The Family

THE TWO STREAMS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending as they fall,
In rushing river tides.

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen zone,
One to the peaceful sea!

THE DIAMOND CROSS.

BY MARY B. SLEIGHTER.

A young girl stood at a jeweler's counter, examining with eager eyes the gems so enticingly arrayed. There were all manner of precious stones, rare and dazzling, and pure, pale pearls and creamy cameos. All were beautiful, and Agnes turned her gaze from one to another, unable to decide which was the most desirable, till suddenly a small cross set with diamonds and twined with delicate vine, flashed its starry light into her eyes.

"See, mother, see that beautiful, beautiful cross!" she exclaimed. "I would rather have that than all the other jewels in the case."

"It is very beautiful," said her mother, "but diamonds are too grand for my Agnes, and far too expensive for her father's means."

"What is the price?" she asked the clerk, hoping that her mother had over-estimated it.

"Five hundred dollars," was the answer.

With one more look at the coveted treasure, Agnes turned away, feeling that it was useless to hope to possess it; yet the thought of it would not leave her, and she went home restless and dissatisfied.

That evening, soon after the lamps were lighted, the door bell rang, and presently the servant brought in a light package, and with it a note addressed to Agnes. Breaking the seal, the young girl found it to be from a much loved uncle, who stated that unseen by her he had chanced to enter the jewelry store at the time she was so eagerly admiring the diamond cross, and to gratify himself as well as his niece, he had at once purchased it for her. The note closed with these words: "If ever this gift becomes indeed a cross, do not hesitate to dispose of it." Agnes could scarcely believe that it was not all a dream, and her fingers trembled as she loosened the wrappings.

"If ever this gift becomes indeed a cross," she repeated as she lifted it from its dainty case. "What could my uncle mean?" and then as the diamonds threw out their slender jets of light, she forgot all else in wondering admiration.

For many days the diamond cross was a source of much delight. There was scarcely a lover of gems in the town who had not looked at it with longing eyes, as it sparkled on its downy cushion in the jeweler's case, and when they learned that Agnes had become its happy possessor, they thronged about her with warm congratulations. It was not long, however, before there reached her many invidious remarks made by the very friends who had seemed so sincere in their admiration of her uncle's costly gift. One said that it was entirely unsuited to her style of face and dress; another suggested that she probably knew that her wealthy relative was in hearing at the time she expressed a wish for the cross; and one even suggested that after all the diamonds were nothing but paste. Agnes' sensitive heart was sorely wounded, and, afraid of exciting more remarks of a similar nature, she soon ceased to wear the cross in public, contenting herself with admiring it in secret.

One morning there was quite an excitement made by the report that burglars were in the neighborhood, and that several large robberies had been committed the previous night. On inspection it was found that an attempt had been made to break through one of the basement windows of Agnes' home, but the iron bars had refused to yield. Agnes' first thought was of her treasure—her cross. What if they had succeeded in entering and had robbed her of that! And the fear that something of the kind might come to pass, so troubled her mind that she could take no peace or rest when the cross was not with her. Unwilling to be seen wearing it, she fastened a ribbon to the case that held it, and during the day she concealed it in her dress, while at night she hid it beneath her pillow. This constant solicitude soon had its effect upon her dreams. She frequently fancied in her sleep that a hand was thrust stealthily under her head to steal her treasure, and would start up, crying, "My cross! my cross!"

Again she would dream that her tiny cross had grown to such huge proportions that its weight was crushing her, and she would waken trembling and exhausted with her frantic efforts to tear it from her.

Thus, gradually, she was learning that the jeweled cross—the cross she had so coveted, was a heavy cross to bear, and with this bitter lesson came thoughts of another cross, higher and holier; and she remembered that One had said, "Take up thy cross and follow me."

It was a Winter of great severity, and in all the larger cities there was much suffering among the poor, for lack of food and fuel. The daily papers teemed with accounts of the destitution that prevailed; and among the many whose hearts were filled with pity for the sufferers was Agnes, the owner of the diamond cross. All the money she could call her own was cheerfully given, but it was only a trifle at the most, and she sighed to think how little it would accomplish where so much was needed. Suddenly she recalled her uncle's words: "If this gift ever becomes indeed a cross, do not hesitate to dispose of it." Had it not become in very truth a cross? Yet she had prized it so dearly—her beautiful treasure—that she was unwilling to think of even pawning it, much less of parting with it forever. But the thought of the good she might thus accomplish clung to her day and night, and in her heart there seemed to be a voice saying, "Carry thy cross to Him who bore the cross for thee, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

The jeweler looked somewhat puzzled when Agnes stood at his counter one Winter morning, and asked if he were willing to take back the diamond cross. But diamonds had risen in value since the cross was purchased, and he readily paid her the sum that had been named as its price a few months previous; and before the day was done the diamond cross had carried sunshine and plenty into many a darkened and destitute home.

