The Family.

O, CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

O, city of the jasper wall,
And of the pearly gate!
For thee, amid the storms of life,
Our weary spirits wait.
We long to walk the streets of gold
No mortal feet have trod;
We long to worship at the shrine,
The temple of our God!
O, home of bliss! O, land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
Of every land the brightest, best—
When shall we there find peace and rest?

O, city where they need no light
Of sun, or moon, or star,
Could we with eye of faith but see
How bright thy mansions are,
How soon our doubts would flee away!
How strong our trust would grow,
Until our hearts should lean no more
On trifles here below!
O, home of bliss! O, land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
Of every land the brightest, best—
When shall we there find peace and rest?

O, city where the shining gates
Shut out all grief and sin,
Well may we yearn amid earth's strife
The holy peace to win!
Yet must we meekly bear the cross,
Nor seek to lay it down
Until our Father brings us home
And gives the promised crown.
O, home of bliss! O, land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
Of every land the brighest, best—
Soon shall we there find peace and rest.

—*Young Pilgrim.*

HANNAH'S FIRST TEMPTATION.

BY MARY E. WILLARD.

Hannah was a brown-eyed child of eight years old, just the age to be made *feet* for every body, and receive no thanks for it. Her *big brother*, as she called him, was very sick all one long winter, and the little sister was kept at home from school to save steps for her mother. She wore slippers when in doors, and learned to move about with a step like a cat for fear of disturbing her sick brother's sensitive head.

Her especial duty was to bring from a closet in the next room a small portion of the delicacies, many of them gifts of sympathising friends that the Doctor permitted him to enjoy. He had been too ill to eat for a long time, and was very thin and weak and hungry. Once in about an hour or so, she would hear, "Hannah, bring me a few grapes, or a cracker, and a spoonful of jelly."

Hannah would go on tip-toe and bring it, and hold the plate while her sick brother ate it, then bathe his thin, pale fingers, and dry them with a soft, gentle motion, and sit down by the window and watch him till her mother came to relieve her.

Sometimes she would be sent for an orange that had been peeled, and divided into small pieces by the mother, and placed where Hannah could bring a little at a time to the sick bed, for it was unsafe to over-indulge the new appetite and weak stomach.

The little nurse did her work well, and became so used to the quiet, sick room and still house that she quite forgot to want to go to school and play with other children. She read her bound volume of the *Youth's Friend*, the only child's paper of her time, over and over again before the nursing days expired.

One day she went to the closet to bring a cracker and some jelly, &c. Young as she was, the *devil* met her. Don't be startled! He is always hanging about little children as soon as they are old enough to understand him. She had been arranging the shelf that was under her care, and stood thinking: "There are twelve oranges, and never so many cups of jelly, and lots of ginger preserves, and three kinds of crackers. How nice they look! Oh, dear! I almost wish I had the inflammatory rheumatism so as to have some of these good things."

You see her *big brother*, like most sick folks, was too much taken up with himself to think how tempting the juicy oranges, crimson jelly, white grapes, and sponge cake were to his little nurse, and had neglected to offer her a share.

As she stood looking at the half consumed glass of jelly, holding in her hand a spoon, *something* seemed to whisper,

"*Help yourself*, Hannah! Take a little jelly and a cracker, no one will miss it."

She pushed her hand into a half-open paper, and took one out. It seemed to her guilty conscience to rattle like a powder cracker! She looked all about her, and listened tremblingly. As the spoon went into the jelly, the same voice said:

"*What are you afraid of?* Your mother is down stairs, your brother in bed, the family all out, *no one will see you*. Beside, if your mother knew how your little mouth waters for something good, she'd give it to you. You have earned a share for your nursing, and brother Tom is very selfish not to have offered some to you long ago.

Thus consoled by her new adviser, she spread the jelly on the cracker. It made her mouth water worse than ever.

"Now put a handful of white grapes in your pocket to eat in the room when Tom is asleep," said the same indulgent voice.

