The Family.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

THE CROSS OF CHRIST AND FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

Oh! shall the story of the *Cross* e'er die.—
It's *Truth* and *Beauty* ever pass away?—
Not, while the *Throne of God* exists on high,
And *Faith* and *Love* in human hearts have sway.
The history of a *Love* that flew to save,
That looms so glorious in Christ's saving scheme,
A world of sinners must forever rave,
And all the *universe* a marvel deem!

The *proud Philosopher* may strut his hour
Elated Nature's hidden laws to know;
And from resources of his puny power
The rise and progress of *Creation* show,—
Tell how the world from small beginnings rose,
Till *fish* and *monkeys* grew to noble man!—
Tell how the course of nature nicely flows
Without a *Ruling Mind*, and Godlike plan;
Because he knows that Nature's steps are sure,
That fire will burn, and waters buoyant move,—
That laws to-day as yesterday endure
The *nullity of faith* he strives to prove!—
He views these laws so rigid and so strong
That they can ne'er be swerved for human weal,—
No prayer on earth, of man, to them belong,—
No trust in God for them the soul should feel!
And yet man moulds stern nature to his will,
A subtle substance taking from the air,
That quickly does his purposes fulfil,
And to the distant lands his message bear;—
He stops the growth of forests by his tool,—
How changed the aspect of the *leafy tree*
When smitten by his axe, and worked by rule
A thing convenient for his use we see!

What law of *physics* built our cities fair,
And launched our navies on the flowing sea?
The *law of mind* as well as *force* was there
To make the power of *law* and *art* agree.
If man can use all nature at his will,
And make the sterile earth an *Eden* bloom,—
If he on earth has power to show his skill,
And for his genius finds an ample room,—

Shall he to God above that power deny
Thus feebly figured by man's doings here,
And in his *darken'd science* fail to spy
The might and skill of God forever near?—
O wond'rous wisdom of this sapient age,
That does such deference to the *doubters* show,—
That places men as great on fame's long page
Who will not *Christ* nor *Nature* rightly know!

Oh! *glorious Cross* to burthen'd sinners dear,
And lovely too in pure angelic eyes;
Because God's *Love and Grace* more large appear
Is it than in their own most blissful skies!
The Glory of the Cross o'er Earth shall stream
When wrong philosophy has passed away,
And in the brightness of its mighty beam
Shall men the works of God with love survey.

T. H. DAVIES.

Bridgetown, N.S., 17th Dec., 1872.

WATCHING FOR SOULS.

How Rev. John Milne watched for opportunities of dealing with men about their moral and religious welfare, and found such opportunities where others would hardly have deemed it practicable, the following extract will show. It opens with an account of his preaching for Mr. Somerville, at an evening service in Glasgow. He says:

"I walked quickly home, and had a nice talk with one of the watchmen, who kept by him until the end of his beat. He thought that a man situated as he was, could hardly be expected to be religious. But I fairly turned the tables on him by telling him of a day-watchman with whom I had spoken the other day, who told me that he had to leave the house every morning at six o'clock, but that he never went out without first reading a little of the Bible.

I have had several nice talks with young men in this way. I ask a question about the road, they give information; something else follows; they get interested, and once or twice have gone almost to my brother's house.—" * * * * Not in Glasgow only did he thus get hold of the night watchmen. He did the same in Perth; and at late hours might be seen standing in talk with the watchman, or walking by his side. One night he got into earnest talk with one of them, entreating him to give himself to Christ.—"When I marry a couple," he said, "I say to the woman, 'Wilt thou take this man to be thy husband?' and to the husband, Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wife?' and so the marriage is concluded. Now, I ask you, will you take Christ to-night?" Thus he stood pleading with the man; and then taking out his pocket Bible, which he always carried with him, he asked him to turn the bright side of his lantern so as to flash the light on the page, and thus standing, he read some verses, and they parted.

Some laughed at such doings, and others thought him mad. Yet if he believed what he professed, could he do otherwise?