It was soon known that the cross was again offered for sale, and numerous were the surmises as to the possible motive that had induced Agnes to part with it, but they were all far wide of the truth, for the young girl had disposed of her charity so quietly that few knew to what use the proceeds of her uncle's gift had been appropriated.

With her it was the opening of a new era. In laying down her cross of diamonds, she had taken up that of an earnest, self-sacrificing life, and thenceforth she carried in her heart the consciousness of blessing others, and of being "rich toward God."

START RIGHT.

A large steamer was on its voyage from New York to Liverpool. After leaving New York it stopped at Halifax. Then it took its course so as to be sure of keeping clear of Cape Race, an ugly point of land jutting into the ocean, which has proved the ruin of many a noble ship.

Do you know how a captain steers his vessel straight over the wide, wide ocean through fogs and storms, and weather and foul, with nothing but water, water every-where? He steers by his compass. The compass is kept in a box called a binnacle, with a bright light shining all the time on it, so that the pilot can see which way it points at any moment. And, with his eye on the compass, he fearlessly pushes on, trusting to the tried fidelity of his faithful guide.

The steamer left Halifax and started on its long voyage. It had a skilful pilot and brave captain. The staunch ship had carried its passengers many and many a trip across the stormy Atlantic. All is well. Never Fear. On, on, on, all day and long into the night, when a loud cry sends a thrill of horror from stem to stern: "Breakers ahead!"

What can it mean? Where are they? "Hard-a-port!" In a moment the huge vessel swung her bows a-starboard, and the frowning rocks are left behind. Life and death hung on the quick, prompt seamanship of an instant. What danger! What an escape!

How did it happen? Why this sudden and unlooked for danger? Was the pilot asleep at his post? No. Was the light in the binnacle out? No. Did he keep his eye on the compass? Did he faithfully follow its leadings? Yes. Could the compass itself have been in the wrong? Ah, that was the trouble; there was the secret which put this great ship, with its valuable cargo, into such imminent peril.

During her stop at Halifax, the binnacle had needed tightening, and the men who were employed to do the work put in an *iron* instead of a *brass* bolt. It was a great mistake, for the iron had attracted the needle of the compass, so that it no longer pointed right, and became untrustworthy. It was diverted, to be sure, but a little, just a little, a very little from the true way; yet that very little at the outset of the voyage, told slowly but surely upon the steamer's course. She was in the wrong, and whether much or little, she was *wrong*.

Instead of heading out toward the wide, safe, clear ocean, where the pilot thought she was going, she was heading straight toward the shore, straight on to the rocks, straight to destruction; and it all arose from taking a wrong start at Halifax. The fact is, both steamer and sailor must *begin right* in order to *keep right*.

And so it is with us all, boys. Twenty years ago a bright young man started for an education in the academy. We recommended him to the principal, and when we met the principal, a year afterward, we expected to hear an excellent account of him. It soon was plain that the gentleman did not rate him very highly. How was that? He began by adroitly deceiving his teachers about his lessons, using "keys" to study with instead of his brains.

"It is a wrong start," said the principal, shaking his head. "A mistake, certainly," we said. "A *fatal* mistake, as regards moral character," repeated the gentleman. And so it has proved. Within a year he has been exposed for fraud and corruption, and his religious character is a wreck. He started wrong.

Be sure that you start right in your studies—start right in your plays. Start right as a chore boy, as a clerk, as an apprentice. Let every girl see that she is setting out true and straight in her course to womanhood. Even a little in the wrong is always dangerous. You can never tell how soon it may drift you on the rocks. *Start right*, in order to keep right.—*Child's Paper.*

AN ORIENTAL TRADITION.

During our brief stay at Ipsumbul, on the Nile, my friends and I were wont at sundown to perch ourselves on some commanding height above the temple and watch the changing tints on crag and pinnacle of the opposite range across the river. Battlement and bastions, fancy-built, sparkled with all the fire of precious stones. I never gazed at that wondrous transformation since without its calling up to my mind St. John's vision of the New Jerusalem.

