The Family.

TENDER WORDS FOR WEARY MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, holding you so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curling head from off your breast—
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little chi'dren clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown,
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more.

If I cou'd mend a broken cart to-day—
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own,
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

BEREAN NOTES.

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

LESSON X. THE SERPENT OF BRASS. Num. 21. 4-9. *Topic:* The One Way of Salvation. *Golden Text:* "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," etc. John 3. 14-15.

I. GENERAL STATEMENT.

After the matter at Meribah, (see last lesson), Moses sought a peaceable passage through *Edom* by which he might have saved nearly 150 or 200 miles of travel. The king of Edom refused. Num. 20. 14-21. This made it necessary for Israel to go southward to Ezion-geber. At Mount Hor Aaron died. Num. 20. 22-29. From Mount Hor to the Red Sea, (which they reached at Ezion-geber, on the Gulf of Akabak), at Zalmonah or Punon, [compare Num. 21. 10 with Num. 33. 42-43,] where the scene of the 'fiery serpents' occurred.

II. OUTLINES.

One of the following 'outlines' may be preferred to that adopted in the 'Lesson Leaf.' 1. Discouraged, v. 4; 2. Dissatisfied, v. 5; 3. Dying, v. 6; 4. Delivered, verses 7-9....1. Sorrowing, v, 4; 2. Sinning, v. 5; 3. Suffering, v. 6; 4. Supplicating, v. 7; 5. Saved, vers. 8-9....1. Looking away from God, v. 4; 2. Loathing the way of God, v. 5; 3. Losing the help of God, v. 6; 4. Looking with longing toward God, v. 7; 5. Looking with faith to God's way of salvation.

II. NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. DISCOURAGEMENT AND MURMURING, vs. 4-5. FROM MOUNT HOR. Southward and away from Canaan. DISCOURAGED. Easily and often discouraged. Weak of will. THE WAY. 1.) A long way; 2.) A roundabout way; 3.) A hot and weary way; 4.) But it was God's way, and they should have been satisfied. SPAKE. Serpents' poison under their tongues. Fiery, feverish, false words. EGYPT. Forty years out of Egypt, and yet they taunt Moses and murmur against God with that old complaint and question. LIGHT BREAD. 'Mean contemptible bread.' So they speak of the manna of God—angels' food. Poor, sensual, sinful Israelites! Are *we* better than they? Alas, how like them we are!

2. AFFLICTION AND DEATH, v. 6. LORD SENT. Let them loose upon the people. The restraining providence of God saves us from many a sorrow. Arabia is full of serpents. FIERY. Flaming color, or causing high fever and intense thirst. DIED. Greater evils than thirst and 'light bread.' God showed them what grace and providence they were overlooking....Satan, who brought discontent into Eden and stung our race with sin, is that 'old serpent.' Rev. 12. 9; 2 Cor. 11. 3. Subtle. Gen. 3. 1. Poisonous. Ps. 58. 4. The unholy passions of the sinner are fiery, poisonous serpents. What a brood of serpent-sins and serpent sorrows fill the social sphere where God is not loved and honored. What infernal spirits do we welcome around us when we yield to sin and passion and unbelief!

3. CONFESSION AND PRAYER, verse 7. God lets our sins loose upon ourselves. Sometimes to reveal the desperateness of our condition. Well for us if we at once confess and pray and look.

4. PROMISE AND SALVATION, verses 8-9. 1.) *God's* plan. Revealed to MOSES. Carried out. 2) A *wise* plan. Even though we may not see its wisdom at first. 3.) A *successful* plan—'HE LIVED.' 4.) An *evangelical* plan Recognized by Jesus in John 3. 14-15. Concerning this plan, observe. 1. The serpent was a type of Christ. While the serpent is symbolical of evil, it also represents power and wisdom and goodness in all mythologies. A symbol of Deity; of eternity; of renovation; of guardian spirits. 2. The serpent represented the merciful interposition of God. John 3. 16. 3. The 'brass' was *enduring;* as the fine brass. Rev. 1. 15 expresses the might and glory of Christ. 'Dead as the serpent, durable as the brass.'—*Isadore.* 4. Lifted up that it might be seen by all. So is Jesus lifted up on the cross, in history, in the Bible, in the pulpit, on his throne of power. Matt. 28. 18. 5. LIFE BY LOOKING. Heb. 12. 2; Isa. 45. 22.

