The Family.

BEHIND AND BEFORE.

The river's bank is reached at last.
Ere many hours I shall pass o'er
This turbid stream, which, though so wild,
Can't quench the light from yonder shore;
Behind me lie the rugged paths of Time,
The hills and steeps I have been wont to climb.

Behind—I leave my troubled life,
So full of faithlessness and sin;
Before, yea, close at hand I grasp
The love that died my soul to win.
All other props would fail and break away
But this is powerful now my soul to stay.

Behind—I leave an earthly home
From which my dearest all have passed;
Before—just on the other side,
They will all welcome me at last;
And, gleaming through the mist, I seem to see
A band of loved ones waiting there for me.

Behind—I leave the world's wide din,
The battle sore, the restless strife;
Before—I see the jasper walls
And the bright entrance gates of Life.
Behind—are left earth's vales and dasied sod,
Before me is the dwelling-place of God.

Only this stream to cross, and then
My feet shall touch that shining strand,
And I shall press to Jesus' feet
Through all the glorious band.
Friends, though so dear to me, must wait awhile,
Until I've heard His voice and seen His smile.

Now I am waiting on the brink,
Behind me is the darksome way;
Before me are the hills of light,
And the bright dawn of endless day.
The chill of death is stealing o'er my brow,
But oh, I hear the harps of glory now!

British Workman.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

AN ALLEGORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

There is a fine, fast ship at anchor in the harbour, and we are going on board for a long voyage together. We reach the deck and hear the sharp voices of the officers commanding, and see the white sails spreading and flapping to the breeze. And now we are rolling and plunging away, away over the restless Atlantic, with its never-ceasing throbs sending the blue waves smashing against the ship's sides, and breaking and scattering in beautiful foam. And after the rude North Atlantic is passed, we are sailing down through the soft and pleasant trade-winds, so tender that they sigh like the cooings of a baby and beat the vessel's bow and sides with little love-taps. The sea begins to look very inviting, so clear and smooth and warm in these tropics; but a thousand porpoises out on a merry gambol,—playing a game for all the world like our own leap-frog—and a sly old shark sailing along under the stern, showing only his big fin, very much like a boy's ship out on a pond—these frown upon us and tell how unpleasant it would be to bathe in such ugly company. That man standing in the ropes under the bowsprits is raising a stick with sharp spears on the end of it, like Neptune's trident. See, he plunges it into the water and pulls it back with the rope held in his hand. Something caught in the fangs of the trident is flashing like gold in the sun. It is a pretty Dolphin, and it now lies on the deck gasping and changing so quickly those marvelous colours with which God has clothed it in beauty. The coral-plants, white and fairy-like, begin to appear at the bottom of the sea. Green islands are seen now everywhere covered with palms and flowers, and shedding fragrance over the ocean from tree and plant and verdure. The anchor goes down, the sails are furled and we go ashore on a beautiful Island.

The waves are beating musical cymbals on the white strand, and seem to say,—sit down beside us, we will soothe you with the melody of our seethings and sighings; this is the song which God has given us.

How softly the light falls on everything here, and how fresh and green are all these trees and flowers. Hark! the music of human voices comes out to us from the groves of the Island. What a vision is this! A crowd of men and women, with children nestling in their arms and huddling up to their sides, almost naked, brown as the clay and scarred with the fight of many battles, are gathered around a white man who reads to them from the Bible and speaks lovingly of Jesus in their own strange language. And now they weep and sigh and raise their arms and beat their breasts in sorrow. Truth is contending with the savage, and truth conquers!

Let us go back twenty years in the history of this place. Everything is just as beautiful in Nature—"only man is vile." The swarthy tribes are fighting, killing each other with spears and clubs, and roasting each other for meat. Little children are taught to eat human flesh, and encouraged to lie in wait and kill their enemies.

We go back a great number of years further, and there are no people. Just an island, with here and there a little grass and a solitary tree and flower. Then further back a number of years, and lo! there is no Island! The waves are chasing each other over the spot and shark and seal and alabatross are swimming and flying about.

How has it all been done? What magic has produced these wonders? Now that we have gone back so far, let us begin to go forward once more.