One evening the Professor told me a pretty oriental story. We were saying that the Easterns got their passion for jewels from those gorgeous sunsets, and that the embroidery of their fairy tales, and their noted skill in the arrangement of colors, might be traced to the same source. 'This tradition,' he said, 'which I will tell you, is certainly many centuries old. It states that there was in paradise a temple built up of precious stones. Men dared not utter its splendors. Deep in the palms of Eden it stood angel-built, a dazzling sanctuary. Our first parents sung their vesper songs in the twilight shadows of its courts. For there were pillared courts and cloists of emerald and pearl, where fountains sprung aloft in the silent noon, and long luminous vistas, where hand in hand those two first lovers walked in their sinless beauty. Then there were pinnacles and domes of sapphire, blazing at noon and glittering with reflected starlight at night. And from court and terrace waters welled out, and cascades irricrested, fell down to cool shady dells and asphodel below. For the temple was placed far in the privacies of that valley of Eden, whence the four rivers flowed eastward. However—and this is the hinge of the story—sad to relate! on the day that Adam fell this glorious temple was shattered into a million fragments, and sown broadcast over all the earth. These fragments we now light upon with so much cost and care, and call them rubies, emeralds, diamonds——But they are, after all, only the splinters of that primeval place. The diadems of a princess, the spray that sparkles in the entanglement of a fair girl's hair, are alike but the costly dust of that sanctuary—sad remembrances of a lost Eden.

'Visions of glory ne'er forgot,
That tell, like the gleam on a sunset sea,
What once has been, what now is not,
But oh! what again shall brightly be.'"

A METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE AT SEA.

The Evening Post republishes the following lines by Brainard, one of our early American poets, "whose unobtrusive fame has been too soon and completely overshadowed by the genius of other American poets." "They were prefaced," it says, "by a single paragraph of ship news, consisting of three lines, arising out of this circumstance: A freshet in the Thames River, near Norwich, Conn., floated off and carried into Long Island a Methodist meeting-house, which was first discovered on a hazy night, by the captain of a Charleston coasting schooner, riding at anchor in the Sound, near Bridgeport."

THE CAPTAIN'S SOLILOQUY.

. . . . Solemn he paced upon that schooner's deck
And muttered of his hardship. . . I have been
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer; and I've sailed
In the thick night along the wave washed coast
Of Labrador, and by pitiless fields of ice in acres
I have scraped my keel o'er coral reefs,
Madagascar's seas,
And often in my lone and midnight watch
Have heard the warning voice of the lee shore
Speaking in breakers; and I've seen
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows,
And when they made the deep boil like a pot,
Have swung into its vortex; and I know
To meet such danger's with a sailors skill,
And brave such dangers with a sailors heart,
But never yet, or where the river mixes with the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
In all my rough experience of harm,
Met I with—a METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE!
. . . . . .
Cat-head, nor beam, nor davit has it none,
Cathead, nor starboard, gunwale, stem nor stern;
It comes in such a questionable shape,
You cannot even speak it!
. . . . . .
Up, git, Josey, and put away for Bridgeport!
There, where Fairweather Island and the buoy,
Are safe from such encounters, we'll protest;
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
How that a Charleston schooner was beset,
Riding at anchor, by a Methodist meeting-house!

THE FARM AND THE HOUSE.

A great many families in the rural districts who have beautiful homes, allow their premises to be shockingly disfigured from year to year because, as they aver, their actual labors demand such a large portion of their time that they cannot pick up the rubbish, and smooth of the vacant nooks of their yards and the sides of their drives and streets. In numerous instances the path from the house to the barn is strewed with bits of old boards, and pieces of rails, while brush, old barrels, hogsheads ready to fall down, old hay-riggings, and broken down implements of husbandry blockade the way, kill the grass, afford protection to large and coarse weeds, and a refuge for mice and other reptiles.

The proprietors of such premises are often talking about "picking up and smoothing off their grounds;" and in most instances their employees fritter away sufficient time every week, to no purpose at all, to have picked up and smoothed off every unoccupied corner; and they would have done the job if the master had supervised their operations with care.

