MRS. EDWD. LOVELESS, SCOTSDAY, CORNWALLIS.

The subject of the following remarks, was awakened to a consciousness of her need of personal salvation in early life, and although she had frequently resisted the influences of the spirit of God, she notwithstanding in comparative youth sought and found the pardoning love of God. During the residence of the Rev. Jas. Taylor on this circuit, a blessed revival of the work of God took place at the Bay, at which time, with many others, she was baptized and received into the Methodist church.

For a length of time, she continued with many of her friends and neighbours to realise rich seasons of grace, "walking before the Lord in the land of the living." How precious are the means of grace! How lamentable that any should wilfully neglect them. We often desire revivals of religion, but if there was a devout consistency in divinely appointed means, would we not experience continuous revivals in the church of God?

After many happy seasons of grace, Brother Loveless, with his family removed to another locality; but in her new residence she felt one great, and to her mind, most painful privation. She was at a distance from the house, and people of God; this she with her partner deeply lamented. Eventually in the order of providence—our sister with her family gladly returned to her native place, and soon found her long-desired home in her class, and with the congregation with whom she was once more delighted to mingle.

But how mysterious are the ways of God! She had not long enjoyed the society of her friends, before she was visited with the affliction which terminated her life. During her illness the class was several times met in her sick-room. At the last renewal of tickets which took place in her own house, she gave to the class what appeared to me her last testimony, and while we beheld her death-like countenance, and listened to her tremulous voice, as she expressed her love for Jesus, all felt most deeply. She although increasingly weak and feeble, continued to "hold fast her confidence," and on the evening of the 30th of December, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving a disconsolate husband and three children, and an infant, to experience the loss of a kind wife and devoted mother.

Her sleeping remains were committed to the grave in the presence of a large congregation of relatives and friends.

The occasion was religiously improved by the writer, in the church at the Bay, immediately after the interment.

J. G. HENNIGAR.

Canning, Jan. 26, 1864.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, FEB'RY 3, 1864.

Life and Times of Dr. Bangs.

This work, recently published, we regard as a choice biography. We lately gave some extracts from it, showing the interest which this venerable minister of the M. E. C. took in the doctrine of entire sanctification as held by the followers of Wesley. We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers a review of the work from the pen of Dr. J. B. Hagany of New York:

The written life of an eminently good and useful man is a kind of an earlier resurrection. Though dead, he revives in the biography to speak again, and often to larger audiences, who lend a more willing ear to his posthumous voice than they did to the teachings and example of his life. Fletcher, of Madeley, was a "burning and shining light," that illuminated every corner of his narrow parish for twenty-five years. But not long after he was laid in the church-yard two biographies of him—the first by Wesley, and the second by Benson—gave him a posthumous power for good, tenfold greater than he ever wielded in his life-time. The odor of the precious ointment escaped from the broken box, and perfumed all the air. As a living man he did good for a quarter of a century. As a dead man he has done a still greater good in the last seventy years, and his precious memoirs of unwasting fragancy promise to live and operate as a spiritual power on generations yet unborn.

We apply these remarks to the biography of Dr. Bangs. It is a great paradox, but not less a truth that he was one of the best known, yet least known men in American Methodism. The writer of this notice thought him: if well acquainted with the venerable man, but he reads this memoir to find that he knew little within the outlines of his history and character. He was a rare compound of the best qualities of the churchman, the Puritan, and the Methodist, with a right warm affection for good men of any and every name, but especially the Quakers. He was born in Stratford, Connecticut, May 2, 1778. At the age of thirteen, the family removed to Western New York. Nathan, with an knapsack on his back, traveled a hundred and fifty miles about—poor boy! At twenty-one he went to Canada and opened a school at the head of Lake Ontario. Of course he opened a school! What penniless youth that came out of Connecticut in those days didn't open a school? He had taught but a short time before he became decidedly religious under the powerful ministry of the Rev. Joseph Sawyer, and joined the Methodist Society. The consequence to the neighborhood was the loss of a good schoolmaster, and a gain to the church of a great and successful minister of Christ. He began by leading a class, but made a mortifying failure of it. Soon after, in accordance with strong convictions of duty, and urged by the voice of his spiritual father, he preached with an energy and freedom that surprised himself and all who heard him. His second effort was as successful as the first. Then, as the custom of the day was, he rose to exhort after Sawyer had preached. The effect was such that he was tempted to think that he had eclipsed the preacher. His next attempt met the penalty of that self-esteem which is sure to come of a young man's success, even in preaching. He stammered and blundered until both he and the people thought it time to stop. The next effort was the most humiliating failure of all. After losing himself generally, and misquoting Milton in particular, he at last came to a dead stand, and as Carlyle would say, "was miserably got wounded up." His conscience was as much troubled as his pride was smouldered, for he was seriously of opinion that, to use his own words, he "*had killed the church*." It was a critical moment, and Joseph Sawyer's persuasive influence just saved Nathan Bangs to the Christian ministry. This was in 1801.

