WESLEYAN' ALMANAC

MAY, 1879.

Full Moon, 6day, 1h, 51m, Morning. Last Quarter, 12 day, 10h, 22m, Afternoon. New Moon, 21 day, 1h, 36m, Morning ton as dar 7h 93m. Afternoon

Date	Day of Week.	SUN			MOON.						Tde	al'x
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THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

Truro.

High water at Pictou and Jape Tormentine, z nrs
and II minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapelis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours
and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charfottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport,
hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours
60 minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to he time of the sun's setting, and from the sum substract the time of rising, FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.-Substract th me of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to te emainder add the time of rising next morning.

SUNDAY RAIN.

This is a subject that urgen'ly requires to be looked into. A little consideration may discover, if not the means to remove it from among the adverse circumstances of the church, at least the remedy to reduce the evil to him." a minimum. At the present time it is a grievance. The effects of Sunday rain are most extraordinary. It is like no other rain. It is so penetrating, so awe-inspiring. The Destroying Angel himself could not more effectually blockade many robust professors of religion within their houses.

It makes a wonderful impression on ministers. Take any one of them who is concerned in the glory of God, the salvation of souls, the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. You might see the good man, first thing on Sunday morning, making for the window. You day. But what ails the poor man? He looks so clouded and downcast; and, for the corn, and will keep it back. if you noticed, he heaved a deep sigh. Have his dreams and visions of the night troubled him? Or have his anxieties for the morrow kept him awake all night? Or was he so distracted with a thousand and one things last week that his preparation for Sunday was driven into Siturday? And has he had to work all night long while his people have been sweetly resting from the week's cares and labors? Or does he feel that the texts were slow in coming, and the ideas sluggish in their flow through a wearied brain, or other disturbing causes, and that in consequence his meagre preparation for the work distresses his spirit? Is that the reason, or any one of those mentioned, why he looks troubled and careworn? Not at all. The fact 1s, last week was singularly free from tea meetings, special lectures, committees, etc., and he got his texts in good time, and the sermons came by inspiration, and on Saturday night he felt the restful luxury of being prepared; and the moon brightly shining, and the stars and clear blue sky sent him to rest in the cheerful hope of a bright Sabbath day, and of meeting his people with a message from God to them. Alas! the visions of the morning have been dispelled. The Sunday rain makes his very heart to faint and fall. He knows that the message received from God will be delivered to empty pews, and he had hoped that it would be a word of life to some, of quickening to others, and a blessing to all.

Well, the message will be delivered rain or no rain; and the judgment day will come, rain or no rain; and the people will be called to account for the messages delivered, whether present or absent to hear it, rain or no rain. Still, these reflections do not bring any comfort to a minister's heart on a rainy Sunday morning, because he earnestly desires blessings for all his people, and would fain avert judgment from all of them.

And this Sunday's rain has a wonderful effect on the people—not all of them—but most of them. Some faithful souls seem to mind it less than the rain of other days. But for the majority it seems to be charged with all the elements of judgment. It brings with it the germ of all the diseases to which human nature is exposed, such as bronchitis, diphtheria, asthma, neu-

remorseless fury, are comfortable, mid- and everywhere. dle-aged gentlemen, and not unfrequently the young men of not very delicate cons itutions, and if there are any professors of religion given to attend concerts and evening parties, and stealthy visits to the theatre, the unsparing effect of this Sunday rain is quite distressing. On the other days of the week our streets are crowded with these people, when showers are falling without intermission. They are full of daring, of vivacity, of energy; but the Sunday rain shuts them all up in their castle-home is the Euglishman's castle-and makes prisoners of them all, unless they have made previous engagements to visit friends at a distance or in the country. The deacons of the church have also reason to look grave on a rainy Sunday morning. It is a barren time for the treasury, and for arrangements like our own, by which the ordinances of God's house and his work among us are sustained by voluntary contributions, it is a serious matter indeed. Look over the voluntary daily contributions for the past years and you can clearly mark off the rainy Sundays. Now it does strike one that if people attended to what God says to them on this subject, every Sunday rain would make very little difference to the treasury. "On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered People say they can worship God at home when it rains, but here is one part of divine worship which seems to be omitted on those very frequent occasions, and it is the only part of home worship that we have the means of testing. -Buds and Blossoms.

