

WESLEYAN ALMANAC  
JUNE, 1877.

Last Quarter, 4 day, 0h, 57m, Morning.  
New Moon, 11 day, 10h, 18m, Morning.  
First Quarter, 18 day, 2h, 18m, Morning.  
Full Moon, 25 day, 0h, 39 Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, Rises Souths Sets, H. M. Includes days from Friday to Saturday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.  
High water at Pictou see Cape Tormentine, 3 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 29 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 3 hours 20 minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 15 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.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.  
A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the sea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe his early vows;  
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs.  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

On January 1st, 1864, Mr. Ashworth was the guest of Mrs. Sturge (widow of the late Joseph Sturge) Birmingham, where he spent several days in useful labour, visiting the Boy's Reformatory, Female Penitentiary, and addressing various meetings.  
In this congenial family he met with many members of the Society of "Friends," to which they belong; a body of Christians he much admired, and for whom he always had the greatest respect,—so much so, that a lady one day jokingly told him "that he was half a Quaker and half a Methodist." He certainly loved the consistent unworldly lives of the "Friends," but it needed the warmth of Methodism to satisfy the emotional part of his nature.  
Mr. Ashworth was also much impressed with the comfort of their homes, as well as the purity, piety, and benevolence of their lives, of which the reader may judge by the following sketch:  
"The Society of Friends, though not very numerous, has, in many respects, always been powerful for good. Its members having the most profound regard for the Bible, as a revelation from Heaven, and teaching the doctrine of a conscious salvation by faith in Jesus; the witness of the Spirit testifying to the reality of that salvation, and

also a sure and divine guidance in the life; believing the precepts of the Scriptures to be imperative, and their practice the best evidence of a true obedience to Christ, showing their love to Him by keeping His commandments, they have calmly but firmly resolved to walk by these precepts, obey God rather than man, and peacefully take all consequences. They believe that Christ taught a universal brotherhood, and universal peace. They therefore condemn all slavery and all war; they contend that evil never destroyed evil, but that it must be overcome with good. They also believe that in matters of conscience we are responsible to God only, and that nothing—priest or power—ought to intermeddle. Their vows have often subjected them to imprisonment, persecution, and the spoiling of their goods; but they have patiently endured all. No power could ever coerce them to a compliance contrary to their own convictions of duty: ritualism, ecclesiastical dignities, priestly assumption and pretension they quietly pass by; preferring in their simple worship to walk by faith and not by sight, and regarding the power of godliness as far more important than mere form. They teach and practice temperance, sobriety, honesty, industry, and commercial integrity. They are anxious to avoid worldly conformity; theatres, balls, cards, concerts, races, or other fashionable and questionable amusements they avoid; thinking it more their duty, and productive of far more true pleasure and happiness to encourage schools, attend to benevolent objects, conduct mother's meetings, and visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. The females refuse to be drawn into the interminable labyrinths of restless, frivolous, foolish fashion, or deck themselves in mantles, wimples, crimping-pins, gold, pearls, or useless and costly array; but adorn themselves in sensible, modest apparel. Some have recently deviated from this rule, and have entered the labyrinth, but without adding grace to the person or peace to the mind.

They are well and carefully trained in domestic duties, and make good wives and mothers. They have excellent schools for giving all their children, rich and poor, a good education; the wealthy in all matters helping those that are less able, none of them are ever left to the mercy of the parish, or to die in the union workhouse. They are loyal subjects, worthy citizens, good neighbours, intelligent, respectable, and as philanthropists, conspicuous to the whole earth. Many of them are very rich, most of them are in comfortable circumstances. Their average life is twenty years more than the rest of the community; they are the meek that inherit the earth. I never saw one of them drunk, or with a black eye, a cork arm, or a wooden leg. It was very strange and suggestive of a painful fact, that a people so anxious to walk by Christian rule should be considered singular in a professed Christian country, but so it is. That they have had amongst them some who have not been consistent they well know and deplore, but, as a rule, they have adorned their profession. Glory to God and good will to man has been a marked feature in their character. Some of their own rules have crippled their expansion, and they have perhaps not been sufficiently aggressive, but they have made their mark in England, and especially in America.

(To be Continued.)

THE ECHO-BOY.

A little boy once went home to his mother, and said, "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us." "How do you mean, Johnny?" said the mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out, 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he said, 'Who are you?' So I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself.' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the wood, and I could not find him, and I came back, and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head;' and he said 'I will punch your head.'

So his mother said, "Ah, Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him, he would have said back to you." And the mother said, "Now, Johnny, when you go and get to be a man, whatever you will say to others they will by and by say back to you;" and his mother took him to that old text in the Scriptures, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again."—Selected.

CHARITY.

