BOY

Full Moon, 6day, 6h, 10m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 13 day, 9h, 55m, Morning. New Moon, 21 day, 9h, 41m, Morning First Quarter 29 day, 10h, 2m, Morning

Date	Day of Week.	SUN		MOON.			Tde al'x
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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 Jape Tormentine, 2 nrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, 8t. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes EARLER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, hours 54 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, and from the sum substract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE MIGHT.—Substract the ime of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the emainder add the time of rising next morning

OBITUARY-JOSHUA BLACK.

The Amherst circuit has greatly changed within the last few years. All "old things" seem to be passing away. The old church is gone; the old parsonage gone; and the old congregation is gone alsonew faces appearing in the pews. But while the old church has descended from its high estate and gone into the service of the world, the men who built it are ascending to join the "general assembly and church of the first-born." God grant that the legacy of prayers and counsels

their Master. Joshua Black, Esq., one of the founders of the Methodist Church in Amherstone who helped to nurse it in its infancy -stood by it in its days of adversity as well as prosperity—made its interests h own,-and watched with zealous and pa ternal care the effect of every change on its well-being; -has gone to his rest. I wish some brother who has known Bro. Black longer than I would pen a tribute worthy of his memory. I have known him as a strong man to lean upon, always at my right hand in church work,-entering with ready sympathy into the pastor's wants and cares-his voice in the prayermeeting a constant benediction, and his smile in the house a constant sunshine and in his loss I have a sense of personal bereavement. I am told that in his early days his zeal was as a flame of fire, and there are those alive to-day, but distined soon to follow him, who, brought to God through his instrumentality, will be "crowns of rejoicing" in the presence of posses. the Lord Jesus Christ. I cherish a pleas. ant recollection of his presence at one of the Wallace camp meetings, many years ago, when he received a baptism of the Holy Spirit which made him a giant in the Amherst church when he returned home. As a member of our official Boards he was wise, prudent and sagacious, and in times of anxiety like "oil on the troubled waters." As a member of the community, he was universally respected as a most consistent and conscientious Christian, making his life a constant religious service.—a beautiful embodiment of the love that " is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." Eight months ago, he was strong and active, and bade fair to outlive many a younger man : but an accident occurred, apparently trivial in itself, which led to fatal results. For more than six months he was confined to his bed, during which time he suffered the amputation of a limb. Yet, during all those long weary months of suffering he never lost faith in the wisdom and geodness of nis Heavenly Father, and his interest in the work of the church. "Rejoicing in hope, and patient in tribulation," his bedside was a sanctuary to all who visited him. The time will come when Bro. Black will be no longer missed, but the lessons of his sick room will not be forgotten. He has "finished his course with joy," and after long and patient waiting, wears the crown which the Saviour gives to those who "love his appearing." May those who

bear his honored name as worthily repre-

MES. ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

We are again called upon to mourn the loss of one of our oldest members in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston, of Gardiner Ridge, Dumbarton, N. B. The deceased was born in the county of Derry, Ireland in 1803, and came to this country in 1835. Her moral character was such as commanded the respect and esteem of her neighbors and friends-which proved the genuineness of her conversion to God. Our departed sister was not without troubles and sorrows-being bereft of her husband and turee children-which were borne with Christian fortitude. The last illness which culminated in her death was prolonged through six weeks, and although her sufferings for the first three weeks were very severe they were endured without murmuring. At my last visit she expressed a desire to depart and be with Jesus which is far better. She peacefully passed away to her everlasting rest on the 10th of April, 1879.

O may I triumph so, When all my warfare's past And dying find my latest foe, Under my feet at last.

W. R. T.

SUPERB STRAWBERRIES.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR GROWING LARGE BERRIES.

BY R. H. HAINES.

The unusual size of many of the newer varieties of this fruit is causing many persons to engage in the culture of the berries who previously had been satisfied to depend on what could be obtained in the markets. But now that these larger varieties have made their appearance that can be grown so easily, it gives very much greater satisfaction for those who can to grow their own berries. Persons also who are growing fruit for profit are also at last beginning to realize that it is for their advantage to grow these extra sized berries, which frequently sell from fifteen to seventy five cents a quart, while too often the older kinds can be sold with difficulty at even five and ten cents. We do not wonder that persons are willing to pay these extra prices for the fruit, as these finer varieties form such a contrast in size as well as in flavor to the common Wilsons" that are usually offered for sale. It should be remembered that soil and locality both make some difference as to the success to be obtained in growand examples which they have left us may | ing the strawberries. However, there is bear abundant interest to the glory of hardly a locality in our land but where some of the varieties will succeed, so that no one need feel that they must be shut off from the pleasures of this fruit. The most satisfactory way is to select at the commencement an assortment of some seven eight, or ten varieties, and then after a trial other plantations may be increased by adding such kinds as prove the most satisfactory. In a good selection | that in three particulars. First, the nearly all may do well, but it will nearly choice of themes. A man is far more always be found that there will be two or likely to handle worthily a pure and three of these that will prove especial

