

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

JUNE, 1879.

Full Moon, 4 day, 9h, 23m, Morning.  
Last Quarter, 11 day, 0h, 42m, Afternoon.  
New Moon, 19 day, 4h, 5m, Afternoon.  
First Quarter 27 day, 1h, 42m, Morning

Day of Week.	SUN.		MOON.		LUNAR
	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets	
1 SUNDAY	4:22	7:33	4:48	9:27	1:40
2 MONDAY	4:21	7:34	4:47	9:27	2:11
3 TUESDAY	4:21	7:35	4:46	9:27	2:42
4 WEDNESDAY	4:21	7:35	4:45	9:27	3:13
5 THURSDAY	4:20	7:36	4:44	9:27	3:44
6 FRIDAY	4:20	7:37	4:43	9:27	4:15
7 SATURDAY	4:19	7:38	4:42	9:27	4:46
8 SUNDAY	4:19	7:38	4:41	9:27	5:17
9 MONDAY	4:19	7:39	4:40	9:27	5:48
10 TUESDAY	4:18	7:40	4:39	9:27	6:19
11 WEDNESDAY	4:18	7:40	4:38	9:27	6:50
12 THURSDAY	4:18	7:41	4:37	9:27	7:21
13 FRIDAY	4:18	7:42	4:36	9:27	7:52
14 SATURDAY	4:18	7:42	4:35	9:27	8:23
15 SUNDAY	4:18	7:43	4:34	9:27	8:54
16 MONDAY	4:18	7:43	4:33	9:27	9:25
17 TUESDAY	4:18	7:44	4:32	9:27	9:56
18 WEDNESDAY	4:18	7:44	4:31	9:27	10:27
19 THURSDAY	4:18	7:44	4:30	9:27	10:58
20 FRIDAY	4:19	7:44	4:29	9:27	11:29
21 SATURDAY	4:19	7:44	4:28	9:27	12:00
22 SUNDAY	4:19	7:44	4:27	9:27	12:31
23 MONDAY	4:19	7:44	4:26	9:27	13:02
24 TUESDAY	4:19	7:44	4:25	9:27	13:33
25 WEDNESDAY	4:19	7:44	4:24	9:27	14:04
26 THURSDAY	4:20	7:44	4:23	9:27	14:35
27 FRIDAY	4:20	7:44	4:22	9:27	15:06
28 SATURDAY	4:20	7:44	4:21	9:27	15:37
29 SUNDAY	4:20	7:44	4:20	9:27	16:08
30 MONDAY	4:20	7:44	4:19	9:27	16:39

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Longitude gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.  
High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.S., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 30 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 4 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 30 minutes LATER.

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 MARQUIS OF LORNE AT MONTREAL.

At the inauguration of the new Art Gallery at Montreal, the Governor-General delivered the following interesting speech:—

*Ladies and Gentlemen*.—This is the first occasion, I believe, on which a large company, representing much of the influence and wealth of this great city, has met together in order formally to inaugurate the opening of the buildings of an Art Institute. Through the kindness of the President and Vice-President I have already had an opportunity to-day to inspect the works with which this city, through the munificence of Mr. Gibb, has been endowed. I think Montreal can be honestly and warmly congratulated, not only upon the possession of a collection which will go far to making her Art Gallery one of the most notable of her institutions, but on having succeeded in getting possession of funds enough at a time which is certainly by no means peculiarly propitious for the gathering of money, to give a home to this collection in the Gallery in which we are assembled, and to have erected a building large enough to exhibit to advantage many other pictures besides those belonging to the bequest. It is, perhaps, too customary that the speeches of any one in my position should express an over- sanguine view of the hopes and aspirations which find a place amongst the various communities in the country, and I believe the utterances of a Governor-General may often be compared to the works of the great English painter, Turner, who at all events in his later years, painted his pictures so that the whole of the canvas was illuminated and lost in a haze of azure and gold, which, if it could be called truthful to nature, had at all events the effect of hiding much of what, if looked at too closely, and too accurately represented, might have been considered detrimental to the beauty of the scene. If I were disposed to accept the criticisms of some artists, I should be inclined to endorse the opinion I have heard expressed among them that one of the few wants of this country is a proper appreciation and countenance of art; but the meeting here to-day to inaugurate what I hope will be the reign of art in Montreal enables me to disprove such an assertion, and to glid over with a golden hue more true than that of many of Turner's pictures this supposed spot upon the beauty of our Canadian atmosphere. Certainly in Toronto, here and elsewhere, gentlemen have already applied their brush to good effect, and I shall not more particularly mention their names because they will readily occur to many here. We may look forward to the time when the influence of such associations as yours may be expected to spread until we have here what they formerly had in Italy, namely, such a love of art that, as was the case with the great painter Correggio, our Canadian artists may be allowed to wander over the land scot free of expense because the hotel keepers will only be too happy to allow them to pay their bills by the painting of some small portrait or of some sign for "mine host." Why should we not soon be able to point to the appreciation of many branches of art and in proficiency in science Canada may favorably compare with any country. It was only the other day that Mrs. Scott-Siddons told me that