He now became in the regular way one of ten itinerants in Canada. An itinerant more than sixty years ago preaching from Quebec to Detroit, with no churches to preach in, a semi-barbarized people to preach to, and often with nothing to eat, and no sleeping-place but the woods and the frosty horrors of a Canadian winter! This might be light work for an evangelist from the Arctic circle, but it was terribly severe to the vigorous constitution of Nathan Bangs. Yet he endured it for upwards of six years, during which he preached in nearly every city, town, village and settlement between the points we have named. It nearly cost him his life; but he loved it as he never loved any subsequent work. To a great extent he was the founder of Methodism in Canada, and to the latest day of his life he rejoiced over the work of his youthful hands. Nowhere in the earth does Methodism at this day flourish more vigorously than in the very places where he planted it. We are greatly mistaken if this memoir of him will not be read with absorbing interest by the descendants of those who listened to his powerful voice sixty years ago. While they look around and see his monument on every side they will bless God with grateful hearts for what others have builded on foundations which he laid so well. There is scarcely a more interesting chapter in all Methodism than that which records the incidents of the travels and labors of this young evangelist. Some of them are almost incredible, but they rest upon the evidence of his word, which no man can doubt.

He left Canada in 1808, and after two years of circuit work in the neighbourhood of his father's house, he was stationed in the city of New York. Thence to the Rhinebeck District, and afterwards back to New York. Here he soon became the chief of Methodist literature in America. From that time he lived in and about the great city with but little intermission until his death.

To Dr. Bangs, more than any other man, the church is indebted for the beginning and rapid progress of the education both of her ministry and laity. Her periodical literature is a thing almost entirely of his making. He gave the great impulse to the missionary enterprise, the results of which are now seen in almost every quarter of the globe. Whatever good thing of the church has taken an organic form within his time had the aid, if not its first impulse from his hand. He was a busy man all his days, and when disqualified by extreme age for official position, he turned the whole force of his remaining energy toward the great doctrine of power, the entire sanctification of believers. Himself the living witness of its truth, he preached it to others as long as he could preach at all. His growth in grace was manifest to all who knew him. Of stern, manly virtues all through life, he softened into the gentleness of childhood as he grew old. He knew no art but that of divine simplicity. He never spoke in jest, and never with a cunningly concealed meaning. He so little suspected artfulness in others, that when amidst a host of grateful friends in the house of his son, the Rev. Dr. Carlton presented him a cane loaded with four hundred half eagles, and humourously told him that it had cost them two thousand dollars, he exclaimed, 'Bless my soul!' and had to be told direct that the stick was of gold before he understood it.

Dr. Stevens has done this work with his usual ability; but after all, it chief interest lies in the passages that stand between the quotation marks from the pen of Dr. Bangs himself. The biographer wisely lets the subject of the book tell its own story. It will live long as the history of a great, good and immensely useful man. It will be read by the curious for the interest of its facts; by men of letters, as a large chapter in the history of the progress of literature through the last half century; and by the devout, as a book that will add fuel to the flame of pious zeal.

The Rising Ministry and the Theological Institution.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance to the Church and its sacred interest, of enlightened, pure and efficient Ministry. Every Church will more or less reflect the character of its Ministry both spiritually and intellectually. The Minister is the teacher and guide of his people, and their condition will very much depend upon the skill and wisdom with which he discharges his duty. Now while the Christain Ministry presents a sphere for the exercise of the greatest talents and the richest mental endowments, we are far from asserting that the SOVEREIGN of all mind only calls those to fulfil its obligations on whom He has most liberally shed those gifts. For the same reason that He puts the treasures of the Gospel into earthen vessels, that all may see that the excellency of the power is not of men but of God, so does he sometimes put it in the "meanest vessels of his grace," that the faith of disciples may not rest in the wisdom of men but in the power of God.

