The Family

SWEETNESS.

'Tis sweet to take from Jesus
Whatever he may send;
'Tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Our ever present Friend!
And still the more we owe Him,
The more we long to owe,
For only they who know Him,
His loving kindness know!

'Tis sweet to think of Jesus
When earthly shadows mock,
And sweet to lean on Jesus,
The soul's eternal rock.
The while our days are flying,
We would not bid them stay—
'Tis short and easy dying,
To be with Christ alway!

'Tis sweet to feel that Jesus,
When from full hearts we pray,
Before we ask will answer,
And heareth all we say:
And trembling through the darkness,
Our hands can clasp His own,
And light come down to lead us,
Straight from the Father's Throne.

'Tis sweet, O blessed Jesus,
To be entirely Thine!
And know there is no measure
To Thy great love divine!
Beside its boundless ocean,
With yearning hearts we fall,
And Thou wilt bless us with the peace
That filleth all in all.

S. S. Times.

A LETTER FROM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The following letter from Florence Nightingale was written in acknowledgement of a certificate of honorary membership in the Missionary Society of the Puritan Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y.:

LONDON, *May* 5, 1871.

SIR: To your request of April 17th for a letter, I reply: God bless you and the Puritan Sunday-school Society" of Brooklyn.

I write as soon as it is possible. I thank them most heartily for their kindness in giving me by a certificate, the rights of Christian fellowship with them. Ucually I deprecate such membership for myself, thinking that I have no right to have my name where I cannot give my work. To me so overwhelmed with business that for eighteen years I have never had, but twice, one week's holiday, and a prisoner to my room, from illness, as I am and have been for years, it is difficult even to write a letter of acknowledgement, so that I seem ungrateful. And yet, I am not ungrateful for the fellowship so freely and so kindly offered, while mine was desired in return.

I wish them and you God-speed with all my heart and soul, both at your Sabbath-school at Brooklyn and your missionary work in India and the Sandwich Islands.

You know the story of the child who was busy knitting a vest for our "LORD CHRIST," for a birthday present for Him; and when she found out that it could not be given to Himself, begged that it might be given to the least of the "Lord Christ's little brothers" (in allusion to the verse which she had been taught). I cannot wish a better wish to your young members, or, indeed, to all your members, older or younger, than that they may be giving to the Lord Christ in the person's of His "least little brother's and sisters," both at home and abroad. May we always, all of us, remember that it is our highest comfort, our blessed privilege that we may give to Himself in the least member of His flock, and that all the world is His flock.

I would say to your Society, Pray for me, but not for me alone, but for all who in this year of judgment and desolation in Europe, at this time (one of the most calamitous times of our European life), are suffering, starving and dying. Oh, pray for all! And I am sure it will please your Society to learn (for are we not all brothers and sisters in the United States and in old England—of one family and of one tongue?) how their English relations, the subjects of our Queen, in all climates and in all longitudes—not by any means only the rich but the whole mass of hard-working, honest, frugal people, have contributed every penny they could so ill spare. Women have given the very shoes off their feet, the very suppers out of their children's mouths, to the poor sufferers in this awful war—not of their own creed not of their own thinking or way of living at all—but in the freest spirit of Christian charity, all have given, every man woman and child above pauperism. So general a collection among the "working classes" never has been, not even for our own Patrioric Fund. Poor congregations of all kinds—"Puritan" chapels in my own dear hills of Derbyshire. National Schools, factories, poor negro congregations in the West Indics; in London, ragged-school children, who, having nothing to give, gave their only feast in the year, that the money might be applied to the orphans in the war, "who want it more than we." London Dissenting congregations, without a single rich member, who sent their large collections; poor working women's parties, who made up warm clothing for the sufferer's in that frightful winter campaign, and refused to be paid for it; and then the children making their little birthday presents for the "LORD CHRIST," for Him to give to the children made homeless and well nigh hopeless by the war.

"They have been to us like Providence," said one French district, left utterly destitute by the tide of war—of the English and American gifts which reached them and saved them almost from despair. For well we know how many contributions came from America. Thus they gave to the sick and the suffering of whom they knew nothing, but by heresay—gave knowing that they should receive nothing again, gave to replace in otherwise ruined homes, as far and as fast as possible, populations of utterly devastated villages, some of the most industrious in the world, and whose market gardens were the finest in Europe. Gardens and homes laid waste, even the kitchen pots and pans gone; tools, cows, horses, seed-corn, all gone—the very floors and wood-work of their shattered houses carried away for fuel, by the enemy. To enable these poor people to return to their work, to their former lives, as quickly as possible, was of course the object. And they gave not of their superflurity, but actually of their necessity. This is true missionary work—helping for God's sake, for pure love of Him and of the fellow creature, never seen, never to be seen, till we all meet to part no more.

