The Family.

THE RITUALIST.

'Twas after Antiphonal Song at three,
And he said:—"O, Rector, list to me!
Weary and tempted, and sick at heart,
I come from the busy world apart,
Like a tired child to its father home.
Laden with grief and sin I come,
The blackened Past before me stands,
And pale Remorse with her helpless hands,
Ever and ever broodeth near.
Hast thou no comfort, no word of cheer,
To heal the hurt of a stricken breast,
And soothe its storms into peaceful rest?
Pity, oh! pity, I pray of thee!
The waters of Death go over me!"

And the Rector answered with a frown
(For the stranger had rumpled his snowy gown):
"Your case is a very singular one,
Twelve candles burn on the altar-stone;
And twelve wax candles, twelve feet high,
Might lift a soul into ecstasy!
I can't account for your present mood.
Have you noticed the sweep of my scarlet hood?
Or fixed the gaze of your famished soul
On the lovely shade of my broidered stole?
Perchance by grovelling cares debased,
You lack the true æsthetic taste.
Here is a balm for your b'eeding heart,
A tract on Mediæval Art;
'Twill heal your soul's rebellious schism,
You need no creed but symbolism,
Cast to the winds your morbid woe.
Receive my absolution. Go!"

And a chilled and hardened heart went down,
To lose itself in the giddy town,
To drink again at its poisoned springs,
To crush the birth of better things.
Yet, mid the wreck so sadly wrought,
Perchance there rankled a bitter thought
Of one whose saintly office gave
No grace to succor or to save;
Whose life no richer fruit might know
Than the dry husk of outward show,
No higher aim, no holier call
Than the looking-glass on the vestry-wall!

BEREAN NOTES.

BY REV. G. H. WHITNEY, D. D.

LESSON XIII. REVIEW OF THE FIRST QUARTER. Exod. 15. 1-11.

LEADER. 1. Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying.

SCHOOL. I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

L. 2. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my savation:

S. He is my God and I will prepare him a habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him.

L. 3 The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name.

S. 4. Pharaoh's chariots and his hosts hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains are drowned in the Red Sea.

L. 5. The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone.

S. 6. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

L. 7. And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee:

S. Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble.

L. 8. And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were concealed in the heart of the sea.

S. 9. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil: my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

L. 10. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them.

S. They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

L. 11 Who is like unto thee, O Lord among the gods?

S. Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?

TOPIC: *The Lord of Lords our Leader.*

GOLDEN TEXT: Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises doing wonders? Exod. 15. 11.

HOME READINGS: *M.* Gen. 41. 38-45. *Tu.* Exod. 1. 1-14. *W.* Exod. 2. *Th.* Exod. 3. 1-15. *F.* Exod. 14. S. Exod. 16. S. Exod. 18.

REVIEW OUTLINE AND QUESTIONS:

[The topics will form an admirable Review Outline.]

1.) Name the principal Persons about whom we have studied during the quarter.

2.) Name and locate on the map the principal PLACES.

3.) Study carefully the MONTHLY REVIEW QUESTIONS for the first QUARTER. [See Special Bible Lessons.]

4.) Recite the TITLES, TOPICS, and GOLDEN TEXTS for the quarter.

5.) Bring written answers to one or more of these questions:

1.) How are the *fullness and sufficiency* of the Gospel taught in the lessons for this quarter?

2.) In which of the lessons are we reminded of the *life and work of Jesus?* How?

3.) Which lesson reminds us of our *fallen condition?*

4.) In which lesson are we taught most impressively the *folly of resisting God?*

5.) Which lesson is calculated *to encourage ministers and teachers?*

6. Trace the route of the Israelites from Ramese to Sinai, and state their *principal difficulties.*

7.) In what respect does the *Holy Bible* resemble the *pillar of cloud and of fire?*

REVIEW READING FOR THE MONTH.

Between the Egyptians and the Israelites there was a——. Moses stretched out his —— over the——. The children of —— went into the —— upon —— and the Egyptians following were ——. The Israelites came to the wilderness of ——. They found no ——. They came to ——, where the waters were —— Moses sweetened the ——, by means of a ——. At Elim they found —— wells, and —— palm trees. They next went to the wilderness of ——, where they murmured. God sent them —— from heaven. At Rephidim they fought with—— and conquered. The name of the —— which Moses built is ——

TOPICS AND GOLDEN TEXTS.—*Deliverance:* FAITH; *Water:* HEALING; *Food:* BREAD; *Victory:* ENEMIES; *Leader:* GODS....HOLINESS....WONDERS.

