

WESLEYAN ALMANAC
NOVEMBER, 1877.

New Moon, 5 day, 4h, 54m, Morning.
First Quarter, 12 day, 7h, 30m, Afternoon.
Full Moon, 20 day, 6h, 5m, Afternoon.
Last Quarter, 27 day, 5h, 51m, Afternoon.

Day of Week.	SUN		MOON.	
	Rises Sets	Rises Sets	Rises Sets	Rises Sets
1 Thursday	6 43	4 46	3 5	8 29
2 Friday	6 43	4 44	3 31	9 17
3 Saturday	6 43	4 41	3 28	10 7
4 SUNDAY	6 43	4 38	3 25	10 57
5 Monday	6 47	4 40	3 22	11 53
6 Tuesday	6 49	4 39	3 19	12 46
7 Wednesday	6 50	4 38	3 16	1 44
8 Thursday	6 51	4 36	3 13	2 44
9 Friday	6 52	4 35	3 10	3 46
10 Saturday	6 53	4 34	3 7	4 49
11 SUNDAY	6 54	4 32	3 4	5 53
12 Monday	6 55	4 31	3 1	6 57
13 Tuesday	6 56	4 30	2 58	8 0
14 Wednesday	6 57	4 29	2 55	9 4
15 Thursday	6 58	4 28	2 52	10 11
16 Friday	6 59	4 27	2 49	11 11
17 Saturday	7 0	4 26	2 46	12 14
18 SUNDAY	7 1	4 25	2 43	1 20
19 Monday	7 2	4 24	2 40	2 29
20 Tuesday	7 3	4 23	2 37	3 40
21 Wednesday	7 4	4 22	2 34	4 52
22 Thursday	7 5	4 21	2 31	6 05
23 Friday	7 6	4 20	2 28	7 19
24 Saturday	7 7	4 19	2 25	8 34
25 SUNDAY	7 8	4 18	2 22	9 50
26 Monday	7 9	4 17	2 19	11 07
27 Tuesday	7 10	4 16	2 16	12 25
28 Wednesday	7 11	4 15	2 13	1 44
29 Thursday	7 12	4 14	2 10	3 04
30 Friday	7 13	4 13	2 7	4 25

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrboro, Cornwallis, Hinton, 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.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 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.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S ORATORY.

BY REV. G. W. PEPPER.

The grand days of oratory are over, exclaimed that sparkling sophist, Daniel Dougherty, in an address on orators and oratory, in Delaware, some years ago. No, the glory of eloquence was never brighter, nor ever radiated with such immaculate splendor in any of the oratorical ages of the past as in this latter part of the nineteenth century. The present time can show orators whose resplendent genius will rank them among the immortals of the past. Oratory never can be lost while the cross of Calvary survives. We are told that this is an age of action, and that the orator must yield to the press. The true orator is always a man of action. The eloquent tongue of the speaker has done more for mankind than the sword of the warrior. Pericles ruled Athens by the magic of his words, and made her a city of purple still beautiful in her ruins. When Philip of Macedonia had broken down the bulwarks that surrounded the fainting liberties of Greece, the power of his legions and of his gold was long baffled by the fiery eloquence of Demosthenes. Cataline's conspiracy would have succeeded and the power of Rome would have been destroyed, had it not been for the night that lay in the polished eloquence of Cicero. It was the burning words of Peter the Hermit that stimulated the crusades and led to a tremendous revolution. It was the oppressions of Britain that called forth the deathless names of Chatham, Fox, Flood, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett. Each of them rushed forth into the field like Homer's chieftains, with the radiance of a guiding deity upon his brow. And Americans need not be reminded how much the thunders of Patrick Henry's eloquence contributed to create the revolution to which this marvelous Republic owes its origin. It is my purpose, in this connection, to refer briefly to the grandest living Methodist pulpit orator. I do not mean to attempt a full description of the man.

