

# The Wesleyan,

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## THE LAST PEARL.

We are in a rich, happy house; all are cheerful and full of joy, master, servants, and friends of the family; for on this day an heir, a son had been born, and mother and child were doing exceedingly well.

The burning lamp in the bed-chamber had been partly shaded, and the windows were guarded by heavy curtains of some costly silken fabric. The carpet was thick and soft as a mossy lawn, and everything invited to slumber—was charmingly suggestive of repose; and the nurse found that, for she slept, and here she might sleep, for everything was good and blessed. The guardian spirit of the house leaned against the head of the bed; over the child at the mother's breast there spread as it were a net of shining stars in endless number, and each star was a pearl of happiness. All the good stars of life had brought their gifts to the new-born one; here sparkled health, wealth, fortune, and love—in short, everything that man can wish for on earth.

"Everything has been presented here!" said the guardian spirit.

"No, not everything," said a voice near him, the voice of the child's good angel. "One fairy has not yet brought her gift, but she will do so some day; even if years should elapse first, she will bring her gift. The 'last pearl' is yet wanting."

"Wanting? here nothing may be wanting; and if it should be the case, let me go back and seek the powerful fairy, let us betake ourselves to her."

"She comes, she will come some day unsought. Her pearl may not be wanting; it must be there, so that the complete crown may be won."

"Where is she to be found? Where does she dwell? Tell it me, and I will procure the pearl."

"You will do that?" said the good angel of the child. "I will lead you to her directly, wherever she may be. She has no abiding place: sometimes she rules in the Emperor's palace, sometimes you will find her in the peasants' humble cot; she goes by no person without leaving a trace; she brings two gifts to all, be it a world or a trifle. To this child also she must come. You think the time is equally long, but not equally profitable. Come, let us go for this pearl—the last pearl in all this wealth."

And hand in hand they floated towards the spot where the fairy was now lingering.

It was a great house with dark windows and empty rooms, and a peculiar stillness reigned therein; a whole row of windows had been opened so that the fresh air could penetrate at its pleasure; the long white hanging curtains moved to and fro in the current of wind.

In the middle of the room was placed an open coffin, and in this coffin lay the corpse of a woman, still in the bloom of youth and very beautiful. Fresh roses were scattered over her, so that only the delicate folded hands and the noble face, glorified in death by the solemn look of consecration and entrance to the better world, were visible.

Around the coffin stood the husband and all the children, a whole troop; and the youngest child rested on the father's arm, and all bade their mother the last

farewell; the husband kissed her hand, the hand which now was as a withered leaf, but which a short time ago had been working and striving in diligent love for them all. Tears of sorrow rolled over their cheeks and fell in heavy drops to the floor, but not a word was spoken. The silence which reigned here expressed a world of grief. With silent footsteps and with many a sob, they quitted the room.

A burning light stands in the room, and the long red wick peers out high above the flame that flickers in the current of air. Strange men come in, and lay the lid of the coffin over the dead one, and drive the nails firmly in, and the blows of the hammer resound through the house, and echo in the hearts that are bleeding.

"Whither art thou leading me?" asked the guardian spirit. "Here dwells no fairy whose pearl might be counted amongst the best gifts for life!"

"Here she lingers, here in this sacred hour," said the angel, and pointed to a corner of the room; and there, where in her lifetime the mother had taken her seat amid flowers and pictures; there from whence, like the beneficent fairy of the house, she had greeted husband, children, and friends; from whence, like the sunbeams, she had spread joy and cheerfulness, and been the centre and the heart of all—there sat a strange woman, clad in long garments. It was "the Chastened Heart," now mistress and mother here in the dead lady's place. A hot tear rolled down into her lap, and formed itself into a pearl glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. The angel seized it, and the pearl shone like a star of sevenfold radiance.

The Pearl of Chastening—the last, which must not be wanting! it heightens the lustre and the meaning of the other pearls. Do you see the sheen of the rainbow—of the bow that unites heaven and earth? A bridge has been built between this world and the heaven beyond. Through the earthly night we gaze upward to the stars, looking for perfection. Contemplate it, the Pearl of Chastening, for it hides within itself the wings that shall carry us to the better world.—Hans Andersen.

## SCHOOL WORK.

The current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains a most amusing paper—"Diversion of a Pedagogue,"—in which is a long story of blunders made by schoolboys. The writer, who vouches for the truth of all his anecdotes, divides his scholars into "The Stupid Good," "The Muddled," "The Simple," "The Careless," "The Conceited Ignorant," and "The Eccentric;" and his stories are illustrative of the classification. Thus, the "muddled" writes: "In Jersey, a large quantity of apples are grown, and are made into cider and potatoes." "Rahab sent Ruth out to glean in the fields of her kinsman Laban." "Johab was in the whale three days and forty nights." The "simple" boy writes of William Rufus:

"Who spacious regions gave  
A wasteful beast."  
instead of a "waste for beasts," and in the poem of Lord Ullin's daughter:  
"Come back, come back! he cried in Greek,  
Across the stormy water."

where "Greek" should be "grief." And again,

"He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer dried fountain,  
When our need was the saw-dust."