> Burr Oak. This is the first of the newer kinds that will receive our attention. It is especially noticeable on account of the lateness of its time of ripening. This is quite a desirable trait in at least a portion of the varieties to be grown, as an extra late kind frequently helps to add some two or three weeks to the length of the strawberry season. The fruit is of quite good quality. Its firmness will probably also make it desirable for market pur-

Minier's Great Prolific .- This variety though not one of the largest, yet has so many desirable qualities that it is well worthy of a short description. However heir size should by no means be overooked, as the fruit averages large-many specimens having been grown measuring from five to six inches around. The quailty of the fruit is among the best, making them favorites for both home and near markets. The plants are vigorous growers and among the most productive of straw-

President Lincoln .- At one time this was thought to be the largest variety known, having given one berry eleven inches in circumference, and many measuring from six to eight inches around However last summer one variety with its manmouth 141 inch berry and another with its 124 inch berry have been enabled to eclipse it, but notwithstanding I consider the President Lincoln to be one of the best on my grounds. The fruit is of very good quality when the weather favors its proper repening.

Crustal City, Duncan, Early Adelia and Russell's Advance are good early kinds. some of them ripening a week or two before most of varieties of scrawberries. Glendall, Centennial, Favorite, Belle, Kur's, Late Prolific Wilding Sudling will prove acceptable with their habits of ripening at the close of the season. General Sherman; Essex Beauty, Sharpless and Great American are among the largest of the kinds on many grounds, and have each of them other qualities to recommend them besides that of their size.

that the roots can obtain an abundant supply of moisture and nourishment. In enriching the ground it is no uncommon practice to spread manure to the depth of two or three inches over the surface before spading the soil. The month of April is better time for planting than in May, though I have often received good reports from plants that I have sent through the mails during the latter month. Make the rows either two or three feet apart, placing the plants every twelve or fifteen inches along in the rows. Cut off all runners that may appear at least every two weeks, if the largest sized berries are desired. Keep the ground free from weeds. and hoed or cultivated occasionally, and the rich crops that will be obtained will go far towards making amends for any time or expense employed.

Sangerties-on-Hudson, N. Y.

CONVERSATION AND ORATORY.

The following from the Examiner and Chronicle we most heartily commend to preachers, superintendents, Sabbath school teachers, church members and others who take part in prayer and conference meetings, and to all who in any themes:

"The relation of conversation to oratory is intimate and immediate. The very highest type of oratory is, indeed, to the zenith power. As one of our in- them. structors used quaintly to put it: Conversation is to oratory as bedrooms are to parlors. The tones, looks, gestures of one's private life-of his homely. everyday intercourse with his family and ntimate friends—to a very great degree characterize and conditions his pulpit demeanor. This is especially die. rue where one is an extempore speaker -where one relies almost wholly upon the occasion for his language, and not and not a little upon the occasion for his thought and illustrations. Such an one needs especially to take to himself the lesson that no man can be a boor six days of the week, and on the seventh shine forth as a polished and refined gentleman all the time, and is not willing-as some speakers unfortunately are—to play the buffo on in pblic, he is simply an actor, more or less successful when he enters the pulpit. Generally - less successful, than he would like to be: for the slang expressions with which he garnishes his ordinary speech will slip out in an unguarded moment, the polish which he carefully and industriously puts on will now and then, get rubbed and defaced.

There is, we repeat it, greater need of care, on the part of our public speakers with reference to conversation; and worthy theme on Sunday who has been handling pure and lofty themes, rather than low and degrading themes all the week. Secondly, the choice of words. A slouchy, slipshod diction, caught from the gutters six days, is likely to be fatal to clearness, precision and elegance of statement on the seventh. Third, accurateness of enunciation and correctness of pronunciation. With a host of blundering anecstors back of us and corrupting companions around us we must not, for a moment, cease our vigilance with reference to our ow's and

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE HOMELESS EOY.

BY BELLE SPARR.

One dark, lonesome night, in the month of March, in a large city, sitting on a low step near a grand house of stone and marble, might be seen a boy. It is so dark you can not see his face, but I have seen it and will describe it to you. All day up and down the streets of that great city, this homeless boy has wandered, hunting for work. His face does not look like a boy's, full of fun and mischief, with eyes that let the sunshine through like yours. No. indeed. His face was drawn and pinched, and his eyes looked hungry-and he was hungry; not only for bread but for a friend-for some one in all the world who loved him and cared for him. He was hungry for a home in that great heart almost break if you stood in the street alone, homeless, friendless? village! without a place in all the earth to go to; without a person on all the earth who cared if you slept that night on a stone pillow or on a soft, pleasant bed? We do not know how happy we are until something sad comes into our lives to show us the sunshine.

