreathed his lips, and his simple manner pleased as a child to be praised, and his gentle tones made it easy to see why he was personally so prime a favorite with young people. He was pale and ap peared exceedingly feeble in health.

"He was delighted as a child when told that his stories were read and admired by the children in America, and inquired if we had any storks there. and wondered how the children could understand some of his stories if they were not familiar with storks, as the boys and girls of Denmark; but that he had written some stories expressly for the children of America.

"' Ah!' said he, with a sigh, 'were I not so nearly done with life, I should like to see America.'

"I assured him he would meet a cordial welcome, especially from the little people."

" 'Give my love to them all,' said he, and tell them I enjoy telling them fairy stories. And stay! here is a little memento of our interview, which you may show the children, in Andersen's own hand-writing.' And he v/rote in Danish a sentence, beneath to England-Exchange

If the Bishoprics' Bill becomes law, which he also wrote its English translation:

> Life is the most beautiful fairy tale. " 'HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.' He then bade us good-bye.

" Poor Andersen! But I will not say poor, either, for he was rich in the affection of all classes in his native land, as well as elsewhere, where his writings have been read. His death took place at Copenhagen soon after I saw him, and at his funeral the affection of all classes was shown by the immense gathering. The royal family were there, and the poor were present, and deputations from all parts of Denmark and other countries; and, as one writer expresses it, many persons were as much taken by surprise as they would have been if it had been reported that Æsop had died."-Selected.

FULTON'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST STEAMBOAT TRIP BE-TWEEN NEW YORK AND ALBANY.

In the Suffolk Gazette, printed on Sag Harbor, on the east end of Long Island, October 12, 1807, is a letter from Robert Fulton to Joel Barlow, giving an account of the first trip of the first steamboat on the Hudson River. It is as follows:

To Joel Barlow, Philadelphia. New York, 22d Aug., 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND: My steamboat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favorable than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is 150 miles; I ran it up in 32 hours and down in 30 hours. The latter is just 5 miles an hour. I had a light breeze against me the whole way going and coming, so that no use was made of my sails; and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners bearing to windward, and passed them as if they had been at anchor.

The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York there were not perhaps thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour or be of the least utility. And while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded out when thieves come near the roost; with spectators, I heard a number of but if you are not the most consumsarcastic remarks; this is the way you know in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and

Having employed much time and money and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it so fully answer my expectations. It will give a quick and cheap conveyance to merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen. And although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting with you on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the invention. However, I will not admit that it is half so important as the Torpedo sys-

this will grow the liberty of the seas ; an object of infinite importance to the welfare of America and every civilized country. But thousands of witnesses have now seen the steamboat in rapid movement, and they believe-but they have not seen a ship of war destroyed by a torpedo, and they do not believe. We cannot expect people in general to have a knowledge of physics, or power of mind sufficient to combine ideas and reason from causes to effects. But in case we have war, and the enemy's ships come into our water, if the government will give me reasonable means of action, I will soon convince the world that we have surer and cheaper modes of defence than they are aware of.

Yours, etc.,

ROBERT FULTON. CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE has been give to the British Government by the Khedive, and is soon to be removed to London. It has now been exhumed and is in fair condition, except that eighteen inches of the apex is gone, and that the corners are somewhat damaged. There was a little trouble at first with a wealthy Greek, who had acquired the land on which the Needle is He was much annoyed at the Khedive for giving it away without consulting him, and was disposed to make trouble about it. He put a fence around his property, and appealed to the courts, But the Bot ish scientists who were sent to look after the Needle followed the course of Gideon, and by their gentleness turned away his wrath. The utmost consideration for him was expressed, and the Khedive was induced to write an apologetic letter. The Greek merchant reciprocated handsomely. withdrew the suit, wrote a very nice letter to the Khedive, and expressed his satisfaction at the destination of the Needle, not only for scientific reasons, but because of of the gratitude which his country owed

CHILDREN'S CORNER. THE CROWING COCK.

"How did I crow then?" said a cock to his favorite speckled hen.

"Magnificently!" said the speckled

"I'll get up on the gate and crow again, that all the yard may hear; you tell them to listen;" and up he flew to the top of the gate, and flapped his wings, and stretched his neck, and crowed with all his might; then, holding his head on one side, he looked down with one eye at the hens, who were huddled together before the gate.

"Fine!" said the speckled hen. 'Fine!" said the white hen and the brown hen, and all the hens, and as many chickens as had not their mouths full of barley. "Do you hear that brown thing

yonder?" said he as he strutted up and down the yard, looking contemptuously at a thrush in a wicker cage who

was thrilling one of his richest songs. 'What do you think of the noise it All the hens clucked with contempt.

"Friend," said the cock to him, you mean well, but you haven't a note of music; you should listen to me;" and then he crowed with all his might again. The hens all stood on one leg, with their eyes closed and their heads on one side, in mute admiration.

At this moment Shock, the housedog, came out of his kennel and shook himself, as if disturbed out of a sound, comfortable sleep.

"Did you hear me crow?" said the elated cock.

"Hear you! I should like to know who didn't, said Shock. "There's no peace for you, morning, noon nor night; for the only time when you're quiet, I'm obliged to turn out to keep you from the fox."

The cock shook his gills and looked very much astonished; and the hens whispered into one another's ears. 'Ask my hens," said the cock, indignantly.

"Your hens indeed!" said Shock Why, they know nothing but what you tell them; and if they don't do as you like, you drive them from the barley. You're all very well to call up the maids in the morning, and to sing mate coxcomb, vou to decry a thrush."

