

SEPTEMBER hath 30 Days.

Gradual the woods their varied tints assume;
The hawthorn reddens, and the rowan tree
Displays its ruby clusters, seeming sweet,
Yet harsh, disfiguring the fairer face.
At sultry hour of noon the reaper band
Rest from their toil, and in the livery stook
Their sickles hang.

Last Quarter, 5th day, 11h. 54m. morning

New Moon, 12th day, 10h. 46m. morning

First Quarter, 19th day, 2h. 15m. morning

Full Moon, 26th day, 11h. 59m. afternoon

M. W. D. D.	Feasts, Festivals, Weather, &c.	R.	S.	R.	S.	pl	Full Sea	Sun's dec.
1 Th	Ides.	5	20	17	50	25	5	16° 21'
2 Fri	London burnt, 1666. O. S. ♂ stat.	5	27	7	8	20	8	9° 51' 59"
3 Sat	clear and pleasant	5	29	7	9	0	18	10° 23' 37"
4 B	14th Sun. after Trin.	5	30	7	9	41	11	8° 7' 15"
5 Mo	♀ Venus rises 11h. 54m	5	32	7	10	32	13	0° 6' 53"
6 Tu	♂ ♀ Dog days end.	5	34	7	11	28	25	1° 16' 34"
7 We	Ennuchus.	5	35	7	11	20	27	2° 34' 6"
8 Th	Nat. of B. V. Mary	5	37	7	0	32	21	3° 51' 46"
9 Fri	cool mornings and evenings	5	38	7	1	40	5	4° 45' 25"
10 Sat	Saturn south 6h 10m A. M	5	39	7	2	54	20	5° 55' 51"
11 B	15th Sun. af. Trin.	5	41	7	4	9	12	6° 44' 38"
12 Mo	♂ ♀	5	43	7	5	20	20	7° 24' 15"
13 Tu	♂ perigee	5	44	7	5	26	28	8° 10' 52"
14 We	Holy Cross. ♀ ☐	5	46	7	6	30	20	8° 41' 32"
15 Th	♀ Venus rises 2h 15m	5	47	7	7	4	10	9° 27' 6"
16 Fri	♂ ♀ Inf. falling weather	5	49	7	7	32	20	10° 19' 24"
17 Sat	Lambert.	5	50	7	8	23	11	2° 22' 19"
18 B	16th Sun. after Trin.	5	52	7	9	14	18	3° 39' 55"
19 Mo	♀ Venus rises 2h 39m	5	53	7	10	11	26	4° 24' 33"
20 Tu	♂ ♀	5	55	7	11	0	34	5° 14' 10"
21 We	St. Matthew. <i>Sail 1/2 past 1 o'clock</i>	5	57	7	0	16	27	6° 38' 04"
22 Th		5	58	7	1	21	33	7° 53' 02"
23 Fri	☉ enters ♈	0	0	6	2	28	22	9° 51' 04"
24 Sat		0	1	6	3	28	30	10° 42' 02"
25 B	17th Sunday af. Trin. ♂ stat. ♀ stat.	6	3	6	4	29	16	0° 19' 04"
26 Mo	St. Cyprian.	6	5	6	5	29	28	6° 53' 11"
27 Tu	♂ apogee	6	6	6	6	29	36	7° 25' 34"
28 We	♀ ♂ rain at this time	6	7	6	6	8	21	7° 57' 58"
29 Th	St. Michael. Q. of Wirt. b.	6	9	6	6	37	8	8° 27' 22"
30 Fri	St. Jérôme.	6	11	6	7	11	15	8° 19' 24"

him in the morning, she was pale, trembling and bewildered. Mingrat, alarmed by her appearance, asked her abruptly what was the matter with her. The poor girl thought in vain to convince him that she had seen or heard nothing, except a few moans, which she supposed proceeded from himself being ill. The curate, however, continuing to question her, the girl's fears got the better of her, she threw herself upon her knees, and joining her hands exclaimed in the most supplicating manner, "Oh, Sir, permit me to go away; I can no longer bear it!" This exclamation was a thunder-clap for the curate; he clearly saw that his weak-minded, but honest creature, was mistress of his life and secret. He got between her and the door, and after a few moments reverie, he seized her by the arm, and dragged her into the sanctuary, forced her down upon her knees on the steps of the altar, and