LESSONS FOR APRIL.

APRIL 5. The Ten Commandments. Exod. 20. 1-17.

APRIL 12. The Golden Calf. Exod 32. 1-6, 19. 20.

APRIL 19. The People Forgiven. Exod. 33. 12-20.

APRIL 26. The Tabernacle Set Up. Exod. 40. 17-30.

HOW DR. DAVID PAID HIS DEBT.

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

"Please to let Benny get warm, sir? He's most froze. I was carryin' him round to the place where I sell papers, and he kind o' wilted right down, and this man said he would carry him home, it's an awful long way from here, and he aint over strong, Benny aint."

Dr. David had left his school-room full of unruly scholars, at the sound of a timid knock. Opening the door, he found a ragged newsboy looking wistfully in his face. One cold and dingy hand clutched his shabby hat, while the other picked at its dilapidated brim. The snow was falling fast, and through the air made misty by the white flakes, Dr. David could see a man holding close to his great rough beard all powdered with snow the pale fair face of a little child. The eyes were shut, but one thin hand clung tightly to the old coat of his protector. The man said nothing but waited patiently the result of the petition, and to Dr. David's question, answered only "Me German," seeming quite sure of the boy's success, and quite distrustful of his own ability to aid by words. Dr. David looked down on the little petitioner—"And you want to leave Benny here for me to take care of, eh, little man? how do I know that you'll ever come back again for him? You newsboys are up to all kinds of tricks, pretty nearly as bad as the city boys. What is your name? Where do you live? Is there nobody to take care of Benny but you?"

The boy shook his thick hair back, and crushed his hat into a shapeless mass as he looked up into Dr. David's face.

'Nobody but me, nobody since my mother died. Father died ever so long ago. I kin take care of him good—but to-day he was afraid to be left, and I tried to bring him along. I'm Bob Bowers, an' live down by the cooper-shop."

Dr. David was a kind-hearted man, but within exceedingly cool and cautious. He thought about all the disorder that would ensue when the little child was seated in the small school room among the scholars. He thought of the chances of being left with a sickly boy to care of altogether, but the appealing and wistful look in the brown eyes soon overcame all scruples and he bid the children both come in. Benny was seated in an old wooden settee by the side of the stove, and Dr. David folded up his own coat to make a rest for his head. You may be sure there was a commotion among the scholars and loud comments on Bob Bower's ragged clothes and rough hair. He shook his grimy fist at one or two when Dr. David was looking another way. "I'll come back, sir, by three o'clock sure," said Bob; then whispering loudly to Benny.

'Don't you git skeery; I'll be back 'fore you can say Jack Robinson;' and with another hitch at the tow string that served for suspender he ran off as quickly as his old shoes would allow.

When recess came Dr. David was obliged to stand guard over the little yellow-haired lad in the corner who looked about him like a strange cat. The boys called him 'sissy,' and blew back his yellow curls whenever they got a chance; they made horrible faces at him until tears came in his big eyes, and then called him 'Miss Nancy,' until he began to think he would rather have been out in the freezing cold and snow.

It was not until Dr. David had called the ringleader aside and told him in confidence that 'he wished he would keep a little watch over the boys and see that they did not worry the poor motherless, sickly lad,' and so disarmed him altogether, that there was anything like peace.

Benny lay down on the coat and slept all the afternoon, until the school was dismissed, and Bob had not yet appeared.

Dr. David begrn to have some misgivings, now, and to speculate on the chances of being left with the sick boy on his hands, but resolved to wait a little longer before he felt any serious distrust.

Meantime he tried to divert the little fellow who was growing unhappy and restless. He had gentle girlish ways, and a soft voice, quite unlike the great schoolboys with whom Dr. David had to deal. He told of his long fever and all the queer visions that he had while it lasted, and of the kind lady who came every day to see him until she had to go to her home in another city.

There was always a sparkle in his eye when he spoke of Bob, and he said over and over, 'Bob promised mother, and Bob'll stick to me I bet you.'