"*Take some.* You know that half of the last grapes spoiled, and had to be thrown away. Tom can't eat all of them, you had better eat them than see them wasted."

This apparently kind, economical, sensible advice, was from the same *devil* that whispered to Eve, and persuaded her to eat of the forbidden fruit, and brought death and woe into the world. Hannah stood a few minutes looking longingly. The voice continued:

"You've trotted back and foorth from the closet to the bed for a month, and hav'nt tasted one of these good things, and you never will if you don't help yourself, Did'nt the Doctor say, yesterday, that you deserved to be well petted for the rest of the year.

Just then *another voice* spoke to her soul, and brought to mind a verse that she had been writing in her copy book the last day that she was at school. It was, "*Thou God see'st me.*" She had been taught by an old-fashioned Bible-reading mother to fear *sin*. At this, Hannah threw down the spoon and pushed the cracker away, and said aloud:

"I know I havn't had any, and *won't* touch a bit unless mamma gives it to me herself. *I just won't. Its stealing to eat Tom's things,*" and slamming the closet door with a bang that re-echoed through the rooms, she hurried back to the sick room, and did not feel safe from the tempter's power until she was seated in her little chair at the window by her book case.

Her brother's sick voice saying, "What keeps you so long, Hannah?" roused her to her neglected duty. As she carried the cracker she had spread for herself to him, and stood waiting while he ate it, he little knew the struggle his young sister had endured in resisting the *devil*.

The contents of the closet never tempted her again. God's promise, "*Resist the devil, and he will flee from you,*" was fulfilled in her case. Several weeks passed before Tom thought to offer his little nurse a share of his luxuries. When he did they were joyfully received, with no memory of *sin* to give them a bitter taste!

Hannah is now a grey-haired woman, with a little brown-haired girl of her own, just the age that she was when she passed through her *first temptation*. Though possessing her share of faults, from that day she had hardly been tempted to *dishonesty*. She believes that if she had yielded to the *devil* on that far-off day, she might have been led into deception and dishonesty all through her life.

She thinks it has been easier for her to be saving and self-denying, and regardful of the rights of others, careful not to spend beyond her means, reluctant to borrow, because the blessed Saviour helped her to say "*no*" to the *devil*, when he assailed her in the sweet-meat closet.

The "Father of lies" is meeting boys and girls now just as he did little Hannah. He tells you to keep back part of the change which your mother forgot to ask you for, when you came in from the store and found her busy with company. He tells you to put a cookie in each pocket, beside that one in your hand when you are trusted to go the cake-box, and other things of the same sort.

By and by he will try you on a larger scale, and if you manage to keep clear of disgrace, and jail, you will not avoid the stain of dishonesty upon your soul, and the wrath of God, if you yield to his suggestions.

Say. "*No, I wont!*" to the *devil*, now while you are a little curly headed child, before any earthly friend knows that you are tempted, and he will flee from you. The Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," will give you strength to do right if you ask him, and *trust in him*.

Hannah never told this true story of her first temptation before. Her mother and brother have gone to heaven. She might not now be so happy in the hope of meeting them there if she had not said "*I won't!*" to the *devil* when he urged her to help herself in the sweet-meat closet.—*N. Y. Observer.*

IS THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL A FAILURE.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY STEPHEN H. TYNG D. D.