in her readings and recitations of poetry, and especially of Shakespeare's plays, she found her Canadian audience more enthusiastic and intelligent than any she had met. Our Dominion may claim that the voices of her daughters are as clear as her own serene skies, and who can deny that in music? Nature has been most ably assisted by Art, when from one of the noble educational establishments in the neighborhood of this city, Mademoiselle Albina was sent forth to charm the critical audiences of Europe and America? Canada may hold her head high in the kindred fields of science, for who is it who has been making the shares of every gas company in every city fall before the mere rumours of his genius but a native Canadian, Mr. Edison, the inventor of electric light? In another branch of art her science must also be conceded. In photography, it cannot be denied, our people challenge the most able competition. I have, to be sure, heard complaints with reference to the manner with which, by means of photographs, Canadians are depicted to the outside world. I have heard it stated that one of the many causes of the gross ignorance which prevails abroad with reference to our beautiful climate, is owing to the persistence with which our photographers love to represent chiefly our winter scenes. But this has been so much the case, and these photographs excite so much admiration that I hear that in the old country the practice has been imitated, so that if there may have been harm at first the very beauty of these productions has prevented its continuance, because they are no longer distinctively Canadian, and the ladies in what I maintain are the far more trying climates of Europe are also represented in furs by their photographer, so that this fashion is no longer a distinguishing characteristic of our photography; in proof of this I may mention that in a popular song which has obtained much vogue in London, the principal performer

"I've been photographed like this,  
I've been photographed like that,  
I've been photographed in falling snow.  
In a long furry hat."

No doubt these winter photographs do give some of our friends in the old country the belief that it is the normal habit of young Canadian ladies to stand tranquilly in the deep snow, enjoying a temperature of 38 degrees below zero, and it would certainly give a more correct idea of our weather were our Canadian ladies and gentlemen to be represented, not only in bright sunshine, in the spring greenery now so charming, when the woods are carpeted with fern, and the lovely three-leaved white lily, but also amongst our beautiful forest glades in summer, wearing large Panama hats, and protected by mosquito veils; but I suppose there are obstacles in the way, and that even photographers, like other mortals, find it difficult properly to catch the mosquitoes. To pass to our present prospects, I think we can show we have good promise, not only of having an excellent local exhibition, but that we may, in course of time, look forward to the day when there may be a general art union in the country, and when I or some more fortunate successor may be called upon to open the first exhibition of a royal Canadian academy to be held each year in one of the capitals of our several provinces; an academy which may, like that of the old country, be able to insist that each of its members or associates should on their election paint for it a diploma picture; an academy which shall be strong and wealthy enough to offer as a prize to the most successful students of the year money sufficient to enable them to pass some time in those European capitals where the masterpieces of ancient art can be seen and studied. Even now in the principal centres of population you have shown that it is perfectly possible to have a beautiful and instructive exhibition, for besides the pictures bequeathed to any city it may always be attainable that an exhibition of pictures be had on loan, and that these be shown beside the productions in both oils and water color of the artists of the year. It may be said that in a country whose population is as yet incommensurate with its extent people are too busy to toy with Art; but without alluding to the influence of Art on the mind, which has been so ably expressed in your address, in regard to its elevating and refining power, it would surely be a folly to ignore the value of beauty and design in manufactures, and in other countries blessed with fewer resources than ours, and in times which comparatively certainly were barbarous the works of artists have not only gained for them a livelihood, but have pleased and occupied some of the busiest men of the time, the artists finding in such men the encouragement and support that is necessary. Long ago in Ireland the beautiful arts of illumination and painting were carried on with such signal success that Celtic decoration, as shown in the beautiful knotted and foliated patterns that still grace so many of the tombstones and crosses of Ireland and of the West of Scotland, passed into England, and more strangely, even into France. The