The boy I have described to you was the son of a sailor. His father was lost, one night in a terrible storm, and the little boy in the cabin on the shore was left alone, for his mother had died when he was but five years old. Young as he was, one thing he remembered so

spoil deely spaded or subsoil ploughed, so | ed the night; the wind on the ocean was high, and it made the waves dash and roll, and the old ocean roar and moan. The wind swept round the little cabin, and seemed to rock it to and fro. His father was sitting beside the bed: he, a thoughtless, happy boy, piled his shells on the hearth, or watched the fire in the grate. Presently his mother called him to her, he taking his little chubby hand in her cold, thin fingers, she said: "My poor little Pet, mother must leave you to-night. She is going to cross the river, and it storms so she may not come back again. Her little boy must remember his mother, and come over the river to her. Then she kissed the little hands and the rosy baby face, and he remembered how he had waited and waited, day after day to see the ship coming that would bring his mother back: but it never came.

Then the years went by, and one terrible night his father went down in a storm, and left his boy alone in the world. He went to the great city to earn bread, and this cold March night is his first from the old home. In the beautiful house near him lived

happy children never dreaming that one could be so near them with a heart so sad. Boys and girls have you homes, rich or poor? Make them way address the public on religious bright by your gratitude. Never grow discontented with the dear old home no matter how common or plain it may be, love it, cling to it, and make it bright. Have you a mother and only glorified talk, or conversation raised father? Be gentle and loving with They cannot stay alwaysmother will soon go over the river and father will follow her. Sometime you will press your hands to your face and cry "Mother I am lonesome and tired; take me home," Be gentle with the white-faced hungry poor. Say a little word of kindness; it will never

WILLIE'S TALK WITH GOD.

Willie was a sturdy little fellow about four years old. who had considerable mischief in his little body, and had to be watched pretty closely.

One day, as he was walking with his brother, who was about three years older, he espied some very tempting apples on the stand of a Chinaman, and slyly took one and slipped it into his pocket, taking good care not to let his brother see it until they had gone some distance. Then, with independent air, he produced the apple and commenced eating it. "Where'd you get that?" exclaimed

Eddie, his brother.

After considerable urging, Eddie drew from him the story of the apple, and when they got home told the story to his mother, who was very much shocked. She talked to him very earnestly about his sin, and at night, when he said his little prayers, told him to ask God to forgive him.

The next morning he went out to play, as usual, but soon came in with a very important air, walking round with his hands in his pockets for some time, and acting as if he had something on his mind that he wanted to say. Finally he burst out with, " Mother, I've been talkin' to God to-day."

"Have you, my dear?" answered his

mother. "What did he say?" "He said, he did, 'Little boy, did you hook an apple off of John Chinaman's table yesterday?' and I said, 'Yes, sir, but I'll never do it again;' and he said, 'Oh, you naughty boy! Are you sure you will never do it again?' and then I said, 'Yes sir, I'll never steal another apple so long as I live.' And then he said, 'All right, little boy, go home

His mother could not help smiling at his simple story, told in his childish way, and hopes that in after years the remembrance of it may save him from sins of greater magnitude.—Zion's Her-

CLEAN HANDS, PURE LIPS.

"Why didn't you strike back, you

I paused in my sewing and looked out unobserved upon a group of little folks playing near my window. One child was running away rapidly, the others stood beside little Amy Horton, who gazed ruefully at her own fat hand and tried hard not to cry. Such a little she has a still more powerful cure, and cold city. Would it not make your girl was Amy! The only child of a half the terror is destroyed. young widow but lately moved into our

> Of Mrs. Horton, we the people of R-, knew as yet nothing, save hat since by manners we usually judge, she was a lady in every respect -gentle, quiet and refined. I had not yet given myself the pleasure of calling upon the new neighbour. Little Amy, however, child-fashion, had grown familiar with the children of the neighborhood, and they had made a pet very quickly of the

five-year-old stranger. What could be the trouble now, I wondered, seeing Amy's flushed face and catching the scowl on the brow of sent it, and as beautifully adorn it, as he In preparing the ground to grow extra | well—it was what his mother had said | the questioner, who asked: "Why didn't to get Sheridan's. The large packs are sized berries, it will be well to have the to him before she died. He remember- you strike back again to

I listened for the answer with interest. "'Cause -- 'cause -- my mamma would -would't kiss my hands-if I-struck anybody!" sobbed the injured little one rubbing the red hand with the other plump white one, evidently quite hurt both in flesh and feelings.

"Wouldn't kiss your hands!" ex. claimed her listener wonderingly. "What do you mean, Amy? What a queer idea!"

