Memorial Notices.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light; "Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight, with death and sin. Fling open wide the golden gates And let the victors in.

STEPHEN JUDKIN BRANGMAN

died at his residence. St. David's Island, Bermuda, April 27th, 1880, at the advanced age of 73 years, leaving behind him a widow, sou, daughter and three grandchildren to revere his memory and mourn his loss. In his early life Mr. Brangman was not brought under any direct or powerful religious influence, but in the year 1832 he began to attend the public ministry of the word under the Rev. John Crofts, who that year began to preach in a private house on St. David's. From that time the purpose of his life seemed fixed, and in 1837, when the Rev. Theophilus Pugh was stationed in Bermuda, Mr. Brangman associated himself with the Methodist Society. He married in 1845, and four years afterwards accidentally injured his right knee. The injury was so severe that for a period of seven years he could not walk without artificial support. On one occasion after wearily and painfully making his way to and from worship, which was still held in a private house, he said he would give a piece of land on which to erect a place of worship. The land was subsequently given and the Church built. It has since become the birthplace af many souls. For sometime previous to the erection of the church the services were ordinarily and regularly held in Mr. Brangman's house, which he offered for such sacred use and to which he welcomed all comers with a kindness and cordiality that won many hearts.

For many years he was under the pressure of severe suffering, and while prostrate on his bed sought to lead those around him to the cross and the Saviour assuring them that although they might live without God, they could not die with-

In the family and in public Mr. Brangman's life was that of a consistent and earnest Christian. He has passed from family and friends to the company of the blessed above. He has ceased from his labors and his works follow him.

MRS. AND MISS E. WEDDALL, OF FREDER-ICTON, N.B.

Mildred Weddall was born in Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1806. Her maiden name was West. It was her sad lot, very early in life to be left without a mother, and with the care feel Jesus very near." of a younger sister. But even thus early she had learned the great lessons of gured. In the year 1839 she was united in words His guidance and support. marriage to the Rev. Richard Weddall, with whom she left England in 1840 for the toils of a missionary life in Honduras Bay. Too often the Christian zeal and noble courage displayed by the wives of missionaries in accompanying their husbands to difficult fields are either undervalued or overlooked. A missionary's wife must perform her heroic part without the incentives or rewards of the missionary himself. He has the excitement and the stimulus of a great work, all lacking in her case. She must attend to the daily duties of the household in a strange and insalubrious elimate, without any public recognition or encouragement.

Rejoicing in the success attending the labors of her devoted husband, her spirit was in a measure sustained under her heavy burdens; and this period of heavy toil and severe privation was often alluded to in her last illness with feelings of gladness and love. But the enervating influence of the climate, combined with the increasing care of a young family, rendered a change imperative. And after five years unremitting labor amidst much privation, and affliction through failing health, she came with her husband to Nova Scotia, where for many years she faithfully performed the duties of a minister's wite. But the salubrious climate of that Province was unable to efface fully the disastrous effects wrought in the Spanish Main. For the last four years her sight had been failing until within the last year of her life she was entirely deprived of it. On the 13th of September, 1879, she had a stroke of paralysis and was confined to her bed till her death. Frequent visits at this period enable the writer to speak with confidence of her increasing faith, accompanied with a touching humility as she spoke of the all-precious merits of her Redeemer, and of her entire dependence thereon. Owing to great weakness there was a lack of that exultant joy which sometimes marks a christian's death bed. yet there was always that expectation of the Master's coming which led her frequently to anticipate the joys of heaven and the happy reunions which would take place. The later years of her life had been marked by many sad bereavements. One after another, several of her children whom she dearly loved, had been taken away, followed by the sudden and unexpected death of her husband; and at this period her second daughter was lying ill and was a source of much anxiety, expecting to hear of her death continually; and though in the next room unable either to see her, or to help her. Truly she might have said with David: All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. But she bore all these accumulated afflictions and losses with true Christian resignation, often exclaiming as she reviewed them, "My Heavenly Father does all things well." And thus passing through the furnace, purified by these fiery trials, exhibiting that humble confidence in her Saviour so we'll described in the hymn she was ever delighted to

In my hands no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling. she entered into eternal rest on the 13th

of January, 1880. During the illness, and previous to the death of Mrs. Weddall her second daughter was called home.

