The Family.

WHITSUNTIDE.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say come; and let him who heareth say come; and let him who is athirst, come: and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."—REV. XXII.

Hark! 'tis the Spirit and the Bride,
Whose voices wake our Whitsuntide;
And call th' elect of Christ to greet,
The advent of the Paraclete.

Beneath the Dove's outspreading wings,
The Church her song of welcome sings;
And all her children catch the strain,
To echo back its sounds again.

Come to the Fountain open'd wide,
Come to *Emanuel's* pierced side;
From whence the water and the blood,
Pour out astream their mingled flood.

Ho! all that thirst, come, freely come:
No more in parched deserts roam;
Come drink the stream with healing blest,
The well-spring of eternal rest.

The panting heart and aching breast
Shall on its brink refreshed rest;
Who come, shall never come in vain,
Who drink shall never thirst again.

W. B.

—*Church Chronicle.*

"I TAKE THE PARDON."

BY MRS. E. M. HUNT MORGAN.

The evening sun streamed in through the low lattice of an English cottage one soft summer's evening. The rainbow-tinted motes danced joyously in the golden rays, and in at the open window was wafted the faint, delicious odor of distant bean-blossoms, mingled with the rich perfume of the climbing roses which clung around the cottage. But in contrast to the beauty and light of the Summer evening, was the grim darkness of a soul passing away unpraying, unsaved. On the narrow bed lay a young girl, almost in the agonies of death, Hers had been a gay and sinful life; yet even now, in the dark valley of the shadow of death, she seemed to feel no fear, no repentance. By the bedside knelt a Christian lady, pleading with God for that passing soul; yet "there was no voice, nor any that answered."

Mrs. Aylmer prayed on, still pleading with God, and with the dying girl; but the callous heart gave no response: the chilling lips uttered no cry for pardon; and the Hearer of prayer gave no token that He was ready to answer. Day after day passed, and the same scene was repeated. Christian ministers visited the poor daughter of sin, and endeavored to arouse her but in vain. At length, Mrs. Aylmer resolved to try one more solemn appeal. On leaving, after her usual visit one evening she said:

"Martha, you know I love you, and care for your soul, but you make no reply to my most urgent appeals. I can now do no more for you here. It is useless to talk to you, unless you listen to what I say. I shall therefore go home, and alone in my room, I shall pray that God may yet have mercy on you. If you ever wish to see me, I will come, in answer to a message from you, at any hour of the day or night; but until you *do* send, I now take leave of you."

Martha's cold fingers scarcely returned the pressure of her friend's hand, and she calmly looked on at the bitter tears that were flowing on her account.

Mrs. Aylmer returned to her home, still praying for the girl whose salvation was so laid on her heart; but one day after another passed, and brought no message from Martha. At length, when more than a week had elapsed, Mrs. Aylmer was aroused soon after midnight, by a loud knocking at the street-door. The mother of the dying girl had come to summon her to the death-bed. The absence of her friend had stung Martha into the most torturous anxiety; and she now implored the presence of her, whose words of Christian love she had so long slighted. In a few minutes Mrs. Aylmer stood by the bed of the sufferer; but again the girl's lips seemed sealed. In an agony of pleading, the lady breathed out an entreaty that God, in his infinite mercy, would accomplish what no other could. As she bent over the object of her anxiety, suddenly Martha's arms were clasped around her neck, with the piercing shriek,

"Oh, pray for me! save me! I am dying, and I am lost!

Mrs. Aylmer fell on her knees, but instead of prayer, words of praise were all that she could utter, for the mercy which, at last, had reached that poor sinful heart. Then, as the girl's cries increased, she rose from her knees, and reminded the penitent that Jesus came to save the lost. But Martha was now thoroughly aroused to a sense of her danger, and exclaimed with passionate agony,

"Oh, I *can't* believe!"

For hours Mrs. Aylmer watched beside the dying bed, while still ever and anon came the quivering wail,

"Oh, I *can't* believe!"

