

New Moon, 7 day, 8h, 6m, Morning.
First Quarter, 14 day, 6h, 5m, Morning.
Full Moon, 22 day, 11h, 21m, Morning.
Last Quarter, 30 day, 2h, 6m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets, Rises Souths Sets), MOON (Rises Sets, Rises Souths Sets). Rows for days of the week from Saturday to Sunday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Farnboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hanisport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.
High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs 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. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 24 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.
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 ELM AND THE VINE.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray,"
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor—
The Vine—was heard to say,
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A wearied lot is mine,
Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine."
The Elm was moved to pity:
Then spoke the generous tree,
"My hapless friend, come hither,
And find support in me.

The Kindly Elm, receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace,
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the Spring.

6th beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its need,
The love of those whose sorrows,
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.
—From the Spanish by W. C. Bryant

ST. JOHN'S N. F.

A picnic in connection with the George Street Methodist Band of Hope came off at Mr. Earle's farm on Wednesday last. At half-past twelve o'clock the members, together with their President and Monitors, assembled in the basement of the church, and, after a short interval, proceeded in processional order to the place selected for the afternoon's enjoyment. The day was very fine, which tended greatly to enhance the pleasantness of the occasion, and which was taken advantage of by a goodly number of friends who were present to witness the interesting gathering, some of whom did much to amuse and interest the children. Various recreations were chosen for the enjoyment of the young folks; and the good spirit which characterized their participation in the same, was an evidence that they fully appreciated the kindness which had been bestowed on their behalf. Refreshments were provided, and at an early hour the children, being seated, freely partook of the good things which had been liberally supplied, after which the amusements were resumed till about half-past seven, when the call was given by the President to prepare for home. This command having been quickly obeyed, they returned in the same order in which they left, all apparently delighted with the day's enjoyment.

Much credit is due to the friends for the untiring zeal which they manifest in the promotion of the cause of temperance among the young. At present when the temperance societies in our city seem to be in a languishing condition, and the strides of intemperance are so apparent, strenuous exertions should be put forth with a view to check, in some degree at least, the onward progress of this giant evil. In no better way is this likely to be accomplished than by inculcating temperance principles into the minds of the youth; therefore it is of the greatest importance that institutions for the promotion of so desirable an object should be recognised and fostered by every lover of temperance and morality. The accession of the youth to the temperance ranks is a good indication of future results in the total abstinence cause; and it is to be

hoped that the day will come when many, who at the present time may be considered very insignificant in the cause, will stand prominently forth to advocate the noble principles of temperance.—Com. to Public Ledger.

A SHORT SERMON.

My friend was walking up State street late one windy afternoon, when he encountered a short sermon on temperance. The air was keen and cold, with "symptoms" of snow. He had pulled his cap down over his ears as far as possible, and buttoned his overcoat close to keep out the stinging lake wind, and was hurrying along at a pace that might rival Weston's, when he nearly ran over a little child not more than four years old, who had fallen on the sidewalk near him.

"Heigho, sis!" he exclaimed, lifting her safely to her feet again.

The little ragamuffin put up a very grievous lip, and was going to cry, but stopped when he spoke pleasantly to her.

"Whew! bare-foot, and such a day as this"—with a low whistle—"why don't you run home, sis, and put on your shoes and stockings, before you freeze your toes?"

"Don't dot any shoes and stotins." "Don't got any, eh? How does that happen? Don't your father buy you any shoes and stockings?"

"Oh, no!" she answered, with a tone that meant "of course not," and a manner indicating that she considered the reason amply sufficient, "no, my pa dets drunk."—Morning Star.

THE BEGINNING.

"Give me a half-penny and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you three pence."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again or three-pence."

"Three-pence," was the answer, and the money was put into his hand. He stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you. You won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path. That man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him his three-pence back and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He hung his head down, but raised it quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy.—Morning Star.

