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HORNETS AND ANGELS.

turn over any leaf for fear a hornet

is much less than it used to be.'

A few flowers in the window? "Just

long." Still you have them? "Yes."

is in your lot. Give these things their

its meanings. I would be sent of God

When the ruddy morning comes, do not

be afraid to call it the awakening angel.

who takes it up and says, "Ah, poor

thing!" and throws it over the fence.

A primrose on the river's brim,

A yellow primrose is to him,

presence.—Christian Herald

ing more."

and luminous as you can.

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VOL. XXXI.

it great agony.

remedy.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1879.

THE COAL-BURNER'S FAITH

Has there been a hornet in your es-It may not be exactly true, as the tate lately? I wonder what it meant. little child phrased it, that " somebody Why can't you kill that hornet? It is praying for everybody." But more comes by every post. You dare not than know it are every day the subjects open that letter—there is a hornet in of this loving attention—the burden of it. It comes by many a telegram. You some kind soul's anxiety. dare not open the third telegram you

One night a charcoal-burner in his get to-morrow-there is a hornet in it. mountain cabin was visited by two When life is sharpened into a pain, neighbors. They found him reading when loss swiftly succeeds loss when his Bible. The work of coal-burning the rich showers fall everywhere except is much of it, simply watching and on our garden, when every flower with-ers, when the first-born sickens, and the stacked their wood, covered it with eves are filled with mist, when the sods, and fired it they must stay near strong hands tremble-men should be- by, and see that the smouldering pile think themselves: the hornet of the does not break as the sticks char and Lord is then piercing the very air with shrink, for a single ventqin the turf its sting, puncturing our life and giving would allow the covered fire to blaze, and soon reduce the whole to a heap of Don't call it insect, call it God—don't ashes. To our man on the mountain, call it misfortune-let the atheist use engaged in this lonely watch-duty, good up that same inheritance; it is not mis- reading was very welcome, and so was fortune, it is-Providence. "O the the visit of his friends. Being devout hornet stings me, frets me, plagues me, men like himself, they joined him in will not let me have a holiday, knows his Bible reading, conversed on serious when I am going out, flies faster than themes, and before they separated they the lightning express, waits for me at prayed together. Remembering how the sea-shore, goes with me over the the Master went to a mountain to pray, sea"-Beast ?-no God, law, righteous- they determined to meet every week in ness, mercy, didst thou but know it. It that solitary place for religious reading, is sent to pain thee into prayer, for conference and devotion. Their object thou hast sinned away the visitation might have been their own pious enjoyday, and now it is God's turn. Lord, ment, and their subject the general one teach us the meaning of these hornets; expressed in "Thy kingdom come;" but they are hard to bear. We dare hardly they were plain, practical men, and it seemed best to them that they could should spring up and sting us : our life | best answer the spirit of that petition is one daily fear—teach us the meaning by praying for persons—and persons of this, and by prayer may we find the whom they knew. One of their neighbors was a rich man who never acknow-Has there been an angel in our estate ledged God and as by consent their lately? I say it with shame that we hearts were all drawn out towards him. are much quicker in seeing the hornet | They agreed to pray that this man might than in seeing the angel: our cry is become a Christian, and use his wealth readier than our hymn, our fear is more in the Lord's service. This agreement emphatic than our love. Is the angel was at length reduced to writing, and in your estate? Do you say you do they bound themselves by it to pray for not know? Them I will find him for their rich neighbor till his heart was you. Be still awhile. Are the child- changed, or till they ceased to live. ren all well? "Yes." Flowers bud- Through all the coal-burning season ding, singing birds returning, the rain they kept up their weekly meetings, over and gone? "Yes, but the garden and when it was over, they did not forget their covenant, though the rich neighbor seemed as far from becoming a little box full, about eighteen inches a Christian as ever. Years passed, and one of the three good men died. After Bread enough? "Plenty." A few friends? "Few, but good." The angel several more years, another died. Only the charcoal-burner was left, and he still prayed for his godless neighbour, though highest meanings. There are plenty of he seemed to pray in vain. Thirty people outside who would drag down years had gone since the first meeting life and make it smaller and smaller in in the cabin on the mountain, when, at evening chapel service, a gray-haired, to widen speech till it takes in all that influential man of the village rose, and it can of God's purpose and God's life. to the astonishment of all, expressed his Poetry will have faith; faith itself is purpose to become a disciple of Christ, the poetry of reason; carry it up to its and humbly asked for aid and counsel. highest uses, and make your life as large It was the rich neighbor who had been the burden of so meny petitions. The

