

WESLEYAN ALMANAC MAY, 1878.

New Moon, 2 day, 8h, 36m, Morning. First Quarter, 9 day, 6h, 18m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 16 day, 10h, 17m, Morning. Last Quarter, 23 day, 9h, 27m, Afternoon. New Moon, 31 day, 9h, 33m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HITS. Rows list days from Wednesday to Friday with numerical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's setting gives the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 3 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 Chatham, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 21 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 SEAL FISHERY.

Since our last, there have been several arrivals from the ice, with fair trips,—the Eagle with 16,700, the Wolf with 16,000 (said to be equal in value to 21,000) the Bear, 14,000, Ranger, 16,000, Iceland, 16,000, Nimrod, 7,842, Merlin, 7,000 and Commodore (at Harbor Grace) 14,000.

In the meantime reports from the westward are favorable. On Thursday, the Leopard was reported at Channel with thirteen thousand prime harp seals, which she had taken between the 21st and 25th of March. When she left the ice the Tiger, with 2,000 on board was alongside a sufficient number of panned seals to fill her. A subsequent telegram from Channel reports the Tiger off that port with a full load. The Mary has probably a full load also, as she was spoken to on the 30th with seals on board. Still later information from Channel announces the loss at Anticosti of the schooner Gemina of Port-de-Grave, which occurred on the 6th. Her crew had arrived at Channel on their way east, and may be shortly expected there, probably by the Leopard or Tiger. On the 25th ult., the ice drifted along shore at Channel with a considerable number of seals upon it, and the fisherman have killed between two and three hundred of them. From a communication which we publish elsewhere it will be seen that the Channel people have their hands full.

From the northward we learn of the loss of Mr. Rorke's schooner, the Eric, near Bird Island Cove, on the 6th, with about 400 seals on board. On the day after she was abandoned by her crew, who had a narrow escape for it, one of the men having broken a leg in the attempt. The Eric had the previous misfortune of losing two of her crew in the last March gale, the men being swept overboard and drowned.

It is calculated that at least 100,000 seals have been taken in Green Bay up to latest dates. This, with the number already actually in port, amounting to about 178,261 will bring the voyage already up to about 300,000 allowing the Leopard and Tiger to have about 13,000 to 14,000 each. And yet half the steamers have not been heard from, nor any of the sailing craft, except the two or three already noted. Under these circumstances we may say that the voyage is a pretty fair average one, and the probability is that it will be far above an average, as we really hope it may.

We learn that there are a number of vessels jammed up in the ice in Green Bay, and there is no doubt some of them have seals on board, if not the whole of them. A few days more will give us the total result; we publish a list of arrivals and receipt of seals to date.

ARRIVALS FROM THE SEAL FISHERY.

Table with columns STEAMERS and NO. OF SEALS. Lists ships like Falcon, Arctic, Walrus, Bear, Ranger, Iceland, Nimrod, Merlin, Eagle, Lion, Wolf, Commodore, Leopard.

Table with columns SAILING VESSELS and NO. OF SEALS. Lists ships like Prospero, Busina, Cabot, Anna May, New Havelock.

RICHARD WEBB'S ANSWER.

Richard Webb walked briskly down the road till he came to the place where on a small strip of board, the following notice was conspicuously displayed: "All persons are forbidden to cross this lot." This was just what he had intended to do. Every day for a month he had gone across Mr. Jenkins's ten-acre lot, to get to a pasture thick with whortleberry bushes, where he picked berries for sale. This unexpected prohibition would henceforth force him to take a much longer way.

As Richard stood pondering upon the matter, the rattling of wheels was heard upon the road, and a moment after James Jenkins rode rapidly up, driving a handsome gray pony.

"Hallo, Dick," was his joyous salutation, suddenly stopping. "Just see what I've had for a birthday present; this beautiful pony and buggy from father."

"My pony's name is Don, and he is swift as a race horse, and gentle as a kitten," said James proudly.

"Well, if any one deserves to have a fine pony, I'm sure it's you, Jim."