I can write no longer. I must ask you to accept this, not as what I would say, but as the expression of my sympathy and fellow feeling and good wishes.

I, too, have been working for India—for now twelve years that she has scarcely ever been out of my head—but principally in the way of trying to mend the physical habits and sanitary neglect of the stations and people, without which there can be no civilization worthy the name, no true progress in higher things.

I will, with your permission, send some papers of mine on the subject, addressed to India, but as they will have to be torn out of Blue Books, which you would not care to have, I must ask your kind indulgence for them.

Once more, God bless you.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Richard P. Clark, Esq., New York.
—Christian Union.

A RUINED HOME.

"You are surely ill," the pastor said taking the young man's hand kindly and leading him to a seat.

The young man's lips quivered as he replied.

"I believe, sir, that my heart is broken. But I did not come here to say this. I have buried my mortification, my anguish, as well as I could, thus far; but I can do it no longer."

"Charles, if you are in trouble you have a friend here; tell me the worst," said the minister. "What did you come for?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "I came to tell you that little Charlie is dead, and to ask you to make a prayer at the funeral to-morrow; but I did not mean to say what I have. I wish that men could die when life is worthless without destroying their own life. I cannot live, and yet I must."

On a solemn promise that his trouble should not be made public, and with a warm sympathy that half relieved it, the minister gained a clew to the mystery.

"You have not, I hope, fallen into any habits which have destroyed the peace of your wife wife, my young friend," said the clergyman.

"I have no habits and no tastes that I am ashamed of, sir; the trouble is on the other side of tho house. I had not married a week before I found that my wife had been humored by those silly old women till she fancied herself dependent on ale and wine, and even brandy, for strength. I had been taught to shun alcohol as I would a nest of serpents, so I argued with her on the subject, and finally coaxed her into giving up the use of stimulants. But very soon I found that she went to her mothers every day to lunch, and that her grandmother had called me a tyrant for refusing to supply her with wine. When I found how necessary it had become to her, I positively forbade her to touch a drop at home or elsewhere. She pouted and cried, and accused me of inducing weakness which would ruin her health; but she said she would yield to my wishes, and I must bear the consequences; which I agreed to do. But, sir, before long I found that she was deceiving me by having her servant provide it, and then sharing it with her. When the baby came, the nurse ordered whiskey among the house supplies; and as she reigned up stairs, they both—indeed all three—had what they wanted. Then the old lady used to send hot milk punch at bed-time, and for six weeks my house smelt like a grog-shop, day night and was about as attractive to me, when weary with business as a pest house would have been,—for the smell ot ardent spirit and the associations with it were perfectly disgusting to me from boyhood up. My mother trained me to hate it, and to make every one else hate it. When the nurse left, my wife needed Bourbon whiskey and brandy more than ever, to nerve her for the care of the baby; and I actually found her feeding my child with gin to make it sleep, one night! Then I was enraged, and told her that if I ever knew of a drop of spirits passing those pure lips again I would, in the name of heaven, save my baby by sending it away to nurse where she would never find it! That frightened her so that she gave me a solemn promise that no child of mine should be made a drunkard in its cradle,—that's were those old ladies began with her!"

"Charles, my dear fellow, tell me all, and I will save both her and you. You should have told me this before," said his friend.

"Oh, sir, how can a man disgrace his own wife, the mother of his child?" replied the young man, with great agitation. "But it is all out now. I can hide it no longer, and I will throw myself on your mercy. Perhaps God will hear you when you pray; He doesn't hear me!"

"Yes He will hear you, and me too. What was the great sorrow that came then!" asked the minister.