of life. There they get miserably wrong. | did write. The charcoal-burner was now an old. decrepit man, confined to his house. There be people near you who will call But when he heard that his wealthy it fantasy; those people are lean, bony, neighbor had indeed become a follower shriveled, desiccated, mean; and when of Christ, he could not rest till he had they tell you that this is fancy and that seen him and talked with him. The is poetry, they speak out of themselves; interview was a long one, and tears dost meet a man on the high road who first time, the story of patient faith takes up a flower and says, "Sir, this flower is a child of the sun," make a aged Christian who had watched and friend of him rather than of the man waited. His words of thanks were Simeon's words: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peae." American Messenger.

There are some people who are afraid answer had come at last, for he found

of giving too great meanings to the events Him of whom Moses and the prophets

When spring spreads her green carpet and makes the warm air live with wordless songs, do not be afraid to Some of our pastors are in the habit call it God's angel. There be little, of always advising person, whether narrow, pence-table men who say, "It young or old, when they enter upon a is spring, and there is rent-day in spring, religious life, to subscribe at once for the Church paper. It is one of the effiand there is hope of good trade in spring, and spring is one of our four seasons of cient measures, next to the Bible and the year, and spring . . . is nothprayer, to confirm the religious experience of one taking the early steps in the divine life. We have already heard of three instances of persons that were aided in obtaining the peace of the Gosquoth William Wordsworth in one of pel by one article in Zion's Herald of joyous little cloud of sandflies continue his poems. So happily did he hit the two weeks since. In the earnestness fool who does not see the angel in the of penitence and fresh Christian love the cutlay incident to a year's reading Get your books; teachers, preachers, of a religious paper seems small; but who greaten things, who raise up child- what a world of good may be accomren unto God out of stones. The world plished by securing such a result! It needs such apostles and interpreters, or introduces the new convert at once to we should get very low indeed. The all our general interests, makes him great expectation will bring the great familiar with our great charities, en reality; the great name will be as a bush courages him to a broader preparation with the great fact glowing in it like for usefulness, and provides him on the a revelation. Look you for the angels, Sabbath with wholesome and inspiring reading, and an invaluable aid in preprepare with all the generous hospitaliparing for the Sunday-school lesson. ty of your love, and the angels will come and make your house their sanc. tuary, and show you the external the mellow hour when character is just he sinks deeper. The sand comes up ready for a new crystallisation.

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?" O!" she replied, "I have stood this a good while, but it don't worry me now. I found it was worrying me to death, and I put the whole case in God's hands, and I said, O God, I cannot endure this any longer; take care of my son, reform him, bless him, save him.' and there I left the whole thing with Goa, and I stall never worry again." "The next day," said the clergyman, who was talking to me in regard to it, "I met my brother, and I said, "John, you are in an awful position." "How so?" said he. "Why mother told me that she has left you with God; she doesn't pray for you any more." "Is that so? Well, I cannot contend with the Lord: I shall never drink again.'

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 sympa-

thy 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 drunof God and the prayers of his mother, and he stands before you to-night. 1 The earth filled with the ocean becomes ple." It is in the dark and boisterous am the man. If I drink this glass 1 a trap. It presents itself like a plain, shall go back to my old habit and and opens like a wave." 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!" O that man was a hero! He had been going through a battle year after year; that was a great crisis! What a struggle! I tell you this incident because I want you to know that there are a great many men in peril, and when you are hard in your criticisms about men's inconsistencies, you do not the pastor, was at hand, there appeared know what a battle they have to fight, at the door of the irate parishioner, his and that there may be a hundred men in this house to-day, contending in a battle compared with which Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo were child's play.

THE QUICKSAND.

