WESLEYAN' ALMANAC.

AUGUST, 1878.

First Quarter, 5 day, 9h, 5m, Morning Full Moon, 12 day, 8h, 2m, Afternoon, Last Quarter, 20 day, 11h, 53m, Afternoon.

Date	Day of Week.	SUN		MOON.			HTde Hal'x
		Rises	Sets	Rises	South	s Sets.	HA
1	Thursday	4 51	7 21	8 24	2 31	8 38	9 36
2	Friday	4 52	7 20	9 42	3 21	9 0	10 19
3	Saturday	4 53	7 19	10 59	4 12	9 25	11 2
4	SUNDAY	4 54	7 18	A. 17	5 4	9 51	11 43
5	Monday	4 55	7 16	1 33	5 58	10 23	m'rn
6	Tuesday	4 56	7 15	2 46	6 55	11 4	0 29
7	Wednesdy	4 57	7 14		7 52	11 51	1 20
8	Thursday	4 58	7 13	4 49	8 49	m'rn	2 24
9		5 0	7 1	5 36	9 45	0 49	3 50
0		5 1	7 10	6 13	10 37	1 54	5 19
ĭ	SUNDAY	5 2	7 8			3 1	6 29
2	Monday	5 3	7 6	7 5		4 9	7 21
3		5 4	7 5	7 24		5 15	8 3
4	Wednesdy	5 5	7 4	7 42	0 52	6 20	8 37
5	Thursday	5 6	7 2	8 0	1 32	7 22	9 9
6	Friday	5 8	7 1	8 16	2 12	8 24	9 41
7	Saturday	5 9	6 59	8 36	2 51	9 26	10 10
8	SUNDAY	5 10	6 57	9 1	3 32	10 28	10 41
9	Monday	5 11	6 56	9 29	4 17	11 33	11 8
0		5 12	6 54	10 2	5 4	A. 39	11 39
1	Wednesdy	5 13	6 53	10 45	5 52	1 42	A. 17
2	Thursday	5 15	6 51	11 39	6 45	2 45	1 4
3	Friday	5 16	6 49	mo'n		3 41	2 8
4	Saturday	5 17	6 48		8 39	4 32	3 41
5	SUNDAY	5 18	6 46	2 1	9 37	5 13	5 8
6	Monday.	5 19	6 44	3 20		5 46	6 18
7	Tuesday	5 20	6 42	4 40	11 27	6 14	7 6
8	Wednesdy	5 21	6 41	6 0	A. 20	6 40	7 51
9	Thursday	5 23	6 39	7 19	1 11	7 3	8 33
0		5 24	6 37	8 39		7 27	9 12
	Saturday	5 25	6 35	10 0	2 56	7 52	9 54

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing ives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Corn-rallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and

wallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Jape Tormentine, 2 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 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 90 minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum substract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Substract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

HOW JOHNNY SAVED THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

"I don't suppose, mother, little folks like me can do very much in this world. It don't seem as if I could do much good," and Mrs. Tomkins' eight-yearold Johnny planted his chin on the ing steadily. palm of his chubby little hand and looked up into her face.

She smiled and gave Johnny a pleasant look as she suspended the play of her bright knitting-needles. shouldn't agree with you there," she said, "Johnny. Little folks can't do so much in themselves, but add God's strength to a little boy's weakness, and I think one can do a great deal."

Johnny sat in silence a little while, looking into the crackling, open wood fire, and then said his prayers and went to bed.

ing, Johnny was down at the railroad

Boom, boom-rattle, rattle-ding, ding -choo, choo-oh! they had a noisy time, the cars and the locomotives, dashing about, whistling and ringing. Trains were coming and going at a great rate. In a little while it was more quiet; and then came the train of which Johnny's father was conductor. Johnny called out, "Here I am, father!" and glad enough was a man wearing a blue cap, decked with gilt stars, to get hold of Johnny's hand. Mr. Tomkins, when the passengers had left, stepped back into the cars, and Johnny went with him.

