The Provincial Wesleyan.

Hymn to the Sun.

BY H. W. HERBERT.

Mute be the skies and still,
Silent each haunted hill
And valley deep!
Let earth and ocean's breast,
And all the breezes rest—
Let every echo sleep!

Unshorn his ringlets bright,
He comes—the lord of light—
Lord of the lyre.
Morn lifts her lids of snow,
Tinged with a rosy glow,
To greet the glorious sire.

Climbing, with winged feet
Of fiery coursers fleet,
Heaven's arch profound,
Far through the realms of air,
From out thy sunny hair,
Thou flingest radiance round.

Thine are the living streams
Of bright immortal beams—
The founts of day!
Before thy path careers
The chorus of the spheres
With wild rejoicing lay.

The sad and silver moon,
Before thy gorgeous noon
Slow gliding by.
Joys in her placid soul
To see around her roll
Those armies of the sky.

Agriculture.

A New Agricultural Machine.

The Albany *Argus* describes an invention which is designed to supersede the plow, the harrow, the roller, and the man who sows the seed. It says:

"Yesterday we were shown the model of a new, and what purports to be a valuable improvement in one of the laborious department of the agriculturist, and for which the inventor procured a patent in April of the present year. It embodies in one implement the capacity for plowing with four plows, scattering the seed in the furrows, harrowing and rolling. The plows are ranged at suitable distances, in front of the carts, and the number can be diminished at pleasure, or four used. Immediately following and attached to the plows, are the buckets for the reception of the seed—corn included—and from which it is distributed. The harrows follow, behind the wheels of the cart, and the rollers bring up the rear. On the platform of the cart, and forming a part of it, is a basin of the same width, which is the receptacle of the seed. Its position is immediately over the buckets, and as the cart goes forward, it is so arranged as to allow the seed to fall, in suitable quantities, in the buckets below. The platform is large enough for the driver, and will also accommodate several bags of grain. The harrows are also the width of the cart, in two pieces, as are also the rollers, for more easy passage over the ground. The entire arrangement can be removed with ease, and the cart used in other capacity about the farm. The inventor is Mr. Henry Beebe, a young mechanic of this city. While it appears to be a valuable improvement, and has received the approbation of many distinguished agriculturalists, its utility remains to be tested."

Sowing Oats with Wheat.

An Illinois correspondent of the Genesee Farmer says he has repeatedly tried the experiment of sowing oats with wheat as a protection from the severity of winter. He first sows one bushel of oats per acre, and then puts in the usual quantity of wheat, and harrows them in together. He has, this season, three different pieces of wheat on the same ground, all prepared alike. On the first piece, he sowed with the wheat one bushel of oats per acre; on the second, half a bushel; on the third, no oats at all. The same kind and quantity of wheat was sown on each. The first piece is good, without any chess. The second piece is a middling crop, with little chess. The third piece is nearly all chess, and not worth harvesting.

The editor adds the remark, "that the fact stated is of much value, and the practice of sowing a few oats with winter wheat on soils on which it is apt to winter kill, should be more generally adopted. The oats kill out in the winter and afford protection and manure to the wheat plant." Can any of our Western correspondents give us further experiments or information in regard to this practice? It is new to most farmers in this section.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Potatoe Disease.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences several communications were read on the potatoe malady and the means of prevention. M. Bravre of Saint-Michel-en-l'Herm informs the academy that having perceived that the disease prevailed to a greater extent in lands which had not been at any time covered by the sea than in those which were known to have been formerly overflowed, imagined that by the addition of salt he could prevent the malady. He therefore prepared a strong mixture of salt and water, in which he placed his cuttings for several hours before planting them, and when the crop was gathered in all the potatoes were sound. M. Bayard of Chasseu Gonthier, states that he had come to a conclusion that the disease was caused by an excess of vitality in the seed. He therefore introduced a pea into each cutting. The peas vegetated quickly, but without injuriously retarding the growth of the potato, and when the potatoes were gathered they were all perfectly sound, whilst from the cuttings without peas which he had planted in a portion of the ground, nearly all the crop had the malady. He supposes that the earlier vegetation of the peas had carried off the excess of humidity, and thus saved the potato.—*Star of Freedom.*

Burned Bones for Pear Trees.