Victor Hugo gives the following impressive description of a death in the they have no gospel to deliver. If thou flowed from the eyes of both when, for 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 has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the farer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get near the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

"He sinks in two or three inches. Suggest the paper, brother minister. in will retrace his steps; he turns back; world will be effectually excluded. to his ankles; he pulls himself out, and Christ, show by their walk that they are thine hand to do it."—Prov. 3:27.

then throws himself to the left; the sand is half leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the same sand comes to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable 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 throws off his load, if he has one, lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his kne-s. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

"He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, 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 dark night into a night much to be reshout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth sleeping; but the November wind is while you look upon the sea, the birds out, and as it riots over the misty hills, flying and singing, the sunshine and and dashes the rain-drift on the rattling the sky. The victim attempts to sit casement, and howls like a spirit disdown, to lie down, to creep; every move- tracted in the fireless chimney, it has ment he makes inters him; he straight- awakened the young sleeper in the upens up, he sinks in, he feels that he is being swallowed. He implores, howls, ters, she finds him sobbing out his incries to the clouds, despairs.

silence! The eyes still gaze— the sand sand: a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, and dis-

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." Then came the bland interrogation of the pastor, "But you will any one else who may occupy the pulpit?" "Most certainly," was the replly. "And I will take pleasure in having you constantly informed," said the pastor.

When the next preacher, other than own minister with the conrteous 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." And he stood fast by his promise to his judicious and sagacious pastor to the end of life.

SUNSHINE.

Who can estimate the value of sunshine in the world? Who can tell what it would be without it? Christianity is lost so much, and property has depreits moral and religious sunshine. It disciated so greatly that they are restricted perses the clouds of superstition, scatters and cannot do as they would. But how the fogs of ignorance, lightens and was it when they had money? Then warms the heart. In it the tenderest they used it for themselves and for plants of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, their own advantage. When it is gone is smooth and tranquil; all the sand gentleness, goodness, meekness temper they are very willing to give it away, ance, can grow and mature, bringing but while they had it, neither God nor forth fruit unto holiness, and the end | man could loosen their grasp upon it, everlasting life.

the light lest his deeds should be reprov- rulers over many things. light has come into the world, and good while we can do it; while our hand Decidedly, he is not on the right road; lumined with the truths and cheered be our last opportunity; it may be our he stops to take his bearings. All at with the promises of the Christian re- only one. Let us do while we can do; once he looks at his feet. They have ligion. Christ and Satan cannot dwell let us give while we can give; let us disappeared. The sand covers them. together, Fill the heart with sunshine work while we can work. The night He draws them out of the sand; he and the rulers of the darkness of this cometh wherein no work can be done. "

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. "If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not." "But," says the Saviour," if a man walk in the night he stumbleth. because there is no light in him." It is the duty of those who have the light to let it shine abroad, that those who sit in darkness may see the light and walk in it. Let every Christian's heart be filled with such sunshine as will manifest to all a life of godliness, piety and

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

membered. Perhaps it is time to be per room. And when his mother enfant tears, or with beating heart hiding "Behold him waist deep in the sand. from the noisy danger in the depths of The sand reaches his breast; he is now his downy pillow. But she puts the only a bust. He raises his aims, utters | candle on the table, and sits down befurious groans, clutches the beach with | side the bed; and as he hears her assurhis nails, would hold by that straw, ing voice, and espies the gay comfort in leans upon his elbow, to pull himself her smiling face, and as she puts her out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; hand over his, the tear stands still upon the sand rises. The sand reaches his his cheek, till it gets time to dry, and shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the smoothing down of the panic-furthe mouth cries—the sand fills it; rows on his brow, and the brightening of his eye announce that he is ready for shuts them; night! Now the forehead whatever a mother has got to tell. And decreases, a little hair flutters above the she goes on to explain the mysterious sources of his terror. Now for the parnight 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 griet, 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 unspeakable 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. - Earnest Thoughts.

GIVE WHILE YOU HAVE IT.

At 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 They proved themselves unfaithful When the religion of Jesus is shut stewards, and have been put out of out of the heart all is darkness within. their steward-ship. They now have In this darkness are done the works of the opportunity of being "faithful over darkness, "For every one that doeth a very few things," and if they are thus evil hateth the light, neither cometh to faithful, the Lord can make them

ed. And this is the condemnation that The lessons for us all to learn is to do men loved darkness rather than light, is on the plough sthe time to cut the because their deeds were evil." Sin furrow. To day we have the opportunity does not reign in the heart that is il- to do something for the Lord. It may Withhold not good from them to whom The men who have not the light of it is due when it is in the power of