'And can you skate any, Benny?' said Dr. David, by way of amusing him. 'Not much, sir; only with one foot; I had an old skate, but a feller can't do much with one. My mother used to live by a big river, and in winter-time it froze all over, and the college-boys came down like the wind on the ice, she says; she used to see lots of 'em. Sometimes toward spring the ice got thin and every once in a while some chap got most drowned. Mother used to tell me how she saved one feller's life—'

'Did your mother save somebody's life?' asked Dr. David as he stopped in his walk to and fro, and sat down beside the little lad.

'Yes, sir, she did; I've heard her tell when she was a young girl. That must have been awful long ago, musn't it?'

'Tell me all about it,' said Dr. David, as he looked long and earnestly at the big brown eyes that had a strangely familiar look, the same look he had seen in Bob's upturned face.

'Well'—Benny felt quite proud that his story had such an interested listener—'well mother used to tell me all about it, over and over, when I was getting well, and wanted stories every minute. She used to teach in the district school, and she had to go close by the River every day. So one day she saw a college feller comin' along like a steamboat, round by the bend. There had been a thaw, so that the ice was dreadfully thin, she saw him comin' right straight on towards a cracked place in the ice that he didn't see at all. She hollered and threw up her hands, and tried to stop him, but he was goin' so fast he didn't see her, and sure enough crack went the ice, and he went right straight down in the cold water.

'Then he tried to pull himself out, but the rotten ice kept breaking away as fast as he took hold of the edge. She said it was drefful to see that white face going up and down, and the poor arms flinging out to try to get hold somewhere. Then mother said she made up her mind to try to save him, and she ran to the fence and pulled and tugged till she got out a long rail, and she went out on the ice by the shore dragging the rail and telling him to 'hold on a little longer' and she'd save him.'

Benny stopped in his story to add:

'If you'd seen my mother! She had little bits of white hands, and big black eyes, and yaller hair; when she died—' and then he was still a moment.

'Go on,' said Dr. David almost harshly, as he turned his head away from the child's earnest look. 'What then?'

'Well, she stepped out softly, softly on the cracked ice, then she pushed the rail ahead over the hole at one side, and flung her waterproof so that he could chamber over the rail and catch that, and then she dragged him on the sale ice; wasn't that splendid, sir?"

'What was your mother's first name, Benny?'

'Let me see—mother's name? Oh, I know, cause in a little Testament I see it all wrote out. 'Christie Gray'—that was her name.'

All this time Dr. David had been fidgeting in his chair, getting up and down, punching the fire, and opening and shutting the stove-door, in a way quite unlike his usual quiet manner. When Bob, quite breathless came to take Benny home, he was not a little astonished at the doctor's manner.

'Benny has been telling me about your mother once saving a collegian's life from drowning when the ice broke in. Did your mother ever tell you his name?'

'No, sir, not as I 'member, but she said he had a queer mark on his wrist, where his wet sleeve was rolled back—a shape of an arrow, all in blue dots,' and then Benny stood and stared while Dr. David drew back his sleeve, and there among the blue veins ot the wrist they saw the blue-dotted arrow!

Bob was quite dumb with astonishment, while Benny nodded his yellow head wisely, whispering loudly. 'It's him! 'It's him!'

What soft place in Dr. David's heart was touched, what tender memories of the pretty teacher who had saved his life came back, I need not whisper here. Something it all had to do with his bachelorhood I shrewdly guess; something to do with his life of devotion to books and seclusion from the world; something to do with his cold and distant manner toward womankind.

Certain it is that as he looked at the strangely familiar faces of dead Christie's children, a mist came over his eyes and there was a choke in his voice as he told Bob to pack up and come to his house to do chores nights and mornings, and come to school all day, while Benny would be cared for by his old housekeeper most faithfully until he should be strong enough to join him.

So Bob's vagabond life was ended, and so Dr. David's new interest in life began with the snowy morning when the orphan children were guided to his door for shelter and his weighty debt to Christie Gray was paid with interest.

THISTLES.

Some years ago there lived in the north end of Scotland a little girl named Mary ——, who was very fond of roaming about on the wild hills and broad commons of that fine open country in search of wild flowers. She had a great liking for the thistle, which grows in uncommon abundance in Scotland, and is the national emblem of that country.