It was his invariable practice to accompany his friends or guests to the train, when they left, to carry their umbrella, or plaid, or carpet bag, and to give them a parting text or little book. He did so once with his friend Mr. Riddle, of Dundee, who had been preaching for him, and who was to start by the late train. On reaching the station they found themselves half an hour too early. "I'll get you some work to do," said Mr. M. to his companion. He disappeared at one of the entrances, and then reappeared, bringing with him the watchman of the station, with whom he had been more than once dealing about eternal things. Leaving Mr. R. with the man, he went home. Mr. Riddle remained with him, preaching the good news; and the light seemed to enter the poor man's heart. On the following morning the newspapers announced the sudden death, from disease of the heart, of the "watchman of Perth station." Paul had planted, Apollos had watered, God had given the increase; but the corn thus suddenly ripened was as suddenly cut down.

Mr. Milne's consistency was as marked as his separation from the world. His conformity to the "world to come" was as decided as his non-conformity to "this present evil world." His relish for it had long passed away, ever since he had first tasted the love that passeth knowledge, and known the grace of God in truth. And this disrelish for lower things and relish for higher, is the great preservative against worldly conformity. Place Mr. Milne anywhere, in any company, his unworldliness showed itself. Place him next a worldly man in a room, in a railway carriage, on the highway, in the course of two minutes' conversation, his character came out. It could not be hid. Exceedingly well informed, gifted with great powers of conversation, and with a versatile mind, he could take up any topic; and, ere his neighbor was aware, he would give the conversation a higher turn, and in the gentlest of words and tones, introduce the great question of personal relationship to God. He might meet a mourner in the street; he would go up and speak a few words of consolation. He might see a sickly person passing, he would go up and offer him his arm for the purpose of bringing to him the great tidings. In season and out of season he preached and spoke and wrote. The full heart could but flow out; and strange to say, almost invariably without offense being taken, so courteous, so gentlemanly, so kind, so unobtrusive was his manner.

Sometimes he might get at first a sharp word, but his "soft answer" immediately turned away the wrath; and as he never took offence or lost his temper, he soon gained the advantage. Once when he was with me at Kelso for a few days, we went to the Berwick pier together; and going into a third class carriage, we found a good number of passengers, among whom we went distributing some tracts. At the end of the carriage sat a young man in the attitude of resistance. Mr. Milne approached him with a tract. He thrust it away, saying rudely, that he wanted none of these things. "Very well, my dear friend," said Mr. Milne gently, "very well; but perhaps you'll change your mind, and if you do, come to me, as I still have some remaining." We took our seats near to the carriage, and sat, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, conversing together—the passengers quietly reading the tracts—when we saw the young man quietly making his way to be from the other end of the carriage. "I've changed my mind, and I'll thank you for a tract." The tract was given at once, and a word in season along with it to the stranger as he left the carriage.

That same day we were walking together along the sandy beach on the south of the Tweed, just opposite Berwick, enjoying the sea breeze, and watching the fishermen drawing their salmon nets. We came up to two who were busy on the shore, "mending their nets," or putting them in order. Mr. Milne at once saluted them. "You are fishermen, I see, my dear friends." "Yes," said they, "we are." "I'm a fisherman, too," said he. They looked at him, as if they did not hear just what he said. "I'm a fisherman, my friends," he said, but without explanation. They smiled, and implied that they did not quite believe him. "Yes," he said again, "I'm a fisherman, and so is my brother here. We are both fishermen." The attention of the men now being fixed, and their eyes turned on him, he explained himself, telling them that he had come to fish for them.

