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HORNETS AND ANGELS.

Has there been a hornet in your estate lately? I wonder what it meant. Why can't you kill that hornet?

Don't call it insect, call it God—don't call it misfortune—let the atheist use up that same inheritance; it is not misfortune, it is—Providence.

Has there been an angel in our estate lately? I say it with shame that we are much quicker in seeing the hornet than in seeing the angel.

There are some people who are afraid of giving too great meanings to the events of life. There they get miserably wrong.

When spring spreads her green carpet and makes the warm air live with wordless songs, do not be afraid to call it God's angel.

A primrose on the river's brim, A yellow primrose is to him, And it is nothing more.

Get your books; teachers, preachers, who greater things, who raise up children unto God out of stones.

THE COAL-BURNER'S FAITH.

It may not be exactly true, as the little child phrased it, that "somebody is praying for everybody."

One night a charcoal-burner in his mountain cabin was visited by two neighbors. They found him reading his Bible.

The charcoal-burner was now an old, decrepit man, confined to his house. But when he heard that his wealthy neighbor had indeed become a follower of Christ, he could not rest till he had seen him and talked with him.

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A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Dr. Talmage, in one of his sermons, tells the following story:

I was talking a few weeks ago with a clergyman at the West, who said that he returned to his father's house in Boston, and his brother, a son in the family, came in intoxicated, and he said when the intoxicated son had retired, "Mother, how do you stand this?"

He never did drink again. He went to the far West, and at a banquet at St. Louis given to him, a lawyer just come to the city, there were many guests, and there was much wine poured, and they insisted that this reformed lawyer should take his glass of wine, and they insisted until it became a great embarrassment, as they said to him, "Ah! you don't seem to have any regard for us, and you have no sympathy with our hilarities."

Then the man lifted the glass and said: "Gentlemen, there was in Boston some years ago a man who, though he had a beautiful wife and two beautiful children, fell away from his integrity, and went down into the ditch of drunkenness. He was reformed by the grace of God and the prayers of his mother, and he stands before you to-night. I am the man. If I drink this glass I shall go back to my old habit and perish. I am not strong enough to endure it. Shall I drink it? If you say so I will."

A man sitting next lifted a knife, and with one stroke broke off the bottom of the glass, and all the men at the table shouted, "Don't drink! Don't drink!"

THE QUICKSAND.

Victor Hugo gives the following impressive description of a death in the quicksand off a certain coast of Brittany. He says:

"It sometimes happens that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer—it is glue."

"The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which he leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sandflies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet."

"He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly, he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps; he turns back; he sinks deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out, and

then throws himself to the left; the sand is half a foot deep. He throws himself to the right; the same sand comes to his shins. Then he recognizes with unexpressed terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, inflexible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and which draws you by the feet, which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes intensifies him; he straightens up, he sinks in, he feels that he is being swallowed. He implores, howls, cries to the clouds, despairing.

"Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now fully a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbow, to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the mouth cries—the sand fills it; silence! The eyes still gaze—the sand shuts them; night! Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, and disappears. It is the earth-drowned man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave."

COULD NOT STAND IT.

A parishioner of a venerable divine in Western Massachusetts took offence at a sermon of the pastor's, and vehemently declared, "I will never hear you preach in that house again."

When the next preacher, other than the pastor, was at hand, there appeared at the door of theirate parishioner, his own minister with the courteous salutation, "I have the pleasure of informing you that the Rev. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ will be in the pulpit to-day and we shall be pleased to see you at the sanctuary."

Three or four such calls, on such an errand by the venerable pastor, was more than he could bear, and softened and subdued the offended parishioner made reply, "If you will pay me no more visits of this kind, I will attend on your worship and preaching as long as I live."

SUNSHINE.

Who can estimate the value of sunshine in the world? Who can tell what it would be without it? Christianity is its moral and religious sunshine. It disperses the clouds of superstition, scatters the fogs of ignorance, lightens and warms the hearts.

When the religion of Jesus is shut out of the heart all is darkness within. In this darkness are done the works of darkness, "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved."

The men who have not the light of Christ, show by their walk that they are

in darkness. No man in the darkness of unbelief can tell what will be his end. He knows not when he may stumble, nor when he may fall.

Then, if we "were sometimes darkness, but now are light in the Lord," let us "walk as the children of light."

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

The presence of Christ can turn a dark night into a night much to be remembered. Perhaps it is time to be sleeping; but the November wind is out, and as it riots over the misty hills, and dashes the rain-drift on the rattling casement, and howls like a spirit distracted in the fireless chimney, it has awakened the young sleeper in the upper room. And when his mother enters, she finds him sobbing out his infant tears, or with beating heart hiding from the noisy danger in the depths of his downy pillow. But she puts the candle on the table, and sits down beside the bed; and as he hears her assuring voice, and spies the gay comfort in her smiling face, and as she puts her hand over his, the tear stands still upon his cheek, till it gets time to dry, and the smoothing down of the panic-furrows on his brow, and the brightening of his eye announce that he is ready for whatever a mother has got to tell. And she goes on to explain the mysterious sources of his terror. Now for the parallel. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so the Lord comforteth his people." It is in the dark and boisterous night of sorrow or apprehension, that the Savior reveals himself nigh. And one of the first things he does is to explain the subject matter of the grief, to show its real nature and amount. "It is but a light affliction. It lasts but for a moment. It is a false alarm. It is only the rain-drift on the window; wait till the day dawns, and shadows flee away. Wait till morning and you will see the whole extent of it." And then the next thing that he does is to teach some useful lessons. And during those quiet hours, when the heart is soft, the Saviour's lessons sink deep. And last of all, besides consolation under the trial and peaceful fruits that follow it, by this comforter-visit, the Saviour unspokeable endears himself to that soul. Paul and Silas never knew Christ so well nor loved him so much as after that night which he and they passed together in the Macedonian prison. And the souls on which the Lord Jesus has taken the deepest hold, are those whose great tribulations have thrown them most entirely into his own society.—Emanuel's Thoughts.

GIVE WHILE YOU HAVE IT.

It is wonderful how many benevolent men we find who have no money. They feel for the cause of Christ, for the necessities of the poor, for the welfare of the heathen and a thousand other good objects, but really they have nothing that they can give. They have lost so much, and property has depreciated so greatly that they are restricted and cannot do as they would. But how was it when they had money? Then they used it for themselves and for their own advantage. When it is gone they are very willing to give it away, but while they had it, neither God nor man could loosen their grasp upon it. They proved themselves unfaithful stewards, and have been put out of their stewardship. They now have the opportunity of being "faithful over a very few things," and if they are thus faithful, the Lord can make them rulers over many things.

The lessons for us all to learn is to do good while we can do it; while our hand is on the plough & the time to cut the furrow. To day we have the opportunity to do something for the Lord. It may be our last opportunity; it may be our only one. Let us do while we can do; let us give while we can give; let us work while we can work. The night cometh wherein no work can be done. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."—Prov. 3:27.