I saw an account of a Sabbath-school meeting in Massachusetts, in which a clergyman spoke of Sunday-schools as a failure! Well, it Satan should stand up and say to me, "Sir, I have been trying for fifty years to put you down, and to put down the things that you preach, and I can't do it." I should think it an honest statement, and I should say, "Poor fellow! it's a failure, and I advise you to let it alone." If infidelity should say, "I have been trying to undermine all the ramparts you have built up, and to poison the minds of these children, and lead them away from you and from holy influences, and I cannot do it; it's a failure," I should say, "Yes; and I advise you to put your intellect and talent to better employment." But when a man professing to be a minister of the Gospel, rises and says, "In my experience Sunday-schools are a failure." I answer, "1. They are a failure because you never attended them. 2. They are a failure because you did not know what to do in them, if you did attend them. 3. They are a failure because you never had the heart to teach the young when they came before you; and 4. They are a failure because your own soul has no knowledge of a Saviour whom it was your duty to teach to them!" No man or woman that has worked in them can say that they are a failure. It is now fifty years since I began the work of Sunday-school teaching. Has it been a failure? Oh, I have seen the children of God gathered by the hundreds, and I will venture to say, without consulting my list particulary, that more than a thousand children from the Sunday-schools under my care, and that of the faithful teachers God has given me, have been brought to glorify a Saviour's name upon the earth and to be partakers of the Saviour's glory in heaven. And although, as I look back upon the work, I feel disappointed in it, I tell you what disappoints me: I see so many professing Christians that have not the heart to take hold of it; that I see so many fathers and mothers in the Church who can be contented to be the mere sheep of Christ, to feed and lie down in the shade, and work not a day nor a hour for Him; and that so few of the intelligent and worldly influential men and women of the Church are what I have desired them to make of the dear children of the Church—living, loving laborers for Christ. There is my disappointment. And I would go to such members, and say to them, "When will you awake? Do you not know that there are poor children at your very door, crying for some one to tell them of a Saviour's love, while you are living for ease, self-indulgence, and enjoyment? Do you not know that there are poor, perishing souls, heaped up all around your path, and you pass them by unconcerned?"

MAGGIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST

"Mamma," said a very weak little voice, in a pretty bedchamber, "mamma, will you come here?"

"I will come in one moment, Maggie darling. I am mixing you some cool lemonade."

"How kind you are to me!" said the little feeble voice again, as Maggie's head was gently lifted, that she migh taste the pleasant drink. "I wanted you to come in to ask you if I might have might birthday party to-night."

"Your party, dear! You are too sick for that."

"But to-morrow is my birthday, and you know the doctor said Jesus might take me to heaven now very soon. I don't think I shall lie here to-morrow, for I feel so much weaker. Don't you remember before I was sick, you promised me that on my tenth birthday you would let the school-girls come and see me?"

"I remember, Maggie."

"Won't you let them come?—and, mamma, won't you let me give each one something to keep? Tell them not to bring me presents—I want to make those."

"But, Maggie, I am afraid it would tire you too much."

"It will be only for a little while," said the child gently. "I thought perhaps I could say a word or two that would make them think of the day they must lie where I am, Not preaching, mamma, only to remind them o fJesus. If you had not taught me to love Him, mamma, how could I bear to leave you and my father, dear Kate and the boys?"

Mrs. Huntingdon kissed the sweet little pale face looking lovingly into her own, and said:

"If you will try to sleep now, dear, I will send Frankie to the school, and let Miss Markham, know your wish."

"I will try said the patient little girl, closing her eyes. "The pain in my knee is all gone now."

The mother's eyes filled with tears, but she moved gently from the room, and sent her oldest son to summon Maggie's playmates to say farewell to their little companion.

It was just after dusk, on the same pleasant evening, when Maggie sat waiting for her guests. She was dressed in a cool muslin wrapper over her snow white night dress, her fair, soft curls smoothly brushed and her wasted little figure propped up by pillows. While she waited, her mother spoke to the sorrowful little group in the drawing-room, each of whom had brought an offering of sweet flowers for the dying girl.

"You all know, she said to them, "of the terrible accident that occurred to our dearMaggie. She was thrown from a carriage and one limb was badly crushed. We hoped, by amputating it, to spare our dear little girl's life, but the operation was not successful. Mortification has set in, the pain is all gone and Maggie has but little time to live. She was anxious to bid you all farewell, but I must warn you all to be very quiet and gentle, as she is too weak to bear much excitement, You can come up now."

Silently and very gravely the little girls followed Mrs. Huntingdon to the room where Maggie sat waiting for them. By her side was a little table, upon which were placed the little treasures and trinkets Maggie posessed. She looked up with a sweet smile as the schoolmates of her happy days came in. Her chosen friend came first to kiss her, and put a cluster of snow white roses in her hands.