Down in the bottom of the sea tens of thousands of little insects are working, planning every day, each doing its own feeble share in the general purpose. There is no one to notice them or say—Well done tiny workers! Only the sun shining and warming them, and the waves tossing and playing over them. But their work rises and rises till one morning the white sea gulls flying past look down and see a white speck above the waters. And years afterwards a great ship is frightened away by seeing a new danger in the sea. Then the mighty sun helps the little insects, drying up the coral above the sea, and the waves wash over it and assist the workers by leaving weeds and sand and soft mud on the surface of the new little world. Then the insects ceased, and God saw their work and pronounced it—very good.

Then away off in the lovely primeval forests, where Winter never comes and Nature never says—"I am weary, let me rest,"—there are a lot of little birds gathered together for a flight. They go away over the sea, night and day flying straight as the arrow in its course. They see the new little Island and go thither to rest. When, as they stretch their wings a million of seeds from rich vegetation of other lands fall into the virgin soil and their feet leave other seeds as they walk. (For it is proved that 5000 seeds can be carried on the foot of a bird.) The birds fly away, but the seeds grow and the winds help to scatter them over the Island. So grass and flowers and trees spring up every where.

Then a number of savages are sailing in their curious canoes and seeing the beautiful Island they go ashore, but soon quarrel for possession of it, and end by killing and devouring one another.

So it happens that a ship comes home and reports that a new Island is discovered and its people are black and very sinful. Then the Christian children in the Sabbath Schools say—We will give our pennies and build a ship and send a good missionary to the Island.

So it has happened that all this has been done by little insects building an Island, and little birds carrying little seeds to clothe it with beauty, and little children gathering little pennies to build a vessel and little lessons taught in a Sunday School which touch the heart of a poor boy who grows up to be the missionary. And God ever aiding, like the sun warming the insects and drying the coral for soil.

And who now will say that there is no power in little things.

A. W. N.

AUGUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SATURDAY EVENING PAPERS," etc.

August is our eight month, and our third summer month. In Britain, August is reckoned as belonging to autumn, and as their harvest is in August, we have, from British usage, come to speak of the "golden stores of autumn," "autumn sheaves," etc.,; while, according to our experience, harvesting is a summer employment, and does not belong to autumn at all.

Perhaps none of us ever saw an earlier harvest than the present. As I write this paper, on the last day of July, the fall wheat is all in (with inconsiderable exceptions) in this neighborhood; barley is nearly all in, peas are in process of cutting, and many fields of oats are ripe. Two days ago, being at the mill, I was talking with the miller about the harvest being early. He said they ground the first new wheat this year on 20th July. They had never done so before. The earliest date the mill books showed was 28th July. All the other memoranda spoke *August*.

Being the sixth month with the Romans it war called in consequence Sextilis. But as Quintilis, the fifth month, had been named *Julius* or *July* in honor of Julius Cæsar, it was a natural thing that the flatterers of Augustus should propose to call Sextilis by the more sounding name of *August*; especially as it seemed to be his fortunate month. He had three times entered Rome in triumph, and always in the month Sextilis. And in this month he was first made consul.

We all have a fancy that August is a *long* month. It has, certainly, the maximum of thirty-one days; but its apparent length is wholly due to the heat of the weather, and the lassitude and uneasiness it induces. "When will this hot weather be over?" is the state of mind that makes August seem long.

It is peculiary a month to be carefully passed in the matter of preserving health. If in any place there is a sickly month of the year, that month is always August. Vegetables and green fruits come upon our tables. Heat induces extra libations. Over-heating is met with sudden chilling of the system by strong draughts of cold air, or cold drinks. It does not take much sometimes, to upset our over-jaded system. With children the greatest care is necessary. They *will* eat fruits and vegetables, when they are in the house, or no further away than the garden—and what is to be done? A good plan is to make a "flank movement on the youngster, and stuff him well with wholesome bread and butter, or bread and milk, *before he comes to the table!* He wonders how it is then that he can't eat half as much as he thought to do. And, coming rather by way of dessert than on an empty stomach, the bad effects do not follow.

We generally expect to begin with our "harvest apples," and so forth, early in August. But we shall not have many this year. In this part of Ontario apples are a comparative failure. They are few, and, I suppose, they will be dear. Small fruits, also, are almost a failure. There is very little to "can" or put up air-tight. And, what with the black-knot, which has well nigh put on end of all our plum trees, there will be no great variety of anything to "preserve." There is always one good resource left, however. Hard solid apples, of the very best quality that can be got, make one of the most delicious preserves. Flavor them a little with lemon or other extract, and nothing can be finer.