"O, sir, just before our first baby died, she had drank enough to palsy her arm, and she let it fall! When I came home it was in convulsions, and neither she nor the Irish girl knew anything of the cause. But the doctor discovered a dark bruise on the dear little head; and after it was all over she confessed to me what she had denied before. I was almost wild, but she was cruelly calm. My mother, who loved me, and who had a pure home and sweet air to receive me in, lay on her dying bed. I could not resist the temptation of asking sympathy where alone I dared to ask it. She had seen the danger and its progress. I then told her that I had resolved to send my wife back to her mother, and to go to California never to return again. I laid my cheek down on the pillow by my mother's, and I wished in my very soul that I had never left her, and that I might lie down in the grave beside her, now. I kissed her and said, 'O, mother its a comfort to kiss pure lips.' She took my hand in hers, and said, 'My son, you must make me two promises before I can go in pcace.' I told her I would promise her my life, if she asked it, and she said, "Promise me that you will never leave poor Sarah while you live, and that you will not let her fall lead you to think lightly of the religion of Christ. You promised God at the altar, my boy, to love and cherish her, and to live with her while God spared you both on earth,—there were no "if's" in the case. And even should she prove to have been a hypocrite, Jesus is true, and his religion is pure; and you need him more now than ever. Will you promise me to cleave to her to the end, and to believe in the pitying and powerful Redeemer, and to seek him with your whole heart?' I could not deny her last request, so I have dragged on life, hiding the faults of my wife as far as in my power, But from the hour the baby died she began to lose control of herself, and one of her aunts has had to stay at the house all the time to watch her."

"Well, my poor young friend, how are matters now?" asked the pastor.

"O, sir, how can I tell you? Stupefied with wine, she went to sleep last night, and when my sweet Charlie disturbed her, she rose up to quiet him with paregoric, and I think she gave him laudanum; of course, it was by mistake, and she is nearly crazy. Well, be, at least, will never be a drunkard! Here I am, all alone and heart-broken; and yet there's a vow on me to live with this woman in whom I have no confidence, and for whom I have no respect. Must I keep that vow?"

"Yes. It was made in the ear of Heaven, with no conditions; but God will hear you, and either restore her or break the chain. He will not lay on you more than you can bear. What a glory it will be to you should you save that soul from death by your forbearance! You loved her once?"

"Yes, and I don't know but I love her now too well to cast her off on the world, if she hadn't a mother; and yet sometimes I loathe her. I looked on all women as pure and good; and I've been so shocked and crushed that I hardly know how I feel."

"Is the cause of the boy's death known?" asked the minister.

"Probably not. In the first place, the physicians reported the child's death from convulsions; and now by laudanum administered by accident. But she knows and I know what caused the accident; and I feel almost as guilty as she does; I ought to have sent the child away. No woman who uses ardent spirits at all is fit to have the care of a little child. The world may never know all this; but more than one of my neighbors has seen her excited by wine, and I am ashamed to look them in the face. I want to hide myself in the grave, and yet I am not ready to die."

"My dear friend," said the pastor, "you shall not die, but live to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Call on Him in the day of trouble, and He will deliver you, as surely as He reigns in heaven. You are now cut loose from every earthly joy; but He can become more to you than wife, or mother, or child. Carry your grief to Him, and ask His pity and His pardon, and you shall yet see joy and gladness. He has not cast off the son of such a saintly mother."

Little Charlie was laid in the grave. The mother was frantic with the thought that she, when "half asleep," had ended his life; but the father was calm, and perhaps thankful that the darling of his heart would not be reared a drunkard.

The honor of the church was very soon at stake before a gainsaying world, and the name of the poor woman was to be dropped from the books as an unworthy member. But God arrested their action and took the case in His own hand.

Distressed and conscience-stricken, the unhappy woman cast herself on her husband's mercy, and begged him to pray for her that God would, by His almighty power, break the chain that had become too strong for her. She seemed penitent and humble, and cast herself upon God's mercy and the pity of her husband, and implored her friends to confine her, even if it was in prison, to save her from herself! She called God in most piteous tones to take her away from sin. She brought forth hidden stores of wine and broke the bottles in her husband's presence; she charged her sorrow and her sin on her mother and her grandmother, who had from false tenderness planted in her breast this viper who was eating away her character, and which had destroyed the peace of her family and cost the life of the innocents.

And yet with all this before her she dared not say she would cast the destroyer from her; she felt her soul so bound and fettered by this craving for stimulants that she feared to add to her sin by a false vow. She had lost all faith in herself, and implored her friends to treat her like a lunatic.