" OUT OF SORTS."

G. HUGHES.

Dr. John Todd says some people are always "out of sorts." The weather is always just what they don't want. I constant companion is humility. met one of these men awhile ago, a might observe him anxiously peeping farmer, who raised all manner of crops. from behind the curtain to see whether It was a wet day, and I said, "Mr. N., this morning promised a fair or rainy this rain will be fine for your grass crop." "Yes, perhaps; but it is bad don't believe we shall have a crop." A few days after this, when the sun was shining hot, I said, "Fine sun for your corn, sir." "Yes, pretty fair; but it's awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather." Again on a cold morning, I met my neighbor and said, "This must be capital for your rye, Mr. N. "Yes, but it is the very worst weather for the corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward." The world is full of such complainers. They keep society in a ferment. Every one that comes in contact with them is made unhappy. Their faces are long. Their spirit is sour, their words are doleful. With such people every thing is "out of sorts." Whether the weather is hot or cold, dry or wet, whether the sun shines or is obscured by clouds, under all circumstances there is the same gloomy outcry. If the weather is good for the wheat, it is bad for the rye; if it is good for the corn, it is bad for the wheat. Thus they drag through their lot of complaining, and nothing that God can do for them, nor the whole realm of his providence, renders them at all comfortable.

> We find such characters in the church. Grace has not obtained a mastery over every unruled temper. There are cross-grained professors. There are some, even in Zion, who are possessed of what is sometimes termed, not inaptly, "sour godliness." They may be found before the church door on Sabbath morning, surrounded by a group of listeners, perhaps, among them some non-professors, listening to their complaints about the church. Either the preaching, the music, the contributions, or some department of churchlife, comes under their scorching criticism. The minister, the officiary, or if no one else, the poor sexton, comes in for a Sabbath-morning costigation. What a preparation for sanctuary services! What sort of mood can such a man be in to occupy his seat and hear the minister announce his opening hymn:

Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in his praise!

Ah, he is not attuned to praise: he is just up from the dark and unfriendly demain of complainers. At the church door, along the street, at the prayermeeting, and in the class-meeting (such are not likely to be class attendants ralgia, consumption, and a score or very often), every where it is the same acquiescence even in disagreeable things, more of other dreadful things. It is, in doleful utterance, every thing "out of not in exemption from suffering.

fact, a plague to be avoided by all pos- sorts." Would God that the church sible means. Others again do not seem | might be rid of such complainers. If to mind it at all. They never catch any they could be truly converted, and so harm from it. And this discrimination be bles sed with a smooth, loving tongue of Sunday rain is not the least wonder- bow well it would be! There are places ful feature of it. Strange to say, it where the people would be inclined to does not threaten with its terrors poor have a general jubilee. They have old bodies, poorly clad, many of them, been so stung by the hornets that the godly old men and women do not removal of the plague would be most seem to suffer from them at all, many joyous. The way to be rid of all this of them rather seem to enjoy it. One is to have Jesus enthroned in thy heart. would think by their happy content- Jesus' is a quiet mind; Jesus' is a loved faces in the house of God on a ing mind; and he who is truly under wet Sabbath, that they feel it a kind his scepter, instead of finding every of privilege to make a little sacrifice to thing "out of sorts," will find it "in wait on the Lord. No, the people who sorts." He will joyfully recognize the are attacked by this Sunday rain with fact that the sun shines all the time

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Industry need not wish .- Franklin. Wit is humor and love.—Thackerary. Immodest words admit of no defence.

I have found it hard to persuade men that death is sunrise.—Murray.

