

The pride of summer has decay'd,
And yellow leaves incessant move;
No more is the leafy shade
Which once so fair adorn'd the grove.

Last Quarter, 7th day, 11h. 30m. morning
New Moon, 14th day, 9h. 18m. afternoon
First Quarter, 23d day, 1h. 34m. morning
Full Moon, 30th day, 5h. 27m. morning

M W	Feasts, Festivals, Weather, &c.	R.	S.	R.	S.	Pl.	D	D	Full	D's
D D									Sea	son's
1 Tu	Remigius.	6	12	6	12	0	rises.	17	33	0
2 We	21 south 3h. 47' a.m.	6	14	6	6	32	8	8	25	0
3 Th	D perigee.	6	15	6	7	00	16	9	20	1
4 Fri		6	17	6	7	53	11	10	19	2
5 Sat		6	18	6	8	49	15	11	20	3
6 F	20th Sun. after Trin. Faith.	6	20	6	9	54	29	0	24	4
7 Mo		6	21	6	11	7	3	1	26	5
8 Tu	21 south 1h. 34' a. m.	6	23	6	10	27	2	25	7	55
9 We	St. Denys.	6	24	6	10	21	3	19	6	49
10 Th		6	26	6	1	31	24	4	9	8
11 Fri		6	27	6	2	43	11	4	50	9
12 Sat		6	29	6	3	51	21	5	40	10
13 F	19th Sun. af. Trin. Trns. of K. Edw. Con.	6	30	6	4	57	26	6	23	10
14 Mo		6	32	6	sets.	16	7	6	11	36
15 Tu		6	33	6	5	9	29	7	50	0
16 We		6	35	6	5	35	11	8	35	1
17 Th	Etheldred. rain and wind	6	36	6	6	6	23	9	23	1
18 Fri	St. Luke.	6	38	6	6	43	1	10	12	2
19 Sat	D Apogee.	6	40	6	7	29	17	11	2	3
20 F	20th Sunday after Trinity.	6	42	6	8	23	29	11	54	4
21 Mo		6	43	6	9	22	30	0	20	5
22 Tu		6	45	6	10	28	22	0	43	6
23 We	☉ enters n. stat.	6	46	6	11	33	1	33	6	51
24 Th		6	48	6	morn.	17	2	21	7	37
25 Fri	Crispin.	6	49	6	0	41	3	7	8	23
26 Sat	21 south 2h. 12' a. m.	6	50	6	1	50	13	3	52	0
27 F	21st Sunday after Trinity.	6	52	6	3	00	26	4	39	9
28 Mo	St. Simon and St. Jude.	6	53	6	4	12	5	26	10	46
29 Tu		6	55	6	5	27	25	6	16	11
30 We	28	6	56	6	6	48	8	7	19	morn.
31 Th	blustering and cold	6	57	6	rises	25	8	8	0	38

"Kissing goes by favour."

Well, who cares if it does? There was Dorothy Dump, she, to be sure, was invited to Tabitha Twist's quilting, and my girls were left out of the list. The girls were pouty about it, but I told them to keep still; for certain whims and humours will govern certain persons. "Mind me, girls, keep to the main chance. Industry is better than frolicking—and you will find that the world will think a lark to be better than a kite."

There never was a busier time than now. Potatoes to dig—corn to gather and husk—flax to be seen to—apples to pick—garden roots to be gathered, and a thousand other matters and things. This is no time to be dull, when you have the brightest prospects before you. In fact, if any is to be cheerful it is the farmer, when he sees the ripe fruits of his labour laughing all around him, and his lowing herds and bleating flocks gamboling and sporting over his fields, or bending their way to their several folds to receive their portion of bounty from their owner.—Throw up your gardens into ridges.