The following is from the Horticulturist, and we do not doubt that bone-black is useful for pear trees, but not for the reasons which the following article proposes. Unless the bone-black be first treated by sulphuric acid, it is insoluble in the soil, and will not yield up its phosphate of lime. A small portion of divided carbon, however, which results from the gelatine, is valuable from its power to receive ammonia from the atmosphere. Wood charcoal dust for this purpose, would be equally effective, and at much less cost. The phosphate of lime contained in burned bones, has sufficient silex in combination to undergo partial vitrification, and is thus protected from being decomposed in the soil. The slightest additions of acids, however, disorganizes this mixture, and renders it available.—*Mapes' Working Farmer.*

We can bear testimony to the value of the bone-black of sugar refineries as a special manure for the pear tree. A peck mixed in the soil of a hole three feet in diameter, in which the trees are planted, gives great depth of verdure, and augments both the size and flavor of the fruit.—*Massachusetts Plowman.*

Black Knots on Plums.

Whatever be the cause of this disaster there need be no difference or difficulty with regard to its prevention. Excision and burning of the affected branches has proved completely effectual where promptly and unremittingly applied. Some, indeed, have complained of failure; but in these cases the disease appears to have made great progress before the remedy was applied; or else the operation was not closely followed up on every successive appearance of the excresences.

Some readers will remember to have seen notices of the efficacy of washing the branches in strong brine. Some instances have lately occurred where the application of soft soap has given a similar result; and an acquaintance has very successfully applied a mixture of soft soap and salt. The excresences, if recent, soon wither and disappear It may happen, however, that some parts of the trees or remote branches may be inaccessible, and that excision may prove the easier of the two.

Sawdust for Bedding.

Permit me to inform your farming readers that sawdust is one of the best, if not the very best articles that can be used for bedding horses and cattle. It soaks up and preserves all the liquid manure, and keeps the annimals dry and clean; and after the floor has been cleaned off and received a new coating of the dust, the stable is sweet and clean enough for a parlour. We have used it every winter for four or five years, both for cattle and horses, and I should scarcely know how to stable cows without it. A good waggon load will last ten cows a week, and the neatness and convenience of it will pay for hauling two or three miles, even if it is of no real benefit to the animals, and I have no doubt that every load will add one dollar to the value of the manure heap.

I wish that every farmer who reads this, and who can get good clean sawdust by going five miles for it, would get one load try it, and if he does not continue its use I would like to hear his reasons.

Materials for Manure.

Let us again urge you to collect and compost everything on your farm that is susceptible of being converted into manure; and there is nothing that ever formed part of a living body that is not—add to these materials, as you throw them into heaps, a few bushels of ashes per load, and a bushel of plaster for every twenty loads. Or if you have not the ashes, add one load of barnyard or stable manure to every two loads of the rough material—and it matters not whether the latter be *peat, marsh mud, creek mud, river mud, woods-mould and leaves, pine-shutters and mould*—by the time next spring that you are prepared to haul it out to your corn ground, it will all be good manure—all sufficiently fertilizing to feed and vastly increase your corn crop.

In the spring, previous to hauling it out, shovel it over, so as to mix the mass thoroughly and equalize its fertilizing properties. If when you are subjecting your manure pile to this process, you were to add two bushels of salt to every twenty loads, you would add greatly to its value.—*American Farmer.*

Miscellaneous.

Anecdote of Napoleon.

When Napoleon was at Erfurte, in 1808, a legion of kings and princes thronged his Court, and doffed their ancient crowns before his royalty of yesterday. At one of his *soirees*, which was attended by that brilliant company, the conversation turned upon a papal bull which had been issued by one of the early popes, respecting the precise date of which different opinions arose. An Austrian prelate assigned it to one particular epoch, while the Emperor contested the correctness of his reference.

"In a matter of this nature," said the Cardinal, "your Majesty will admit that I am more competent authority; and I think that I am, moreover, certain, that the bull belongs to the period I have stated."