When walking out, if he saw a man breaking stones by the road side, he would often say a word to him about the hardness of his work, and then add, "do you know that I am a stone-breaker too?" and this would lead to conversation about the heart of stone.—*Life of Rev. John Milne, by Rev. Horatius Bonar.*

JOHN B. GOUGH.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

To John B. Gough belongs the unique distinction of having addressed more human beings than any man now living on our globe. And no man living has been the innocent occasion of so much hearty laughter, and as many honest tears. Spurgeon began ten years later than Gough, and has not spoken more than half as often. Henry Ward Beecher did not rise into celebrity until Gough had been for a half dozen years the prince of platformers. For thirty years no speaker has commanded such crowds who were eager to pay for the privilege of listening to the most exciting of discourses delivered in the most dramatic voice and gesticulation. It may seem presumptuous to say it, but I have often thought that Gough is the only real rival of Garrick. The great English actor recited the brilliant words of Shakespeare and Sheridan, but Gough composes his own oration. Garrick had the help of scenery and companies of fellow actors. Gough makes his own scenery with his tongue, and stands up alone. Garrick had the widest variety of topics, but Gough's most splendid triumphs of speaking and acting have all been achieved on that old, very old and "threadbare theme of temperance." Garrick only aimed to produce laughter or tears. Mr. Gough, as a great Christian philanthropist, aims to persuade, to reform, and to convert his fellow creatures to sobriety and religion. Rarely has a man ever employed his peculiar gifts more nobly than has my well-beloved friend and brother, John B. Gough.

He is a native of Sandgate, in England, and was born in a poor little cottage, on the 22d of August, 1817. His father was a common soldier in the British army. I need not recount his familiar history, how he came to America with but half a dollar in his pocket, how he struggled along in the most utter poverty, how he ran behind the pauper's hearse that bore the body of his poor, pious mother to the Potter's Field, how he fell into the most degraded drunkenness, how he was rescued by Joel Stratton, the Worcester shoemaker, and signed the total abstinence pledge with a trembling hand, how he relapsed and signed again, until at last, by God's grace, he stood up as an emancipated and converted man. Mr. Gough's hope of remaining a reformed inebriate, is founded on the "Rock of Ages." He trusts God, and not himself. The most attractive trait in Brother Gough's noble character is his earnest and devout faith in his Redeemer.

Soon after Mr. Gough's reformation, he began to lecture in behalf of total abstinence. At first he spoke to a few country folk in school houses and churches. Then he went to Boston, where, after three hundred public addresses, he can draw larger audiences than any man alive. Deacon Grant was his early benefactor, and was always proud of having befriended him. For many years Mr. Gough was a member of Rev. Dr. Kirk's Church, but of late has been connected with the Congregational Church of Boylston, Mass.

Next to the grace of God, and the prayers of a godly mother, our friend owes most to his faithful Yankee wife. He married Mary Whitcomb, of Worcester county, on the 24th of November, 1843. At the time of their marriage he was worth the coat on his back, and ten silver dollars. That same evening he fulfilled an engagement to talk temperance in a school house. She took him on trust, and has stood by him until he has been into a world-wide fame as an orator and philanthropist. When her young husband—still rather "shaky," and in danger of falling—introduced her to Deacon Grant, the shrewd man talked with her a few moments, and then slyly whispered in his ear, "John, she'll do." She has done, and nobly too, for twenty-nine eventful years. During the long period of his public career, Mr. Gough has made two visits to Europe, and lectured in every considerable city and town of the British Empire. He has had the gifted and the titled among his auditors, yet the common people hear him gladly.

He has delivered over seven thousand public addresses, some of them to audiences of ten thousand people. He has travelled over a sufficient number of miles to have carried him twelve times around the globe. He has secured over two hundred thousand signatures to the pledge. By the help of God he has reformed a large number of those who had sunk into that same abyss of drunkenness from which he himself was rescued. Much of the large amount of money paid him for his addresses has been generously given away in charity.

As an orator, Mr. Gough reached his climax of power twenty years ago. His voice was then as musical as a flute, with marvellous power in the tender, pathetic passages. Long and hard service has made it somewhat harsh and husky, but it is still an instrument of rare compass and flexibility. Sometimes he overacts, especially when weary. But in the days of his highest glory, no man could surpass him in delineation of character and in impersonations of "all sorts and conditions" of humanity. He has often been a mother, a child, a pleading wife, a brutal husband, a plantation negro, a Scotch deacon, a Frenchman, a raw Irishman, a pompous coxcomb, and a poor, besotted toper, all in one hour's address. And he excelled in every character. Truly, God made a wonderful creature when he made John B. Gough. And the grace of the Lord Jesus made a glorious philanthropist and reformer when it converted him to the service of his Divine Master. May he live fifty years longer!—*Christian Weekly.*

UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO ABDUCT A CUB.