I ask you to think quietly and sincerely—Have you no opportunities which you have often neglected for mutual kindness, mutual forbearance, mutual charity here among your neighbors? Can you not here stoop to one another?—take less than your due?—each in honor preferring one another, each in humility thinking another better than himself, each in generosity making allowance for one another's infirmities, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. It seems so easy; alas! why is it so hard? Why do men instead of this despise one another, and hurt one another, and wish to raise themselves above another? Why is there bitterness, and wrath, and clamor, and evil-speaking? Oh, let us remember that our citizenship is in heaven! In that best city of our God there are no wars and fightings, no jealousies or whispers. There health is not eaten out by care, or happiness interrupted by envy. There it is to no man of any consequence what this man is famed for or for what the other is preferred. There are no selfish jostlings in the unmannerly press, no calumny in the darkness, no anger in the noonday. There abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three, and the greatest of these is charity. And why the greatest? The greatest because it is the flower and outcome of the other two; the greatest, because faith is for ourselves, and hope is for ourselves, but charity is for others; the greatest, because faith may fail, and hope may fail, but if charity fail not we need not fear. Is not the spirit of a pure love to all the children in the great family of God—is it not its own happiness? does it not light up, even in the saddest heart, a little heaven of radiant peace? "I dare to say," writes a living author, "that because, all my life, I have desired good and not evil, because I have been kind to many, have wished to be kind to all, have fully wronged none, and because I have loved my fellow men much, and not selfishly, therefore the light of heaven is visible to me on yonder hills." Aye, and so it ever will be! He among you who—at whatever age, in whatever situation—tries humbly by silent service, by perfect self-surrender, by patient trust, to walk with God, he whose first desire it is to make the lives of all about him purer, sweeter, happier, he who is willing to mark the annals of his days on earth not by joys or sorrows, not by failures or successes, but just by duties done—that man is as happy and as noble as it is given man to be. With perfect trust may he face his last hour, and when the archangel's trumpet shall startle his mortal body from that long sleep under the grassy sod, he—though all the earth be smitten with that lightning-flash of judgment into indistinguishable ruin—he, forgiven much because he has loved much—he may rise without one pang of terror, humble and calm, and strong, to stand, in his Saviour's merits, accepted before the judgment seat of God.—F. W. Farrar.

SLEEP.

Sleep, Dr. W. A. Hammond says, may be defined as general repose. Almost all the organs rest during sleep. The heart, popularly supposed to be in perpetual motion, is at rest 6 hours out of the 24, the respiratory organs 8, and the other organs more or less. The brain alone is constantly employed during wakefulness, and for it sleep was formed and made needful to its preservation. It is true that sleep does not give the brain a total recess from labor; imagination and memory are often vividly active during sleep, and unconscious cerebration likewise takes place

but enough rest is obtained for the renovation of the brain, and that which has been torn down during wakefulness is to a certain extent rebuilt. Sleep is a most wonderful power—often stronger than the will, as in the case of the sleeping soldier—and more mighty than pain, as when sick persons and tortured prisoners sleep in the midst of their suffering. No torture, it is said, has been found equal to the prevention of sleep. The amount of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habits. Big brains and persons who perform much brain labor need a large amount of sleep. Children need more sleep than grown people because construction is more active than decay in their brains.—Scientific American.

CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT.

I do not reject any proposition merely because it is ancient, or in the mouths of majorities. But I do not respect propositions that have seen honest and protracted battle, but not defeat. The test of the soundness of scholarship is that it should contend with scholarship, not once or twice, but century after century, and come out crowned. But the intellectual supremacy of Christianity in the nineteenth century is not a novelty. There are other battle-fields worth visiting by those who walk and meditate, on which Christian trophies stand, more important, as marks of the world's agonies and advances, than any that ever Greek erected for victory at Salamis or Marathon. I lean on church history. I go to its battle-fields and lie down on them. They are places of spiritual rest. Gazing on their horizon, I see no narrow prospect, but a breadth of nineteen hundred victorious years. Looking into the sky, as I lie there, I hear sometimes the anthem:—"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." I obtain glimpses of a heaven opened; and behold a white horse, and he that sits on him is called the Word of God, King of kings, and Lord of lords. He is clothed in a vesture dipped in blood; but his eyes are as a flame of fire, and on his head are many crowns."—Rev. Joseph Cook.

The revival which we need is a revival of the religion which keeps God's commandments; which tells the truth and sticks to its promises; which cares more for a good character than a fine coat; which lives in the same direction that it prays; which denies ungodly lusts, and which can be trusted in every stress of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes, and chasten our press and commerce from roguery and rottenness, would be a boon from heaven. A revival which will bring not only a Bible knowledge, but a Bible conscience to all, is what the land is dying for. The world's sorest want, to-day, is more Christ-like men and women. The preaching it needs is—more sermons in shoes.—Cuyler.