In reply to an advertisement for the position of governess, a young lady received the following, of which she begged insertion in the London Times: "Madam:—In reply to your letter of this morning I beg to say we are desirous of meeting with a governess for our four elder children—two girls and two boys, aged 9, 7, 6, 4. Our girls have not got beyond simple tunes in music. Are you a good needle-woman? and can you cut out and make children's frocks? As I should require you to attend to their wardrobes, assist with other sewings, wash and dress the two elder boys, dress the girls' hair to walk out with them, and to make yourself generally useful, would you, on an emergency, object to help make the beds and wash up the breakfast and tea-things? Are you a member of the Church of England and a communicant?" The salary offered to the lady possessing the required qualifications was \$100.

THE YOUNG MERCHANT

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hour passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon. What do you ask for it my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it." But, he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business-like, to point out the defects of your fruits to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will always find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your stand in future. Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself" was the reply and the purchase being made the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about these lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer and you have lost one."—Selected.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL.

A young lady from the South was wooed and won by a young California physician. About the time the wedding was to come off the young man lost his entire fortune. He wrote the lady a letter releasing her from her engagement. And what does the dear good girl do? Why she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent her in his prosperity as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him with the following Bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the outside: "Entreat me not to leave thee; or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest will I lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the South to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such undying affection. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of this incident seems to have done are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.—Pittsburg Commercial.

While Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, and Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, were crossing the Atlantic in the same ship, a terrible storm overtook them, and it was feared that all would be lost. The Churchman and the Presbyterian retired to a state-room, and, kneeling side by side, they forgot all differences of religious feeling in pouring out their heart-felt supplications to their common Father.

No doubt these devoted men are both now enjoying the beatific vision of the Divine Redeemer in Paradise.—J. N. N. in Young Churchman.

A tremendous argument on the question of dancing is the fact stated by the New York Chief of Police, that of all the abandoned women of the city, three-fourths date their ruin to approaches made by men with whom they were dancing round dances.

A story is told of two worthy New England deacons between whom a bitter feud had long existed concerning some contested point. Neither would yield, and the matter threatened to be handed down to the next generation, when one day Deacon Smith appeared before his enemy and solemnly said: "Brother Jones, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon our Church. I have prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter, and have come to the conclusion that you must give in, for I cannot."

This Chinese missionary who is trying to convert America to Buddhism, has got to give bonds that his religion will not interfere with a man who wants to run a grocery bill of \$800 per annum on a salary of \$500, or he will not get many converts in Central New York.—Rome Sentinel.

A NOVEL AMERICAN EXPORT.—It is said that Jabez W. Abbott, employing mason of Passaic, has received orders from R. Neill & Sons, builders of Manchester, England, to send between 200 and 300 skilled carpenters and joiners to Liverpool. Every man must have a complete kit of tools. Steady work is to be guaranteed to good men. Wages are at the rate of \$4 an hour; fifty-one hours a week is the working time. Of 150 masons who went over last year, only six have returned to this country. A new detachment lately sailed from New York.

Complaint was made to the Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland that there is a great deal of "hunkering" going on in the Church. "Hunkering" means the practice of squatting in prayer, instead of standing, as the Directory requires. Dr. Begg deprecated the practice, and said, if the evil were not promptly suppressed, other evils would follow. "We shall have organs next," he said, "and then will come liturgies, and deans, and chapters, and bishops."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MAMIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I want a piece of talito
To make a doll a dress,
I don't want a big piece
A yard 'll do, I guess.

I wish you had my needle,
And find my fumble too—
I has such heaps of sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy's tore her apron,
A tumlin' down the stair
And Cesar's lost his pantaloons,
And needs annuzer pair.

I wants my Mand a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket,
His uzzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might;
I know she'll like to see me—
I wants to go to-night!

She lets me wash the dishes
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.

I want some newer mittens,
I wish you'd knit me some,
Cause most my fingers freezes,
They leak so in the fun.

I wore it out last summer
A pullin' Georg's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie—
I'm hungry as I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You better bring me free.
—The Children's Friend.