The Saginaw (Mich.) *Courier* tells this: A good story reaches us of an adventure up in Roscommon County a few days ago, wherein a celebrated Saginaw landlooker cuts a prominent figure. It seems that the hunter of lands was out alone in that region viewing the lay of the land and the height of the timber, and while plodding along he was attracted by a small mass of something black immediately in front of him, which appeared to be alive. The black mass turned out to be a young cub. Landlooker thought he would take him into camp, and having with him a waterproof overcoat, he at once unrolled it and in a short time had overhauled the cub and thrown the coat over it. Next, to secure the little fellow, the woodsman undid the straps around his boots and proceeded to strap up the infant bear. While engaged in this process, the cub, not used to the confinement of the cradle or stays, or such nonsense, squealed, and out of a patch of chaparral a few feet to the rear of our hero came a corresponding squeal, only much lower and more motherly-like. Our landlooker took in the situation at a glance, and in another glance he was in the top of a six-inch basswood, which must have grown there for its special benefit. From his "eyrie" or lofty resting place in the top of the friendly basswood, the landlooker took a last fond look at his waterproof, as it was converted into strips about an inch wide by the gentle mother of the untamed cub. Nor until she had released her offspring and made a complete wreck of the coat and gone away did the gentleman "up a tree" give vent to anything louder than suppressed breathing, and he didn't stop to pick up his coat either, after his descent from the tree. It is said that some good time was made by him from the foot of that baswood to camp. The landlooker said just when he first saw that cub he thought it was his. Now he thinks he must have been mistaken. He says he never had much of a passion for cubs no way.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

BY MERTON DUNLAP.

Another year has closed, and those who have reaped the reward of peace and contentment, turn to the labours of the new year with buoyant hopes for the future; while others, burdened with care and trouble, take their places in the line with sorrowful hearts. Old Father Time, giving no heed to our plea for permission to live over again the hours indifferently used, jogs along with steady tramp, warning to promptly and earnestly improve the time as it glides away. This is a wonderful age of progress, and the blows that are given with patience, forethought, and energy tell. For in the daily battle of life ability comes to the front, leaving ignorance and idleness in the background. This month is the time adopted by common consent for the balancing of unsettled accounts and the perfecting of plans for the year, and in these matters the farmer may learn many valuable things of the commercial men, and improve the method of conducting his business. In these days of moderate prices of farm produce, the extravagant rates to which most of the farmer's supplies have been forced calls for a more thorough and systematic management of the farm. There are but few who know just how much labour and money a certain crop has cost, and the actual profit or loss derived from it's sale, and yet this principle is the foundation of all transactions in what are termed business circles. A carefully kept record is quite as important to the farmer as to the merchant, in order that he may know what particular branch of his business is the most paying, and what course to follow hereafter. In a great measure the plans for the future must be made from the teachings of the past, and a dreamy recollection of past experience is not to be relied upon.