Now when the wheat is in (and a good crop on the whole; plump, and fair yield though short straw), threshing will begin. It will be good economy this year, to be more than usually careful about saving the straw. It will be all needed. It often happens that a mow can be spared for straw. When so, be sure to fill it.

If there are any Canada thistles yet standing (in full bloom!) in your fields, down with them! It is a shame to let them *go to seed*. And the same of all other weeds in pasture lands, or neglected corners. I have known farmers who scarcely ever took a walk over their fields for any purpose, but who had with them a little thistle spud to root out weeds that happened in their path. The weeds *must* be kept down. Flies get bad in August on horses. A weak solution of carbolic acid is recommended as a wash.

Be kind to milch cows. The pastures are dry and bare. You will want to begin with your putting down of your winter butter; and how can poor bossy do her duty if not well fed? Cut a little green fodder of some kind for them twice a day; and if it is wilted a bit in the sun they will eat it a good deal bitter. Let the fallows be well attended to. A clean fallow is the prelude to a clean and good crop. If you can plow them twice during August, so much the better. And as you thin out your turnips and carrots, don't leave them too thick. One large root is worth more than two small ones. Don't sow your fall wheat in August. Some farmers want always to be before their neighbors, and think they may boast that they got their fall seed in first. It is an idle boast. One of the poorest fields of wheat we have seen this year was one that was in other respects well fallowed; but was sown too early. In consequence, it was badly winter-killed, and was only good in *streaks*.

The first day of August is called Lammas, a corruption or adoption of the old Saxon lafmasse or loaf mass, the feast of the first fruits. The old proverb that "after Lammas, corn ripens both night and day," is due no doubt to the warm nights of August maturing the grain. With us, it is June that makes or unmakes our grain prospects. Many notable things have happened in August. Not the least noticeable is the birthday of Sir Walter Scott, on the ninth. This year the hundredth anniversary of his birth is to be celebrated in many places with special honor. The fifteenth was the natal day of the first Napoleon. The first of this month was the Emancipation day in the West Indies, 1834, when the nation voted twenty millions, to compensate for the liberty of 400,000 blacks. The blacks got their liberty, but no fair account was ever given of the money; and a large portion of it is supposed to have stuck to the fingers of those who handled it.

THAT LINE FENCE.

Old farmer Smith came home in a miff
From the field the other day,
While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life.
At her wheel was spinning away.

And ever and anon, a gay little song
With the buzz of her wheel kept time;
And the wrathful brow is clearing now,
Under the cheerful rhyme.

"Come, come, little Turk! put away your work,
And listen to what I say:
What can I do but a quarrel brew
With the man across the way?

"I have built *my* fence, but he won't commence
To lay a single rail;
His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin,
I am tempted to make a sale!"

"Why, John, dear John, how you do go on!
I'm afraid it will be as they say."
"No, no, little wife, I have found that strife
In a lawyer's hand don't pay.

"He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,
I have heard that he said he would;
And you know, long ago, law wronged me so,
I vowed I never should.

"So what can I do that I will not rue,
To the man across the way?"
"If that's what you want, I can help you haunt
That man with a spectre gray!

"Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,
And then you have gained a neighbor;
It would cost you more to peep in the door
Of a court, and much more labor.

"Just use your good sense—let's *build* him a fence,
And shame such thoughts out of the fellow!"
They built up his part, and sent to his heart
Love's dart, where the good mellow.

That very same night, by the candle-light,
They opened with interest, a letter;
Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair
Showed the man was growing better.

"A WORD ON READING.

"We boys love stories." Of course you do. I love them myself, but the danger is that with such a multitude of exciting, sensational ones as are sold nowadays, you will read nothing but stories. And that would be "paying dear for the whistle," would it not? If for the sake of books that have not the slightest foundation of truth, nor, indeed, in the probable, written only to amuse, not more than a single grain of wheat hidden in a whole page of chaff, you lose all relish for a higher and better style of reading, you do yourself a grievous wrong.