"You are a prime fellow, Dick. You don't talk much like Harry Baker. If I have anything new, he always says: 'Oh dear, you always have the best of everything, and I can get nothing.' I hate to hear a fellow always complaining."

"Where are you going?" inquired Richard.

"Over to Burley's village after Fred. Grandfather took him home with him last week, and I guess he'll want to get back by this time."

"I've just started after berries; but I see your father has forbidden anyone to cross his lot; so I must go the other way."

"Never mind that notice Dick. It's for the public not for father's friends or mine. I give you permission to go over that field as often as you please."

James rode off, and Richard hurried to the whortleberry pasture. There was a wide difference in the lives of these two boys. James was the son of a wealthy merchant, while Richard was motherless, and his father was a confirmed inebriate. The few scanty clothes he possessed had been given him, and the only money he had was what he earned selling berries and doing odd jobs about the village. He was a noble warmhearted boy, and despite their diversity of condition a firm friendship existed between James and Richard.

Three hours passed. Richard had worked hard, and his two baskets were nearly filled, when a singular object lying among the rushes in an adjoining field attracted his attention. Then a low moaning sound coming from that direction reached his ear.

"It's an animal in distress," thought he, and he ran towards the spot. Great was his astonishment to find little Fred Jenkins curled up like a ball on the ground, with great tears fallen down his sweet face.

"Why, Fred, how came you away off here, all alone?" exclaimed Richard.

"Want to go home; want to see ma" whimpered the child. "Fred's tired. Fred's feet ache—head ache—hot."

"Poor little lost boy!" said Richard, pityingly. "It's strange you wandered into this lonely place; what made you?"

"Didn't want to stay at grandfather's any longer; want to go home."

Overcome by a feeling of homesickness, Fred had left his grandfather's early that morning, and without any knowledge of the way to his father's house, had attempted to reach it. After wandering about nearly two miles, he climbed over a wall and slowly crossed

several fields, till, exhausted by heat and fatigue, he lay down among the bushes where Richard found him.

Richard tenderly led him to the spot where he had left his baskets of berries but Fred was too weary to walk, and Richard was forced to leave them and carry him.

In the mean time the Jenkins family were suffering the agony of suspense. James had returned with the appalling intelligence that Fred had left his grandfather's house and could not be found. No one had seen the little boy since breakfast, and his unaccountable disappearance caused intense alarm. No wonder as Richard approached the gate bearing Fred tenderly in his arms, a loud cry of joy met his ear. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins ran to meet him, and the child was almost smothered with hugs and kisses. Richard had explained modestly how he had found Fred lost in the field, and brought him home. The mother wept tears of grateful joy and Mr. Jenkins said, huskily:

"Richard Webb, I shall never forget this service in you. But for you, our little boy might have died."

"Oh, father!" cried James earnestly "do help Dick! He is a splendid fellow, and he has a dreadful hard time earning his living."

"What shall I do for you, my boy? If it is money you need, you shall have it."

A glad light darted into Richard's eye. An earnest wish was born in a moment in his heart, but the words he longed to speak lay choking in his throat.

"What is it you wish, Richard?" inquired Mr. Jenkins, in a kind encouraging tone.

"Nothing for myself sir—but—but—oh help my poor father! He wasn't always as he now is, and when he doesn't drink he is one of the kindest and best of men. Liquor is ruining him, and he is poor and wretched; but I am sure, sir, if you would give him work and encouragement he would do well; and I know that God will bless you."

It was a noble answer. Nothing for himself had this hard-struggling honest boy asked. His only thought was for his poor benighted, degraded father. Mr. Jenkins's eyes grew moist.

"Richard you are a good, dutiful boy," he said tenderly. "I will do all I can to help your poor father into a brighter and higher life."

Richard went back to his desolate home, and the day continued to wear away.

Towards evening Mr. Jenkins was seen approaching the house. Mr. Webb was sitting on the doorstep in an attitude of deep dejection.

"Brother," said Mr. Jenkins, taking a seat beside him, "you are very miserable. You are held in bondage by the love of strong drink. It is ruining your soul and body. Will you not take my hand, and let me help you break these galling fetters, and be a happy man again?"