"For my part," rejoined Napoleon, "I will not say what I *think*, but I will at once put it on another issue; I *am certain* that your Eminence is mistaken. But the point admits of an easy verification. Let somebody bring hither the work of Baronious on the early history of the church, and if I am wrong, I will readily acknowledge my error."

The book was brought, examined, and the date indicated by the Emperor was found to be correct. The astonishment of the circle may be conceived at witnessing such an instance of accurate recollection on a subject, which one would have thought could never have existed in a mind constantly occupied on such a variety of matters of so tremendous an importance to the destinies of the world.

"When I was a lieutenant," resumed Napoleon—and he spoke with the utmost simplicity and indifference—producing a singular effect on the assembly, and the representatives of the thousand-year-old monarchies of Europe, who then and there exchanged significant smiles with each other.

"When I had the honour of being a lieutenant of artillery," said the emperor, in a more emphatic tone, "I was garrisoned for two years in a city of Dauphiny, in which there was only one circulating library; I read through every book in the collection thrice, and my memory has not lost one single incident of what I read at that time. The book just referred to was in the catalogue of the library. I read it with the others, and you see, did not forget its contents. His Eminence will, therefore, excuse my presumption in differing in opinion with him on such a topic."

In connection with the above, we recollect an anecdote of Reid, the celebrated metaphysician, who was originally a clergyman, though his talents not lying in that way, he never acquired any reputation in his profession. In a parish where he was once called to preach, lived a kind of half idiot, who had an amazing memory, so that he could repeat any sermon which he had heard, even after years had elapsed. Reid, when out on a ride with one day, visited the scene of his youthful labours in company with a friend, who introduced the learned author of the Inquiry into the Human Mind, and requested the man to give a specimen of his powers by repeating the sermon of the preceding Sunday.

"I dinna ken," said the man, "if I can do that, but I'll tell ye what I can do; I'll let ye hear the sermon that your friend here preached in your kirk many years since. Atweel, he was a puir hand."

Reid did not much relish the proposal; but when he heard the man begin and repeat correctly a sermon which he had actually preached there about twenty years before, and which was really a miserable production, he turned on his heel, without waiting for the conclusion of this remarkable proof of memory.

The Craters of the Moon.

A FRIGHTFUL CHASM.

Not less than three-fifths of the surface of our satellite are studded with vast caverns, rather circular pits, penetrating into its mass, and usually engirt at the top with a high wall of rock, which is sometimes serrated and crowned by peaks. These craters vary in diameter from fifty to sixty miles to the smallest place visible—probably 500 feet; and the numbers increase as the diameter diminishes, so that the multitude of the smaller ones become so great that we can not reckon it. The ridge which environs the crater is always stopping on its external side, and steep or rather precipitous within, although it seldom descends to the cavern's base, by a single cliff or leap. Within it, there are generally concentric ridges, assuming the form of terraces, and making the descent to the bottom, as the central chasm appears, more gradual. The bottom of the crater is sometimes convex, low ridges of mountains being also found running through it, while, at its center, conical peaks frequently rise, and smaller craters, whose height, however, seldom reaches the base of the exterior wall. These curious objects are so crowded, in some parts of the moon, that they seem to have pressed on each other, and disturbed, and even broken down each other's edges, so that, through their mutual interference, the most odd-shaped caverns have arisen.

The crater Tycho is that brilliant spot near the top of the moon, which, when the moon is full, appears the centre of a system of shining streams or rays. The country around is peculiarly disturbed; there is no plain there larger than a common field.—Now, if passing across that rugged district, one were gradually approaching Tycho, its first and distant aspect would seem like an immense wall or ridge of rock in the horizon, with a stretch of nearly fifty miles, and reflecting the sun's rays with a peculiar lustre; on approaching the ridge its character would change; we should then discern that it is part of an immense circle, but perhaps neither so lofty nor so steep, that a practiced mountaineer of the earth need shrink from its ascent. Supposing the ascent accomplished, and that with terrestrial ideas one stood on the summit. Trusting to the analogy of every disturbed region of our own planet, we must have thought of the opposite side, while it was unseen, only as a corresponding slope, or at least a descent, which, if different in steepness, would correspond in extent; but the eye is now in presence of an apalling contrast!