In vain did the messenger of Christ quote comforting words of Holy Writ; at length she said:

"Martha, you are putting something between your soul and Christ. You are thinking that you have the power to do something that will secure your salvation; but you know when Jesus died, He said, 'It is *finished*.' You have only to accept His sacrifice for you, casting yourself on His mercy. You must be just like the poor condemned criminal; he can do nothing to gain the Queen's grace; but of her free mercy, she sends a pardon subscribed with her own royal hand. He sees the paper which gives him his forfeited life; and what does he do? Why nothing! It is all done by his Sovereign for him. *His* is the transgression, *hers* the mercy; and so he does nothing but *just takes the pardon.*"

There was silence in the sick room. The minutes glided by; still silence. The awe fell on Mrs. Aylmer's spirit, and she dared not speak to disturb what *might* be the solemn quietude of a soul repentant before its God.

The night folded slowly back its dark curtains, and the rosy fingers of the dawn crept up the sky. Suddenly as the morning sun gleamed into the low room, Martha turned, with a flash of light on her dying countenance. The Sun of Righteousness had arisen on her soul. Brighter and brighter grew the reflection from the Eternal Brilliance on her face, which seemed dashed over with rays from the Fountain of Light. She struggled to raise herself up for a moment, then sinking her head back on the pillow, with the weary, satisfied humility of a child at rest upon the Father's bosom after long wanderings, she whispered softly, trustfully, "*I take the pardon!*"—*Christian Weekly.*

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

Little Sea Weed lived on a bright sunny beach with a lovely Pink Shell resting on her bosom, and would have been very happy and have gone on very well but for the pride of Miss Pink Shell, whose beauty made her vain and scornful. She was always sneering at poor Sea Weed, and calling her a dull dowdy thing.

"If you think me so much beneath you," said little Sea Weed, "had you not much better change your place?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Pink Shell; "I shall be glad to get away from such a common ugly companion as you are."

With pride and scorn Pink Shell rolled away from the sheltering arms of Sea Weed and in doing so displayed her bright rosy cheeks to the sun. A traveller passing by noticed her beauty and picked her up. "There!" said she," you see how people admire me, while they do not notice such a poor, dull, helpless thing as you are."

"I am not unhappy, responded Sea Weed. "and I believe I am made for some good purpose; if we meet again, I hope that you will treat me with less rudeness than now."

Pink Shell fully expected to be taken at once to a palace, and to be admired by princes and nobles. But the traveler made his way to a town, and turned down into one of its dingy, narrow streets. After entering into a dull house, he took Pink Shell into a close, dusty workshop. Here she was fixed in a sort of vise, and whirled round and round by a machine called a lathe. Soon she was cut to pieces and pierced by sharp iron tools. "Alas!" said she, "I am just repaid for treating poor Sea Weed with such silly disdain."

However, her depression wore off on finding herself offered for sale to a rich noble as an object of art. "It is indeed a fine cameo," said the nobleman; "who would have thought that you could have made so beautiful an object out of a mere shell of no use whatever?"

Pink Shell felt mortified at being thus spoken of, but now that she knew she was of great value she thought she would hold up her head again.

To her great vexation she found herself shut up in a box, and locked in a gloomy cabinet. Here she mourned for the bright happy days she had spent with Sea Weed. "Ah!" sighed she, "if I am ever restored to the light I will never, I think, be proud again."

One day she heard a rustling noise, which proved to be the silk dress of a lady who came and took the cameo out of the dark box and fastened it on her bosom. Here she was admired, but grew sensible enough to know that many who glanced at her were more intent at gazing on the young lady whose beauty she adorned.

When she was unfastened from the dress of her young mistress she was placed on a marble table, over which hung a large and splendid mirror. Around her were crystal cups, carved figures, sparkling gems, and rich vases, but the mirror excited her greatest admiration.

"I should dearly like to meet with dear little Sea Weed again," said she, one day; "I think she would be pleased to see me so much improved."

"That I am indeed!" said something just above her, and looking up, she found it was the mirror speaking to her.

"I dare say you do not recognize your old friend Sea Weed in this noble glass, but here I am, and am glad to see you."

"Dear me!" said Pink Shell, "you are indeed changed, and may look down upon me."

"Don't say that, if you please," replied the mirror. "I'm of some use, and for that I feel thankful; but I had nothing to do with making myself, so why should I feel proud?"

"I hope I shall never feel proud again," responded Pink Shell; "but pray tell me how you came changed from a poor dull sea weed to a beautiful glass."