The thistle grows wild in England, being found in its corn-fields, on its rough pastureland, and elsewhere; but one might almost think it was cultivated in some parts of Scotland, for it grows in such large quanities, and much taller and larger than in this country.

Now little Mary admired the thistle, because it was tall and bore what she called "pretty flowers;" and she did not consider her nosegays of wild flowers, so carefully selected according to her taste, were complete unless they were adorned by a thistle or two placed in the centre of each bunch.

She found it a very difficult matter, however, for her tender hands to gather the thistles on account of their prickly leaves and stems, and whenever she attempted to pluck one she always pricked her hands, and sometimes so severely that they bled. This made the little girl cry; but she was so fond of her 'pretty flowers,' the thistles, that she could not be content until she had plucked at least one to place in her nosegay, and therefore she would pass from thistle to thistle, every now and then make a cautious attempt to get one; crying when she pricked herself, then trying again until at last success attended her efforts.

Then she was satisfied, and after she had placed her well-earned thistle in her nosegay, she would admire it, and trot off to show her mother the pretty flowers which she had gathered, taking care to call particular attention to the thistle in the centre—her face radiant with smiles, while the recent tear-drops were glistening in her eyes.

Is there not in this little story a lesson which all should learn? I think there is. Was not little Mary's a case of perseverance under difficulties? It was; and a very interesting case too, considering that she was a little girl of only two or three years of age.

Her object was to pluck a thistle because she admired it. But it was no easy matter to do this, as the thistle was covered with prickly thorns. Still, she persevered in her efforts, although they were attended with pain, and kept on until her object was gained.

So let us learn not to be discouraged because difficulties lie in our way through life; but let us strive to overcome them, ever keeping the reward in view, and success will crown our efforts at last. You may have heard them sing at school—

"And if at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

It would be well for us to remember this when difficulties present themselves, and to work on, bearing in mind the old but true saying. "Perserverance conquers all things."—*Methodist Messenger*, 1872.

"I'M A TEMPERANCE BOY."

CHARIES B, is a boy of fifteen, living in a western town. He made his first journey to New York, and visited his relatives, many of whom he had never seen. In the house of one of his uncles he sat at a Sunday dinner where wine was drank by all—the parents, children and visitors. When it was presented to Charlie he said,—

'No, I thank you.'

'What,' said his uncle, 'won't you drink wine with your cousin Nellie, who is so soon to leave us for a home of her own.'

'No, sir," said Charlie, 'I'm a temperance boy.'

That was true bravery. Charlie was among those he had been accustomed to respect, and the temptation would have been very great to many boys. His mother heard it and said, 'Charlie, I am proud of you.'

Which of you would have done as Charlie did? You must learn to say no to everything that would lead you into harm. Better to say no to those who ask you to drink even wine, for drinking wine gives a taste for stronger drink, and then a boy runs rapidly to ruin.

See that noble-looking young man, handsome, educated, gentlemanly, the son of good Christian parents, with a good business and everything to make him respectable, beloved and useful. What is the matter with him? His face is red and bloated, and he totters as he walks. Ah! he did not learn to say no when tempted, and he has fallen a victim to the great vice of the day.—*Christian Guardian.*

GO DEEP.—Do not hover always on the surface of things, nor take up suddenly with false appearances; but penetrate into the depth of matters so far as time and circumstances allow, especially as to those things which relate to your profession.

A HINDO LETTER.

You all have heard of the late Governor Seward, I suppose, and how, though he was an old man, he made a journey around the world, and afterward wrote a big book about it. Did you ever hear of the letter he received from a Maharajah of Hindostan, the richest and one of the most distinguished men of the country? This letter was only a friendly line to Governor Seward, requesting the honor of a visit; but think of the style! It was written by the maharajah's secretary, in beautiful Arabic characters, on gilt paper. The envelope was not like those used in America, but was a bag of the finest *kincob*; that is, a kind of silk, woven stiff with golden threads, and cost about seventy-five dollars a yard. The bag and the letter within it were perfumed with costly attar of roses, and the whole was tied with a silken cord, on which was suspended the great waxen seal of the Kingdom, or State of Puttenla. This seal alone weighed four ounces.

Somebody sent President Grant a postal-card the other day. I wonder what His Magnificent Highness the Maharajah would think of *that?*

KIND WORDS.