On the edge of a dizzy cliff, passing down by an unbroken leap for 13,000 feet, the traveller gazes below him with terror and bewilderment. At the base of the cliff several low parallel terraces creep along; but a little onward the depth of the chasm is revealed, and it descends from the top of the ridge no less than 17,000 feet, or 2,000 feet more than the summit of Mount Blanc rises above the level of the sea! It is quickly perceived, too, that this huge barrier encloses a vast circular area fifty-five miles in diameter; so that if the spectator were at the chasm's center, he would find around him on every side, at the distance of twenty-seven miles, a gigantic and unbroken wall—unbroken by a gap or ravine, or pass of every description—rising into the air 17,000 feet, and forbidding his return to the external world!

How frightful that seclusion in the moon—a chasm utterly impassable, its walls bare, rugged, hopeless as a prison's bars! It is a solitude too which nothing alleviates; verdure is never there, not the song of a bird; rain never refreshes, nor cloud shelters it; it is relieved from a scorching sun by no shade. Not among those countless pits is Tycho the most appalling. There are some of nearly equal depths whose diameter may not exceed 3,000 feet, nay, towards the polar regions of the moon, caverns probably exist, whose depths have never yet been illuminated by one beam of the solar light.—*Nichol.*

Advice for Winter.

Before long we shall hear the shrill whistle of old winter's bagpipes. Up street and down he will go like an itinerant organ grinder.

There is no getting rid of him with pennies, or silver, or gold. Still he has been known to leave the miserable cottage at sight of all three; and if you would keep him dancing attendance only on red coal fires, at a distance—or warming his toes at lighted window panes, or rubbing his stiff fingers into crevices that let the warm out, put a little of this magic preventive on the sill of every poor man's door.

Our word for it old winter will tune his bagpipes to the sweetest music.

And now for a little advice which we give free of charge. Or you may reward us in that pleasant coin, yclept sunny *smiles*; we'll take any quantity in exchange for our marketable goods.

The cellars are hungry about this time, and should be fed; so lay in a good stock of potatoes, coal, wood, &c., and a large share of good nature. They go together, grandly, especially on a bitter cold winter's day. Get just as many apples as you can possibly afford, and store them up with any quantity of cheerfulness. You will appreciate them best when the old bagpipes play under your window, and the grand machinery in the upper air is weaving shawls and wrappers, and ribbons, and caps, and great coats for dame Nature's shivering children.

If you have a merry company around you, if eyes sparkle, and cheeks glow, and mother sews, and grandmother knits, while you hold the newspaper snuggled down in that cozy arm-chair, and enjoying the small talk generally, what a happy being you are! How good the roast apples smell! Down through the crimson coals, glowing down in the small hole. Quick Johnny! mother hand us the shovel. There! all right!—look at the baby's eyes; they are full of roast apples.—You shall have some, Charley, if mother don't say no.

Mother, don't say no, if it is baby's first introduction to winter luxuries; so a bit of the yellow apple melts on his rosy lips. He laughs and makes faces, and everybody else laughs and makes faces at him, just for fun. And outside old winter gives a flourish with his bagpipes.

Hang up your golden squashes by their crooked necks, at the same time hanging up discontent by *his* crooked neck. Don't cut the latter down, till he is needed for use, then quarter him and throw him to the vultures. If he should strangle, so much clear gain, for have you not heard, "better is a dinner with herbs than a stalled ox and hatred therewith?"

List your doors and shut out the wind; at the same time shut envy out of your heart. Mend your gates, and mend—your manners we were going to say—there is room for improvement in every thing. Lay in your sugar and molasses, and as much sweet temper, (warranted not to ferment,) as will keep till spring.

Preserve your peaches and your equanimity.

Keep the mould from your cheese, your pork barrel and your money! the two former by being careful, the latter by being virtuous. Look over your apples and potatoes occasionally, and overlook your neighbour's faults.