Let us offer a suggestion. Almost every week one or more hours are spent in watching the clouds to see whether it will be advisable to go to the fields to work between showers. At such a time summon all hands for an hour to pick up the rubbish and smooth off the uneven places.—*Sereno Edwards Todd, in the Christian Weekly.*

DANGER IN RAISING A FAST HORSE.

The *Rural New Yorker* states the following case to enforce some sensible advice to farmers, suggested, we presume, by the "display of horses, which is fast becoming the most attractive feature of our agricultural shows":

"A well-to-do farmer of our acquaintance had the misfortune to rear a really fine horse. The action of the animal gave him great delight, and nothing would do but an exhibition of him among the professionals. He put up his money and won. This gave a higher flight to his ambition, and induced a bolder operation. Success rewarded his ventures. He neglected his farm, imperceptibly acquired habits to which he had before been a stranger, and spurred on by his past success and the machinations of the crafty, whose aim it is to fleece the green and unwary, placed his farm in jeopardy for the purpose of raising money to stake on the result of a race in which his pet horse was to contend for the prize and mastery. The professionals had now got the over-confident farmer in the precise position they desired, and the result was, as they intended it should be, the defeat of the farmer's horse and the ruin of his owner. The animal changed hands and so did the farm. It was all down hill with the farmer after this. His family was broken up and destroyed, while he, reckless and maddened by disappointment and remorse, found a premature grave."

LIFE IN BRITANY.

Miss Louise M. Alcott, writing from Brittany, says that before her first week was over she ceased to be surprised at any demonstration of feminine strength, skill, or independence, for every-where the women took the lead. They not only kept house, reared children, and knit every imaginable garment the human frame can wear, but kept the shops, tilled the gardens, held the markets, cleaned the streets, and bought and sold cattle, leaving the men free to enjoy the only pursuits they seemed to follow—breaking horses, mending roads, and getting drunk. The markets seemed entirely in the hands of the women, and lively scenes they presented to our unaccustomed eyes, especially the pig-market, held every week in the square before our house. At dawn the squeal ing begun, and was kept up till sunset. The carts came in from all the neighboring hamlets, with tubs full of infant pigs, over which the women watched with maternal care until they were safely deposited among the rows of tubs that stood along the walk facing Anne of Bretaigne's gray old tower, and the pleasant promenade which was once the *fosse* about the city walls. Here madame would seat herself, and knit briskly until a purchaser applied, when she would drop her work, dive among the pink innocents, and hold one up by its unhappy leg, undisturbed by its doleful cries, while she settled its price with a blue-gowned, white-capped neighbor, as shrewd and shrill-tongued as herself. If the bargain was struck, they slapped their hands together in a peculiar way, and the new owner clapped her purchase into a meal-bag, slung it over her shoulder, and departed with her squirming, squealing treasure, as calmly as a Boston lady with a satchel full of ribbons and gloves.—*Boston Transcript.*

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WALTER WHITE.

Personally appeared before me the subscriber Walter White and made oath to the above certificate.

I. N. COLEMAN, J. P.

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DOORS.

1000 KILN DRIED PANEL DOORS from $1.50 and upwards. Keeps on hand following dimensions, viz., 7x3, 6 ft. 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 dried Mouldings, various patterns.

Also, constantly on hand—

FLOORING.

1 1-2 M grooved and tongued spruce, and plain joined 1 in. Flooring well seasoned.

LININGS AND SHELVINGS

Grooved and tongued Pine and spruce Lining Also, Shelving and other Dressed Material.

PLANING, MATCHING, MOULDING TIMBER JIG and CIRCULAR SAWING, done at shortest notice.

—Also—

TURNING.

Orders attended with promptness and despatch. Constantly on hand—Turned Stair Balusters and Newal Posts.

LUMBER.

Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Lumber; Pitch Pine Timber and 3 in. Plank. Also—Birch, Oak, and other hard woods.

SHINGLES.

Sawed and Split Pine and Cedar Shingles, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, LATHS, and JUNIPER POSTS.

ALSO,—SHIP AND BOAT KNEES.

All of which the Subscriber offers for sale, low for cash, at Prince Albert Steam Mill, Victoria Wharf, foot of Victoria Street (commonly known at Bates' Lane), near the Gas Works.