Fancy a man of medium-sized body, low forehead, eyes large and penetrating, hair white and thin, in dress neat and plain, brow sloping—a refutation of phrenology—voice varying from alto to treble, reaching every heart, finely cut features, countenance radiant with every variety of emotion, and his whole bearing, when fully aroused, as irresistible as an Alpine avalanche! The impetuosity of Lord Stanley is mildness to the vehement torrent of his eloquence; the studied diction of Macaulay prose itself in comparison with the flood of metaphor, imagery, and happy illustration which that torrent bears along its rapid course. Knowing no paucity of words, and uttering them with a rapidity surpassing belief, he is faultless in his enunciation. The effect of his eloquence on an old-fashioned

Methodist audience might be compared to the shock of a galvanic battery. In those primitive days it is said that, owing to a nervous timidity, the first few sentences of his sermon were restrained, but soon his fiery soul broke loose, careering with regulated irregularity through an unbounded heaven of time, matter, and thought. It was with him a continued irruption of flame or fiery lava. Argument, resolve, and touching appeal would come, flash upon flash, till his voice became stifled in the applauding responses it called forth. The oratorical spirit is not dead! It animates the slender frame, it lights up the keen eye, it swells the feminine voice, it gilds the polished periods, it points the brilliant climaxes, and gives form to the dazzling and rainbowed fancies of Bishop Simpson. Though I have often heard this distinguished servant of Christ, yet I never heard him to such advantage as at the session of the North Ohio Conference, which recently convened in the beautiful village of Clyde. The sermon was a favourite one with the Bishop, and has been frequently heard by admiring and delighted audiences. It was finely delivered, overwhelming in its logic, fervent in appeal, and melting in its pathos. The Bishop was in his happiest mood. The fire of devotion was burning in his mighty heart. Never, in that elegant edifice, was there assembled so appreciative an audience; never so unmerciful a jam. Rows of eager and upturned faces rose from the seats and aisles. Every nook and corner was absolutely besieged. The altar and pulpit stairs were covered with clustering human zoophytes. I and others listened forty minutes, at the hazard of our ribs; but, then, it was Simpson who was waving the sceptre of sacred oratory, and it might be the last parting blaze of his eloquence.

Since the Bishop's last visit to the Conference there had been some sad gaps in the ministerial ranks. M'Mahan had passed away; Breckinridge's tall form lies snouldering in the grave; Dubois's princely presence would never again meet mortal eye; Mitchell, unequalled in humor, pathos and song, was gathered to his fathers; and the gifted Birkdull, and Warner, the elder, and others also were no more. But, to the sermon. There is an indefinable thrill of emotion amid the vast auditory waiting to hear the first words of a great preacher. Quietly the Bishop announces his text. Having finished the introduction, he states, in simple language, the outlines of the discourse. The countenance soon begins to reflect a supernatural radiance, and the multitude is thrilled to the very core, as thoughts that breathe, couched in words which burn, are scattered in rich confusion. The conclusion will be given next week.—*Western Advocate.*

THE HARVEST OF 1877.

According to the estimate of Mr. Walker, statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, the harvest of 1877 is the greatest this country has ever gathered. It amounts in round numbers to 325,000,000 bushels of wheat and 1,280,000,000 bushels of corn. The largest yield of wheat in any preceding year was 309,000,000 bushels in 1874, but the corn crop then amounted to only 844,148,500 bushels. Compared with last year, the wheat product shows an increase of 39,000,000 bushels. It is difficult to express the value of the present crop in dollars. At the seaboard, taking the ruling market quotations for October as a basis for computation, the value of the wheat crop may be roughly set down at \$400,000,000, and the corn crop at \$700,000,000. This would almost be an embarrassment of riches but for the fortunate coincidence of a short harvest in the United Kingdom, and the partial cutting off of Russia's supply by the Eastern war which has resulted in a largely-increased demand for American grain. An examination of the figures for the past two months reveals the gratifying fact that our wheat exports for the time specified exceed those for the corresponding period of last year by 7,586,237 bushels. At the same time there was a falling off in our corn exports of 1,683,054, but this is explainable by the fact that the fall movement in corn does not begin until some weeks after wheat has commenced to flow freely toward

the seaboard. The immense increase in our wheat exports furnishes a solution to the extraordinary drainage of gold from the bank of England for American shipment. Now, it is impossible that this sudden and vast addition to the wealth of the country will not permanently advantage trade and business of every kind. The basis of all prosperity is the prosperity of the farmer; when nature is bountiful to him the whole country shares in his good fortune; when she is niggard his loss becomes the poverty of the nation. We have already experienced the first symptoms of reviving trade, but the real, the tangible, the natural increase will not come until the crops of 1877 have all been marketed. It is fair to expect that the spring of 1878 will witness the renewal of activity in every branch of industry. Let us be grateful for this assurance of better times fast coming on; coming on in spite of the strikers, who would have postponed them indefinitely, and while the fierce suns of July were ripening this same golden harvest would have laid waste the only highways by which it could be transported into market.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

Mr. Spurgeon asked his congregation the other day, "Have you ever read the Ancient Mariner?" I dare say you, thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all dead men rising up to man the ship—dead men pulled the ropes, dead men spreading the sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you know, I have lived to see that time. I have lived to see it done! I have gone into Churches, and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as a deacon, and a dead man handing the plate, and dead men sitting to hear."