It is the sole prerogative of the Divine Head of the Church to call whom He will to minister in his Church and to endow them with the gifts and graces necessary for their work. And if the call implies their existence, at least seminally, it by no means follows that they exist in maturity, and that they do not require careful and diligent cultivation. He whose heart the holy spirit has moved towards the ministry needs a preparatory training and dicipline to fit him for it. The elements of a true piety and a divine theology he may have obtained, but like the first preachers of the Gospel, who were for three years under the instruction and training of the Lord, he needs to be instructed more perfectly in the great truths which form the subject of the Christian Ministry. A clear, comprehensive, and harmonious view of the Gospel is not gained at once, and as a rule, it is only obtained as the fruit of good teaching and diligent study. And, generally speaking, just in proportion to a young Minister's intelligence is his consciousness of insufficiency, and his appetite for knowledge, while he feels it is of great consequence that his studies should be rightly directed if they are to issue in success.

Convinced, as we have long been of the benefit to ministerial candidates of a training and strict harmony with their divine call, we hailed the establishment of the Theological Institution as a certain boon to Methodism. We have not forgotten the fears of its friends, nor the opposition of its opponents. Some, who in the first instance misunderstood the real objects sought by the Institution, feared that it would damage the simple and powerful earnestness which had characterized the Wesleyan pulpit, and give us in its place a showy, but artificial and powerless eloquence. And if this had been its necessary tendency, the opposition to it could not have been too firm providing it had been reasonable and Christian. The direct design of the institution was, however, far otherwise. Its great end was to impart a thorough knowledge of that Scriptural system of Theology which WESLEY left us in our doctrinal standards; to fan the flame of pure piety, and to check those conceits which in many instances, are simply the results of youthful inexperience. And we venture to say that after a trial of nearly thirty years the Institution has largely accomplished these objects. With almost every possible diversity of style and manner, there never was a time when the peculiar evangelical doctrines of Methodism were more clearly stated than at present. In this respect our pulpits give no uncertain sound. And during the last twenty years, while the faithful in almost every church in the land have had to contend for the faith against false brethren, Methodist Ministers have almost without exception remained firm in their adherance to evangelical orthodoxy. While controversies affecting the fundamentals of the Christian system are still in other Churches unhappily raging, the Methodist Zion remains, in these respects, a quiet habitation. The Institution has doubtless tended to promote this unity of faith and of the Spirit, and to throw around the Ministry the true bond of peace. Brotherly confidence and brotherly kindness at this moment distinguish the Wesleyan Ministry, and this state of feeling has been largely fostered by the intimate knowledge which they have gained of each other in the Institution, as well as the oneness of belief which they have attained.—*Meth. Rec.*

Bermuda,

OR A CHAPTER FOR THE EARLY HISTORY OF METHODISM IN THE CONFERENCE OF EASTERN BRITISH AMERICA.

The introduction of that form of "Christianity in Earnest" known as Methodism, into the Bermuda or Somers' Islands, is associated with the name of one of whom a living Orator has said, "Dying just where he ought to have died, and buried just where he ought to be buried, a heart so large as his could not occupy a narrower grave. It must have the ocean for its sepulchre, the sky for its canopy, and the atlantic rolling his name on its everlasting waters that it might never die."

Dr. Coke became acquainted with the spiritual destitution of these Islands about the year 1798, and forthwith addressed himself to the work of providing means for the establishment of a Wesleyan Mission in the Colony, having especial reference to the wants of the colored, and that time enslaved, portion of the population.

Fifty years before this period the apostolic Whitefield had visited these shores in quest of health. Instead, of seeking rest, however, he hastened, like an angel of mercy, from parish to parish, and from island to island, offering the fruit of the tree of life to the sin-stricken inhabitants of these "Isles of the Sun." Preaching at the rate of from twelve to fourteen times per week he "evermore with tears and earnest sighs" besought men to be reconciled to God. All classes appear to have treated him with respect. His position as a Priest in connection with the Church of England gave him greater prestige in the eyes of many than his less cultured brethren among Wesley's "helpers."