No pastor that has long been blessed with a powerful revival season can fail to have noticed the singular adaptation of his simplest, most instructive and direct discourses to the demands of the hour. Sermons that he could not have preached at ordinary times, that would have been considered trite and unimpressive, assume suddenly an amazing value and power. A revival has a marvellous effect upon sermons as well as upon hearers. When men are full of the Holy Ghost the plainest words have an extraordinary power.—Zion's Herald.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

We have our English heroes in high and humble life, whom we are never weary of holding up as examples to our children, and so it is with other nations. The following anecdote, told to many a little round-eyed German boy, preserves the remembrance of one such hero of the battle-field.  
Our English General Elliott, when governor of Gibraltar, and during the siege of that fortress, was himself making a tour of inspection, to see that all under his control was in order, when he suddenly came upon a German soldier, standing at his post silent and still, but he neither held his musket nor presented arms when the general approached.  
Struck with the neglect, and unable to account for it, the general exclaimed: "Do you know me, sentinel, or why

do you neglect your duty?"  
The soldier answered respectfully: "I know you well, general, and my duty also; but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."  
"Why do you not go and have them bound up then?"  
"Because," answered the soldier, "in Germany, a man is forbidden to quit his post until he be relieved by another."  
The general instantly dismounted from his horse.  
"Now, friend," he said, "give me your musket and I will relieve you; go and get your wound attended to."

The soldier obeyed; but went first to the nearest guard-house, where he told how the general stood at his post, and not till then did he go and get his bleeding hand dressed.  
The injury completely unfitted him for active service; but the news of it having reached England, whither the wounded man had been sent, King George III. expressed a wish to see him, and for his bravery he made him an officer.—English Magazine.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

A mother sat stitching and stitching away, It rained and her boys were indoors at play, When one of them came and leaned on her chair,  
And said with a touchingly wearied-out air,  
"We've played every play in the world that we know;  
Now, what shall we do?"  
Before poor mamma had a chance to reply,  
The rest of the little ones gathered closely by,  
And the sum of their troubles all seemed the same;  
We wish that we knew some wonderful game,  
We've been sailors and soldiers, and fought battles too;  
Now, what shall we do?"  
Mamma thought for a moment, then gayly replied,  
"Build a palace of blocks with a portico wide,  
And play that the owner had money to spend,  
And wanted to decorate rooms without end,  
And ordered some pictures painted by you,  
That's what you can do."  
"Now each take a pencil and paper, and draw  
The most wonderful things that ever you saw;  
A lily, a sunset, a shore, or a sea,  
A gorgeous winged butterfly chasing a bee;  
Or—three little boys that are saying like you,  
'Now, what shall we do!'"

The brightened-up children took pencils in hand,  
(As amateur artists, you'll all understand)  
And worked at their pictures until it was plain  
The funny gray clouds had forgotten to rain;  
And mamma had a rest (not a long one, it's true),  
From, "what shall we do?"

O! sweet patient mothers! in this earnest way  
You are doing life's work, while your little ones play;  
You are fashioning souls that hereafter shall rise,  
God's beautiful angels, winged, to the skies;  
And Heaven makes reply to your "what shall we do?"  
Since Love teaches you.  
—Mrs. L. C. Whitton, in June Wide Awake.

"WOULD'NT."

She would n't have on her naughty bib;  
She would n't get into her naughty crib;  
She would n't do this, and she would n't do that;  
And she would put her foot in her Sunday hat.  
She would n't look over her picture-book;  
She would n't run out and help the cook;  
She would n't be petted, or coaxed, or teased,  
And she would do exactly whatever she pleased!  
She would n't have naughty rice to eat;  
She would n't be gentle, and good, and sweet;  
She would n't give me one single kiss—  
Pray, what could we do with a girl like this?

TOMMY'S COUSINS.

Tommy had been cross all day. He had pulled Robbie's hair, and taken his peanuts from him. He had sat down on Susie's lovely doll and flattened her nose, and he had put the kitten on top of the book-case. He had even been saucy and hateful to his dear mamma, when she asked if her little boy felt quite well, or if his long visit to the aquarium yesterday had tired him, instead of answering pleasantly, Tommy had hunched up his shoulders, shoved out his elbows, and snapped out fiercely.  
"No; I aint tired, and I aint cross either."  
Every one was glad when bed-time came, and Master Tommy was taken upstairs.  
"I do declare, Master Tommy, you'll turn into a nasty, snappy turtle, or a crab, some of these nights, when you're so cross," said nurse.  
"Pooh!" said Tommy, "I wont."  
"Well, something will happen; you'll