OUR STEPMOTHER.

BY HILIER LOBETTA.

It was a bright afternoon early in the autumn of 1863; Mary Lee and I had been playing by the river, sailing miniature boats laden with sand and grass, and becoming tired of our pastime we sat down upon the bank to talk.

"So it is really true that your father is going to be married?" said Mary, renewing a subject which she seemed to have chosen on purpose to annoy me.

"It is not true at all," I replied with some asperity, "and whoever says so is just telling a story to make mischief."

My companion looked incredulous, and after a moment added, "Mother and Aunt Susan believe it."

"I don't care who believes it," I said, "I suppose Grandmamma would be the first to know, and I am quite sure she would tell me."

"What will you bet?" said Mary, with a look of mischief in her eyes. I was not accustomed to betting, for

although the habit prevailed to a great extent among my companions, I had been taught to consider it both improper and unladylike; however, the occasion seemed to justify it, and without hesitating I answered, "I will bet that string of blue beads which I shewed you yesterday; it is nearly a yard long and makes a beautiful necklace."

Mary jumped up, and clapping her hands said, "Just the very thing I want, and I will bet my silver brooch that Aunt Susan gave me on my birthday. There! you see I am pretty certain, or I wouldn't risk that."

I turned away angrily and walked home, "Mary is very rude, and very ill-natured," I said to myself, "and I shall take her silver brooch just to punish her, though of course I don't want it for myself."

When I reached home I found grandmamma sitting in her own room before the bureau, every drawer of which was open, and the contents strewn upon the tables and chairs.

"What are you doing, grandma?" I enquired.

"Tidying up a little."

"Tidying up!" I repeated after her, "Why it's only a week since we had the house-cleaning done."

"Yes, but you see Ethel, these are all my things, and I am packing them away, for perhaps the bureau may be wanted."

"Why, grandmamma," I said, "what do you mean? is anybody coming?"

"I am going away on a visit, Ethel," said my grandmother, evading my question, "and when I come back I think I shall sleep upstairs."

I was quite puzzled, for grandmamma rarely left the house, and had never changed her room since I could remember. I stood leaning upon the bureau, fiddling with a package of letters for a few minutes.

Then I said, "Grandmamma, did you always sleep in this room when mamma was alive?"

"I never staid here when your mother was living," she replied. "I only came to take care of you and Harrie."

Then I summoned up my courage to ask the question that had been troubling me, "Do you think papa will ever marry again?"

My grandmother raised her soft grey eyes to mine, as if trying to read my thoughts. "You must ask your papa that question, my dear," she said, "but I think it would be the very best thing he could do; I am getting too old to look after his house, or to be responsible for a girl of your age."

"Oh, grandmamma!" I said, interrupting her by throwing myself on her neck, "you will never be too old, and you must not go away; I will do everything you want, even when I am a woman, if you will only stay."

Grandmamma drew me upon her lap, for I was sobbing violently. "My darling, I am coming back for a little while," she said, "and you will often come to see me at the cottage. Why, Ethel! you must not cry this way." But grandmamma's own voice had a choking sound in it, for I had been in her charge since I was two years old, and naughty, self-willed girl though I was, I think she loved me better than any one else in the world, except, perhaps, papa, who was her only child.

So without being told, I understood that Mary Lee was right,—that papa was going to be married. I was very unhappy all that evening, and I think papa noticed it, for when tea was over he and grandmamma spoke together for a few minutes, and then he called me to him, and taking me on his knee, said

"Ethel, I have a secret to tell you; I meant to have told you some days ago, my love, but I have been so busy that I have scarcely had time to come home." He paused, and I hid my face upon his shoulder, while he continued;

"You do not remember Miss Raymond, but she was very kind to you when you were a little child, and I am sure she loves you still. She is going to be my wife Ethel, and you must call her mother, for she will be a good mother to you; I am sure she will try to make you happy, and she is very dear to me."

I did not speak. "Not jealous! are you, darling?"