Give your attention to your business—give of your abundance to the poor. By following these rules, we will insure you a happy winter.—*Olive Branch.*

Uniformity of Nature.

The lark now carols the same song, and in the same key, as when Adam first turned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat, and it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death-watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B since Tubal-Cain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their sub-ovens. Never has the buzz of the gnat risen above the second A; nor that of the house-fly's wing sunk below the first F. Sound had at first the same connexion with colour as it has now; and the right angle of light's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city as it is now *said to do* on one of the pyramids. The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat, four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport amongst the first billows, which the Indian Ocean ever raised, as it does now. In the first migration of birds, they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest part of the seas, as they will this autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies laid bluish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird was caged oftener sung in *adagio* than in the natural spirit. Corals have ever grown edgeways to the ocean stream. Eight millions two hundred and eighty thousand animalculæ could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as now. Flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japheth, over which they have ever waved plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that allowed Eve her first honey made their combs hexagonal; and the first house-fly produced twenty millions eighty-three hundred and twenty eggs in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was 200 times its own length, as it was last summer. There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to-day, from whatever country you collect them. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter one hundred and fifty-nine feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah, as they do ours.

Arithmetic of the Touch.

This is extensively used by the natives of the East Indies and China, in their commercial transactions, not only among themselves, but also in their dealings with British and other merchants. Extensive bargains are struck without a single word passing between the parties, who, seated on the ground, with their hands covered by a shawl, or by their robes, agree upon prices which are indicated by pressing, in sight, the joints of their fingers. Each joint every finger has a separate value attached to it. The third joint of the little finger being pressed *outside*, means 1, the second joint, 2; the the first Joint, 3; the first joint pressed in the *front*, 4; the second, 5, the third, 6; the third joint pressed on the *inside*, 7, the second, 8, the first, 9. On the next finger, beginning at the *outside* of the third joint, we have 10, the second joint, 20, and so on up one side of the finger, down the centre, and up the other side, 30, 40, &c., to 90; the joints in the middle finger, pressed in the same order, mean 100, 200, &c., the index finger, 1,000, 2,000, &c.; and the thumb, 10,000, on to 20,000.

Little Children Pray.

BY MRS. LOUISE WORTHEN.

Prayer is the incense of the soul,
The odour of the flower,
And rises as the water roll,
To God's controlling power!
Within the soul there would not be
This infinite desire,
To whisper thoughts in prayer to Thee,
Hadst thou not lit the fire.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To Thee, whose love divine
Steals gently down like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeam shine:
For in the humblest soul that lives,
As in the lowliest flower,
The dew-drop back His image gives,
The soul reflects his power!

At night, when all is hushed and still,
And e'en soft echo sleeps,
A still small voice doth o'er me thrill,
And to each heart-throb leaps;
It is the spirit-pulse which beats,
For ever deep and true,
The atom which its Author meets,
As sunlight greets the dew!

GREAT TELEGRAPHIC EXTENSION.—A great scheme of submarine telegraph extensions is being referred to. The lines at Charing Cross are already connected by the French lines to Lyons, whence the corresponding wires will soon enable them to reach—by way of Chamberry, Turin, and Genoa, in the Mediterranean. From this point it is proposed that the Sardinian Government should lay down a line to Spezzia whence the Sub-marine Company would carry it under water to the little island of Gornona, and cross it, and then again under water to Bastia. The French Government will then probably carry the lines to Corsica whence a great gutta percha tube will be laid to Cagliari, in Sicily. From Sicily to the African coast is a practicable distance, and Tunis will be made a great telegraphic station—whence France will carry a system of wires to Algiers; and England to Alexandria, Cairo and Suez.—*Morse's N. Y. Observer.*

Interesting Paragraphs.