Our ideas, like pictures, are made up of lights and shadows .- Foubert.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together .- Goethe .

Let amusement fill up the chink of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.—Theodore Parker. He needs no other rosary whose thread

of life is strung with beads of love and thought .- Persian Proverb. It is easy to look down on others; to

look down on ourselves is the difficulty. -Lord Peterborough. Hope is a leaf-joy, which may be beaten on to a great extension, like

I do not see why we should not be as just to an ant as to a human being.-

Charles Kingsley. Mercy and truths are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed

each other.-Bible Whole years of joy glide unperceived away while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.—Harvard.

Every man, coming to an obscure old age, thinks he would have achieved wealth and distinction if-

Learn not to judge too rashly of any one, either in respect to good or evil, for both are dangerous.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her

To gain extensive usefulness, seize the present opportunity, great or small, and improve it to the utmost.

Men should not think too much themselves, and yet a man should be careful not to forget himself.

The best portion of a good man's life.—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love .- Words-

A man of intellect is lost unless he unites energy of character to intellect. When we have the lantern of Diogenes we must have his staff.—Camfort.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them .-Hare.

Knowledge always desires increase; it is like fire, which must first be kindled by some external agent. But which will afterwards propagate itself .- John-

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one—Lavater.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your hearts that every day is the best day in the year .-Emerson.

Don't moralize to a man who is on his back. Help him up, set him firmly on his feet, and give him advice and means. The means by all means.

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face morning, noon, and night.

Dewdrops sparkling in the morning sunlight are emblematic of the brightness and purity of gems of virtue when refle cting the rays of the "Sun of Right-

No matter how pious men are, the moment they place Policy before Principle they become incapable of doing right, and are transformed into the most odious tools of despotism.

The greatest loss of time is delay and expectation which depends upon the future. We let go the present which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance. and relinquish a certainty for an un-

Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remain firm and sub-

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BOYS OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

The fierce storm beats down on the gloomy Norman castle of Falaise, in a deep dungeon of which lies imprisoned the boy Prince Arthur, lawful heir to the throne of England, but now, alas! a helpless victim of the cruelty and injustice of his bad uncle, John Plantagenet, the usurper of his throne. The thunder peals so loudly, and the wind rages so angrily, that Hubert de Burgh, the warden, does not for a long time distinguish the sound of a knocking and shouting at the outer gate of the castle. Presently, however, in a lull of the wind, his ears catch the noisy summons, and he gives orders to his men to let down the drawbridge, and admit the new comers. These were three in number; one attired as a king's messenger, and mounted on a richly caprisoned horse; the other two in the garb of common men, and on foot. When they had come into the presence of the warden, the king's messenger said:

"I am charged by his Majesty King John of England to deliver to you this letter, and require your faithful discharge of its commands."

So saying he handed to Hubert de Burgh a sealed letter, which the latter eagerly broke open and read. As he read, his face clouded. It was a long letter, and couched in vague terms, but its substance was this: That whereas the peace of England and of King John's possessions in France was constantly being disturbed by the partisans of the young Prince Arthur, desiring to see him king instead of his uncle, and taking up arms to enforce their claim, it was necessary, in order to put an end to this rebellion, that the young Prince should be rendered unfit for governing; and as no people would be likely to choose a blind boy for their king, Hubert de Burgh was instructed to have Arthur's eyes put out; and the two men who had arrived with the king's messenger were come, so the letter said, to accomplish this design.

Hubert de Burgh said nothing as he put by the letter, and dismissed his three visitors from his presence. Cruel man as he had been, his heart had still some pity left, and he shrank from obeying his master by so brutal an act of cruelty upon the innocent boy in his charge.

However, the order of the king was peremptory; and if the deed must be done, thought he, the sooner the bet-

So he ordered the two villains to get ready their instruments, and follow him to the dungeon.

"Stay here," said he, as they reached the young prince's door, "while I enter alone and prepare him for his fate."

So those two set down their fire and the red hot irons, and waited outside for their summons.