"Stay here, Johnny, in this seat, and I will come after you," and Mr. Tomkins placed Johnny in a warm seat near the stove in a rear car. The train stopped over night at that station, and Mr. Tomkin's thought he could safely leave his little boy in a car a minute or

From that station down to the next, at Rowe's Factory, it was a down-grade all the way. Start a car at the station above, and it would jog along itself, going more rapidly, till it reached Rowe's Factory, where the grade changed. And what should Johnny's car conclude to do but start off for a little trip on its own account to the Factory! The brakeman had carelessly unshackled it, not understanding an order given him, and when the locomotive ahead happened to back the train a little it went bump against the rear car and started it on an undesirable journey.

Johnny was startled when he looked up and saw that the car was in motion, and a good deal frightened when, seeing nothing before or behind the car, he knew it was loose and cruelly running away with him in the dark!

Just then he caught the flash of emp red light away down the track!

derstand what it all meant. "A train! a train!" he thought, "and we shall surely go"-Johnny hardly dared finish the thought. If he had it would have been, "go-crash into one another!"

What could he do?

There came into his mind the words of his mother about a little boy's weak ness and God's strength. He dropped on his knees there in the aisle of the car and asked God to help a little boy in a runaway car.

He opened his eyes, and saw away down the track the sharp fiery light. One light made him think of another. There was his father's red lantern all lighted near the stove. Why couldn't he wave it from the car-end toward the approaching train? Wouldn't the engineer see it?

He snatched the light, ran to the end of the car, and there he stood on the platform waving the lantern.

"What is that?" said William Marston, looking from the cab window of the locomotive that was thundering along, bringing on the evening express. 'A warning ahead!" says he to Jones, the fireman. At the same time he shut off the steam, reversed the engine, put on the air-brakes and whistled the danger-signal. What a sharp, shrill cry

"What is the matter?" said the passengers, and a lot of black heads went bobbing out of the car windows, ike turtles coming to the top of the

"Danger!" called one to another, as they saw the light ahead waving.

The express came to a stop, and then commenced to back, back, going faster, faster, trying to get out of the way of Johnny's car, that was now rapidly dashing forward, the red light swing-

Away went the express train in safety beyond the station at Rowe's Factory. and Johnny's car was switched on a side track by a station hand, and came at last to a stop, as the grade changed at the Factory and slanted up again.

When the passengers of the express, epping out, saw a little fellow with a red light on the platform of the runaway car, and heard his story, cheer after cheer for him went up in the stillness of the night.

A purse of money for him was quickly made up, but that was little to John-The next day, on the verge of even- ny compared to the comfort he took in thinking he had saved, perhaps, a hundred lives that might have been lost had the express train dashed into the runaway car and everything been pitched down the steep bank.

> So much for adding God's strength to a little fellow's weakness. - Youth's

SAILOR BEN'S SILVER PURSE. For two years had sailor Ben been off on the sea. Now his ship had touched the shore, and his heart was full of joy. When he said good-bye to his mother he was a wild, careless boy; but in the rough days and stormy nights on the water, he had learned not only to love his mother better, but to love and serve the God she loved. So he longed to go to her and tell of her

Once on shore he hurried to buy a gift for her: a silver purse with long silver fringe, and into it he counted twenty gold dollars. "I'll make your heart glad in more ways than one, mother," he said, as he snapped the clasp and bounded over the rocks to the ship, for this was to be his last night on board for many months.

In his haste his foot slipped and he fell heavily, bruising his head, spraining his wrist, and the precious purse was flung out of his hands, down out of sight on the rocks below. Poor Ben! Never thinking of his bruises he climbed down, searching for his treasure till the night closed about him, then slowly with an aching heart he went back

to his ship. But there was a boy whose name was Aleck, and who early every morning swung himself down among the rocks to hunt for the eggs the sea-birds leave in their nests. The next morning he caught sight of something he never saw before in any nest, and eagerly grasped it. It is Ben's silver purse! meets sailor Ben, with limping gait and anxious face, searching for his purse.

"My boy, I'll give you the brightest gold dollar you ever put your eyes on if you'll find the purse I lost here last night. It was for my old mother. It will break my heart to go home without

For a minute there was a battle fierce and terrible in Aleck's heart. Was not the purse his? He had found it. His mother needed the gold as much as Ben's mother; but would she ever touch it if she knew he kept it from the rightful owner? No, he knew what she would bid him do, and laying the purse in Ben's hands he gained the victory—the battle was over.

And so while Ben was rattling along in the coach, happy to pour into his mother's lap the gold he had saved for her, in the little cottage among the trees Aleck was telling his mother the story of his temptation. "Better an honest heart my boy, than all the gold and silver in the land."—Child's World.