Imagine the scene described in the lesson. Suppose you had been there, and that you were appointed to urge people who were suffering and dying to look to the brazen serpent. If they had excused themselves in the following ways, what answers would you have given? 'I am too severely bitten to be cured.' 'I am too far gone now.' 'I can see no power in a serpent of brass.' 'I see no connection between a look and a cure.' 'I am too old to be cured.' 'I am too young to be cured.' Now what would you have said to a person offering one or more of these excuses? [Teacher, apply this to the scholars themselves, who seek excuses for not looking to Jesus.]

BUBBLES.

It is so long since it happened, my dears, that whenever I think about it, the youngest of my acquaintances fade quite out of sight; dear middle-aged faces grow rosy and youthful; Mary, my grave little wife, suddenly goes dancing down the garden path with a skipping rope; our worn-out old Dobbin becomes a frisky colt; the tumbled-down affair yonder, beyond a pile of brush, straightens itself into a trim, freshly-painted wood-shed; and—well the long and short of it is this: the memory of that day always carries me back to the time when I was a little bit of a boy.

You see, I sat on the porch blowing soap-bubbles. I remember it just as well as if it were yesterday. The roses were out and the wheelbarrow had a broken leg; the water in the well was low, and if you tried to climb up on the curb to look down into it, you'd have some one screeching to you to 'come away from there.' But you could do what you pleased on the porch. It was so warm and sunny that mother let me leave off my shoes as a matter of course. It seems to me that I can remember just how the hot boards felt to the soles of my tiny, bare feet. Certainly I can recal how Ponto looked exactly (he has been dead these dozen years, poor fellow!). The father must have been precisely right, for I know it worked beautifully. Such bubbles as I blew that morning! What colors they displayed! How lightly they sailed up into the clear air! Sometimes a little one with a bead at the end—a failure—would fall upon Ponto's nose and burst so quickly that I couldn't tell whether its bursting made him blink or his blinking made it burst. Sometimes a big one would float off in the sunlight and slowly settle upon the soft grass,, where it would rock for an instant, then snap silently out of sight, only a glistening drop behind. And sometimes——But here I must begin afresh.

The little girl who lived next door very soon came and leaned her bright head out of the window. A bubble had just started at the end of my pipe. I didn't look up; but I knew she was watching me, and so I blew and blew just as steadily as I could, and the bubble grew bigger, bigger, bigger, until at last it almost touched my nose. Looking down upon it I first saw the blue sky, then perfect little apletree branches, with every speck of leaf complete, then I saw the house, then the window, with the sash lifted, and then I saw the little girl!

This made me shout with joy. I looked up, but the little girl was gone. Probably she had bobbed her head back into the room,. It was just like little girls, to do so, you know. Then I blew others, and knew she was watching me again; and, all of a sudden, mother called me.

"Is that all? Didn't the little girl fall out of the window, or nothing?"

Heart alive! Whatever put such a thought into your heads?

Fall out of the window, indeed!

I can't remember much more about that Summer. It seems to me that there were peaches, and that Ponto learned to draw a wagon; but I'm not sure whether that happened just then or a year or two afterward

The next thing comes up is a school room. I must have been a big boy by that time, for I remember having my pockets full of marbles, also I remember having a black eye on account of a fellow named Townley. (Townley is in the cigar business now.) Besides I was in fractions, and, though I didn't care much for study, I didn't want her to think I was stupid. Who? Didn't I tell you? Why, a little girl who went to the same school—a little girl in a pink calico dress and white sun-bonnet. She had a way of dropping her books on her way home from school, I remember, and we fellows used to grab for them so as to have the fun of handing them to her. Well, the way I used to try to get up, head in the classes when she was there was astonishing. The other fellows tried to show off in the same way, too; but I knew by the way that she didn't ever notice me unless I spoke to her that she thought my bubble the biggest. You see it was only blowing bubbles again, after all.

Well, time flew along and at last war came. I was a fine stout fellow then; mother said I could go—bless her brave heart!—and I went. Ah, children! such sights as I saw! Such scenes as we passed through! But we won't talk of them now. It's enough to say, that though I felt patriotic and all that, I wanted to distinguish myself—well, I don't mind telling you in confidence—so that Somebody with brown, laughing eyes and a gentle voice would be almost as proud as mother to see me coming back with honors.

Blowing bubbles again, you'll observe.

Once more time flew along. Why not? And again I found myself trying—this time to make money. The day, as I look back, is so close that the old faces put on their own look again, and the young acquaintances come to light once more, and Mary, my wife, no longer skipping down the garden paths, sits at her little work table sewing. Well as I remarked, this time I am trying to make money. There is a great excitement in Wall Street. Men are being made rich or poor in an hour. I have a good, steady clerkship, but a chance for blowing a great big, big bubble come to me. I can see a happy face already looking up at me from its golden surface.

She shall be rich now!