"I was first turned into what is called kelp, and then mixed with some fine sand that we both thought so much of on the beach. I was then put into a very hot furnace, and, when melted, made into a sheet of glass. I was very was very warm at such treatment, you may suppose, but in time I cooled down, and then polished into my present state."

"Oh, Sea Weed!" said the shell, "I hope you'll forgive me those unkind things I used to say. I've been so scornful and proud! I've been very silly, but—"

"Say no more, my beautiful friend," interrupted Sea Weed; "I should be ashamed of myself if I could not forgive and forget, as the saying is; and I am glad to see you so very beautiful."

"Your kind words make me more happy than my improved appearance," rejoined Pink Shell. "I shall rest here happy in looking up at you as a sister, and in asking your advice, for you possess the power that the poet was anxious for, that of enabling us to see ourselves as others see us.—*Family Friend.*

DON'T LET YOUR LIFE BE A FAILURE.

Few sadder sentences fall from the lips than these: "My life has been a failure." And can rarely if ever be retrieved, because the conviction, to most people, comes too late—comes in the feebleness of old age, when the brain is weak, and habit strong; comes after strength for true work and self discipline is gone. Says Rev. W. H. Murray:

"Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat and sleep and simper and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weakness. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men, in every trade and profession, who do not amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the Millenium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any as shall stand on the earth in that age of time and peace that will not come until men are worthy of it."

Young men!—young women! Don't let your lives be failures. Make the best of what God has given you. Let your gratitutde to Him for life and its noble endowments, be expected in a full devotion of will, and thought, and strength, to whatever work he brings in His providence to your hands. And remember that it is only good and useful work that He provides. Shun evil work—work that harms your neighbor in any way, as you would shun the deadliest thing. No true success ever comes from evil work. It may bring a harvest of golden apples, and purple grapes; but the apples will be like those of Sodom, full of bitter ashes, and the grapes sour.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

"HE'S BEEN A SOLDIER, BY HIS WALK."

These words attracted my attention as, waiting the arrival of my own train, I watched a third class carriage and its passengers just ready to start for London.

The above remark. "He's been a soldier, by his walk," was in reference to an erect, firm-treading man, who had alighted from the train, and had evidently been an object of interest to his fellow passengers.

"Ay, and he's been a soldier by the way he carries his pack," said another.

"Ay, and by his politeness," observed a third. "Did you see how he touched his cap, only because you gentlemen looked at him? Most of us would have said, "'What are you staring at?'"

The train started off, the man lef the station, and I followed. "Did you hear the remarks of your fellow-travellers, my friend?"

He smiled as I repeated them, and said, "Just as it should be—just as it should be! A soldier in plain clothes should be same as a soldier in uniform. A true soldier ought to walk so as to be known as such wherever he is."

He gave me a military salute, and we separated.

He left me full of serious thoughts, that came to me in the form of the following questions:

"Is my walk such as to elicit from all with whom I associate the remark, 'He is a soldier, by his walk?'

"I have a burden in the form of a daily cross to carry. Do I so bear it as to leave no doubt where I learned to carry it. Do I bear it soldier-like?

"As a soldier of the Lord Jesus I have a character to sustain. Do I sustain it, even in the small kindnesses and courtesies of life, as to make the remark of me true, 'He must also be a soldier, by the way he behaves toward all'—taking affront at nothing, but supposing the best of our actions?"

A DOG THAT IS WORTH SOMETHING.

A. B. Newman, assistant light-keeper at Mount Desert, is the owner of a fine Newfoundland dog, of which the following anecdote is told: Mr. Newman's little boy, nine years old, strayed away, and was missing for about two hours. The mother went out of doors and called to him, when the dog, in response, ran up from the shore with the boy's wet cap in his mouth, and signified by his action that he desired her to follow him. The alarmed mother called the father, who was sleeping in the house, and they followed the dog as quickly as possible. Down by the shore, on a rock, the little boy was insensible, and his clothes wet, as if he had been dragged from the water. After long efforts, in which the dog rendered all the assistance he could in his mute way, the boy was resuscitated, and afterward told his story. He was on the beach gathering shells, when a large wave came in and carried him off in the undertow. The dog jumped in after him, but the wave prevented him from reaching the boy for some minutes. He seized him by the leg of his trousers, and tried to drag him ashore, but the cloth tore in his teeth, and the boy said he had an indistinct recollection of the dog coming down below the surface for him again; and that was the last thing he was conscious of. It seems that the dog had dragged the child upon the rock, out of the reach of the waves, and had tried to restore him. When he heard the mother's call, he took the cap to inform her as well as he could of the affair, and hasten assistance.

