

WESLEYAN ALMANAC JULY, 1877.

Last Quarter, 3 day, 4h, 47m, Afternoon. New Moon, 10 day, 5h, 52m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 17 day, 5h, 56m, Morning. Full Moon, 25 day, 5h, 5m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, and other astronomical data for the month of July 1877.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwall, 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.

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

TRANSLATION FROM VICTOR HUGH. The tomb asked of the rose: "What dost thou with the tears, which dawn Sheds on thee every Summer morn, Thon sweetest flower that blows?"

METHODIST TABLE-TALK.

Thank God, all clergymen have not the meagre, shallow spirit of the Vicar of St. Michael's Caldmore. In Norwich, on Friday last, we had a pleasing example of Christian charity and courtesy.

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.

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.

Now that returns have been made by the districts, it appears there are more than 180 candidates for the ministry.

If the Bishops' Bill becomes law, 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.

Here is a recent utterance by the Archbishop of Cornwall, in one of his visitation charges. I commend its caution to the Bishop of Lincoln, and its courtesy and kindness to the Church Times.

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.

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.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The following is from the advance sheets of the new book of European travel "Abroad Again," by Curtis Guild, author of "Over the Ocean," and editor of the Boston "Commercial Bulletin."

"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 sojourning 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 Morterach glacier.

"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 wrote in Danish a sentence, beneath

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 Aesop had died."—Selected.

FULTON'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST STEAMBOAT TRIP BETWEEN 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 with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks; this is the way you know in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

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 system of defence and attack; for out of 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 given to the British Government by the Khedive, and is soon to be removed to London. It has now been examined 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 British 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 the gratitude which his country owed to England.—Exchange

CHILDREN'S CORNER. THE CROWING COCK.

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

"Magnificently!" said the speckled hen.

"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 makes?" 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 house-dog, 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 astenished; 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 out when thieves come near the roost; but if you are not the most consummate coxcomb, you would never attempt 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. Braggart 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. "I never knew there was such a beautiful place anywheres as he talked about. Do ye know what king it is? Couldn't we go?"

"I reckon he wouldn't let us in, Jack."

"Nay, but didn't 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 afore?"

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

"And you never been inside?" continued Jack, thoughtfully. "I was in one when I was m—" "Do ye think father knew an' about the King?" "No, I doubt he didn't, Jack, or wouldn't he hadied."

The twars gathered slowly in as she spoke. If it were true, Jack 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! Everything 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 jewler's shop once, wasn't you?" he asked one day. "Yes, afore I was married."

"Did ye ever see an ammy—some-thing?"

"Amethyst?" she said, "Yes, often; they're clear, shining, purple stones."

"Oh, aye!" said Jack, his eyes sparkling; "fancy a wall all trimmed w' 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 him.

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 third floor, with a window looking over the smoky chimneys to the west, where they laid poor little Jack. The tall pale-faced minister, whom he heard that memorable night, offered to carry him to the nearest hospital, but the woman pleaded against it. "They took my man away to one,