great monarch Charlemagne, was so enchanted with the designs and miniatures of an Irish monk that he persuaded him to go to work at Paris, and for nearly two centuries afterwards the brilliant pages of French Bibles, Missals, and Books of Hours showed the influence of the culture, the talent and the taste of Erin. Surely here there should be opportunity and scope enough for the production of the works of the painter's hand. The ancient states of Italy, her cities and communities of the Middle Ages were those who cherished most their native painters, and the names of many of those who covered the glowing canvas of Italy with immortal work are known often from the designation of some obscure township where they were born, and where they found their first generous recognition and support. Here in this great province, full of the institutions and churches founded and built by the piety of past centuries as well as by the men now living, there should be far more encouragement than in poorer countries of old for the decoration of our buildings, whether sacred or educational. The sacred subjects which moved the soul of the Italian, German, Flemish and Spanish masters are eternal, and certainly have no lesser influence upon the mind and characters of our people. And if legendary and sacred art be not attempted, what a wealth of subjects is still left you,—if you leave the realm of imagination and go to that of Nature, you will see living and moving around you what a choice is still presented. The features of brave, able and distinguished men of your own land, of its fair women, and in the scenery of your country, and the magnificent wealth of water of its great streams, in the foaming rush of their cascades, overhung by the mighty pines or branching maples and skirted with the scented cedar copes, in the fertility of your farms, not only here but throughout Ontario also, or in the sterile and savage rock scenery of the Saguenay. In such subjects there is ample material, and I doubt not that our artists will in due time benefit this country by making her natural resources and the beauty of her landscapes as well known as are those of the picturesque districts of Europe, and that we shall have a school here worthy of the growing greatness of our dearly loved Dominion.

It now only remains for me to declare this gallery open, and to hope that the labors of these gentlemen who have carried out this excellent design will be rewarded by the appreciation of a grateful public.

WORTH KNOWING.

COOLING DRINKS.

**LEMON BEER.**  
Put into a keg one gallon of water, two sliced lemons, one tablespoonful of ginger a scant pint good syrup, and one half-pint yeast. In twenty four hours it will be ready for use. If bottled, the corks must be tied down.

**SODA BEER.**  
A very cooling summer drink may be made by adding to two quarts of water two pounds of white sugar, the beaten whites of two eggs, two ounces of tartaric acid, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, mixed smooth in a little of the water. Put over the fire and boil two minutes. When cold flavor with wintergreen. Bottle, and when wanted for use, dissolve in half a glass of cold water a third of a teaspoonful of soda, and then pour into it two tablespoonfuls of the bottled mixture. It will foam to the top of the glass.

**GINGER DRINK.**  
Put to six gallons of water eight pounds of loaf sugar, the beaten whites of three eggs, and three ounces of the best ginger. Powder the ginger finely, and mix with a little water before adding it to the mass. Boil gently for three-quarters of an hour, removing any scum that may arise to the surface. Let cool; add the juice of three or four large lemons and a teaspoonful of yeast. Put into a cask and bung it very tightly. It will be fit for use in ten days.

**RHUBARB TEA.**  
Boil, or rather simmer, two pounds of rhubarb for an hour or two in a quart of water; strain into a pitcher, adding water to make the quart. After it is cold, add the juice of a lemon, and sugar to sweeten.

**GINGER BEER.**  
Ten pounds of sugar, nine ounces lemon juice, one half pound of honey, eleven ounces of bruised ginger root, nine gallons of water, and three pints of yeast. Boil the ginger half an hour in one gallon of water, and then add the rest of the water and the ingredients and strain. Add the beaten white of an egg, one half ounce essence of lemon, and let it stand four days when it may be bottled.

**GINGER POP.**  
Boil two ounces of best white Jamaica ginger root in six quarts of water for twenty minutes, strain, add one ounce of cream of tartar and one pound of white sugar. Put over the fire and stir until all the sugar is dissolved, and then put into an earthen jar. Now put in one fourth ounce of tartaric acid and the rind of one lemon. Let it stand until one can bear his finger in it with comfort and then add two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Stir well, bottle, and tie down the corks. Make a few days before wanted for use.