HELPING HIMSELF.

Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year without a dollar, and with several ugly habits. About the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on!"

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it was all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the astonished young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; he left home, made his way through college, and graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the State of New York, entered the cabinet of the United States, and has made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than William H. Seward.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

SWIMMING.

The *Herald of Health*, among its answers to correspondents, says:

Several boys want to know if it is hurtful to "go in swimming during the summer. It depends upon how and when it is done, whether it is hurtful or beneficial. If you go in several times a day, soon after eating, or when much fatigued, and stay in long, it will injure you. In order to have it prove beneficial, as well as pleasant, the following rules should be observed:

1. Never go into the water less than two hours after eating—it is better still to make it three.

2. Never go into the water when feeling much exhausted. It will do no harm to go in when you are warm and perspiring, if you are not tired.

3. Never go into the water when you feel cold cold and chilly.

4. Never stay in long enough to make you feel chilly.

5. Swim and exercise vigorously while in the water,

6. Wipe dry before dressing. If the sun shines, expose the body to its rays a short time before dressing.

7. As a rule, do not go in more than once a day.

Obituary.

Died at Pereau, Cornwallis, May 20, 1873, Mr. James Brown in the eighty-first year of his age.

He was born in Shelburne in the year 1792, and left home when quite a youth. His footsteps were directed to Fort Cumberland, where he resided till he enlisted in the British Army in 1808. During the war of 1812, between Britain and the United States, he faithfully discharged the duties of a soldier. The hardships he endured, especially during a winter march of the regiment from Nova Scotia to Canada, were such as none but men of great physical endurance could stand. More than once, men who sat beside him to rest, never rose from that position, frozen to death.

He was in a number of engagements in Upper Canada, and though his comrades often fell at his side, his life was spared. At the close of the war he was discharged, and came to this part of the Province, where he settled and raised a large family.

According to his own statement his first deep religious convictions were realized in his eighteenth year while in Cumberland. On a bridge between Sackville and Amherst, he spent nearly the whole of a stormy night in agonizing prayer, on account of sinfulness before God. He could not leave the place until he found relief.

That night he determined to lead a Christian life. His vows, however, were after a time forgotten, but the memory of that night of soul agony, could not be wholly obliterated from his mind. About twenty-seven years ago he was aroused to a sense of the importance of a personal enjoyment of religion, under the preaching of Wesleyan ministers, and finally united with the church, of which he continued a member until death.

He loved the fellowship of God's people of every name, and as he was some distance from Wesleyan services, his later years were spent chiefly among the Congregationalists in his own vicinity. During the last two years, his devotion to God was more marked than ever. He was ripening for glory.

His house was ever the welcome abode of the ministers of the Gospel. His death was sudden, though his health had been declining for a year. On the day of his death, he was about the premises attending to the work he was able to perform, coming in wearied, he sat down and read the book of books, which to him was dearer than any other book. Suddenly he closed the book and began to sing of Jesus suffering on the shameful tree, when he faltered, leaned back his head, and without a sigh or groan, ceased to live on earth. In less than three minutes after the tones of his voice in singing had been heard he was in the eternal world. There sat the body on the chair with a smile on the face but the spirit was gone.

Death for a moment silenced faltering song,
But soon his spirit with the blood-washed throng;
Began to sing with all the heavenly host,
Praise God; "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

G. O. H.

(Christian Messenger please copy.)

Died at Boston, March 18th, Bro. Thomas A. Goosely, aged 26 years.