When Hubert entered the dungeon, the peor boy was just waking from a sleep. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, being dazzled by the light which Hubert carried in his hand.

"You are welcome," said he (for Arthur, with so few to love him, loved even his surly, though not unkind jailor.) "I have been in mydreams away in merry England, where I thought I was living in a beautiful palace, with food and servants, and rich clothing, and that there was a crown on my head. And so it shall be some day, Hubert, when I get my rights; and then because you have not been so unkind to me as some in my adversity, you shall be a reat and rich man. But why do you look so solemn? What ails you?"

The warder stood silent for some moments before he spoke, and then his voice was thick and hoarse.

"Prince," he said, "take your last look on the light, for you may never see

it again." The boy sprang from his bed, and seized Hubert by the knees.

What! Are they going to kill me? Must they take my life away?"
"Not so," said Hubert; "it is not thy life that is required, but thine eyes." And as he spoke he stamped on the

floor, as the signal to those two who waited without to enter. At the sight of their horrid instruments, the cords which were to bind him, and the cruel faces of the executioners. Arthur fell on his knees, and nant old man.

implored mercy of the stubborn Hubert. It was a strange and puiful sight to see that weak and helpless boy kneeling, and with tears entreating that stout old warrior, whose bosom heaved and whose fingers twitched, and whose face winced, as he listened; while the two others stood motionless, grasping their irons and cords, ready for the word of command to step forward and do their

cruel deed. But the cries and entreaties of the helpless and beautiful prince prevailed, Hubert waved and hesitated; he bade the men advance, and then bade them withhold; he looked at the prince, and he looked at the glowing irons; he pushmissive. Peace in this life springs from ed the suppliant from him, and then suffered him to cling to him. The executioners themselves were moved to reward of the wicked.

pity, and laid down their instruments. Finally, with a mighty effort, the warden yielded and said, "Retire, men, and take with you your tools, till I require you." Then turning to Arthur, he said. Prince, thou shall keep thy sight and thy life while I am by to protect thee." And the rough hand of the old warrior stroked the hair of the weeping boy as it might have been his own son's.

The answer that Hubert de Burgh sent back that day by the king's mes. senger was an earnest appeal for mercy on behalf of his young and now belov? edicharge.

But King John was stranger to all

feelings of pity, and his vengeance was quick and dreadful. Foiled of his cru. el design upon the eyesight of his hap. less nephew, he determined now to have his life. So he ordered him to be removed from Falaise, and the custody of the humane De Burgh, to the castle of Rouen, under whose walls flowed the waters of the River Seine. But the prince did not remain long there. One night a jailor entered his dungeon, and waking him from his sleep, ordered him to follow him. The boy obeyed in silence, as the jailor conducted him down the winding staircase which led to the foot of the tower, beside which the Seine flowed. A boat was waiting at the bottom in which were two men. The torch of the jailor cast a sudden glare over the dark waters, and by its. light Arthur recognized with borror and despair, in one of the two the cruel features of his uncle John. It was useless for him to pray and entreat; it was useless for him to struggle or cry out. They dragged him into the boat, and held him fast as she drifted under the shadow of those gloomy walls into midstream. What happened then no one can tell; but had any listened on that still dark night, they might have heard a boy's wild cry across the waters, and then a dull, heavy splash-and that was all.

The story is that of those two, King John with his own hand did the foul deed. However that may be, Arthur of Brittany was never even heard of more.—Boy's Own Paper.

TOM'S GOLD DOLLAR.

" Tom Caldwell threw a stone at Deacon Ulster's horse as the old deacon was riding by the other day. The stone struck the horse, the horse kicked, the deacon's hat and wig were knocked off into the mud, and the deacon himself came very near being thrown. Tom didn't exactly mean to do it, although he did cast the stone, and did join with the rough boys in laughing heartily at the sad plight into which the deacon was put by this recklessness.