**WHITE SPRUCE BEER.**  
Dissolve ten pounds of loaf sugar in ten gallons of boiling water; add four ounces essence of spruce, and when almost cold, add one half pint of good yeast. Keep in a warm place, and the next day strain through flannel; put into bottles and wire the corks.—*Baral New Yorker.*

THE YOUNG FOLKS.  
A GREAT ENGINEER'S BOY.  
HOOD.

Before he was eleven years old, during the winter 1813, John Ericsson had produced a sawmill of ingenious construction, and had planned a pumping engine designed to clear the mines of water. The frame of the saw-mill was of wood; the saw blade was made from a watch-spring, and the crank which actuated it was cast from a broken tin spoon. A file, borrowed from a neighboring blacksmith, to cut the saw-teeth, a gimlet, and the ubiquitous jack-knife, were the only tools available for this work.

A much more ambitious undertaking was the pumping engine. The year before, when only nine years of age, young Ericsson had made the acquaintance of drawing instruments in one of the draught offices of the grand ship canal of Sweden, and learned how these instruments were used to lay out the work of construction in advance. Meanwhile his father had removed to the depths of a pine forest where he selected the timber for the lock-gates of the canal. In this wilderness, a quill and a pen were the boy's utmost resources in the way of drawing tools. Like Crusoe on his island, he had to begin at the beginning. He made compasses of birchwood with needles inserted in the ends of the logs. A pair of steel tweezers, obtained from his mother's dressing-case, were converted into a drawing pen, and the same good mother was persuaded after much entreaty to allow her sable cloak to be robbed of hair enough to provide material for two small brushes with which to apply the coloring at that time deemed essential in all mechanical drawings. The pumping engine was to be operated by a wind-mill, and here the youthful inventor was at fault. He had heard much about a wind-mill, but had never seen one. Following, as well as he could, the description of those who had the happiness to view this wonderful machine, he succeeded in constructing on paper the mechanism connecting the crank of the wind-mill shaft with the pump levers, but how to turn the mill to the changing wind he could not divine. Fortunately, John's father made a visit to the wind-mill, and, in describing what he had seen, spoke of a "ball and socket joint." The hint was sufficient: the boy rushed to his drawing-table, and had soon added a ball and socket joint where the connecting-rod for driving crank joined the pump lever.

With the execution of this drawing began John Ericsson's mechanical career. The plan conceived and executed under such discouraging circumstances by a mere child, attracted the attention of Admiral Count Platen, the President of the Gotha Ship Canal, on which Ericsson's father was employed, and one of Sweden's great men. "Continue as you have begun, and you will one day produce something extraordinary," prophesied the count of his young protegee. Richly has the prophecy been fulfilled.

Ericsson was appointed a cadet in the Swedish corps of mechanical engineers when he was twelve years old, was soon after promoted to *nivelleur* (leveler), and at the age of thirteen was put in charge of a section of the ship canal over which his friend, the count, presided. Six hundred of the royal troops, at work upon this section, looked for directions in their daily work to this child, among whose necessary attendants was one who followed after him with the stool upon which he stood to raise himself to the height of his leveling instruments. The amusements of this boy-engineer are indicated by his possession at the age of fifteen of a portfolio of drawings, made in his leisure moments, giving maps of the most important parts of the grand canal, three hundred miles in length, and showing all the machinery and implements used in its construction. Many important works upon this canal, which opens an inland channel across Sweden from the Baltic to the North Sea, were constructed from drawings made by Ericsson at an age when he might rather have been expected to be found playing foot-ball.—*W. C. Church, in Scribner's Monthly.*

THE BOY AND THE DUKE.

An English farmer was one day at work in the fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses; so he dispatched a boy in his employ to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bid, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsman came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be open-

ed. This the boy would not do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesmen, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones:

"My boy do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor; then answered firmly, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one is to pass through but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said, "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer not only the French, but the world," and, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away while the boy ran off to his work shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept the Duke of Wellington out."

ABOUT THE CAKE.

One day Isaac and his cousin Paul came home from school; it was four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course they were hungry, as school is always a hungry, exciting place they say. Isaac went directly to the cupboard, with Paul at his heels.

"Mother puts some cakes on the shelf if she has any for us; I hope we shall find some," said Isaac, opening the door. There was however no cake to be seen there. The boys looked disappointed.

"There is cake in that tin," said Isaac pointing to a corner, "but it is not to be touched."