FAMILY READING.

CHILDREN'S APTITUDES.

Children are by no means alike in their likes and dislikes. The misanthropical old bachelor tells us all babies are alike, and that the best plan of expressing admiration for one of them is to say, "What a baby!" They are no more alike than a Gloire de Dijon rose is like a Reynolds Hole. Nature never makes two things in the same mould. The mother would choose out her own among all the babies in the world. And neither are children alike. They possess their own individuality, which needs to be studied and directed.

This is found out easily enough by watching the children, and noticing their ways when they do not know that they are observed. Take any number of children anywhere. Give them a box of bricks or cubes to play with. All will be delighted, but it is probable that only one will have an idea what to do with them. After a time it will be they know nothing about him but alfound that in playing with them this low the important matter to be decided one has become the presiding genius. He directs affairs, plans the railways, makes the bridges, fashions the tunnels and builds the houses. The others can imitate him, but they cannot originate the ideas as he can. If left to themselves they do nothing but put one brick on another in an aimless sort of way. Surely our little builder possesses powers which if developed would make an engineer, or an architect, or a

Now give the same children a box of paints and some brushes. Our engineering friend is nowhere here; he only gives a daub, and spoils his clothes. That little boy in the corner, who could only do what his brother told him as far as the bricks were concerned, takes the lead now. He is interested, direct ly, and if you will but give him a few hints he will take them in at once, and soon make quite a pretty picture. He possesses artistic power.

Now take the children and read to them a pathetic poetical story. If you look up after a time you will see one of them with his eyes full of tears. Perhaps presently he will beg you to stop reading; he cannot bear it. The others look at him wondering; they cannot see what there is to cry about. Ah! that boy is more highly gifted than any. He possess an affectionate heart, and the divine gift of imagination. To him it will be given, to use the words of the German poet, "to see a burning flame in every bush, while others sit round and eat blackberries." He will need the most judicious training of any, or his sensitive feelings will soon be blunted and hardened past redemption.

It is so with everything else. One child has an aptitude for one thing, and another for another. Every one has some faculty, which if rightly dirceted, will help him to do good, useful work in the world. It is no use grumbling because one is not like the others. Say that my boy does not get on at school as well as yours. Never mind he can do something else. Perhaps books are not his particular line; but I do not doubt he has a line of his own and if I can only find out what it is, No more eggs for Aleck to-day; but and develop and direct it, but I do not heart gave such a jump! He with his treasure safe in his pocket, he fear but that he will make his way and k ... "sough about the trains to un- climbs up the rope to show his riches act his part. As Gothe say, "If we

to his mother. Up on the rocks he do our duty to our minds, we shall soon come to do it to the world."

> One thing we must make up our minds to, and that is that not all the boys is poss ssed of genius. All may, however be possessed of diligence and perseverance, and with these attributes great results may be attained even with ordinary talents. Some distinguished men have doubted whether genius is anything but common sense intensified. Buffon said "Genius is patience." John Foster said it was the power of lighting one's own fire. Sir Joshua Reynolds believed that all men, if they would, might be painters and sculptors. John Locke thought that all men have an equal aptitude for genius. Newton said that he worked out his discoveries by "always thinking unto them." We, perhaps, cannot subscribe to this, for we know that diligence and perseverance alone would never have produced a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Bacon or a Michael Angelo; but, at any rate, we acknowledge that the men who have influenced the world must have been men of intense perseverence and indomitable energy in their own particular

What we must set ourselves, therefore, determinedly to do is to find out what is the child's special bent, and his special bent is that which he takes the most pleasure in. We all do best that which we delight in most. It is no use saying all children like play. Play is a word of wide signification. What kind of play? In this the parent may find the indications of what the child's future career should be.

I think fathers are sometimes rather hard upon their sons in this way. They leave the management of the children to the mother for many a year, and expect her to do the moralizing and doctoring; and as long as the boys behave iu a gentlemanly way, look healthy, and are not reported badly at school or home, their fathers do not observe them very much. Then, when the important moment arrives when the decision is to be made "what is the boy to be?" by the boys "inclination," an inclination which is probably the result either of a mere fancy or the chance speech of some acquaintance.