"'Good for you, Tom!' said a redvested and red-nosed horse jockey, who stood by the livery stable door, and saw the catastrophe to Deacon Ulster. ' Here's a dollar, Tom. It's worth that to see pious pride put into pickle.' And the jockey reached out a gold dollar and offered it to Tom. Tom was surprised. He hesitated a moment, but could not resist the prize, and so, pocketing the dollar, joined in the jockey's jolly good laugh at the deacon's expense, and then walked on, feeling a little ashamed of himself, and yet covering his conviction with the thought of how many nice things a gold dollar would buy.

" Tom had gone but a few steps when he heard a voice on the other side of the street calling him. He raised his eves and saw Dr. Maybin, an old Quaker, standing in his office, and beckoning to Tom to come over.

"What did the fool pay thee for thy folly, Thomas?" asked the old man.

"Tom blushed. His fingers fumbled in his pockets and the gold dollar seemed to burn them more than the hot blushes burned his cheeks and brow. He answered nothing.

" 'Didst thou sell thyself, Thomas?" asked the old doctor. "Still the condemned boy was

speechless. "' Thoughlessly thou didst do s foolish thing. Mischievously thou didst laugh wth fools at thine own wrong. Cowardly thou didst shrink from confessing thy wrong. Covetously thou didst accept a bit of gold for a bad deed, and dost thou now rejoice in gold ill-gotten?"

" Tom's blue eyes, brimful of tears, gazed into the white face of the indig-

"'I am ashamed of thee!' said the doctor.

"'I am of myself,' said Tom, flinging the gold piece to the pavement, and bursting into a flood of tears. " 'Then pick up that gold; go to the

giver; place it again in his hand, and say, "I blush that I dared to touch it;" go then to Deacon Ulster and confess thy wrong.'

"I will,' said Tom, as he picked up the coin and hurriedly left the doctor's

', And Tom did as the doctor advised, and as he had promised. And on his way from Deacon Ulster's house to his own home, Tom said to himself, though not in these words. 'The reproofs of the wise are sweeter than the HOW THE

The sailor sh " Ship ahoy! one shot come. shiver a big shi suppose that th the captain thre helmsman thro there are none would be a terr erate drinking i pirate craft. beam's ends. shivers no plant ter. It strikes cer, but with m heart of the cap the helmsman Their leaders d their place, t against the ene

Thunders a Pirate Alcohol, Every ball is ch crew is killed, mad and raises dead, they are t

Thunders and pirate, and the their work. T with insanity. and Steersman and, lest their the crazy sailo Then rages Jack the ship to the Midshipman C right- mind, wa of the ship, no against his own deck with red-h mast totters careful steward and Parental have always h crew seasonably now refuse to unhead the water

visions and brea The vessel trough of the sea proaches swiftly the compass an That speculating who, if sober, we would order ever mainsail aud ma bare poles before on the contrary, and spreads ever

The rising stor ging, but he does black shadow on nearing. He do trough of the sea cockle shell. He der before the ing blow of air foaming and gna high. He does shock like the ope it strikes the broad washes over the cannon, and the gone; a lurch an and the hold is f sinking ship just

sea. Then comes sits astride the ogles a dancing t It were possible, pumps and right over the swells an all action for the the ship is cade guage mounts t the forecastle and · is not necessary

crew, but to hear

raging of the blac

It is fearful no

the storm increase The drunken sh water. Not a m an arm at the hel their friends, the other. Close und breakers of a ro hear it not. At i realize their cond even yet to save make no effort. foam shut them many thunders. tremity Independ help and boasts o ship and Parenta of affection. L easy yarns and gi timbers crack one and Levenge are of Firmness and vet giggles a dand tride the last tim down, tossing foa Then came a s groaning of waves

ness, and a red, shot wrathfully bl the ses where the And I asked rocks, and was to immutable Laws. And I asked th and they said:

And I asked wh there, and they Conscience and He dead. And I asked ho

said: By one sin Alcohol: by one c rate Drinking! On this topic, o

we shall some da Joseph Cook.