"Dear Hannah," said the sweet feeble voice, "thank you. They are so fragrant. I want you to wear my little gold cross and chain, Hannah, and think of me; and won't you try to remember you must lie here too, some day? I want you to think every day that when Jesus calls you, you want to be ready to obey Him. I love you, dear Hannah, so much, kiss me and good-by."

Every one received a little token. Some were reminded of the sudden call Maggie had received; some were very gently asked to forsake a fault that was marring their dispositions some were fervently besought to renounce a careless disregard of the loving Saviour, and all received a kiss and a word of farewell. Quick, sobbing breaths filled the room, as at the last words Maggie lay back, white and faint, but smiling lovingly upon them all. They stole away, leaving the child almost coverwd with the beautiful flowers they had brought. Each one grasped the keepsake that was to remind them of their little playmate, who so short a time before had been as rosy, gay, and healthy as they were.

When they were gone, Mrs. Huntingdon went again to Maggie's room. She was lying very still, but her fingers touched the flowers lovingly, and her face was peaceful and happy.

"Do the flowers make the air close, Maggie?" she asked.

"No, indeed. Please let them lie where the girls put them until bed-time. Mamma, will papa soon be in to read prayers?"

It is not ten o'clock yet. Shall he come in now?"

"Yes, mamma, now. I am tired."

It had become a family custom, since the little girl's accident, to read the morning and evening chapter in the Bible and say the Lord's Prayer in her room, and Mrs. Huntingdon, seeing how pale and weary she was, went at once to assemble the family.

"Papa, will you hold my hand while you read? Kate, Frankie, Will kiss me. Now, mamma, hold my other hand."

"Are you too tired for me to read, Maggie?" asked her father, feeling how cold the little hand in his own was growing.

"No, papa. I may fall asleep, but I have kissed you all for good-night."

The holy words of comfort were read in solemn tones, and the prayer came from low, choked voices. When the family rose from their knees, Mrs. Huntingdon bent with a white face over her child. The feeble breath had ceased to flutter over the pale lips, the gentle voice was silent, the soft eyes were closed in the last sleep of earth.

Maggie had gone to Jesus. The birthday she would never waken to greet on earth would be passed in heaven.

But Maggie's influence did not die. The little girls who gathered around her dying-bed are women now. One of them who told me this story, said to me:

"I wear upon my little finger the ring Maggie Huntingdon gave to me at her solemn birthday party. Whenever I am tempted to utter an angry word, to indulge in laziness, or to forget my religious duties, I look at the little gold band. I seem to see again the pale, sweet face of my little schoolmate, as she lay upon her white bed half buried in flowers, and asked us try to meet her in heaven. She was a good girl always, and I do not think one of us can wholly forget the loving farewell and dying kiss she gave us. I think, whenever any of us is tempted to do wrong she remembers Maggie's birthday."—*Methodist.*

THE FRUIT OF SORROW.

He who has no dear friend in the better world, who has not been called to surrender to heaven one whom he has cherished here, lacks as yet an experience that would link him to the spiritual and the eternal with the most fervent sympathies of his being. All heavenly he may be in his temper and in his life; his faith may be strong, his hope bright, his union with Christ complete, but he wants that tender and endearing sympathy that comes with having there a parent, a child, a sister, a wife, and that gives to the unseen world a home-like feeling and a present reality, He who has caught the last affectionate breathings of the departing saint, who, even as from the other side of the River of Death has received the farewell greeting of faith, and love, and joy, has thenceforth a new experience of things spiritual and heavenly; has a vested interest in heaven, has a more assured hold upon its realities, and is a nearer partaker of its life.