A STORY OF TAPESTRY.—Poets compare human eyes to stars. It struck us that we preferred those real stars, shining through the wall, to certain glittering human eyes which a lady once saw shining from her wall. As the story goes, this poor lady, destined to a terrible fright, was sitting alone before the fire, opposite a mirror which rested on the mantel-piece, and taking off her jewelled necklace and bracelets before going to rest, when she looked up accidentally and saw in the mirror what must have made a tapestried room appear terrible to her as long as she lived, for it was in a room hung with tapestry that she was sitting—she saw shining eyes rolling in the head of the woven figures, a sight which, we, safe from all ambush of the kind, can never think of without a feeling of sympathetic dread. She knew that a thief was watching her, and there must be some accomplice in the house who had cut out the eyes of the figure to enable him to do so.—She did not go into hysterics nor do any thing else that was not to the purpose. She took no notice; sat awhile without looking into the mirror—no doubt with a dreadly horror of being approached from behind.—She unfastened some part of her dress, yawned, put on a natural appearance of sleepiness, lighted her chamber candle, locked her jewel case, and—the only suspicious proceeding—left it on the table, walked steadily towards the eye, the door being in that direction, quickly took the key from the lock left the room, locked the door on the outside, and quietly went to seek help which she could better trust than that of her own servants.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPIL.—"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map sir."

"I mean, Joseph, on what continent—the Eastern or Western continent?"

"Nell, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South."

"What are its products?"

"Africa, or down South?"

"Africa, you blockhead."

"Well, sir, it hasn't got any; never had any."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No sir; by drawing their breath!"

"Sit down, Joseph!"

"Thomas what is the equator?"

"Why, sir, it's a horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imaginations of astronomers and old geographers."

"Go to your seat Thomas. William Sprigg, what do you mean by an eclipse?"

"An old race horse, sir."

Silence. Next. Jack, what is an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gits on a bust, and runs agin the sun, consequently the sun blacks the moon's face."

"Class is dismissed."

THE LARGEST MERCHANT SHIP IN THE WORLD.—Mr. McKay of East Boston, is now at work upon a clipper ship, which will surpass in size and sharpness every merchant ship now afloat or known to be in the course of construction. She will be 300 feet long, have 50 feet breadth of beam, 28 feet depth of hold with three decks, and will register over 3000 tons. She will be diagonally braced with iron, and built in every particular equal in strength to the best of ocean steamers. Her model, in point of beauty, is the wonder and admiration of all who have seen it. She will have 4 masts, with Forbes's rig. Mr. McKay builds her on his own account, and will sail her too, if he does not sell her.—*Boston Atlas.*

MORE COTTON FROM AFRICA.—Mr. Thomas Boothman, secretary to the manchester Chamber of Commerce, recently received through a gentleman in London, a sample of some cotton grown by an Englishman on a plantation at Winnehaah, Gold Coast, West Africa. Accompanying the sample was a memorandum to the effect that the grower had 30,000 plants in bearing; and that, in addition, he and his brother had cleared 300 acres of land, preparatory to planting. The sample has been inspected by Mr. T. Bazley, president of the chamber, who considers it of a good and useful kind, and worth in the market 7d. to 7½d. per lb.

STENOGRAPHY.—A congress of German stenographers has just been held at Munich; which was attended by sixty members of the profession. One of the members, M. Baumgartner, of Vienna, described a system of musical stenography invented by him by means of which, as he said, the most complicated musical compositions can be written down during their execution. Trials of the system were made in presence of the members and of many musical artists, and they are said to have succeeded perfectly.

THE

PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

The *Provincial Wesleyan* is one of the largest weekly papers published in the Lower Provinces, and its ample columns will be well stored with choice and varied matter, rendering it peculiarly interesting, as a Paper to the *Family Circle*. It is devoted to Religion; Literature; Science; Education; Temperance; Agriculture; Religious, Domestic, and General Intelligence, &c., &c. Labour and thought will be expended on every issue to render it instructive, pleasing, and profitable. A large circulation is necessary to sustain it with efficiency, and keep the proprietors from loss. An earnest appeal is therefore, made to those who feel desirous of supporting the Press conducted on sound, moral, Christian, and evangelical principles, for aid, by taking the *Provincial Wesleyan* themselves and recommending it to their friends.

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