

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

AUGUST, 1878.

First Quarter, 5 day, 9h, 5m, Morning. Full Moon, 12 day, 5h, 2m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 20 day, 11h, 53m, Afternoon. New Moon, 28 day, 1h, 45m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Sets), etc.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Cornwall, Houghton, Wandsworth, New York, and Trazo.

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-year-old Johnny planted his chin on the palm of his chubby little hand and looked up into her face.

The next day, on the verge of evening, Johnny was down at the railroad station. Boom, boom—rattle, rattle—ding, ding—choo, choo—oh! they had a noisy time, the cars and the locomotives, dashing about, whistling and ringing.

derstand what it all meant. "A train! a train!" he thought, "and we shall surely go"—Johnny hardly dared finish the thought.

What could he do? There came into his mind the words of his mother about a little boy's weakness 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?

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.

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 swinging steadily.

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, stepping 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 Johnny 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.

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.

to his mother. Up on the rocks he 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 it!

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.

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.

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.

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 directed, will help him to do good, useful work in the world. It is no use grumbling because one is not like the others.

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 possessed of genius. All may, however be possessed of diligence and perseverance, and with these attributes great results may be attained even with ordinary talents.

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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.

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 in a gentlemanly way, look healthy, and are not reported badly at school or home, their fathers do not observe them very much.

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.

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 dog? 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 himself.

"Paper, sir?" asked the newsboy. "No, I never read," was the blunt answer. "Hi, boys, come here," called out the gamin, "here's a man as is practicin' for the jury!"

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.

"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.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.

Teach them that a true lady can be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet. Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than college education without it.

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.

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BITS OF THINGS.

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AMERICAN APPRECIATION OF CANADIAN 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 GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR in such cases send for a supply, which he writes soon cured him.