This is the reason why so many parents are disappointed in their children. It is almost too much to expect that any boy will possess sufficient decision of character and knowledge of the world and of his own likings, to make the important choice for himself. If he is left to do it, it is more than probable that in a short time he will find he has "changed his mind" and acquired a thorough distaste for his business, and will either pursue it without interest. or, leaving it for something else, will find that one or two of the most valuable years of his life have been spent in an aimless endeavor. Far better would it be if the father would direct his son in his choice, and let that direction be determined by his knowledge of the boy's character and ability, rather than by his inclination. One thing, which is most important,

is too often forgotten in choosing a business, and that is the health of the boy. Many a young fellow has lost his life through being put to a business for which he was constitutionally unfit. Naturally delicate, he has been taken Paddy. from home, where he had regular meals and a daily walk to and from school, and is kept all day chained to a desk in a gloomy, badly-ventilated office, or sent to learn his handicraft where he is compelled to work for long hours in a damp, dirty, impure atmosphere, with perhaps the additional disadvantage of poor food and late hours. Is it to be wondered at that, as the result of it all. he "goes off in consumption?" Many a voung man who has thus been condemned to an early death, might have lived a long and useful life if his natural or inherited delicacy had been considered when his future calling was determined. There are plenty of businesses which may be followed without any fear of injury to the health; but there are others which, if carelessly entered upon, are seriously riskful, if not even destructive, to life. These ought not to be followed by any individuals who cannot boast that they ave truly "iron constitut ions."-Phillis Brown in Cassell's Magazine.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.

Teach them that a true lady can be found in calico quite as frequently as in

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than college education without it

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Teach them that one good honest trade well mastered is worth a dozen professions Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for them as well as for their sisters. Teach them by indulging their depraved

appetites in the worst forms of dissipation; they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls. Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than

to be a Christian one day only, and a villian six days. Teach them that "God helps those who help themselves."

THE story has come to us of the great Alexander, that one day he ordered a poor Macedonian soldier to drive a mule laden with gold before him to the royal tent, and that on the way the beast fell with his load, so that the soldier was compelled to take it on his own shoulders. But the way was long, the burden heavy, and the man's endurance failed him. He was sinking to the ground, when the King put new life and nerve into him by shouting "Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it to thy tent, for it is all thine!"

And when the way of Christian serrice grows toilsome—as in the weakness of the flesh, the temptations of life and the pressing necessities of the world, it is very likely to become at times to any one—it is a noble kind of selfishness which quickens us with the remembrance that the value and amount of the burden is also that of the reward. Worship ought not to be burdensome: but worship in the largest sense of service to God does actually become so at times to us. And we much mistake the nature of our Heavenly Father and of he true meaning of worship if we suppose that in the direct sense our words or acts are helping him for his own sake. To test the value of any form of worship, then, we are to consider its fitness to meet our meed, not God's. -Rev. M. C. Julian in "Complete

BITS OF THINGS.

Never put off till to-morrow what can be done just as well the day after.

What is the difference between a man and a tired doy? One wears a coat, the other pants.

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

"Paper, sir?" asked the newsboy. "No, never read," was the blunt answer. "Hi, boys, come here," called out the gamin, "here's a man as .is practicin' for CRUSHING REFINEMENT.—Lady: "And

how long have you been out of place?" Lady help (indignant at "out of place") 'I have been malapropos only a few weeks, madam."-Funny Folks. "I say, Paddy, that is the worst looking

horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up? "Fat him up, is it? Faix, the poor baste can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now, replied

"Whiskey is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones. "But," said Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies? "Oh, yes, Deacon Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them.'

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

Disraeli's readiness of repartee is as quick and piquant as ever. since he was dining with Princess Mayr of Teck, who said to him, "You have the Queen with you, Parliament, and the country; what more do you want?" Lord Beaconsfield glanced at his plate, and suddenly replied, "Potatoes, ma'am."

AMERICAN APPRECIATION OF CANA-DIAN REMEDIES.—A wholesale iron merchant of Boston, Mr. Wm. P. Tyler, of the firm of Arthur G. Tomkins & Co., lately got his ankle sprained and knowing the value of GBAHAMS PAIN ERADICTOR in such cases send for a supply, which he writes soon cured him. He gave a bottle to a friend suffering from the same complaint who found similar results from its