I blow and blow, and the bubble bursts! All gone—gone in a flash—the savings of years! Ruined! ruined!

I hurry home—through it is but the middle of the day. No one there. I sit down in a chair and think. Ruined? Not a bit of it. Haven't I health and honesty and strength? Haven't I mother and haven't I Mary and haven't I little Joe?

With this thought I stepped to the window and looked out. Surely enough there sat the little fellow, and, he was blowing bubbles! And if, you'll believe me, the little girl next door was leaning out of the window watching him! Just then, Mary came in—I mean just now, for the fa ct is I'm writing about this very day. And Mary and I both think it isn't such a very dreadful thing, after all, to lose a few hundred dollars, for I have my clerkship yet, and I'm determined never to speculate with my savings again. No, I'm going to be a steady, faithful, hard-working fellow, and Mary and mother and Joe and I are going to be just as comfortable and happy as chippy birds—and ——

You see, I am blowing this new pubble so slowly and cautiously in the sunlight that I know it will be safe. And right in the heart of it I see Mary—Mary who has looked brightly up at me from every bubble that I have ever blown in all my life.—Joel S. Stacy, in St. Nicholas for May.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

[From the Methodist.]

Pick up the minutes, young folks, says Prof. Tryall, for they are excellent pickings.

How, now Professor? Do you mean to give us a lecture?

Not to-day, for Dr. Beetle, I see, claims that. But I was thinking of a boy who always found time to do everything. "Why you see," said the little fellow, "I pick up the minutes, and they are first-rate pickings."

So they are. There was a little errand-boy in London, Nutcrackers, who learned Greek while waiting for parcels, and continued to make such good use of the minutes he saved that he became a learned man. Pick up the minutes, and then use them well.

And it is very true, remarks quiet Mr. Civil, that no one else can pick them up for us. The Professor has reminded me of a little story called

"GO" AND "COME."

An indolent gentleman had an estate which became involved in debt. So he sold half, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner if he would sell his farm.

"Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised.

"Yes, if we can agree about the price."

"That is exceedingly strange," said the gentlemon. "Pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live on twice as much land for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me for your farm, and are able in a few years to purchase it?"

"The reason is plain," said the farmer; "you sat still and said, Go; I got up and said Come. You lay in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business."

That man must have felt that laziness was a bad bargain.

These are bargains which it would pay no man to make. Dr. Beetle is plainly growing impatient. Children, are you ready to listen?

Here is a story, says the Doctor, and it is a very pretty one, of a horse and boy:

A HORSE AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

On a small farm in France was a young horse, whose temper was so untractable that all attempts at taming him failed, The farmer would have parted with him but for his youngest child. a boy about six years old, to whom the animal showed a great liking. He would come to his young friend and receive food from his hand. He seemed pleased to have his shaggy neck patted by the little fellow. One day all the family were out in the fields, excepting the mother, who, being busy in the house, left the child playing in the yard, when he fell into the pond, and would have been drowned but for the timely aid of his friend, the horse. The animal happened to be loose in the stable, and hearing the familiar voice came out at a trot. Seeing the child struggling in the water, he seized him by his garment and drew him out, at the very moment the mother came out to look after him. So the horse saved the little fellow's life.

AN HOUR A DAY.—There was a lad who, at fourteen, was apprenticed to a soap dealer. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at least at that rate; and he had an old silver watch, left him by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and when he was twenty-one he knew as much as the young squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in, in seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be two thousand five hundred and fifty-five hours, which. at the rate of eight hours a day, would be equal to three hundred and ten days, equal to forty-five weeks, nearly a years reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. Try what you can do. Begin new. In after years you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and profitable you ever performed.—*Children's Friend.*

CURE FOR RELIGIOUS DYSPEPSIA.—Here is a saying, from one who well knew whereof he spake, worthy of the serious thoughs of "dyspeptic Christians," of whom there are so many in our Churches. A practical acceptance of the hint would take them straight into the Sunday school, and set them at work there:—

It was a saying of Dr. Arnold that no student could continue long in a healthy religious state unless his heart was kept tender by mingling with children, or by frequent intercourse with the poor and the suffering.

WHICH IS BEST?—

This world is dark and dreary
When we make it so;
This world is bright and cheerful
When we take it so.

Our friends are cold and distant
Whene'er we doubt them;
Our friends are true and loving
When'er we trust them.

Is't best to live in the dark,
Doubting by the way,
Or live in the light of love,
Trusting day by day?

To the Christian whose life has been dark with brooding cares that would not lift themselves, and on whom the chilling rains of sorrow have fallen at intervals through all his years, death, with its sudden blast and storm is but the clearing up shower; and just behind are the songs of angels, and the serenity and glory of heaven.