June 22. HENRY G. HILL.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of Advertisements should send to

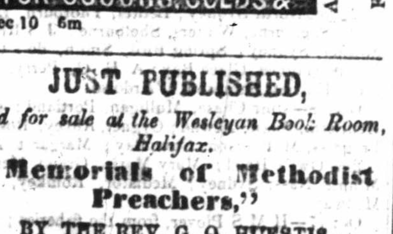
George P. Rowell & Co.,

for a Circular, or enclose 25 cents for their One Hundred Page Pamphlet, containing Lists of 3,000 Newspapers and estimates showing the cost of advertising, also many useful hints to advertisers, and some account of the experiences of men who are known as Successful Advertisers. This firm are proprietors of the American Newspaper Advertising Agency.

41 Park Row, N. Y.,

and are possessed of unequalled facilities for securing the insertion of advertisements in all Newspapers and Periodicals at low rates.

Nov 15



Avery, Brown & Co., and Forsyth & Co., Agents.

dec 10 6m

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at the Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax.

"Memorials of Methodist Preachers,"

BY THE REV. G. O. HUESTIS.

Price 50 cents. A liberal discount to ministers.

New Books, &c.

Recently Received at the Halifax Wesleyan Book Room.

Dr. Butler's Land of Veda,	$4.00
Whedon on the Will,	1.75
Whedon's Commentary, 3 vols., each	1.75
George's Annihilation not of the Bible,	1.50
McDonald on Annihilation,	90
Beecher's Lectures on Preaching,	1.25
Tyerman's Life and Times of John Wesley, 3 vols., each	2.50
Foster's Objections to Calvanism as it is,	1.75
Credo,	1.50
God-Man, by Dr. Townsend,	1.50
Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation,	1.25
Word of God Opened by Dr. Pierce,	1.25
Grindrod's Compendium,	1.80
Williams Exposition of Romans,	1.80
" " of Hebrews,	1.80
Memoir of Mrs. Agar, by Luke H. Wiseman,	0.75
Autobiography of Thomas Cooper,	2.25
The Mission of the Spirit by Dunn,	0.60
Modern Scepticism, a course of Lectures, Christian Evidence Society,	2.25
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Memoir of J. B. Shrewsbury,	0.30
Neander's Church History, 10 vols. each	1.50
Smith's Patriachal Age,	3.00
Foster's Sermons,	0.90
Aids to Daily Meditation,	1.50
Peter Cartwright,	0.60
Barnes on the Gospels, 2 vols.,	1.50
Jacobus " " 3 "	2.25
40 Sabbath School Libraries, containing from 5 to 50 vols., from $1.75 to $12 00 each.	

sep 4

Notice to Teachers!

THE Trustees of the Cape Breton County Academy will, on the 1st of November, require a Head Master to take charge of the Academy Salary $600 per annum.

Applications, accompanied by testimonials, will be received until October 12th. Address

G. FALCONER,
Sec'y. to Trustees.

Sydney, September 2, 1872 se 11—4i

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

OCTOBER, 1872.

New Moon, 2nd day, 11h. 16 m., morning.
First Quarter, 9th day, 4h. 49 m., afternoon.
Full Moon, 16th day, 11h 20m., morning.
Last Quarter, 24th day, 4h. 39m., morning.

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

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport, and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 11 minutes *later* than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes *later*, and at St. John's Newfoundland 20 minutes *earlier*, than at Halifax.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

THE
Provincial Wesleyan,
Edited and Published by
REV. H. PICKARD, D.D.,
Under the direction of the Conference, as a Religious Newspaper, and the ORGAN of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Eastern British America,
is issued from the
WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,
193 Argyle Street, Halifax, N. S.
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION:
$2 per Annum—payable in Advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This paper having a much LARGER CIRCULATION than any other one of its class in Eastern British America, is a most desirable medium for all advertisements which are suitable for its columns.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

A Column—$120 per year; $70 six months; $40 three months.
For One Inch of Space—$6 per year; $4 six months; $3 three months.

FOR TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS:

First insertion $1 per inch, and each continuance 25 cents per inch.
SPECIAL NOTICES—50 per cent added to the above rates.

AGENTS.

All Wesleyan Ministers and Preachers on trial throughout Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, are authorized Agents to receive subscriptions for the paper, and orders for advertisements.

☞ All subscriptions should be paid in advance from the time of commencement to the close of the current year; and all orders for the insertion of transient advertisements should be accompanied by the Cash.

The PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN is printed by THEOPHILUS CHAMBERLAIN, at his Printing Office, 200 Argyle Street, (up stairs,) where he has every facility for executing

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,
with neatness and despatch.

POOR COPY