The last word being a correction for "sorest."

The same kind of boy writes the following answers. *Q. Annus* means a ring, but is used also for year. What does *annulus* mean? *A. Earring.* *Q.*

Why was Metellus called Calvus? *A. Because he was such a calf.* The "careless" boy is much milder but at least as funny:—*Q. Derive an English word from Neco, I bind. A. Necktie. Q. We do not speak of Enoch's ascension, but of his—? A. Transportation. Q. What was the Eastern boundary of Samaria? A. The Jordan. Q. What was the western boundary? A. The other side of Jordan. The "conceited ignorant" defines "Democracy" as "government by gukes and deacons," states that "Sir Martin Luther introduced Christianity into England," and describes the Habeas Corpus Act as not allowing "any one to be kept in prison longer than he liked." Lastly, the "Eccentric" boy is strong at new readings of the classical authors: "Sedesque disoretas piorum" becomes "Reserved seats for the pious;" and "Durataque solo nives" is rendered "And snows hardened by the sun." In reply to the question, "What is a dependent sentence?" he gives the answer, "One that hangs by its clause;" and when asked to "define Pontifex," he says, "From Pons, a bridge, as we say, an arch-bishop."*

These stories are only a few, and not the most amusing, of those contained in the article in *Macmillan's* and the list might be supplemented from other sources to any extent. Thus a teacher holding a long tube partially filled with mercury, said, "What will happen if I turn this over?" and was replied to, "Turn it over and see!" Again, a bishop, desirous to impress on a youthful auditory that faith produced good works, said: "A pear-tree produces pears, an apple-tree apples, a plum-tree plums, and so on. Now I being a Christian bishop, what kind of fruit ought I bear?" and received the response, "Little bishops, my lord."

A FARMER'S wife in a Yorkshire town was recently assaulted by her husband in a field where there was a cow that the woman had greatly petted. On seeing the man beating his wife, tearing her clothes, and otherwise maltreating her, the cow came charging up the field, and attacked the man with such ferocity that he was glad to beat a retreat. The cow then took up a defensive position by the woman's side, and stood perfectly still while the latter struggled to her feet and supported herself by leaning against its flank, until she had sufficiently recovered to take refuge from her husband in flight.

A MUTUAL COMPLIMENT.—A certain elder, who was holding a series of meetings at a place where but little assistance could be had, was overjoyed one Sabbath morning to see a brother, who was a good preacher, ride up, and immediately insisted that he should preach for him. "No," says the brother, "the people came here to hear you, but if you wish, I will preach this evening." "Very well," says the elder, "I will prepare the way for you by preaching from the text: 'He that cometh after me is greater than I.' 'If you do,'" says the brother, "I will preach in the evening from 'All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers!'"

You remember the story of an Englishman and Frenchman, who agreed to fight a duel in a dark room, with closed doors. The room was large, without furniture, and had in it an old-fashioned fire-place, leading to a large open chimney. They entered one at a time, walking softly in their socks. After a few minutes the Englishman's conscience smote him. He thought it would be murder outright to kill a man under such circumstances. Yet for his honor's sake felt that he must do something. So he crept along, feeling his way until he came to the fire-place, and turning the muzzle of his pistol up the chimney, fired, and down came the Frenchman, who had taken the precaution to conceal himself there. Have you not known a good many persons to be hit simply because they were in the chimney?

Professor Proctor is still lecturing in this city and Brooklyn, and does not care to conceal his contempt for the Bible. Indeed it makes its appearance on every occasion, as if he feared it would be lost sight of. And yet how shallow it all seems to us. Take one instance: he demonstrates, to his own satisfaction at least, that the moon and other heavenly bodies, are uninhabited, because the conditions, air and water, necessary to sustain life are wanting. It never enters his head that a Supreme Power might have created beings to whom air and water might not be necessities. Indeed he rejects the personality of God altogether in the affairs of life, and joins Tyndall, and the rest, in the elevation of the "potency of matter."

There are two preachers bent on making a sensation in Brooklyn. One of these is *Samage*, who has turned his batteries against politicians, and as usual over-shoots his mark by the virulence of his invective. Little good can come from a multiplying of the adjectives which are applied to degrade politicians anywhere and everywhere. The other is a minister of the Protestant Methodist Church, the Rev. Frederick Bell, who gives promise of much usefulness if he is not spoiled. He is now preaching in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and mingles singing and sermonizing oddly enough, but there is a vein of common sense running through his talk—for it is not a sermon—that is encouraging. We think he is injured by the injudicious advertising of some of his supporters, who are wanting in refinement that is evidently growing in the preacher himself. The announcement of being a "reformed pugilist," adds nothing to his influence, and has given the secular press opportunities for quiet sarcasms which have found ample improvement. We heartily wish this "learned-pig" business could be done away with in religious notices, and the teaching and teacher rest upon their own merits, and not on any fancied discrepancy between the position held by the preacher now and at some time in the forgotten past. And this criticism may well apply to other places besides Brooklyn.—N. Y. Correspondence, Cent. Ad.