Elizabeth A. Weddall was converted at the age of thirteen, while attending Sackville Academy, chiefly through the instru-mentality of Mrs. Palmer. Her Christian life from that period was very consistent | with much success. and progressive. Becoming a Sabbathschool teacher, by earnest and prayerful stuherself for the proper discharge of that most honorable office. And, if the meament, and diffident in the presence of The plan proposed being to go at once her Saviour. She lived always on the call at those places before going north. confines of another world; earth was near

any moment to bring severe attack, of and in a very short time found that a field pain, yet she repined not, but gave ex- of drift ice, extending some ten miles pression to feelings of unbounded trust eastward, had completely pent us up. in her Lord, and with all her bodily weak- There we were for three days, during most ness her faith became more lively in its of which time the thermometer was only exercises. About this time she wrote in two degrees above the freezing point. On her diary, as expressing her thoughts and the morning of the fourth day, the ice her prayers, those well-known stanzas, having opened a little, the captain began

beginning Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand,

Choose out the path for me. About three weeks before her death, her mother was thought to be near the valley, and the members of the family at together partook of the Lord's supper. That day the dying daughter wrote, blessed Saviour. 'Precious, precious said'st to thy disciples 'This do in re- nine o'clock, and amused the company by membrance of me.' How well thou under- singing till near midnight. They have stoodst the human heart, how prone we been well trained in this art. The pieces are to forget our best Friend. To day I sung were chiefly from Sankey's collec-

Her life was then rapidly drawing to its close, and for a time it seemed difficult afterwards was devoted and consistent, as | might feel the cleansing blood of the Savi-

words; "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, &c., and in the fulness of her hope gave expression to her wish: "I desire to depart and be with Christ," The last hours came and the tongue was silent, but her eyes, lighted with a Saviour's love, spoke eloquently of His salvation. And in response to some loving entreaties she beckoned to her sisters, who understood her motions and, taking our Hymn Book, found Hymn 714 and read it. During the reading she assented by gesture, to those expressions of Christian hope and praise. and with the words of that beautiful hymn on her tongue as truly as if she had uttered them, and the more emphatic because unuttered. Her pure and happy spirit passed away to her much-prized and longed-for home.

ANNIE TAYLOR. On Thursday, October 14th, the beloved five children to mourn their loss. On the 13th of Decr. 1861 the Rev. Leonard the bread which perisheth in our midst, membership, as one of the first fruits of a faithful ministry. Methodism carried happiness for which her arde nt spirit aspired. To its services she was strongly attached, for its extension she deligently labored and in its prosperity greatly rejoiced. During the last few weeks of her life she prayed earnestly for her friends and family. On turning over a few papers after her decease we found evidences of her own faith and trust in expressions pencilled for others.

Her faith as far as we can judge never wavered. Her confidence was firm, her joy abundant, her praises frequent. Her life exhibited a modest, retiring Christian deportment, positively refreshing. The discipline of dying made the soul appear still more beautiful. The harder the frost, the brighterwere the colors of the fading leaves. We learned the power and potency of Christian hues of character, worked in on the white background of gospel light, as we bade her a last-" good-bye." Streaks of sunlight flashed across an evening sky-as she said-

A Friend now in weakness with earthly hopes

fading
On Christ my soul's anchor I calmly rely." The subtle sunshine stole through the leaves, bathing them with indescribable glory as her pencil marked out the words

"Oh blessed thought, that there is rest forever." every word of which leaped like a flame. warming the very soul, the inspiration of which still lingers with us. She was buried in the Methodist burying ground at Musquodoboit on Monday, Oct. 18, 1880.

"And so he giveth his beloved sleep."

Correspondence.

THE LABRADOR MISSION.

For many years a minister of the Newfoundland Conference has been appointed to labor on the southern part of the coast of Labrador. In fact Red Bay has become one of our Mission Stations, and Bro. Bowell has been laboring there and in the neighborhood for nearly three years

But, as of late many of our fishermen have had to go some hundreds of miles dy of the Scriptures she sought to prepare | north of Red Bay, it was deemed highly expedient at our last Conference that another man should be sent northward. sure of her success be the estimation and | Two things, however, were wanting. First, fervent affection of the youthful scholars | the man; then the means of defraying the placed under her care, she had attained expenses attending the employment of marvellous excellence in this difficult de- such. Certain lay brethren, however, partment of Christian labor. The conver- whose hearts are always ready to respond sion of her scholars was a burden upon to the call of necessity, promised to reher soul; she both worked and prayed for move the latter difficulty, if the Conferthis; thus fully evincing her appreciation ence would meet the former. Accordingly of the true aim of the Sabbath school the lot fell upon the writer, who received teacher's efforts. Of a reserved tempera- sailing orders two days prior to starting.