I am not condemning you to dry, dull books. Indeed I am not. My own young days are not so far away, but I know quite well what want. But only think of the books that are waiting to take you all over this great world of ours; up into the artic seas; down below the equator, showing you all the strange forms of life in those tropical regions; into the depths of the sea, and pointing out the still stranger forms of life here; whole volumes of travel and adventure, that will add to your stock of knowledge, as well as enlist your eager interest; and histories without end, that will charm you like a fairy tale, if you only give them a chance; taking you through, not the world merely, but through the past centuries, showing the grand discoveries and dreadful struggles which have made the world what it is now.

Then think of the stirring tales of real heroes, who have fought the battles of life and came off conquerors; have struggled through a boyhood of poverty and trial and temptation into a noble resolute manhood. Isn't there enough in such examples as these to interest? Doesn't it set your blood tingling to think what others have done and what you may do?

Now, a word about the newspapers. I always feel hopeful of a boy who reads habitually the daily or weekly papers. I set all such down for live, wide-awake boys, when I see them take such an interest in the current news of the day.

But I wait first until I see to what part of the paper they turn most eagerly. If, as the sheet is unfolded, they run over the telegraph column to find out what is passing in other countries, as well as in our own, then I know that there is an intelligent interest. Their ears have been open to the discussions among the older members of the family, and the mind has been at work, too. There is no excuse for ignorance now. When all the nations of the earth are knocking at each other's doors, we may learn what we will.

If I see the eye brighten over some noble deed of charity to the poor and suffering then I am glad; for I know there is a generous spark down in their own hearts which will kindle into a flame of its own, and gladden others some day with other nobler deeds.

But if I see them with eager interest reading the horrible details of crime and murder, hope dies out of my heart, and I turn away with real pain. It is a crying evil of our day, this publishing in such minuteness these loathsome details of crime. I see no end or purpose of justice to be answered by it but only fearful harm. Your young hearts should turn in instant recoil from such brutal tales.

Boys! if the public journal, that should be a school of better morals, spreads this snare before you, do not walk into it. It will blunt all your finer feeling, and familiarize your mind with forms of cruelty and sin that otherwise you would never come in contact with. Every one knows that anything made familiar to the mind loses half its deformity. Never suffer yourself to read one of these articles. If your eye catches the startling heading, pass it instantly by. Do not fill that mind of yours, which should be all manly and noble, with these dreadful pictures of sin and guilt.

I have said nothing about those poisonous books—low and vulgar—that sometimes find their way secretly into some boy's pocket. I trust there is no need to caution you against these. Never, never, read anything you would blush to have your mother or sister see. Read! but pray be careful what you read.—*Hearth and Home.*

THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS.

1. Be what the children ought to be.
2. Do what the children ought to do.
3. Avoid what they should avoid.
4. Aim always, not only in the presence of the children, but also in their absence, that your conduct may serve them for an example.
5. Are you among them defective? Examine what you are yourself, what you avoid—in a word your whole conduct.
6. Do you discover in yourself defects, sins wanderings? Begin by improving yourself, and seek afterwards to improve your children.
7. Think well that those by whom you are surrounded are often only the reflection of yourself.
8. If you lead a life of penitence, and seek daily to have grace in you, it will be imparted to you, and through you to your children.
9. If you always seek divine guidance, your children will be more willingly directed by you.
10. The more obedient you are to God, the more obedient will your children be to you. Thus in his childhood the wise Solomon asked of the Lord "an obedient heart" in order to be able to govern his people.
11. As soon as the master becomes lukewarm in communion with God, that lukewarmness will extend itself among his pupils.
12. That which forms a wall of separation between God and yourself will be a source of evil to your children.
13. An example in which love does not form a chief feature is as the light of the moon—cold and feeble.
14. An example animated by ardent and sincere love shines like the sun—it warms and invigorates.—*London Sunday School Magazine.*

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

The following incident shows the importance of speaking a word in season for Christ. "A word fitly spoken, how good it is!" How it fastens itself upon the conscience and heart and brings forth fruit in due season!

More than fifteen years ago, when called to watch an old gentleman eighty-two years of age who had been a devoted Christian more than fifty years, who was totally blind, and suffering constantly with intense pain, I found him patiently bearing all, leaning on Christ. I was about sixteen years old, and as I entered the room, the lady introducing me, he said, "I want to take your hand in mine. And so you have come to sit up with me. I should think by your hand that you must be a young man. I want to talk with you more by and by."