CONVICTION, confession, and conversion are the three first rounds of the heavenly ladder. Many seek to go up another way. They ascend heights of pleasure, peaks of riches, and call upon the crowd to see how high they have risen by their own strength; but they are still no nearer heaven, and their fall will be increased in proportion to their eminence.

"WHY have you prospered while so many around you have failed? inquired a man of a rich merchant one day. The merchant turned to the Bible and read the words, "Acknowledge Him in all thy ways, and He shall direct thy steps." Then, closing the Bible, he added solemnly, "This is the grand secret of my prosperity in the world."

MEN plant prayers and endeavors, and go the next day looking to see if they have borne graces. Now God does not send graces as he sends light and rain, but they are wrought in us through long days of discipline and growth Acorns and graces sprout quickly, but grow long before ripening.

House and Farm.

WHISTLE AND HOE.

There's a boy just over the garden fence,
Who is whistling all through the live-long day;
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.
Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row,
By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear;
He has scarcely time for a growl, I know,
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row.
Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

But then while you whistle, be sure that you hoe,
For if you are idle the briars will spread;
And whistle alone to the end of the row
May do for the weeds, but is bad for the bread.
Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row,
By the songs you know.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

WATERING PLANTS IN TIME OF DROUTH.

I am trying to keep my ornamental plants alive by watering them, although this is an irksome task where one has not made preparation for through irrigation. I think most persons make a mistake in giving too little water at a time and applying it frequently instead of thoroughly soaking the soil at once and then applying no more for a week or more. This sprinkling the surface does little or no good, for the water makes the soil bake a little harder each time, keeping out the air, forming an excellent conductor for the heat to penetrate the earth, driving out what little moisture it may contain.

Water should be applied in sufficient quantities to saturate the soil down to the lowest roots, and if this is done, there will be no need of giving frequent applications. Around trees and all coarse plants as much of some kind should be applied after watering, to prevent evaporation and keep the soil cool as well as moist. Among small plants the hoe and rake must be kept in constant use, to keep the soil loose and prevent it becoming baked and hard.

Heat will pass through a brick and drive out every particle of moisture in much less time than it will through the same quantity of loose soil. The particles of which the brick is made are pressed together, forming an excellent conductor for heat, and evaporation proceeds slow or rapid as heat is transmitted through the mass. A heavy, clay soil is usually very wet or very dry, because of its compactness, but to talk of breaking up deeply, aerating and draining a soil that gets as hard and dry as brick in summer, may appear to some persons the height of folly, but is it the cheapest and most expeditious way of making it dry in wet weather and moist in the time of drouth.

Hundreds of ornamental trees have died and are now dying in my neighbourhood simply for the want of moisture that has been driven out of the brick-like soil about their root. A little water and a breaking up of the earth about them would have prevented their death. Trees that are worth five or more dollars each could have been saved by an outlay of from five to ten cents; but there is little use of talking to those who will neither read nor reason. —*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

THE SOIL FOR TOMATOES.

Everybody talks—few know the results of practice—and simply because they do not daily study and think. Each and every plant needs its food for life, growth, support, and maturity. These are all that are needed. If you supply elements of rapid growth of plant, be it vine or stem, you take away the fountain of the germ of fruit. This simple idea holds good in all of vegetation, and in the tomato it is especially to be counted. The "Love apple plant," of our early days in life, was a gem of beauty, loaded from the ground upward with its rich, red fruit, but until about 1832 we knew not its value as an esculent table fruit, when cooked; and it took us along to 1842 ten years—to learn that to eat as we gathered it from its plant stem, it was as good or better, than the half of the sour oranges sold upon the market. So we go along learning a little day by day, and only a little over a quarter of a century passed ere the tomato becomes one of the invaluable esculents of the family table from one year's end to the other. It is dried, canned, and pickled. It is cooked, stewed, fried and boiled; is eaten raw, is made into jelly sauce (espiato), and makes a flavor to every dish of soup, and yet the masses of the people don't how to grow it. Too many make the soil so rich the plants grow mainly to vines, and then they neglect to or don't know that they ought to pinch back the ends of the stems and so keep it in a bush form and tied to little stakes, by which course the intelligent amateur gets numerous crops of beautiful fruit.