In 1869 he professed religion under the administration of the Rev. D. D. Currie. He, like all young people, had many temptations to contend with, for the enemy is powerful. He was called to the Ministry, and in the year 1869 he had charge of a small congregation a few miles from Halifix, where he laboured faithfully; but, Mr. Editor, I believe it is not my duty nor privilege to give his narrative, as our acquaintance was but short, but we shall, in short, answer the solemn enquiry—how did he die? and then to give you a short sketch of the sermon that was preached on Sunday, March 30th. He was a young man, much afflicted with the effect of a bone tumor, growing on the side of his face, for which his father sought to render him all the assistance that a father could.—Through the advice of doctors, he concluded to take him to the States, there to go through the serious operation of having the jaw extracted, where he met with the terror of all kings—death. But, Mr. Editor, I am happy to inform you, from the statement given by his father, that from the time he left home until the spirit took its flight, his hope was firm, trusting in the promises of God, and could say, with bold firmness, I know that heaven is mine. On Saturday, March 15th, his father perceived a change in him, for better or worse; he then said; Thomas, I think you are getting weaker, but he replied, oh no, I am not any weaker than I was. On Sabbath, his father questioned him about his future prospects, he then declared without a doubt that he had taken care of that, and was sure when he died that he would go to rest; the enemy with which we have all to contend, is trying to throw doubts into my mind, yet the Lord will give me victory over him, and I shall go to heaven when my Heavenly Father pleaseth to call me. On Sabbath afternoon, he broke out in pleasing assurance, saying, I know heaven is mine, and with all the confidence that a conqueror could triumph over the grave, and feel the sting of death removed, he cheered the heart of his father and the consolation of his near and distant friends, by singing this hymn—

What's this that steals upon my frame?

Just then, a fiery host parted the skies and lit up the gloom, for he called the attention of his father, and said, see the light how bright it shines, not the gas light, but a heavenly light hung out of heaven to light up the gloom. On Monday evening, about 5 o'clock, he asked for the Bible and pointed out the 23rd and 27th Psalms, and repeated the hymn, "Come sing to me of heaven when I am about to die," after which he raised and sang the hymn "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows," all in his favourite tune—Zypher, and when the tongue began to get thick and language became lame, then with a shake of the hand and pleasant smile, he bade his father and friends good-bye, and the spirit took its flight. His body was brought home again, where mother, sisters, brothers, relations and friends were anxiously awaiting the arrival. His body was carried to its last resting place, accompanied by the fraternal claims of two societies, one the Masonic brethren of Zytland, the other the I. O. G. T. Mount Pleasant Lodge, both of which he was a member. He is not only missed by the family and societies, but the church and choir also miss him, for those fingers that passed over the keys of the organ, are now striking higher notes. On Sabbath, 27th, his funeral sermon was preached by your humble servant, who took for his text, Psalms 23rd chapter, 4th verse, "yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil;"—which was treated as follows.

1st.—Death puts a period to temptation, affliction, and sorrow, and then winds up the victory of human life. Temptation no longer insleads, sin and sorrow are no more. Death becomes the medium of transfer to a state and sense of unsuffering life and undying glory at "God's right hand," &c.

2nd.—Death places the good of earth beyond the reach of the vanities and disappointments of life. We go Godlike through where existence shall never again be billowed high with human agitation, but the manifestations of immortality bound forever the vanities of this life with the overwhelming realities of another and better &c.

Finally, death shall introduce the Christian to heaven, which is the dwelling place of the infinite God, and the home of His children. Thus we trace the path and progress of Bro. Thomas, until we see him retiring in death, tranquil as the moon moving through the deep still ocean of heaven; like the magnificent sun of summer setting slowly and serenely amid the blessing of a grateful world. With him the pilgrimage of life is now closed, and the future opens to his eyes a sublimer state of being.

May God Almighty grant that heart's pervading consciousness of the triumph of immortality over death, may still its anxious throbbing forever, until the fiery chariot of love shall swing low to bear us home to the skies.

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Yours respectfully,
JOHN BOHAKER.

MR. CALEB GATES:

Dear Sirs,—I have to inform you for the public, that the bilious complaint which I have been laboring under for years back, of which I had a severe attack last July, has left me, entirely through the use of your medicines; that small quantity of invigorating syrup did its work effectually. Your medicines were also of considerable benefit to my family, for all of which I feel very grateful to you; hoping these statements will be made public.

Yours respectfully,
SYDNEY S. BOLBY.

Wilmot, Annapolis Co., Oct. 15, 1868.

For sale by dealers generally.

Parties ordering either of the above remedies, will address

CALEB GATES & CO.
MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1873 Summer Arrangement 1873.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, 26th May, 1873.