The pressure was too great for the mind. Conscience accusing, love pleading and the appetite demanding stimulants, while those whom she had begged to do it were encouraging her to gain the victory,—it was too much for her strength, and she sank down in a fever. In her delirium she called her babies to come back and press their cool cheeks against her burning heart; to take her by the hand and lead her to some cool spring where she might quench her thirst. She called on her husband, and promised to grieve and mortify him no more; and pleaded with him not to cast her off, for the sake of their old true love. She called out, "O, cruel mother and grandmother! O, foolish aunts! you have ruined my peace and broken my husband's heart—and—and cast me off from the mercy of Heaven!"

One night a friend of her early and innocent days was sitting by her bed, while her nurse was resting on the lounge beside her. All night her mind had been wandering among things terrible and und unclean, and she had started again and again in horror at sight of a monster who was tearing her away from her husband, on whose name she kept calling in plaintive and imploring tones. Suddenly she raised herself on her pillow, opened her fine brown eyes to her friend, and said, "Mary is that you? O, Mary, I've been a great, great sinner! I've wandered very far from God, and Satan has desired to have me that he might sift me like wheat, and I was almost gone; but God is stronger than Satan, and He can bring back and pardon His wandering prodigal. Mary, call Charlie. When the young husband appeared, she threw her arms feebly about his neck, saying, 'O, Charlie, I'm been a great sinner! I've wounded Christ, and stumbled you, and almost lost my soul. But God has brought me back to His house and pardoned me freely, and now He's taking me home. O, isn't that merciful! I should not dare stay in this world any longer with that awful foe hunting me to destroy my soul. Charlie, don't hate me when I'm in the grave. *You* never felt this awful power. It is like ten thousand lions tearing one frail creature who has no strength to resist them. Try to get it banished from the land! O, tell mothers, and fathers, and churches, and rulers that they know nothing of the power of this foe when once he lays hold on a poor mortal. Love me, and O, love the Saviour, whom I have wounded before you, and who can save even such a sinner as I have been."

And before the day dawned, she slept, and entered, no doubt, into the land where the Tempter has lost his power—

"The stricken deer had gained the home
With the arrow in his heart;"

for God is able to forgive unto the uttermost those who call upon Him.

This painful story is true in all its principal points. Does it not prove that there is danger from ardent spirits, for women as well as for men? Does it not appeal to those in power to stay the flood of poison which is flooding our land with both sin and sorrow?

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK.

"Tick," the clock says—"tick, tick, tick!"
What you have to do, do quick.
Time is gliding fast away;
Let us act, and act to-day.

If your lesson you would get,
Do it now, and do not fret;
That alone is hearty fun
Which comes after duty done.

When your mother says, "Obey,"
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick;
What you have to do, do quick.

If my little boy will mind,
And be prompt and good and kind,
Time to him will be a friend;
Time for him will sweetly end.

KNOW THAT YOU KNOW.

Henry Ward Beecher gives the following account of how he learned to learn when studying. The lesson is a good one for all learners: "I first went to the black-board, uncertain, soft, full of whimpering. 'That lesson must be learned,' he said in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity, and with the certainty of fate. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness.' 'I want that problem. I don't want any reasons why I don't get it.' 'I did study it two hours.' That's nothing to me—I want that lesson, you need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours—just to suit yourself. I want that lesson. Underwood go to the blackboard!' 'Oh, yes, but Underwood got somebody to show him his lesson.' What do I care how you get it? That's your business. But you must have it.' In the midst of a lesson his cold and calm voice would fall upon me in the midst of a demonstration—'No!' I hesitated, stopped and then went back to the beginning; and, reaching the same spot again—No!' uttered with the tone of a perfect conviction, barred my progress. 'The next!' and I set down in red confusion. He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and as he sat down was rewarded with 'Very well.' 'Why,' whimpered I 'I recited it just as he did, and you said No!' Why didn't you say Yes! and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it! You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world say No, your business is to say Yes, and prove it!"

HOW CAPT. HALL PROPOSES TO HUNT FOR THE NORTH POLE.

In an address at a farewell banquet given him in New York city, Capt. Hall gave the following as his plan of sailing the Polaris:

I propose to leave the port of New York and go inio Davis Straits, first stopping at St. John's, Newfoundland. After spending a few days at this island I shall cross Baffin's Bay, keeping the island of Greenland aboard, as we call it, on the starboard side, and keeping between the drift of the channel, and the land line. After getting to Cape York, and a little above it to Cape Diggs. I then expect to run on a parallel with Jones' Sound, latitude 76°. If land and water permit the Polaris to go to latitude 80°, I shall do so; but if the heavy pack ice drives me back I shall take a course up Smith Sound, the route of Dr. Kane. Failing in Jones Sound, I shall go into Smith Sound, aad if we cannot then find a way between the land and ice I shall go back, and perhaps take harbor where Dr. Hayes took his, perfectly satisfied to let that be the basis of my operations in reaching the North Pole. I have no idea of getting the Polaris higher than 80 deg. this year. The remainder of the distance will be commenced in April of next year, on no less than five sledges drawn by 15 dogs, and accompanied by two men each. When the provisions of one sledge are entirely exhausted, it will resurn, and so will each sledge until one is left to traverse the last one hundred miles. If I find open water, I shall go on with my portable boats.