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN.

Organized search in the Arctic regions for traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition has done very little towards dispelling the uncertainty connected with the fate of that gallant explorer and his followers. The most important discovery was made by Capt. McClintock, eighteen years ago, in the Western part of King William's Land. A paper recording the death of Franklin and twenty-three of his men, and a boat with two bleached skeletons beside it were sad evidences that all had perished, but in what manner, or in what exact locality, remained a theme for conjecture. At length, however, light dawned unexpectedly upon the mystery, and there is a probability, already eagerly hailed, that some details of the expedition may become known.

The barque A. Houghton sailed from New Bedford in the summer of 1876 on a whaling cruise, and entering Hudson's Bay, proceeded northward till in the early fall she reached a place a few miles South of Cape Inglefield. At this season the ice floes began to surround the vessel, and it was determined to lay her up for the winter at Marble Island. In the course of the winter a party of Esquimaux, nearly two hundred in number, came from the Nachilli settlement near Cape Inglefield and made quite a village of snow huts in the neighborhood of the vessel, the second mate of which, Mr. Thomas Barry, was able to converse with them, having learned to speak their language fluently during his previous voyages to the North. They were entirely harmless and very friendly, and while mingling familiarly with the crew of the whaieship, they told Mr. Barry about a party of white men who had come among them many years before—how long ago they could not tell, although two old men of the tribe distinctly remembered and described the appearance of the strangers, particularly one large man whom they called the great chief from the obedience and respect paid to him by the other white men, some of whom they supposed held positions of command from the fact that they wore colored stripes on their arms and shoulders. The winter following the arrival of those white men was one of unusual severity. Game entirely failed. Many of the natives died, injured though they were to the rigors of the climate and to scarcity of food. All were reduced to the miserable necessity of eating raw seal-kin which, of course could not sustain life in the white men, and one by

one they succumbed to cold and hunger till before the opening of spring all had perished. The Esquimaux wrapped the bodies in skins and buried them beneath small heaps of stones near the settlement, but the books, journals, and some utensils of the strangers were gathered and carefully deposited in a cairn which had been built for that purpose, and which was ever afterwards regarded with a kind of sacred awe, no one daring to open the mound or disturb its contents. Some articles belonging to the explorers, however, had been retained by the Esquimaux, and of these, Mr. Barry succeeded in obtaining three large silver spoons, undoubtedly the property of the expedition, as one of them bore the Franklin crest—a fish's head surrounded by a wreath. This spoon Mr. Barry has brought with him to New York; the others, engraved with letters which could not be made out, he presented to the American consul at St. John's, Newfoundland, at which place he landed on his way home. The Esquimaux offered to conduct the whaler's crew to the Nachilli settlement and to show them the mound, but as the distance was nearly one thousand miles, it was not possible to undertake the journey.

This interesting discovery, it is hoped, will lead to renewed search, from which more definite results may be confidently expected. Messrs. Morrison & Brown of New York, the agents who fitted out the Polaris, have already proposed to send out a vessel next spring under the charge of Mr. Barry, for the recovery of those buried records of the Franklin expedition.—*Chronicle.*

Whittier, the poet, will be seventy years old in December. It is said, in reference to his habits of literary composition, that he writes only when the mood seizes him and then writes rapidly, his first draft suffering very little alteration. He is a tall and slender person, and has a fine face lighted by dark and piercing eyes. He lives in Amesbury, and visits much in Boston, and has never been further from home than Washington.

A VOYAGE WITH A SHIP-LOAD OF MONKEYS.

An American consular officer, now in Washington on leave of absence, relates a very funny occurrence which came under his observation during his official residence in Liverpool. A successful and wealthy shipowner, having devoted more time to the business of money-making than to the cultivation of any of the unnecessary embellishments of the intellect, was considered by his business associates a little "off" in his orthography. He sent an order to Bombay, and, among other things, wrote for two monkeys, which he wanted to present to some friends; but departing from the usual mode of spelling the word *two*, he put it *too*. Perhaps the handwriting was not very legible, as is often the case with others than illiterate shipowners. At any rate, the master of the ship read it 100, as did also the agents at Bombay. There was much astonishment at so strange an order, but the master was bound to obey it. Accordingly, the services of a number of natives were secured, the country round about was scoured, and in a few days a hundred monkeys, of all colors and previous conditions, were captured. There were little black monkeys with eyes like beads, bigger monkeys with whiskers, and taboons whose grave expression of countenance presented a ridiculous contrast to their undignified antics. The whole crowd chattered, screamed and fought in the cage which had been prepared for them in the ship in spite of all efforts to keep them quiet. In a few days the homeward voyage was commenced, and with it the troubles of the crew.