The inebriate fixed his bleared eyes vacantly on him, as if he dimly comprehended his words.

"I will be your friend. I will give you work and good wages," continued Mr. Jenkins encouragingly, "if you will give me a promise of total abstinence."

"I cannot help it. I am lost—lost!" replied Mr. Webb, in a hardly audible voice.

"None can fall so low that the Good Shepherd cannot save them."

Mr. Webb covered his face with his hands.

"Brother, you have fine ability, a generous, noble nature; but you have yielded your manhood inch by inch to your appetite for intoxicating drink, till your proudest hopes are in ruins. With God's help, and strong effort, the past can be redeemed. Make an effort for the sake of your young son, who loves his wretched father more than himself."

Then Mr. Jenkins touchingly told him how Richard had found his poor little lost Fred in the whortleberry pasture and brought him home, and when he offered him money, Richard had refused to accept anything for himself, but with earnest, tearful eyes had pleaded that his erring, fallen father might have work and help.

Mr. Webb listened attentively. Light and hope again struggled for mastery in his dark, despairing soul, and grasping his friend's hand he cried fervently:

"With God's help, nothing that intoxicates shall ever pass my lips again." Many years have passed.

Mr. Webb is a reformed man, happy and honored. His vow was never broken. He is an active supporter of the temperance cause, and has been the means of guiding many a fallen, erring brother into a higher life. Richard is Mr. Jenkins's confidential clerk, greatly beloved and valued. The same noble and generous impulses which characterized his boyhood, make him in early manhood, a light and blessing to all who knew him.

My story is told. All over our land are people of bright intellects and noble hearts who have fallen victims to the terrible scourge of intemperance. Active efforts, sympathy and help can reclaim many. God pity them and make us faithful and earnest in the work of saving them.

SAILOR JACK'S STORY.

BY ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

It was a pleasant Summer morning—a Saturday holiday at that—and Tommy was perched on the gate-post, overlooking the road, waiting for some thing to "turn up." Something did turn up presently—a loud whistle from down the road, and behind the whistle was a very large straw hat and a fishing pole, and under the hat, and carrying the pole, was a small boy. It was Bill Sykes. Tommy discovered that at the first glance.

"Hello! where you going?" he asked. "Going a fishin'. Goin down to old Sailor Jack's first, to see about bait. Come along!" answered master Sykes with business like promptness.

Tommy needed no second invitation, and presently the two boys were trudging along the dusty road. They found the old sailor at home, seated on a bench in front of his cabin, and reading the Bible. As the boys came up he closed his book.

"Well, well, lads, what port are ye bound for now this morning?"

"Oh we're just going a fishin' a little while, Mr. Sarkin, and we thought we'd come this way and ask about the best kind of bait," replied Master Sykes, who, somewhat, always stood in awe when talking with the old sailor, though he spoke of him familiarly as "Old Jack" when among his companions.

"Goin' a fishin' eh? Well that's right so you keep a good look-out and don't get caught yourself. Satan's got hooks an' lines out in plenty, an' good bait too, my lads; so keep your course steady and mind your reckonin'. And—hello! what's that stowed away in your jacket?"

As the old sailor spoke he reached forward and pulled a book from Master Sykes's pocket. It was a paper covered book, with a gorgeous picture thereon representing a number of fierce looking men, dressed in green coats, red shirts and blue trousers, engaged in a terrible battle on the deck of a ship. The name of this sanguinary work was, "One Armed Dick, or the Terror of the Spanish Main." As old Jack read the title his genial face clouded instantly, and he turned sternly to the boy.

"Lad! lad! d'ye read trash like this?"

"I—I got it from Walter's circulating library, 'cause I didn't know but I'd be a sailor myself some day, and I wanted to read about it," stammered Master Sykes.

"Wanted to learn about sailorin' by readin' about it?—such stuff as that!" ejaculated old Jack contemptuously. "D'ye think such rubbish as that, written by some one who more'n likely never saw salt water, will put ye on the right track for a sailor's life? Now sit right down here, both of ye, till I tell what bad books did for me." The boys sat down—Tommy willingly, Bill Sykes not so cheerfully, for, as he afterwards remarked to Tommy, "Old Jack's stories always has morals an' things to 'em."