And then there are the unsettled accounts at the store and factories that have been forming during the year, and the person who has not carefully noted down each item must trust all to his creditor's honesty. Many farmers look upon the "business man" as a sort of "superior being" whose account books are infallible, and pay the bills unquestioned, which is his duty to do when he does not actually know them to be wrong, and no man can trust to memory. On the other hand the farmer is often considered an institution to buy of at low rates, and sell to at high prices: a something that works and keeps the market supplied with certain useful articles, but who must not presume to dictate to his superiors. The man who deserves his income from the sale of farm produce feels that he is robbed of a large part of his just dues by the various corporations and rings through which all that he sells must pass before reaching the consumer, but appeals to the organisations are in vain, and the only hope for a better condition of things lies only in the intelligent management of his own business. There is no reason to be discouraged, for every line of business has its drawbacks, and the rule that distance lends enchantment holds good when our imagination pictures the ease with which wealth is accumulated in some profession of which our knowledge is limited. While the per cent which farming pays on the money invested is low, it must be borne in mind that the investment, when compared with other kinds of business is quite safe, and the rates of interest generally increase in proportion to the risk incurred. It requires but a statement of the facts to convince any one of the necessity of keeping a perfect account of all expenditures and receipts but a host of excuses are presented by the majority of farmers as sufficient reason why *they* do not pratice it. The excuse that you are not familiar with the established rules of bookkeeping, is not enough, as the principal thing is to record the transactions, and every one can do this so that it will be intelligible to himself, at least, even should he not adopt the simplest and best mode of doing it. Accounts half kept are equal to none, and the only safe plan is to make the entries at the earliest possible moment after the business is done, and in order that it may not be postponed to a "more convenient season," the materials for writing should always be kept in readiness. Habit soon becomes firmly seated, and when we find ourselves at the end of the year with only a few unpaid bills, or perhaps a small sum above our indebtedness, we are disposed to follow the old track, and not question the possibility of improving our financial condition by adopting some other course.

As a matter of pleasure and curiosity we several years since began noting down the time and mode of doing the different kinds of farm work—a sort of history of each day's operations. This soon grew into a necessity, and the value attached to it prompts its mention here. When some new plan, or a particular crop, had proved a success or failure, whether tested by us or some neighbor, it was recorded for future reference.—*Northwestern Advocate.*

Obituary.

IN MEMORIAM.

Deeply and universally lamented, died on September last, at her home, Port-Mulgrave, after a short but severe illness, Lavinia, the beloved wife of Mr. Jonathan Hartley, and youngest daughter of Mr. John Jost, of Guysboro', aged 32 years. Mrs. Hartley was brought up by pious parents "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and "feared God from her youth up." During her sickness she seemed to be lost to every thing earthly, and intent only upon praying and looking to Jesus for a meetness, that would secure her an admission among "the saints in light; and as much as her severe illness would permit, she gave to weeping eyes and sorrowing hearts around her dying bed the satisfactory and joyful assurance that she was going "to be with Christ, which was far better." When we saw her last, it was at her hospitable mansion, where we rested on our removal from Sydney; she was then the very image and perfection of health. Little did we think its beauty was so soon to be consumed from her dwelling, and that we were "to see her no more with the inhabitants of time." Without flattery, she was what I would call one of earth's noble women; her many amiable traits attracted the love and respect of her friends and acquaintances; and her carefulness to entertain strangers and angels of the churches in their journeyings—her sisterly kindness and affection, her filial love and obedience, and her devotedness to the happiness of her husband and children, will be memorials more valuable and more enduring than sculptured monuments and golden urns. "She is gone to the grave," while her "spirit is gone to God who gave it"—to Jesus who redeems it, to the Holy Spirit who we trust sanctified it, and to join her child, her brothers, and mother, in the mansion above, where I hope and pray the whole family circle will finally meet and dwell for ever and ever.

The rose hath lost its sweet perfume.
And those once bright have ceased to bloom,
All beauty wanes to its dreary tomb.
Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever during bloom
Safe from disease and from decline.

J. V. J.

MR. EDITOR,—I cannot but drop a few lines concerning *one*, who is worthy to be remembered for his works and works' sake; and I presume upon the permission of Brother A. to do so. That one, Mr. Editor, to whom I refer is Mr. Charles Bethune, an old and faithful subscriber to our WESLEYAN, and a pious and zealous member of our Church at North Sydney. Our dear Brother died a few weeks ago, of that disease small-pox, which, with all the sanitary precautions, proves fatal to not a few, leaving a wife and some five or six young children to mourn in deep anguish of heart their great and sudden loss. I do not know *how* he died, but knowing *how* he lived I have no doubt, being a *righteous* man, he died *well*. His house as well as his heart was always open to our ministers, and for some months until he died two of our young men from England boarded with him, to whom he was as both father and friend. He was always liberal in supporting the cause on the circuit and our various funds, in which he was an example to all, and to some more able, to imitate; and he was always ready by singing, by praying, by exhortation, by Sabbath school teaching, according to his ability, to help the *spiritual* interests of the circuit. Whoever was absent our dear Brother was always present at the means of Grace. In his business he was truly "diligent and yet fervent in serving the Lord." His piety was simple, sincere, earnest and faithful from the beginning. His moral character before the world was unimpeachable; and his employers and employees, yea, all who knew him, spoke well, and felt they could rely upon the integrity of Charles Bethune. I deeply sympathize with our cause at North Sydney and the Mines in which he took such a deep interest, with his dear wife and little children, with his aged parents and brothers and sisters, and pray that God may be a God to the widow and a father to the fatherless, and a friend to all.