Obituary.

Weathy Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. James Harris of Dartmouth, and third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Van Buskirk of Bloomfield Digby Co., departed this life May the 9th 1871 aged 29 years.

In early life she became deeply thoughtful and concerned for salvation. During a visit to East Boston she became alarmed lest she should never be counted worthy to walk with Christ in white. Months passed by, in which her daily enquiry was, "Where is he whom my soul desireth to see? These were months of anxiety and sorrow. In 1862 under the preaching of the Rev. W. McCarty, whilst he was discoursing upon the beautiful doctrine of "salvation by faith,"—her mind became suddenly enlightened, her heart strangely warmed and she was enabled to rejoice in that liberty with which Christ doth make his children free.

Her sorrow was turned into gladness, her sadness into joy, and from that time her aim was to adorn the doctrine of Christ Jesus her Saviour. In March 1870 her health began to fail and she sank gradually until death put an end to her sufferings; and her happy spirit soared aloft to that Jesus whom she loved, and to that heaven to which she so joyously looked forward. In behalf of sorrowing husband and parents we mention the visits of Rev'ds Thos. Angwin and C. H. Paisley which afforded her great comfort when she neared the darkness of deaths valley. On the occasion of her funeral the Rev. W. C. Brown preached a most comforting and appropriate discourse founded on Rev. 8. 17.

On the 10th of July died her only child,—a dear little boy of only 18 months;—and whilst we laid his remains by those of his mother we thought of them as together in the better land, because Jesus says of the children "of such is the kingdom of heaven. Whilst the mourners once more wept, we endeavoured to comfort them by a discourse from Job 14. 1 and 2 ver.

F. M. P.

Weymouth, July 1871.

ALBERT D. STEVENSON, ST. ANDREWS N. B.

Brother Stevenson died on the 22nd July, aged 27. He was a young man of very great promise. He was exceedingly energetic, rigorously honest in business, and although so young was one of the most prominent commercial men in St. Andrews. He was a constant friend, a tender and kind son, and a devoted husband. True affection characterized him, for all with whom he was really acquainted, and in return all his acquaintances became his loving friends. *He was a Christian.* Converted about four years ago, his piety has ever since been sincere, but unostentatious. His young and beautiful life was full of the purest of the spirit which is "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

His funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in this town. Bro. McKeown and the writer addressed the crowded congregation, assembled in the Methodist church, touching the useful and exemplary life, and the peaceful and triumphant dead of the deceased. On Sabbath 30th July we preached two sermons with reference to the life here and the life hereafter of our departed brother. One from Jer. 17. 7 8 "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, &c." In the death of our friend the town, and especially the Methodist church, have lost much; but "our loss is his gain." He could say "for me to live is Christ but to die is gain." He has gone home—gone up from the pilgrim valley to the golden throne—gone up from the dustand the clang of battle, to get the crown God gives to the overcomers. He was tired, tired once, but he is at rest now. He was sick and languid once, but he is in perfect health now.

"*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*" May the Father comfort the widow and his parents in their affliction.

C. B. PITBLADO.

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MAGAZINES.

Sunday Magazine, $1 75; Leisure Hour, Sunday at Home Family Treasury, Good Words, $1 50 each per annum; 25 cents additional when mailed for the country.

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Christian at Work, 56c; British Messenger British Workman and Workwoman, Cottager Artizan, Child's Companion, Children's Prize Children's Friend, 25c each, postage 3c. per annum; Gospel Trumpet, Child's Paper, Children' Paper, S. S. Messenger, etc, 13½c each, postage 1½c additional per annum. Single Papers, 10c additional.

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NEW BOOKS.

Just received at the Wesleyan BOOK ROOM.

