

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

MAY, 1879.

Full Moon, 6day, 1h, 51m, Morning. Last Quarter, 12 day, 10h, 22m, Afternoon. New Moon, 21 day, 1h, 36m, Morning. First Quarter, 28 day, 7h, 23m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position gives the time of high water at Parrishboro, Cornwallis, 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.

SUNDAY RAIN.

This is a subject that urgently 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 a minimum.

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 might observe him anxiously peeping from behind the curtain to see whether this morning promised a fair or rainy day.

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.

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.

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"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 met one of these men awhile ago, a farmer, who raised all manner of crops.

We find such characters in the church. Grace has not obtained a mastery over every unruly temper. There are cross-grained professors. There are some, even in Zion, who are possessed of what is sometimes termed, not inaptly, "sour godliness."

Ah, he is not attuned to praise; he is just up from the dark and unfriendly domain of complainers. At the church door, along the street, at the prayer-meeting, and in the class-meeting (such are not likely to be class attendants very often), every where it is the same

sorts." Would God that the church might be rid of such complainers. If they could be truly converted, and so be blessed with a smooth, loving tongue how well it would be!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

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

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 gold.—Bacon. 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 constant companion is humility. To gain extensive usefulness, seize the present opportunity, great or small, and improve it to the utmost.

Men should not think too much of 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.—Wordsworth.

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.—Johnson. 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 reflecting the rays of the "Sun of Righteousness."

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 uncertainty.

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 submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in exemption from suffering.

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.

"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.

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 better. 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 poor 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 my dreams 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 great and rich man. But why do you look so solemn? What ails you?"

The warden 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 implored mercy of the stubborn Hubert. It was a strange and pitiful 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 wavered 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 pushed the suppliant from him, and then suffered him to cling to him. The executioners themselves were moved to

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 shalt 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 messenger was an earnest appeal for mercy on behalf of his young and now beloved charge.

But King John was stranger to all feelings of pity, and his vengeance was quick and dreadful. Foiled of his cruel design upon the eyegight of his hapless 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 horror 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 mid-stream. 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 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 red-vested 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 eyes 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.

"Thoughtlessly thou didst do a foolish thing. Mischievously thou didst laugh with 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 indignant old man. "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 presence. 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 reward of the wicked."

HOW THE

The sailor said "Ship ahoy!" one shot came. A shiver a big shiver suppose that the captain through there are none would be a terrible drinking pirate craft. Every ball is shivers no planter. It strikes heart of the captain the helmsman. Their leaders of their place, against the ene

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