As soon as the motion of the ship was felt, the monkeys redoubled their noise making a regular pandemonium of the ship. Relays of them shook the bars of the cage without a moment's hesitation for twenty-three hours out of each twenty-four, until the cage was literally shaken to pieces, and the astonished sailors beheld a cloud of monkeys suddenly issuing from the hold, scrambling, fighting and tumbling over each other as if their lives depended upon getting into the rigging in the shortest possible time. From that moment poor Jack had not a moment's peace. The monkeys, with mischievousness unparalleled, would steal everything they could lay their hands on. If clothes were hung up to dry they would carry them up to the highest point attainable and pick them to pieces. It was necessary to set a guard over everything that was washed or dried. When the cabin-boy swept the deck he had to look up the broom, for if he hid it even so securely, his back would be scarcely turn-

ed before an old ape, half as big as a man, would have it going through the motion of sweeping the deck with an air of indescribable gravity. So great was the annoyance that it was with the greatest difficulty that the officers could prevent the men shooting their tormenters, and when the ship touched at Aden half of the crew deserted, preferring to take their chances at this inhospitable place rather than to endure the persecutions of the monkeys.

Finally the ship reached home. She had been signalled at Land's End, and the owner was at the dock when she arrived. Shipowners generally pride themselves on the trim appearance of their ships, and our friend was weak in this respect, if in no others. What, then, was his astonishment, to see his ship's rigging crowded with knots or bunches, with here and there a festoon where several monkeys had suspended themselves from a spar in a string, holding each other by the tail! Everybody about the docks viewed with wonder the approaching spectacle. The ship moved closely to her berth, and presently her yardarms neared those of several other vessels lying at the dock. In an instant the monkeys leaped from one to the other, and began a tour among the forests of masts that fringed the harbour of Liverpool. All the boys and idlers around the dock were engaged, and a grand hunt ensued, up and down the rigging from ship to ship, all over the harbor. They were finally captured.

The owner was furious, but was, after awhile, mollified by an explanation over a bottle of wine, and the difficulty satisfactorily adjusted. The monkeys were gradually sold off, realizing a profit of about ten pounds (fifty dollars) above all costs. But the master of the ship declared that he never wanted to sail another voyage with a cargo of live monkeys.—*Washington Letter to Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

Let me tell a Dutch story right here because it comes from a Dutchman in the Eastern part of Pennsylvania, and must be a true story. The Dutchman was never ashamed of his religion. In his neighborhood there was a skeptic who said, "You can't believe anything you can't understand," and so some of the better class of people asked the Dutchman if he would not have a conversation with him. He said, "Yes, if you think best."

"Have you any objections to the neighbors coming in?"
"No, so long as you think best."
"So they made the appointment and everybody was there. The old gentleman came in, laid by his hat and was introduced to the skeptic, and he began suddenly by saying: "Well, now look here. I plects the Bible—what you believe?"

Said he: "I don't believe anything I can't understand."
"Oh, you must be one very smart man. I was mighty glad I meet you. I ask you some questions. De odder day I was riding along the road and I meet von dog, and that dog he had one of his ears stand up in this way, and de odder one he stand down so. Now, vy vas dat?"

Now, that was very unhandy just then, very unhandy. He either had to prove that the dog did not have one ear standing up and the other standing down, or else say he did not believe it. So he said, "I don't know."

Oh, then, you are not so very smart after all. I ask you another question. I saw in John Smith's clover patch, the clover come up so nice, and I looked over into the fields and dere was John Smith's pigs; and dere come out hair on dere pack; and in the very same clover patch was his sheep, and dere came out wool on dere packs. Now vy vas dat?"

Now, that was as bad as the other, because the same perplexity arose. He had to prove there was wool on the back of the pig or hair on the back of the sheep; and he could not tell why and, therefore, he had no business to believe it. Finally he said, "I don't know."

"Well, be said, you are not half so smart as you think you are. Now I ask you another question. Do you plecte dere is a God?"

"No, I don't believe any such nonsense."

"Oh, yes, I hear about you long ago. I know all about you. My Bible knows about you, for in my Bible he says, 'The fool says in his heart there is no God,' but you big fool, you blab it out."—*President G. P. Hayes.*