The gain of such an experience, the value of such a palpable and personal interest in that world, may well mitigate it, if it do not compensate, his loss. New links bind him to that great spiritual world of which he is a member, and of which he shall soon become more cognizant, when flesh and sense and all the external media of thought shall give place to the direct intuition of God and of the future state. As each relationship of life—son, brother, husband, father—opens a new experience of sympathy and affection, so does this personal affinity with some already in the world of spirits—the marriage of souls, that survives the dissolution of earthly ties—bring with it a life-like experience of the unseen, the spiritual, the eternal, that binds the soul more closely to its higher destiny, and imparts to it in hopes and aspirations an exceeding gain. Why art thou burdened, O my soul, with the pain of earthly loss! Is not thy loss their gain whom thou didst love? and if their gain, is it not thy gain also, who art forever linked to them as a partner of their blessedness.—*J. P. Thompson.*

THE EARTH CLOSET SYSTEM.

General attention is being rapidly directed toward the earth-closet system, not only in towns and cities, but in the country also. It is the universal verdict of all who have given the system a test that it is a wise and beneficial one, thoroughly practical and efficacious. The *Journal of Applied Chemistry*, giving the results of some experiments during the past summer, says:

"We prepared the earth by passing it through a sieve such as masons use, and allowing it to dry in the sun. A few minutes sufficed to get ready enough to last for a week, and as we used the same earth over and over again five or six times, the labor and trouble of this part of the operation was very slight. We had a self-acting seat, and a hopper large enough to hold dry earth sufficient for a week's supply for a family of five persons. The tank under the seat was made of wood, on runners, so that it could easily be run out into a wheelbarrow, ready for dumping. A more convenient method would have been to put this on wheels, ready to remove to the shelter for drying. When the tank was full it was emptied upon a floor under an open shed, and in a day or two the earth was usually sufficiently dry to be employed again. After the earth had been used five times it had the odor of guano, but without being in the least offensive. There was not the least smell observable in the closet, so that we had it constructed under our piazza, and could have used our commode in any part of the house without the slightest inconvenience. So far as disagreeable smell is concerned, we did not fully appreciate the advantages of the earth system over the water-closet until we came to town, and we should be glad to be able to use earth in the city on the score of its freedom from the unhealthy smell attending the employment of water it it could be obtained from dealers, and could be called for by dealers of ash-carts. We have no doubt that in course of time dry earth will be substituted for water in a majority of our city homes. The open-privy system of the country is the occasion of so much sickness, and is such an unmitigated nuisance, that it ought to be prohibited by law. It poisons the air, fills the well water with organic matter, and produces fever and cholera. There is really no valid excuse for not introducing the earth-closet in the country, and we are of the opinion that nothing but ignorance stands in the way of its universal adoption."

THE AID OF SCIENCE

The best friend of temperance still points with unerring finger towards the most complete total abstaining as our ultimate goal. Experiments made by scientists, for purely scientific purposes, continue to demonstrate that alcohol is just as surely the physical as it is the mental, moral, and the economical enemy of man. The facts thus demonstrated are wonderfully curious and interesting, showing the details of the physical ruin that it works to be as amazing as the moral desolation that follows in its train. They can also be adapted to the popular understanding with far greater success than many of the other scientific topies now so attractively placed before the people. Science can thus be made the strongest ally of temperance. Medical men are also yielding to these truths of science, and talking of the possibility of dispensing entirely with the use of alcohol in medicine; and, what is more some of them are doing so with decided success. When all this is done, there will be no more excuse for taking alcohol into the system in any form. The immense mischief which it works in a thousand shapes, strongly favors the idea that it never was intended by an all-wise Providence for this purpose. When this ground comes to be occupied, we shall be able to work consistently. We shall then have no more sanctioning the use of the little which creates the uncontrollable appetite; no more calling "evil good, and good evil." Tell us not that this good time coming is far distant. Let us work for it, and expect it.—*The National Temperance Advocate.*

A wash composed of lime, salt, and fine sand or wood ashes, is stated to be a good means of making shingle roofs proof against igniting by falling sparks or cinders, and of curing in some degree the warping and cracking of the shingles. It is recommended to be put on like whitewash.

It is not your merits nor your righteousness that God requires, but your believing. Just believe that he means what he says when he makes his promises to you. Expect him to be as good as his word.

Obituary.