No. 1 (Through Passenger Express) will leave Halifax at 7.30 a. m., and be due in St. John at 8 30 p. m. This train will stop (between Halifax and Truro) only at Windsor Junction and Shubenacadie; and (between Painsec and St. John) only at Booking Stations, except where it may be necessary to cross other trains or to put down passengers who may have got on board at Painsec and stations east and south of that place.

No. 2. (Through Passenger Express) will leave St. John at 8 a. m., and be due in Halifax at 8.50 p m. This train will stop (between St. John and Painsec) only Hampton, Sussex, Petitcodiac and Moncton; and (between Truro and Halifax) at Shubenacadie and Windsor Junction, except where it may be necessary to cross trains or to put down passengers who may have got on board at stations North and West of Truro.

Nos. 3 and 5 (Pictou Passenger Accommodation) will leave Halifax at 6.15 a. m, and be due at Pictou at 12.15 p m.

Nos. 4 and 6. (Shediac Passenger Accommodation) will leave St. John at 7 a. m., and be due at Point DuChene at 12.15 p. m.

Nos. 7 and 9. (Freight and Passenger Accommodation) will leave Halifax at 11.30 a. m., and be due at Pictou at 8.15 p. m.

Nos. 8 and 10. (Freight and Passenger Accommodation) will leave St. John at 10.15 a. m., and be due at Point DuChene at 7.25 p. m.

No. 11 (Truro freight) will leave Halifax at 3.30 p. m., and be due at Truro at 9.10 p. m.

No. 12. (Passenger Accommodation) will leave Painsec at 4.20 p. m., and be due at Point DuChene at 5.00 p m.

No 13. (Truro Passenger Accommodation) will leave Halifax at 5.15 p. m., and be due at Truro at 8.15 p. m.

No. 14. (Passenger Accommodation) will leave St. John at 7.00 p. m., and be due at Hampton at 3.10 p. m.

Nos. 15, 17 and 19 (W. & A. R.) will leave Halifax for Windsor Junction at 8.00 and 8.45 a. m., and 3.00 p. m.

No 16. (Petitcodiac Freight) will leave St. John at 2.45 p. m., and be due at Petitcodiac at 8 p m.

Nos. 18. (Sussex Passenger Accommodation) will leave St. John at 4.40 p m., and be due at Sussex at 6.40 p m.

No. 20. (Truro Passenger Accommodation) will Truro at 6.00 a. m., and be due in Halifax at 9.15 a. m.

No. 21. (Sussex Passenger Accommodation (will leave Sussex at 7 a. m., and be due in St John at 9 00 a. m.

No. 22. (Truro Freight) will leave Truro at 6.45 a m., and be due in Halifax at 1 20 p. m.

Nos. 23 and 25. (Shediac Passenger Accommodation) will leave Point DuChene at 6.50 a.m. and be due in St John at 12 noon.

Nos. 24 and 26. (Freight and Passenger Accommodation) will leave Pictou at 6.00 a. m., and be due in Halifax at 2.25 p. m.

No. 27. Petitcodiac Freight) will leave Petitcodiac at 7.00 a m., and be due in St. John at 1 30 p. m.

No. 28 and 30. (Pictou Passenger Accommodation) will leave Pictou at 1.45 p. m. and be due in Halifax at 7.30 p m.

No. 29. (Passenger Accommodation) will leave Hampton at 5.45 p. m., and be due in St. John at 6.55 p. m.

Nos. 31 and 33. (Shediac Passenger and Freight Accommodation) will leave Port DuChene at 10.30 a. m. and be due in St. John at 7.45 p. m.

Nos. 32, 34 and 36, (W. & A. R.) are due in Halifax at 11 a.m., 6.45 p.m., and 8.25 p.m.

No. 35, (Passenger Accommodation,) will leave Point DuChene at 3.20 p. m. and be due at Painsec at 4 p. m.

Nos. 37 and 39, (Truro and Moncton Freight Passenger Accommodation) will leave Truro at 9 30 p. m. and be due at Moncton at 6.10 a. m.

Nos. 38 and 40, (Moncton and Truro Freight and Passenger Accommodation), will leave Moncton at 6.45 p. m., and be due at Truro at 5 30 a. m.