A MONKEY'S HOUSEKEEPING.—I was making cake one day, preparing for company, and the monkey followed me into the pantry and watched everything I did. Unfortunately dinner was announced in the midst of my work, and I left it, making him go out, too, rather against his will. I knew him too well to trust him in the pantry alone. After dinner I returned to my cookery. Having carefully locked the door, I was surprised to see my pet there before me. His attitude was ominous; he was top of the barrel two-thirds full of flour, and busily occupied. He had got hold of my egg-box, broken two or three dozen, smashing them into the flour barrel, with all the sugar within reach. These he was vigorously beating into the flour, shells and all, stopping now and then to take a taste. In my dismay and grief I did not scold him. Yet, to see my materials so used up, and we living in the country, and guests coming! He had a most satisfied air, as if he meant, "Look! the main operations of the party are now over." I had forgotten the broken pane of glass in the window.

A gigantic bridge is about to be built across the St. Lawrence to Montreal, to accommodate the street cars, carriages and foot passengers as well as railroad traffic. A viaduct of 4,800 feet long, in twenty spans, will conduct from Sherbrooke street to the river; five spans of 600 feet each will cross the river at St. Helen's Island, which will be traversed by a viaduct with twenty spans of 120 feet each while spans will cross the unnavigable channel south of the island. The bridge will be 150 feet over the level of the river.

## CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.

GRAND LAKE, N. B.—At the beginning of another year, we sincerely wish you the compliments of the season.

The general aspect of our work here is not very encouraging, yet we do not despair. On the Grand Lake proper we lack spiritual power. Though our congregations are good and attentive to the word, there is an apathy lamentable to behold. Our temporal comfort is somewhat thought of, an instance of which we had in a "donation" at our residence on New Year's eve, realizing the amount of \$33 in cash and produce.

From one part of our Circuit, English Settlement, we can present more cheering news. A class we organized about nine months since is still held regularly under an efficient leader; some whom we then received we regret have left the Circuit, others are still lively members of our Church. Our friends here likewise have shown their faith by their works; not only have they cleared off a debt which has for years been standing on our Church, but recently have made us a very handsome donation of \$42 in cash, besides other very useful articles. Much praise is due to our sister Pearson and family for the part they took in the donation, not only did they open their house on the occasion (all ministers who have had honor to know the meaning of "open their house") but also provided liberally. Another pleasing feature in this donation was that we had a Churchman, Cap. Pearson, as chairman, and a Presbyterian, Dr. Murray, as Sec'y. Unity is here manifested.

We might close our remarks by adding to the "cries" already gone up out of Zion, for although the above seems to indicate financial prosperity, this is not the case with us, and we expect to have the "fall" amount of deficiency, yet we do not feel disposed to murmur as we see so much suffering around us. G. W. F.

BRIGUS, N. F.—You have no doubt heard of the saddlebag that has fallen upon this Circuit by the loss of Captain Sprackling's craft "Waterwitch," of Cupids, with ten members of our congregation, two of whom were members of Society. The loss occurred on the 29th of November, at 8 o'clock. We were holding the "Miss. meeting" here that night, and when conducting the meeting on the following evening at Cupids, messengers were sent to me with information of the loss, and requesting I would break the sad news to the families, which I felt unable to do until the following morning.

I will try to get time enough to send you a few lines for the paper next mail. We have had, as you can imagine, a sad time; and just as we were about to open our new Church, numbered it sad indeed. L.

CANNING.—Father Hennigar is slowly but we think, surely improving; and though still confined to his bed, yet with hope in a few weeks of being able to move about and enjoy the privilege of other days. The Lord is blessing him wonderfully. Yours, &c. F. H. W. P.

Father Hennigar wishes me to convey to his many friends who have so kindly been writing to him since the accident, his appreciation of their sympathies. He is slowly but surely gaining strength, and being abundantly blessed with spiritual blessings. The many prayers offered are being answered in large measures of grace.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Our Missionary Meetings are over in the Carbonear District. In most places there is an advance made upon the previous year, with reference to finance. Several vessels have been wrecked during the past week. Great distress has been occasioned in the next harbor to this Cupids and Brigus by the loss of 19 lives. They were interred only yesterday amidst great solemnity and grief. J. H.

SYDNEY.—Our harbor is sealed up for the winter, and we may look forward to dull music for many months. Great destitution reigns in some of the mining districts, and as the winter advances will prevail more and more. You will see by our local papers what the Government has done, and the nature of the Committee appointed to distribute the relief. We expect a busy and laborious time in connection with the work of relief. J. G. A.