They never blister the tougue nor lips.

And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and make them blaze more fiercely.

Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the bearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

HARRY'S SLEIGH BELL.

Harry Fairchild carried a little sleigh bell to church one Sunday, and when he walked up the aisle it made a noise at every step.

When he was seated in the pew he couldn't move without making it rattle, so that some folks heard it, and one man looked round to see what made the noise.

Harry soon got tired of sitting so still, and tried to think what he should do, for he was in great trouble.

After a little while he put his hand into his pocket and took the bell out slowly, holding it tightly, so it couldn't rattle, and looking up to his mother, with a guilty face, asked her to take it; but she smiled and shook her head, as much as to say, No, you must take care of it yourself, for punishment. So Harry had to keep very quiet till the service was done. Then he drew a long breath, and said to himself, "I don't believe I shall ever hear the last of this bell." And he was right, for he hasn't yet.—*Congregationalist.*

THE MOST POWERFUL GUN IN THE WORLD.

The new reinforcement siege guns lately added to the German artillery, of 21, 28, and 30½ centimeters rifled bore, are said to be the most powerful guns in the world. Their performances are truly remarkable. The last mentioned gun, with 120 to 130lbs. of prismatic powder of from 1.74 to 1.76 specific gravity, fires a chilled cast-iron shell of 600 to 610 lbs. weight with an initial velocity of 1,607 feet per second, which is said to never have been attained before by any rifled gun. At a distance of 1,200 paces, or 988 yards, it sends the shell clean through a 14 inch armor plate and backing. The gun is very handy and easily manœuvred; it requires one man to handle the breech piece, two to lift up and insert the shell by means of a davit lift, two men to give it its greatest elevation of 17 deg. in 16½ seconds, or its greatest depression of 6½ deg. in 11 seconds, and two men to give it its latteral direction by means of a chain running over jack pulleys.

OLIO.

AN exquisitely-dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweller that he would—ah, like to have—ah, something engraved on it—ah—to denote what he was! 'Certainly,' said the tradesman; 'I'll put a cipher on it.'

HOW TO PUT IT.—'Mamma says it is not polite to ask for cake,' said a little boy. 'No,' was the reply; 'it does not look well in little boys to do so.' 'But,' said the urchin, 'she didn't say I must not eat a piece if you gave it to me.'

'I AM not myself at all to-day,' said a bore to a wit. 'No matter,' was the reply; 'whoever else you may be, you're a gainer by the change.'

JOHNNY'S CONFESSION.—At night, Johnny climbed up into his mother's lap, and, laying his head on her shoulder said, in a low, sorry tone:

'I took that glass marble, mamma.'

'Took it from whom?' asked his mother.

'I took it from the ground,' said Johnny.

'Did it belong to the ground?' asked his mother; 'did the ground go to the shop and buy it?'

Johnny tried to laugh at such a funny thought, but he could not.

'I saw it on the ground,' said he.

'What little boy had it before?'

'Asa May's it is, I guess," whispered Johnny.

'When you put out your hand to take it, did you forget 'Thou God, seest me?' asked his mother. 'Did you not hear a voice saying, 'Don't Johnny; don't Johnny?''

'I didn't hear it,' said the boy sobbing; 'I grabbed quick!'—*Youths' Companion.*

"I'LL RISK IT."—A faithful pastor urged a young lady of his congregation and Sabbath school to come to Jesus NOW. She impatiently answered: "You are always urging me NOW, NOW. I cannot see the need of such great hurry." "I have no authority to preach or to teach any other Gospel." "O, well, I'll risk it," she jauntingly replied, as she waved a good-by and started on a summer's pleasuring. A burning steamer on the Hudson river closed the short chapter of her unhappy lite.

O teacher, teach a present salvation, a present peril to shun, a present heaven to win. And do it NOW, on this Sabbath, and on every Sabbath you meet and greet your scholars. It may be your last time to teach, their last time to hear.

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Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

MARCH, 1874

Full Moon, 3rd day, 1h. 7m., morning.
Last Quarter, 11th day, 5h. 19m., morning.
New Moon, 18th day, 0h. 48m. morning.
First Quarter, 24th day, 6h. 17m., morning.

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

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

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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.

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