I was as much interested as either of the children, and peeping through the vines clustering about the window, quite safe from childest observation, I listen. ed for Amy's explanation.

"Mamma always kisses my hands when they haven't been naughty and it is naughty to strike. That little girl's mamma won't kiss her hands to night. will she?" Amy's blue eyes looked up into the faces around her, and full of wonderment at her words, the sympathetic childred kissed and pitied herto her heart's content.

Then I went out and talked to the little one, with a new respect for the pure mother whom, more than ever, I desired to know.

"Will you take me to your house, dear?" I asked with a smile, and stooping to kiss the small, grieved face. "Oh, Mrs.," cried the children in a chorus, what do you think? That

Sallie Jones struck Amy real hard on her arm and hand just because Amy didn't want to walk with her! Wasn't it the meanest thing.'

I agreed rather indignantly that it was the meanest thing, and then we walked along the road to where Amy's mother lived. At my suggestion the children remained outside while I made my long intended call upon Mrs. Hortcn. After a while I repeated Amy's remark, and asking pardon for curiosity. begged to know more about the sweet idea. Mrs. Horton laughed, but I saw the glisten of the tears in her eyes as she replied:

" Maybe I am foolish, Mrs ____, but ever since my little one was given me I have loved to kiss the little baby hands as well as baby lips. I used to lay the soft pink palms upon my mouth and kiss them until my baby laughed. "As she grew older I still kept up

the custom, and when night came and undressing her I failed to kiss the little hands, Amy knew it was because they were not quite clean from naughtiness, If they had been lifted in anger during the day, if they had struck at nursie or a little playmate, mamma could not kiss them because they were not clean. And to miss the kiss was very hard for my baby. I assnre you. It was the same with the little lips. If a naughty word "Oh somewhere," Willie managed to had escaped them-I mean wilfully say, his mouth well filed with the delici- naughty words-or if my little girl had poken quite the truth during the day. I could not kiss the lips; although I always kissed her on the cheeks and forehead, and never allowing her to go unkissed to bed.

But she cared more for kisses on hands and lips than for anything else in the world, I believe; my loving little Amy! And gradually the naughty ways were done away with, and each night my baby would say, 'Tean hannies to-night, mamma; tean hannies for 'oo

"And even now-though she is five vears old-I keep up a custom which she has known from her birth, because I think it helps her to try to be good. You will laugh, maybe, Mrs. --- but I do want my little girl to grow up pure and sweet, and if the love of mamma's kisses can keep, by God's help, the little hands, lips and heart clean, I think I shall continue the custom until Amy is old enough to understand fully things that are too hard for her as yet."

My own eyes were tearful when Mrs. Horton's voice ceased, and I envied little Amy her beautiful young mother's companionship. Did I think it a foolish idea? Ah, no indeed! But the truest. sweetest custom in the world-keeping her small hands good for mamma's good night kiss, and that is why Sally Jones was "not paid in her own coin, as the saying is. This is why the sweet lips made no angry reply. Mamma's kiss was too precious a thing to be given up for one moment of evil speaking. Dear little Amy !- MARY D. BRINE, in Wide Awake.

DIPHTHERIA.—The name strikes a chill to a mother's heart as she realizes what a dangerous malady it is. With a bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house she feels that

A LIFE SAVED for thirty-five cents! A lady in Boston had diphtheria and was almost dead from strangulation, but was instantly relieved and finally cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Every family should have a bottle ready for instant

PROFITABLE INVESTMEFT. One dollar's worth of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders fed to a coop of thirty hens will yield a profit of three dollars, besides preventing all manner of diseases. Be sure

A learned Profe one of our univer made the remark dents who passed rarely succeeded themselves if they ers of tobacco. or pipes seemed and to have the them from sedulo sufficient to exce degrees. We repo heard it, and subn

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the breath, damage weakens the digestive a single feature, as a gence, is it commen much the reverse. It tivity and carelessnes smokers attain to emin Farmers given to smo the latest in getting is publicly exhibited, odious. Smoking in become a downright m sengers are compelled fumes whether of ciga gorged by smokers. the nuisance has rise absolutely intolerable. often the cause of des dwellings, warehouses, ships. In our voyag a steam vessel some were surprised and hor the reckless indifferen certain passengers th still-burning ends of cig es on the deck—a strangely enough did cur the reprobation of

Within our recolled those of middle or ol The practice has been i Young

Boys of ten years old pipes in their mouths, a different colleges thin have smoking parties. us that writers on ma health have been singul not denouncing the mise of smoking on youth. tifully of the ruinous eff intoxicants, but little of mitted on the youthful by drugging with tobacc man authorities, as we respondent in "The Ti length become alive to evil. They would probe troubled themselves on the for political reasons. In males from their birth af

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