"I have awoke him out of his sleep," said the cock, in an explanatory voice, to his hens; and he led the way to the fold, where he flapped his wings and crowed again, but not with the same vivacity; and although they were afraid of talking of it aloud, the hens noticed one to another that he never crowed much from that day in the presence of Shock. Bragging suits fools, not the wise. - English Paper.

JACK.

Did ye ever hear the like o' that, mother?" said Jack, when they had both slackened their pace a little. "1 never knew there was such a beautiful tem of defence and attack; for out of place anywheres as he talked about. Do ve know what king it is? Couldn't we

"I reckon he wouldn't let us in.

"Nay, but did'nt ye hear the gentleman say as he'd let in even little 'uns like me, if only they'd try and please him. Oh, mother! do'ee let's go! Maybe some one 'ud tell us where it is."

"I never heard of any king as was very beautiful," she answered, thoughtfully, in that dense ignorance of the London poor hardly to be imagined by those who have never come in contact with it. "We've got a queen, you see, and not a king, so it can't be in this

land." "But the gentleman 'ud tell us

where 'twas." "Aye, but we couldn't ask him."

"I could! Only fancy, mother! never hungry, never thirsty, never cold !" cried Jack, excitedly. "That's what he said, and you'd never cry no more, mother. Oh, do'ee let's ask some one the way, and where it is. I know if we could only get a sight of the king it 'ud be all right. Don't ye mind how good the gentleman said He was, and so beautiful. O, mother, I wish we could see 'un!"

"Aye, she said," with quiet hopelessness, "that would be fine, Jack."

"Why didn't we never go to church

"I didn't know as they wouldn't turn | pleaded against it. us out if we tried."

"And you never been inside ontinued Jack, thoughtfully.

"I was in one when I was me "Do ye think father knew an

about the King?" "No, I doubt he didn't, Jack wouldn't ha died."

The tears gathered slowly in as she spoke. If it were true, could have only known where the good King was, He would have saved him, perhaps. But she did not say anything. The poor are so used to suffering of all kinds. Suffering had made her incredulous, too, of any great good.

But to Jack it was otherwise. His mind harped constantly on one subject -if he could only see the King! Every. thing would be right if only he could see the beautiful King. Never hungry, never thirsty, never cold, never feeling any pain, he kept repeating over to himself, as he pattered along with his little sore frost-bitten feet on the icy pavement. Day after day the thought seemed to grow stronger in his mind, and often and often he talked it over with his mother. Not that she believed in the whole thing much, but it pleased the child to talk about it.

"You was servant in a jew'ler's shop once, wasn't you?" he asked one day. "Yes, afore I was married."

"Did ye ever see an ammy-something?"

"Amethyst?" she said, "Yes, often; they're clear, shining, purple stones." "Oh, aye!" said Jack, his eyes sparklin; "fancy a wall all trimmed wi' 'em. mother, musn't that be fine? And the street below all gold! Why, I never had a bit of gold in my hand in my life, and there the streets are all made of it, and great big pearls for gates; and never hungry, and never cold, and never have bad hands and feet any more. Oh, mother! I do wish as we could find out where it is! I know the King 'ud let us in."

"By Jack's wish they went many times to the dark corner in the church, but they never heard the pale, earnest preacher, or the words about the King again and poor little Jack cried for disappointment at last. "We shall never see 'un," he said, " if there's no one to tell us the way."

Early in March a bitter frost set in. The pavements were thick with ice, and the snow in the streets was trodden into hard cakes by the beating of the horses' hoofs upon it. Every here and there was a crossing, almost more slippery than the rest of the street, for the under surface of the snow had melted and frozen again, and melted and frozen again, until it was impossible to keep a foothold.

Jack and his mother, standing at the corner of the street with a basket from which only two bunches of violets had as yet disappeared, caught sight of a lady on the other side who often bought of them. She did not see them, and turned to go down another way.

"Here, give me two bunches, and I'll go over and catch her !" cried Jack, pulling two out of the basket, and running off as fast as his feet could carry

The crossing was dangerous enough -one mass of slippery uneven ice-but he managed to get safely enough to the "island" in the middle. He had just started on the second half of his journey when a carriage, coming sharply round the corner, swerved suddenly aside to avoid a great dray.

What need to describe what followed? A hundred such things happen every year-a little ragged boy knocked down and run over; a tall black figure darting in among the staggering horses and heavy wagons, and bearing the child out again, its face white as death, its soiled ragged clothes staining the fine black cloth of the strong arms that hold it tenderly; the violets, crushed and dirty, still held in the one little hand that was whole : a woman, weeping and wringing her hands, following. This is what the world saw. " Poor child! but boys are always so foolhardy, and are always in the way," it said.

. It was a comfortable room on the tbird floor, with a window looking over the smoky chimneys to the west, where they laid poor little Jack. The tall palefaced minister, whom he heard that memorable night, offered to carry him to the nearest hospital, but the woman

"They took my man away to one,

hav here way in de run only kind neve to H never sank The

both,

Jack

day b when with a face desire " The beaut ain't s before Jack's ago th of the patien explair sermor

Late fell in the wi Jack's was g played he türn he fixed

" glim which more a ness: h As h and a all over cried, amethy and-st

almost fell back So Ja beauty from hi into the no more self show Never cold, nev

the minis woman trying to own word was sohl no more little Jac white sm he had g

his eyes "And Him," he

The m