J. V. J.

At his residence, Oak Bay, Charlotte Co., N.B., on the 23rd December, Mr. George Young, aged 63 years. Mr. Young was for some months before his death a great sufferer; but in all his sufferings he manifested a lively spirit of Christian resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father. He was a man of strong faith. This faith enabled him to pass triumphantly home to that land where faith is unnecessary, but where we "shall know even as we are known." In Mr. Young's removal this circuit has lost a good man.

W. WEBB PERCIVEL.

LONGING FOR THE OTHER SHORE.—Fear not, thou that longest to be at home. A few steps more and thou art there. Death to God's people is but a ferry-boat. Every day and every hour the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more. Soon, O believer, it will be said to thee as it was to her in the Gospel. "*The Master is come, and calleth for thee.*"

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FOSTER W. RHYNARD.

Sworn to at Middleton, this 4th day of Dec., 1871, before me, JAMES WHEELOCK, J. P.

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I also ran an old broken awl into my hand about three-quarters of an inch, which was very painful. I applied the Acadian Liniment, and in a few minutes was relieved from all pain, and never suffered any inconvenience after from it.

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Sworn to before me at Berwick, this 4th day of January, 1872, G. D. WOODWORTH, J. P.

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Tuesday, 24th day of Dec., 1872.
PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

WHEREAS by the Act passed in the 35th year of her Majesty's reign, entitled "An Act to amend an Act of the present session and to enable the Governor in Council to impose a duty on Tea and Coffee imported from the United States in the case therein mentioned" it is provided that if at any time any greater duty of Customs should be payable in the United States of America on Tea or Coffee imported from any other country, then the Governor in Council may impose on Tea or Coffee imported into Canada from the said United States a duty of Customs equal to the duty payable in the United States on Tea or Coffee imported from Canada; provided that Tea or Coffee into Canada from any country other than the said United States, but passing in bond through the United States shall be free from duty.

And whereas the contingency contemplated by the above recited Act has occurred, and Tea and Coffee imported into the United States from Canada are subject to a duty of ten per cent. *ad valorem*, while Teas and Coffees imported from countries East of the Cape of Good Hope are free from duty.

His Excellency in council on the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Finance, and under the authority aforesaid, has been pleased to order, and it is he eby ordered, that a duty of ten per cent be imposed, "from and after the first day of January next," and the same is hereby authorized to be levied and collected on Tea and Coffee imported into Canada from the United States of America, "from and after that date. jan. 9—3i.

NOTICE!

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, Dec. 27th 1872.

Notice is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor General, by an Order in Council bearing date the 26th inst, and under the authority vested in him, by the 3rd Section of the 34th Victoria, Cap. 10, has been pleased to order and direct that the following articles be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, viz:

FELT, COTTON and WOOLLEN NETTING and PLUSH, used in the manufacture of Gloves and Mitts.

By Command,
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
jan 9—3w Commissioner of Customs.

PRIVATE BILLS.

Parties intending to make application to Parliament for Private Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the 51st and following Rules of the House of Commons, (which are published in full in the *Canada Gazette*) to give TWO MONTHS' NOTICE of the application, (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object) in the *Canada Gazette*, and also in a newspaper published in the County or Union of Counties affected, such notices to have one or more signatures attached.

All Petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the *first three weeks* of the session.

ALFRED TODD,
Chief Clerk Committees and Private Bills,
House of Commons.

Ottawa, 6th Dec., 1872.
dec 18—t open. parliament.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA
Monday, 26th day of Nov., 1872,
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 34 Vict., cap. 6, intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to make the following Regulations:—

In addition to the Warehouse Ports mentioned in the 54th section of the Act passed during the session of the Parliament of Canada held in the 31st year of Her Majesty's reign, and intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs," and also in addition to the Ports named in the Lists sanctioned by the subsequent orders in Council, passed under the authority of the said Act, the following Port shall be, and it is hereby declared to be, included in the Lists of Warehousing Ports in the Dominion of Canada, viz.—The Port of Wallaceburg, in the Province of Ontario.

W. A HIMSWORTH,
dec 18 3w Clerk of Privy Council.

WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

Notice to Contractors.

Contractors are hereby informed that the time for receiving tenders for the construction of the nine Locks, Weirs, and other works, on the new portion of the Welland Canal, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie, has been extended to Saturday, the 25th January next. By order,

P. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 26th Dec., 1872. jan 8—3w

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Provincial Wesleyan Almanac:

JANUARY, 1873

First Quarter, 5th day, 5h 13m, afternoon.
Full Moon, 13th day, 0h 8m, afternoon.
Last Quarter, 21st day, 4h 16m, afternoon.
New Moon, 28th day, 1h. 13m. afternoon.

D. of W.	Day of Wk.	SUN Rises.	SUN Sets.	MOON Rises.	MOON South.	MOON Sets.	H. Tide at Halifax.
1	W.	7 42	4 27	10 3	2 36	7 9	9 22
2	Th.	7 42	4 28	10 37	3 33	8 29	10 11
3	Fr.	7 41	4 29	11 4	4 25	9 46	11 2
4	Sa.	7 41	4 30	11 29	5 15	11 1	11 52
5	SU.	7 41	4 31	11 54	6 4	morn.	morn
6	M.	7 41	4 32	A 14	6 49	0 14	0 42
7	Tu.	7 41	4 33	0 37	7 35	1 24	1 39
8	W.	7 40	4 34	1 4	8 22	2 33	2 42
9	Th.	7 40	4 36	1 35	9 11	3 40	3 49
10	Fr.	7 40	4 37	2 13	10 3	4 47	4 58
11	Sa.	7 39	4 38	3 0	10 54	5 53	6 2
12	SU.	7 39	4 39	3 52	11 45	6 48	6 54
13	M.	7 38	4 40	4 50	morn.	7 38	7 40
14	Tu.	7 38	4 42	5 53	0 36	8 22	8 19
15	W.	7 37	4 43	6 55	1 25	8 57	8 57
16	Th.	7 37	4 44	7 57	2 10	9 25	9 31
17	Fr.	7 36	4 45	8 59	2 53	9 49	10 4
18	Sa.	7 36	4 47	10 2	3 35	10 11	10 36
19	SU.	7 35	4 48	11 4	4 15	10 28	11 9
20	M.	7 34	4 49	morn.	4 56	10 48	11 44
21	Tu.	7 33	4 51	0 6	5 38	11 10	A 22
22	W.	7 32	4 52	1 15	6 23	11 31	1 3
23	Th.	7 31	4 54	2 25	7 11	11 57	1 55
24	Fr.	7 31	4 55	3 39	8 4	A 29	3 3
25	Sa.	7 30	4 56	4 51	9 2	1 13	4 17
26	SU.	7 29	4 57	6 0	10 4	2 8	5 35
27	M.	7 28	4 59	7 3	11 11	3 19	6 39
28	Tu.	7 27	5 0	7 54	A. 15	4 36	7 32
29	W.	7 26	5 2	8 31	1 66	6 1	8 24
30	Th.	7 25	5 3	9 5	2 13	7 21	9 14
31	Fr	7 23	5 4	9 29	3 5	8 41	10 0

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.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hour 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.

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