The way, however, for all of us who have little time to spare and want tomatoes to eat and can, is to obtain plants that have made their second leaf, and about the 20th of May plant them out three feet apart each way in good ordinary common corn growing ground. Now, if time can be had, as soon as the fruit blossoms show, the ends of the main stems and also the branches should be stopped by pinching off the shoot just beyond the last leaf. This pinching back of the growth of the branches should be continued, say until August, all and any and every time when the stem or branch has made three leaves. Keep the ground clean and level, and if you can conveniently lay a little small brush under each plant, so as to keep its fruit and stem above the ground. Some tie to stakes and train them up as they would a grape vine. We don't believe in it.—*Ohio Farmer.*

TO KEEP HAMS IN SUMMER.—Much has been written on the subject of keeping hams during the summer months. To bag them and whitewash the bags is troublesome and expensive. Some pack them in barrels with wood ashes, and some with pine shavings, but we think as good a plan as any is to sprinkle the hams and shoulders with cayenne pepper and wrap them up well in newspapers and hang in a dark, airy place. Uniform darkness is a complete protection against the attacks of insects, and the hams keep better without any preparation against noxious insects, but mostly always by hap or mishap the door is left open and the intruders enter and do some mischief, so it is best to wrap up the ham even though they be in a dark smoke-house.

WATER-PAILS.—The *New England Farmer says:*—"Wooden water-pails, whether to be used in the kitchen or at the staple, should receive two or three good coats of gum-shellac varnish, dissolved in alcohol, well laid on both inside and outside. This will last a year or more before the wood will begin to soak water. It is much better than lead paint for the inside of pails. Lead is poison and soon peels off in freezing weather, and then the pails soak water and get very heavy to lift; besides which they rot fast and leak through the pores of the wood. Shellac can be procured of any painter, ready mixed, and, if corked tightly, will keep any length of time.

TOMATO CUSTARD.—This is said to be a beneficial diet for consumptives. It is made by straining finely stewed tomatoes through a course sieve, and adding two pints of milk and one pint of tomatoes, for four eggs and one teaspoonful of sugar. Bake in small cups quickly.

THE CELLAR.—Whatever you do or fail to do, do not neglect the cellar under the house. Remove everything that is decaying. Clean up. Whitewash the walls. Ventilate thoroughly and often.

MAKE YOUR WALKS DRY.—Put down planks or boards if necessary; but it is far better to get the water off. You can do this if you attend to the matter before the water soaks into the ground.

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STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

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DRESS Goods, Men's Tweeds, Grey Cottons, Brussels Nett, White Cottons, Rufflings, Printed Cottons, Silk Ties, Printed Muslins, Ribbons, White Striped Lawns, Yak and other Laces, Coloured Striped Lawns, Umbrellas, Tasso. Grenadines, Shawles and Mantles, Black Lustres, Hosiery, Millinery of all kinds.

Special—Black Silks at Job Prices.

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OTTAWA, April 10, 1874.

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WANTED.

BY the British American Book and Tract Society, two or three Colporteurs for Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. Application with recommendations may be sent to
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CONGOU, SOUCHONG,
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Good Congou Tea,

By the lb. 40c. By the box. 36c. By the chest. 31c.

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IN THE CITY. ALL PRICES.

Corner Barrington and Buckingham Sts., Halifax.

DeWolfe & Doane

Have completed their Importations for

FALL AND WINTER,

and are now prepared to show a well-assorted Stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

to Town and Country customers.

Orders from the Country solicited and promptly attended to.

MANTLES OF ALL KINDS made to order by the most experienced hands. A perfect fit guaranteed.

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Molasses, Sugar, Tea, &c.

THE subscriber offers for sale at lowest market rates, in bond or duty paid, in lots to suit—
Puns. Tierces and Barrels choice early crop Cienfuegos MOLASSES.
Hhds. and Bbls. Choice Vacuum Pan SUGAR.
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Half Chests Souchong TEA.
Boxes Sealed and No. 1 HERRINGS,
NAVY CANVAS—assorted No. 1 to 6.

JOSEPH S. BELCHER,
jy31 Beak's Wharf.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

MAY, 1874.

Full Moon, 1st day, 11h. 52m., morning.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 2h. 58m., morning.
New Moon, 15th day, 6h. 2m. afternoon
First Quarter, 22nd day, 11h. 4m., afternoon.
Full Moon, 31st day, 2h. 32m, morning.

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

In this month the length of days increase 1h. 4m.

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, 3 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. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes *later*. At Westport, 2 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 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.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS!

Anderson, Billing & Co.

Have now completed their Spring Stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS.

And are prepared to fill all orders entrusted to their care.

Every facility for quick despatch.

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OUTFITS FREE. Employment at your homes or travelling. The work is congenial, honorable, and pays the best of anything ever before offered. Cash wages, samples, and complete outfit sent *free. Address at once,* Clermont Daniels & Co., Notre Dame St., Montreal. 4w may 25

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