LEWIS CARVELL,
General Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
10th May, 1873. my21—tl june 14

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Monday, 14th of April, 1873.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31st Victoria, Cap. 6, intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the 1st day of May, instant, the Out Port of Guysborough, in the Province of Nova Scotia, shall be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into, a Port of Entry and warehousing Port, and that from and after the same day, Port Mulgrave, in the same Province, heretofore a Port of Entry, be, and the same is hereby constituted, an Out Port of Entry, and placed under the survey of the Port of Guysborough.

W. A. HIMSWOTH.
Clerk Privy Council.

may 21—3 w

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac,

JUNE, 1873.

First Quarter, 3rd day, 2h. 5m., morning.
Full Moon 11th day 5h. 47m., afternoon.
Last Quarter, 17th day, 11h. 17m., morning.
New Moon, 24th day, 4h. 58m. afternoon.

Day	Wk.	SUN. Rises	Sets.	MOON. Rises	South	Sets.	H. Tide at Halifax
1	U.	4 21	7 34	10 6	5 19	0 5	11 51
2	M.	4 21	7 35	11 9	6 2	0 52	morn.
3	Tu.	4 20	7 36	A 12	6 43	0 55	0 38
4	W.	4 20	7 37	1 13	7 23	1 14	1 34
5	Th.	4 20	7 37	2 17	8 4	1 33	2 41
6	Fr.	4 19	7 38	3 23	8 47	1 21	3 45
7	Sa.	4 19	7 39	4 30	9 32	2 11	4 42
8	SU.	4 19	7 39	5 41	10 21	2 34	5 35
9	M.	4 18	7 40	6 55	11 15	3 1	6 21
10	Tu.	4 18	7 41	8 3	morn.	3 35	7 2
11	W.	4 18	7 41	9 13	0 13	4 23	7 45
12	Th.	4 18	7 42	10 10	1 14	5 15	8 27
13	Fr.	4 18	7 42	10 57	2 17	6 24	9 10
14	Sa.	4 18	7 43	11 33	3 18	7 39	9 56
15	SU.	4 18	7 43	morn.	4 15	8 57	10 42
16	M.	4 18	7 43	0 1	5 8	10 15	11 35
17	Tu.	4 18	7 44	0 27	5 59	11 31	A 31
18	W.	4 18	7 44	0 48	6 47	A 46	1 35
19	Th.	4 18	7 44	1 11	7 34	1 57	2 43
20	Fr.	4 18	7 45	1 34	8 22	3 10	3 46
21	Sa.	4 18	7 45	1 59	9 11	4 23	4 47
22	SU.	4 18	7 45	2 30	10 3	5 36	5 47
23	M.	4 19	7 45	3 6	10 55	6 44	6 40
24	Tu.	4 1	7 45	3 23	11 50	7 47	7 30
25	W	4 20	7 45	4 48	A. 45	8 42	8 14
26	Th	4 20	7 45	3 47	1 37	9 27	8 55
27	Fr.	4 21	7 45	6 49	2 27	10 8	9 35
28	Sa.	4 21	7 45	7 54	3 14	10 34	10 12
29	SU.	4 22	7 45	8 58	3 58	10 58	10 49
30	M.	4 22	7 45	9 59	4 39	11 19	11 26

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. Johns 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.

HENRY A. BELDON,

Merchant Tailor,

AND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTER

131 Barrington street,

(Opposite Grand Parade,)

HALIFAX.

Always keeps on hand a large stock of

British and Foreign Woollen Cloths,

which he makes up in the best style to order.

Ministers, Barristers, College Gowns, and Ladies Riding Habits made to order. jul9

FOR SALE AT THE

Prince Albert MOULDING FACTORY.

DOORS.

1000 KILN DRIED PANEL DOORS from $1.50 and upwards. Keeps on hand following dimensions, viz, 7x3, 6 6, 10x2, 10, 6, 8x2, 8, 5 6x2, 6.

WINDOWS.

1000 WINDOW FRAMES AND SASHES, 12 lights each, viz. 7x9, 8x10, 9x12, 10x14. Other sizes made to order.

SHOP FRONTS

And Window Shades, inside and out, made to order.

MOULDINGS

One million feet kiln drird Mouldings, various pat