"Is it locked?" asked Paul.

"Oh no; it is not locked," said Isaac. "Then can't we take a piece?" whispered Paul. "Auntie would not mind, and she might never know it; we need not tell her, you know."

"Not for the world," said Isaac. "My mother trusts me, and I never touch her cake or sweet-meats without leave."

"Pooh!" cried Paul. "They are as much yours as hers and she would never find it out. You are a fool to be squeamish."

"Paul!" said Isaac firmly, "I would call that stealing, and I shall not do it for the best cake in the world."

"Every one to his own choice," cried Paul carelessly. "I only know what I should do and what I always do at home."

"If you steal, so much the worse for you," said Isaac.

"I do not call it stealing," cried Paul snappishly; "no such thing."

"We should call things by their right names, Paul," said his cousin.

"You to your choice, I to mine," said Paul.

And what is that we are always at—choosing. Life is made up of little choices. They meet us every hour of the day, and at every corner. When we do not expect it, and when we least think of it a choice is to be made—a choice that needs consideration, clearness, purpose, and decision. We need to have our wits about us and know what we are about, because our choice, whatever it is, shows what our principles are, and what is more, helps to strengthen those principles, right or wrong, for good or evil.

This little decision in sight of the cake-box small as it is, shows the character of the boys. You instantly know whom to trust and whom to distrust. Isaac is upright. He is a strong, noble, manly boy. And I wish it were a common word. I wish, too, an upright boy were a more common boy. It is a race of boys we need to be growing up to make into good public and private officers of all kinds.

Boys, as you choose while boys you will be as men—noble or sneaking, upright or deceitful, showing Christian manliness or worldly selfishness.—*Selected.*

A PENNY, AND A PRAYER TOO.

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sunday-school. "I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"O, no, grandma; mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I can earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"O, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then drop your penny a prayer in, to be blessed in it vice for God! I penny carried a ey the school se derful work? J that would go ocean, and som Indians!"

"I never tho The prayer wo the penny if it wouldn't it? I and not let my —*Child's Paper.*

TEMPERANCE.

BUFFALO, May 22.—The Buffalo, N. Y., was enacted at the Pres. nnoon, in the presence of dived spectators w ted smugler and the Falls before t Eric Railway ha Sunday exensio was patronized by ple, and Goat Isl the shorpaner wa oned with sight s one on the shore of Great Island, warning, "A man the people look at they saw a ship's pant, showing the water."

The man was worth, but he was with fear or intes ble to make much outman "caught out of the rocks and he lay at length boat. The boat d down stream and the rapids of the Ameri more and more swift a rock about two and stopped, and and then in the d The crowd screame out and chug to the excitement was man but he still lay in the and made no appare A dozen schemes of the hands of the spe guides had already s the stream to proce boat, when the boat once more felt the and now began its mation. The surging wa skill in the clutches feather and bore it do mon, low forward on pace. But only for a second rock obscured t crash the light boat all to pieces, while the broken. The body of brooding into the h sucked under for a mo sed to the surface just which leads to Goat I his arms wildly into who were on the bridg a white and haggard fa of despair; then he w low the surface, never side of eternity. Tho ening spectacle will nev cially horrible features.

There was something in the relentless grasp waters. They fairly see man limb from limb, an who witnessed the cata the body will never be condition; that it was li pieces against the jag boulders against which As soon as the traged and the pent up feelings had found relief in exclamation arose, "Who was the answer was not long in had seen the face above not a few recognizing it a ker, one of the best kn about the Falls. All aft was removed soon after came running down from Port Day and asked aft man, saying that he had before in his skiff in quite condition, and he had been so close to the rapids that he had gone over the rap been on a bad spree to-day "He went over to one of t near Port Day with a frie a keg of beer full now guess is not very full now back to Port Day and down the river, it is th Goat Island. He was ve he left, and could hardly n

A CHURCH TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

We earnestly insist that church which expects to do much as a Sunday School department. It must have to promote Bible distribution, schools, or Sabbath observ appointed steamer must ha good engine in its hull, and at the wheel, but a good preservers in the cabins.

What are some of the esse of a working temperance ch 1. We reply that the fir a thorough tectotaler in its active temperance church a biling minister is as rare a victorious army with a d mander. A zealous tectota only practice abstinence from drinks, but he will preach part of his Gospel message o lay. The Bible abounds in texts; and every community people who need to hear the

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