1. Climbing a Manuel for the Young, price	$0 75
2. Farra's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,	1.05
3. Locke's Theology, 2nd Edition	1.50
4. Grindrod's Compendium of the Laws and Regulations of Wesleyan Methodism	1.80
5. William's Exposition of Romans,	1.80
6. Jackson's Life of Charles Wesley,	1.05
7. Benson's Commentary on the New Testament, 2 Vols.	6.30
8. W. B. Pope's Kingdom and reign of Christ,	1.50
9. Wesley's Christian Theology arranged, By Rev. Thornley Smith,	.10
10. Wayland's Moral Science,	
11. Kidder's Homeletics,	1.25
12. T. Binney's Sermons,	1.35
13. True Womanhood—Memorials of Eliza Hessell,	
14. The successful Student—Memorials of Richard W. Poritay B. A.	1.25
15. Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh,	1.00
16. Critical Commentary on the Bible, By Jamieson, Faussett and Brown, 4 Vols. 12 mo.	4.50
17. Wesley's Notes on the New Testament,	1.25
and	62½
18. Memoirs of the Rev. David Stoner,	.30
19. Sutcliffe's Commentary on the Old and New Testament,	3.75
20. Dr. Clarke's Letter to a Preacher.	.30

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1. Hanna's Life of Christ, 3 Vols.	$4.50
2. Bickersteth's, Yesterday, To-Day and Forever,	2.00
3. White's Words and their uses, past and present, A study of the English Language,	1.75
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Halifax, N. S., Feb. 28th, 1871.

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June 22. HENRY G. HILL.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac.

AUGUST, 1871.

Last Quarter, 8th day, 0h. 9m., morning.
New Moon, 16th day, 2h. 47m., morning.
First Quarter, 23rd day, 7h. 21m., morning.
Full Moon, 30th day, 2h, 6m., morning.

D. M.	Dy Wk.	SUN. Rises	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises.	MOON. South.	MOON. Sets.	H. Tide at Halifax
1	Tu.	4 49	7 23	8 31	0 25	4 58	7 44
2	W.	4 51	7 21	9 3	1 23	6 15	8 36
3	Th.	4 52	7 20	9 29	2 15	7 27	9 22
4	Fr.	4 53	7 19	9 53	3 4	8 39	10 4
5	Sa.	4 55	7 17	10 16	3 49	9 45	10 44
6	SU.	4 56	7 16	10 39	4 33	10 50	11 26
7	M.	4 57	7 15	11 3	5 16	11 53	A 5
8	Tu.	4 58	7 14	11 32	5 59	A 55	0 48
9	W.	4 59	7 12	morn.	6 44	1 56	1 34
10	Th.	5 0	7 11	0 4	7 31	2 58	2 55
11	Fr.	5 1	7 9	0 40	8 18	3 56	3 43
12	Sa.	5 2	7 7	1 24	9 7	4 50	4 56
13	SU.	5 3	7 6	2 15	9 58	5 41	6 1
14	M.	5 4	7 5	3 13	10 49	6 25	6 53
15	Tu.	5 6	7 3	4 15	11 39	7 3	7 38
16	W.	5 7	7 1	5 21	A 28	7 35	8 14
17	Th.	5 8	7 0	6 29	1 16	8 3	8 52
18	Fr	5 9	6 58	7 37	2 3	8 29	9 25
19	Sa.	5 10	6 57	8 44	2 49	8 54	9 59
20	SU	5 11	6 55	9 52	3 35	9 18	10 33
21	M.	5 12	6 54	11 5	4 25	9 45	11 11
22	Tu.	5 14	6 52	A. 19	5 17	10 15	11 55
23	W.	5 15	6 50	1 33	6 12	10 51	morn.
24	Th.	5 16	6 49	2 46	7 9	11 32	0 41
25	Fr.	5 17	6 47	3 54	8 9	morn.	1 36
26	Sa.	5 18	6 45	4 55	9 11	0 24	2 51
27	Su.	5 19	6 44	5 46	10 12	1 27	4 18
28	M.	5 21	6 42	6 26	11 9	2 38	5 42
29	Tu.	5 22	6 40	6 59	morn.	3 52	6 45
30	W.	5 23	6 38	7 29	0 2	5 5	7 39
31	Th.	5 24	6 36	7 54	0 53	6 17	8 25

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

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours 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.

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

PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN,

ORGAN OF THE

Wesleyan Methodist Church of E. B. America.

Editor—Rev. H. Pickard, D.D.

Printed by Theophilus Chamberlain.

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