others, it required an intimate acquain, as far north as was necessary, and then tance to make her true character to be work southward, gave us an opportunity understood. Physical weakness and dis- of visiting the different harbors in the ease deepened her naturally thoughtful Straits of Belle Isle, as the steamer character, and increased her confidence in Hercules in which we took passage had to All went well until we reached Jigger but heaven was nearer, as entries in her Tickle. Here, although it was the 18th journal, when suffering from illness, clear- of July, we met an immense body of ice, which rendered all efforts to get further The time wearily passed away, liable at north futile; consequently we harbored,

to work his way out. After several hours of difficult work we found ourselves again in the open sea, outside the great ice-pack. but still meeting with immense icebergs, whose towering peaks looked sublimely

grand. Finally we succeeded in reaching Cape Harrigan, the farthest extent of the her request gathered around her bed and steamer's route. We expected to find several vessels here, but were disappointed. Nothing now remained for us but to reday we have been gathered around Ma's turn as far as the Turnavick Islands. bedside commemorating the love of our Before doing so, however, we spent a pleasant evening in what is known as the Jesus, how very near thou didst come, to Ropedale Mission. This is an Esquimaux our waiting souls, never did those words settlement in which the Moravians long of thine come so forcibly to my mind as since established themselves. As the steamwhen partaking of the emblems of thy er was to harbor for the night, some fifty or broken body and spilt blood, when thou more of the natives came on board about tion, all of which were beautifully render-

ed in their own tongue. At Turnavick we were warmly welcom-Christian trust and of the need of divine to decide whether the mother or the ed by Abraham Bartlett, Esq., and aid and guidance, and her first act after daughter would be the first to join the family, of Brigus, who did their test to her bereavement was to take her sister to family above. On the 10th of October make our few days stay with them all that the side of her mother, and there ask God's she traced with trembling hand her last could be desired. On the Sabbath a store, help to perform a mother's part. Her life record in her diary, praying every hour she which had been fitted up for religious services, was kindly placed at our dissuch conduct at a trying period well au- our applied, and imploring in impassioned posal. In this building about a hundred and twenty persons, who were glad we With triumphant faith in the prospect had come among them, joined with us in of immediate death she used the Psalmist's praising the "Giver of all good." The influence of the Spirit was felt in each of the services, so that to preach the word was a pleasure to the preacher, and to

listen to it a satisfaction to the hearers. Taking this as a starting point, some four and twenty harbors between this and Francis Harbor, extending over a space of two hundred and seventy miles, were visited and with but one or two exceptions preaching services held in each. In order to make our efforts a success, it was necessary to adapt ourselves to circumstances; hence our services would be sometimes held in a store—sometimes in a tilt, the greater part of which would be built of turf-at other times on the deck of a fishing schooner. Every opportunity of preaching the gospel was seized, and often were we warmly thanked for coming so far to care for the souis of these fisherschooner, with some sails spread across the fore-boom for a screen, and a porkbarrel with the British ensign covering it wife our of Recording steward-John H. for a reading desk, we had quite a happy Taylor-passed away in the 36th year of time in preaching to those gathered on her age, leaving her devoted husband and the deck. At another time a parrel of bread served for a desk; so that having Gaetz issued to her a trial ticket, and the we looked to him who satisfieth the hunfollowing March received her into full gry soul with bread that never perisheth.

The houses along the shore were visited. as well as many vessels lying in harbors; her heavenward and afforded all the the inhabitants of which were prayed with, and exhorted not to neglet the soul's welfare, in their haste to provide for their temporal wants. The work throughout was most pleasant, and when the time came for us to return home we felt assured that we had not labored in vain.

There is one thing however which is greatly needed to do this work satisfactorily; that is a steam-launch, with which a Missionary could move from place to place with much greater satisfaction than he can at present. When it is remembered that there are no roads on this coast, and that travelling has to be done altogether by boat, it will be easy to understand that great risk is oftentimes run by exposure in open boats on these wild shores. Much time would often be saved by it, for not unfrequently has the writer had to remain in a place several days long er than he desired, simply because he was obliged to wait for the people to put him to another. If such provision were made he could move when and where he thought necessary. Such provision must be made if the work is to be done satisfactorily; there are important places yet unvisited, and to which it is our duty to pay attention.