When the family had retired he asked me to place my hand again in his, and said.

"I want to ask you a few questions. Are you a Christian.

"I thought I must answer honestly, and I said, "No!"

"Do you mean to be so some time?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, what are you waiting for?"

I was speechless. But the questions were daily in my mind until I gave my heart to Christ.

Obituary.

Died at Crapaud P. E. I. April 13th 1871, Grace M. Howat, in the 33rd year of her age.

The subject of this notice was a young lady whose gentleness of manner and refined taste drew around her many friends. Her character naturally aimable, was refined and elevated by early religious culture. When but a child she would often retire to some quiet retreat and there commune with the Great Father.

About two years previous to her death—through the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Deinstadt—she was made the recipient of Divine forgiveness, and knew the love of God to be shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Ghost given unto her. Her great religious modesty however, presented an open confession of Christ. Thus deprived of the many incentives to piety as well as guards against temptation which the fellowship of God's people imposes, her love for the Saviour decreased; so that when the growing strength of disease necessitated confinement to her room she became dissatisfied with her religious condition. Though retaining her faith in Christ, she felt the need of a more assuring and joy giving experience of His love. This was granted her in such a degree as few seem privileged to enjoy.

As the time drew near when the soul must leave its tabernacle of clay, her heart seemed lifted into an ecstacy of joy. In that room already shadowed by the wing of death, the Divine Presence stood, and invisible lips whispered in the ears of the dying one words such as these: "Lo, I am with you always!" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Seeing that her friends wept at her bedside, she said, "Do not weep, do not weep, you should rather praise God for his great goodness."

Now the breathing becomes difficult and the dews of the evening gather on the white brow. Summoning her remaining strength, she reminded those whose hearts seemed breaking, of the promise which in her own experience had had its glorious fulfilment, and in a clear strong voice exclaimed, "cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." Then lifting her hands as if beckoning to the angel escort she passed to heaven.

R. A. D.

MR. HUMPHREY HORTON, OF THE COVE, GUYSBORO'.

The way in which our departed brother's death was caused is peculiary affecting. On Friday, July 28th, accompanied by his wife and grandchild he went to visit a sister who lives a few miles distant. Returning home in the evening, the horse took fright, and leaving the high way took the carriage over the rough wayside. Mr. Horton was thrown out between the wheels and the body of the carriage, in which he was dragged a considerable distance before falling to the ground. When taken up it was thought he was dead. This, however, was not the case, and help being at hand he was taken home, where medical assistance was soon procured. His wounds were too severre, and his pain too great to admit of such examination as would determine the extent of his injuries. The doctor pronounced them fatal; which sad judgment proved true, as on the morning of August 1st he departed this life in the 75th year of his age.

Thus it pleased God to take from us another aged member of our church, to the general assembly and church of the first born—to His presence and the fellowship of them who have gotten the victory. More than forty years ago he joined the Methodist church, during the ministry of Rev. Wm. Webb, or his successor Rev. Wm. Smith. By reference to our church register, I find that Bro. Horton was married by Mr. Webb in 1829—the first marriage entered in our Circuit record. His aged widow still lives. Through all these years they were of one heart—loyal and unshaken in their attachment to the church of their choice. Believing its doctrines, prizing its public services and social means of grace, and loving its ministers, our brother's heart was fixed. In this branch of Christ's church he lived and died—died with unfaltering trust in the Saviour, in that peace which is the fruit of faith, in that hope which entereth into that within the vail, beyond which, following the Divine Fore-runner, we doubt not he hath passed unto rest.

J. C.

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Christian at Work, 56c; British Messenger British Workman and Workwoman, Cottager Artisan, Child's Companion, Children's Prize Children's Friend, 25c each, postage 3c. per annum; Gospel Trumpet, Child's Paper, Children's Paper, S. S. Messenger, etc., 12½c each, postage 1½c additional per annum. Single Papers, 10c additional.

Please send for circular with list and prices in full. (feb23) A. McKEAN, Sec.

NEW BOOKS.

Just received at the Wesleyan BOOK ROOM.

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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
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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

II. FROM THE UNITED STATES.

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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.	Day 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 18	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

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Editor—Rev. H. Pickard, D.D.

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