"Well, lads, began old Jack, settling himself comfortably with his Bible on his knee, "ye see I was born in one of the back counties; my father was a well-to-do farmer, an' I had a smart chance of gettin' on in the world if I'd only kept my sails trimmed right; but ye see I didn't. I was always of a rovin' disposition; didn't want to go to school, though I did learn how to write a little, and how to read. Glad I am for that last, 'cause I'd never have

found out all the good in this blessed Bible but for that. But I didn't care anything about the Bible at that time; I wanted to have my own way, and when I did read, 'twas only to store away all the yellow-covered novels I could get hold of, an' that was what made the trouble.

"Now, I s'pose, in time, I might have settled down as decent as anybody, but readin' such trash—stories about wonderful boys who were ill-used and imposed upon, and then turned out to be great heroes and heirs to big fortunes; stories about pirates who killed no end of people, and yet all the while were innocent as babies—all this, an' more like it, made me discontented with my home and life, and I began to fancy myself a deeply injured boy, and that all hands, from father and mother down, were in league against me. Every act of kindness I took the wrong way, an' tried to imagine myself one of the heroes I'd read about, sailin' under false colors, an' that everybody 'round was tryin' to keep me out of some great fortune that was in store for me. The more I thought about it, the bigger the cargo of grief I took on board, until, at last, I made up my mind to run away an' go to sea. An' run away I did.

"I made my way to the nearest port, where I found an East India vessel just ready to sail. I didn't ask whether they wanted a boy or not, but managed to smuggle myself on board an' hide among the cargo until the ship was well out to sea. Then I came on deck. Now lads, 'ordin' to all counts I'd read in the novels, I s'posed when I have in sight the captain would 'dopt me right off; an' I'd be in high feather with all the crew, 'an' have a good time, an' grow to be a great hero—an' admiral or a pirate, I didn't know which. But 'twasn't that way one bit.

"The captain was very angry when he saw me, but as he couldn't well pitch me overboard he had to keep me. I was made to work very hard, was kicked, cuffed and knocked around, and had a sorry time generally. Tell ye what, lads, if I'd been back home then I'd have staid; but there I was. When the ship got into port I took the first chance to run away. I suppose the captain wasn't particular what became of me, for I wasn't pursued, but I was in a strange land, without money or friends. Then I tried to get a place on some return ship, but nobody wanted boys, an' I didn't know what to do.

"However, after a deal of trouble, an' nearly starvin' beside, a kind hearted captain took pity on me, an' gave me a passage on his vessel, bound for England. An' I tell ye, lads, never was anyone more glad than I when I stepped on the deck of that ship! But I wasn't to reach home just then. When out in mid-ocean a storm came up, and the vessel foundered, an' went down with all on board—all but myself. A kind Providence, not willing I should die in my sins, saved me. I managed to get hold of a spar, an' floated about for nearly a day, when a passing ship discovered me and picked me up.

"I almost wished afterward that I had been left to perish, for the vessel was a slaver, an' the treatment I got on the first ship was good, compared with that I received on this one. The captain, as was nat'ral to a slave-trader, was a cruel tyrant, and treated his men shamefully—me in particular. I can't tell all I suffered, but life was a burden to me. Once I was tried to a gun an' whipped, for some trifling thing, until the blood ran down my back. I carry the marks on me to this day. Well, I staid aboard the slaver—I couldn't get away ye see—nigh on to two years, and then, the captain lost his bearings, an' run the vessel aground near Cape Blanco, off the west coast of Africa. The ship went to pieces, and most of the crew were drowned, the captain included. A number of us, however, got to the shore, and there we fell into the hands of the Arabs; and we, who had been engaged in the slave-trade, were now reduced to slavery ourselves. A fit punishment, lads!

"And then our real troubles began. For three years we were held in slavery—whipped, beaten, made to carry heavy burdens under the burning sun of the desert, threatened frequently with death at the whim of our masters; it's a wonder any of us lived through it at all.