Believing that in the Methodist Church of Canada there are many of our lay genius. All the genius that I have lies brethren who have large hearts, long just in this: when I have a subject in purses, and a strong desire to make a hand I study it profoundly. Day and good investment in this direction, we night it is before me. I explore it in all make this appeal. It should be a pleasure its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded to any such brethren to present a gift with it. Then the effort which I make like this to the cause of God, more es the people are pleased to call the fruit of wed sleep."

W. G. LANE. pecially if the launch was named after the donor. The gift once bestowed, and thought."

the launch established on the coast, we have every reason to believe that those on AT THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM. would bear the expense of working it for the future. The spiritual needs of the thousands who are scattered along these shores during summer months combine to enlist your sympathy in this undertaking. All communications relative to the mat-

ter will be thankfully received on behalf of fishermen by JOHN PETERS, Bett's Cove,

NEW CHURCH AT SOUTH RICH-MOND, N. B.

Notre Dame Bay,

During the pastorate of the Rev. William Harrison, it was resolved to supersede the old church at McKenzie's Corner by a structure more in keeping with the necessities of this prosperous community. Subscriptions were obtained, plans prepared, and the work completed without a single tea meeting or bazaar, and without leaving a balance of debt to be discharged by further effort, and all within hemselves.

The church is 48x30 feet on the ground. The walls are 16 ft. high and rafters 32 ft. long-naking the church 42 ft. from the sills to the top. The windows are furnished with gothic tops. The body of the church inside is 41x29, with 25 ft. ceiling, supported by four framed arches with gables or buttresses at the lower end, and with key stone in the centre. There is a small gallery over the front entrance, and ante-rooms, reached by two flights of winding stairs. The side pews are placed at a slight angle. The platform is eleva- No. 8. ted but a short distance above the floor. upon which is placed a very neat and finely finished desk. The cost of the building is between fifteen and sixteen hundred dollars. The work is finished in a highly satisfactory manner, and reflects great credit on Mr. More, the architect.

The dedicatory services were held on the 17th inst. On the previous evening the annual meeting of the Educational Society took place. This was the concluding service for the old building, and was in every way worthy of the cause, the people and the occasion. The house was crowded, and the meeting having been opened by prayer by the Rev. Mr. McKay, Presbyterian, with whom and whose congregation we and our people "dwell together in unity," -addresses were delivered by Revs. Dr. Stewart and W. W. Colpitts. At the con- and 22. BORERS-FORS CLAVIGERA. By clusion a good collection was taken up which is likely to be supplemented by a

list of subscriptions. On the morning of the Lord's day an large congregation assembled in the spacious and beautiful new church. Every available seat, and every place for standing was occupied, while some sought to hear at the opened windows, and a large number of others, for want of room, left

to attend the Presbyterian meeting. The Revs. E. C. Turner, superintendent of the Circuit, and Wm. Harrison, took part in the dedicatory service, and the Mr. Hanscom, M E Minister of Houlton, Maine, offered the dedicatory prayer. The Rev. Dr. Stewart preached the dedicatory sermon, taking for his text Heb. xii. 28, 29. The sermon was an eloquent exposition of Gospel truth, accompanied with much spiritual power. In the afternoon the Rev. Wm. Harrison delivered a most appropriate sermon from the words, "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord," The large congregation was glad to greet a former pastor, and he was evidently grateful for this completion of an

important undertaking. The Rev. Mr. Hansoom preached in the evening from "Isaiah's vision," to another audience which filled the house to its utmost capacity. The sermon was one of great power and gracious influence. On Tuesday evening the annual missionary meeting was held, and was ably addressed by Revs. E. Mills, M. R. Knight, A. B., and Dr. Stewart. All of these brethren were well prepared for their work, men. On one occasion, on board a and presented such views of their subjects as must have given a new impulse to the cause of Christ among us. Our other missionary meetings have been held, and Bros. Mills and Knight, by their address. es, made them very interesting. Meantime, with the old Gospel, a loving and generous people, and a new and "beautiful," and, as we trust, what may prove, "a holy house," we feel that we may prosecute our work, thanking God and taking

E. C. TURNER.

"The book to read," says Dr. McCosh, is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think.'

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who said, "If you want to keep your boy at home. don't bear too hard on the grind stone when he turns the crank.' It is near midnight. A beautiful idler has been dozing for more than an hour.

Suddenly she rises, stretches, yawns, and

savs firmly to herself: "Come, now! no more laziness. Go to bed." If you, have any real greatness, you won't go far before the world will find it out. Small men insist that they are great while great men can afford to keep still. The Talmud says that "all kinds of wood

burn silently except thorns, which crackle and call out, "we too, are wood," Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me credit for

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