Died at Port La Tour, Shelburne Co., N. S. on Wednesday, June 7, Mr. Lorenzo Snow, aged 26. Deceased was the son of Methodist parents, one of whom—the father—went on before to the "better country." From early life Lorenzo was the subject of good impressions, which restrained him from those courses of folly and vice into which so many young men are drawn. In the fall of 1868, during a season of most gracious revival with which the great Head of the Church was pleased to bless the united labors of brethren R. Wasson and W. Sargent, he gave his heart to God, experienced the joys of pardoning love, and forthwith identified himself with the people of God. From his conversion to his death he led a most consistent life. His sobriety, uprightness, prayerfulness, love of the Scriptures, delight in the services of the sanctuary, and willingness to labor for God were observable by all. Many of the poor and aged of his neighborhood now speak of his pious attention to them with the deepest emotion. And in the groves surrounding his home, his rustic bowers for reading, meditation and prayer, still remain, as monuments of his sincerity and faithfulness. His kindness to the minister can never be forgotten. A friend so true, so considerate, so self-sacrificing is seldom to be found. But especially from the class room, the Sabbath-school, and the prayer meeting do we miss our brother. May the Lord be pleased speedily to raise up others to supply his place.

Disease soon did its work with Lorenzo. He was taken ill whilst fishing in a small vessel off the harbor, brought home on Friday and died on the following Wednesday. Nevertheless, we believe he was "ready," so that sudden death was sudden glory! O! that the Lord may sanctify this sore affliction to the stricken family, the mourning church, and the sorrowing community.

R. BARRY MACK.

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Liabilities including Reserve	4,301,400.00
Divisible Surplus	993,833 88
DIVIDENDS PAID IN 1870,	394,570.88

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HALIFAX.

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The following are a few of the Magazines and Papers for sale at the Depository, with the prices per annum, and postage when mailed for the country:—

MAGAZINES.

Sunday Magazine, $1 75; Leisure Hour, Sunday at Home Family Treasury, Good Words, $1 50 each per annum; 25 cents additional when mailed for the country.

PAPERS.

Christian at Work, 56c; British Messenger British Workman and Workwoman, Cottager Artizan, Child's Companion, Children's Prize Children's Friend, 25c each, postage 3c. per annum; Gospel Trumpet, Child's Paper, Children'. 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. McBEAN, Sec.

NEW BOOKS.

Just received at the Wesleyan BOOK ROOM.

1. Climbing a Manuel for the Young, price	$0.75
2. Farra's Bibilical and Theological Dictionary,	1.05
3. Locke's Theolegy, 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 Theolov arranged, By Rev. Thornley Smith,	.10
10. Wayland's Moral Science,	1.25
11. Kidder's Homeletics,	1.35
12. T. Binney's Sermons,	
13. True Womanhood—Memorials of Eliza Hessell,	
14. The successful Student—Memorials of Richard W. Porltay B. A	1.25
15. Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh,	1.00
16. Critical Commentary on the Bible, By Jamieson, Faussett and Brown, 4 Vols. 12 mo.	4.50
17. Wesley's Notes on the New Testament,	1.25
18. Memoirs of the Rev. David Stoner,	62½
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.

1. Hanna's Life of Christ, 3 Vols.	$4.50
2. Bickersteth's, Yesterday, To-Day and Forever,	2.00
3. White's Words and their uses past and present, A study of the English Language,	1.75
4. Outline of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, A Text Book for Students,	1.25
5. Ripley's Sacred Rhetoric,	1.25
6. Dodd's Thomas Chalmers,	1.25
7. Dr. Cranes, Arts of Intoxication,	1.25
8. Beecher's, Our Seven Churches,	1.00
9. Powell's Apostolical Succession	1.00
10. Broadus' Preparation and Delivery of Sermons,	2.00

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 28th, 1871.

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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.	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 46
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 58	3 43
12	Sa.	5 2	7 7	1 24	9 7	4 50	4 36
13	SU.	5 3	7 6	2 15	9 58	5 41	6 1
14	M.	5 4	7 5	3 13	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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