Early in 1799 John Stephenson reached New York, and in due course arrived at Bermuda in the capacity of a Wesleyan Missionary. His reception was not a favorable one. Ignorant of his real purpose, prejudiced against his mission, and blinded by bigotry, the dignitaries of the land were fully qualified to denude him of that liberty of conscience which was his inalienable and natural right as a man, and especially as a British subject. The spring of 1800 had scarcely arrived ere a Bill hurriedly passed the House of Assembly, was concurred in by the Council, and assented to by the Governor, of which the following is the title:—

"An Act to prevent persons pretending, or having pretended, to be Ministers of the Gospel or Missionaries from any religious society whatever, and not invested with Holy Orders, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, or the Church of Scotland, from acting as Preachers."

Through the unremitting zeal of Dr. Coke the circumstances under which this unrighteous Act was passed were promptly and plainly presented to the Imperial Government, and to the honor of Britain be it stated, the Royal sanction was as promptly withheld. Owing to the length of time which necessarily elapsed before the decision of his Majesty in this case, was made known in Bermuda, the haters of the "Sect," then "everywhere spoken against," had ample opportunity of heaping indignities upon its only representative in their midst,—a license of which they were not slow to avail themselves. In the absence of the Royal sanction, Mr. Stephenson regarded this intolerant bill as null and void—and feeling moreover, that he ought to obey God rather than man, went forth preaching Christ crucified. This was more than the *Christian people* of Bermuda could tolerate. Had he come among them in almost any other character their good breeding would have induced them to extend to him their proverbial hospitality; but coming, as he did, a humble Wesleyan Missionary, and especially as "the friend of the blacks" they regarded him with feelings somewhat akin to those which influenced the men who in earlier days cried out, "These men which have turned the world upside down, are came hither also." A charge having been preferred against him by no less a personage than a "Justice of the Peace," Mr. Stephenson and the person in whose house he had preached were thrown into the common jail at Saint Georges'. Mr. Pallas, the individual who had run the risk of this treatment "rather than allow the servant of God to remain silent and useless," was soon bailed out, but although a number of the most respectable persons in the community offered to become surety for the Missionary, *he* was considered too vile a character to be allowed at large! And within the dank and dreary walls of that prison, amid the sultry heats of a tropical climate, the man of God lingered to realise the truthfulness of the statement of his Divine Master:—"If ye were of the world the world would love his own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

The next Supreme Court his trial came on, and after an able defence by two lawyers, one of whom subsequently became Chief Justice of the Colony, Mr. S. by a jury of Englishmen was found guilty!

During the months of his imprisonment he ceased not to wash men night and day—he cried aloud and spared not, so that among his sable audience who gathered under the iron-strapped window of his cell, and for whose souls no man appeared previously to care, many gave unmistakable evidence that the word of God which he preached was not bound. A number of white persons also were wounded by the sword of the Spirit, some of whom were subsequently converted to God; and their descendants remain to this day a verification of the statement, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." His health having been undermined by his imprisonment, Mr. Stephenson was compelled soon after his release to take his departure, and for seven years the designs of Providence in regard to Methodism in Bermuda seemed to be frustrated.

In the year 1808 Joshua Marsden, who had labored successfully in St. John, N. B., arrived in the harbor of St. Georges' at that time the Capital of these Islands—but having reported himself as a Wesleyan Missionary, was politely informed that he could not be permitted to land. A letter of introduction having been presented to the Governor, from the late Colonel Bayard of Nova Scotia, who was a personal friend of his Excellency, it was determined, after not a little negotiation, that out of respect to the Colonel Mr. Marsden should be permitted to land, and, *for the present*, to exercise his ministry. Pending the above decision, the captain of the vessel in which he had sailed from St. John, offered him a free passage to the Bahamas, and back to Nova Scotia, exclaiming, "They are not worthy of a Missionary—let them die in their sins." Happily for Bermuda the suggestion of that blunt son of the sea was not acted upon. Happily for hundreds upon earth, and for thousands who have crossed "the narrow stream of death," a different course was adopted.

Marsden's prospects for a time were of the most dreary and discouraging character. Of those who had been impressed under the preaching of his predecessor few, if any, were bold enough to avow it. Nevertheless many, both white and colored, came to hear him preach in his own hired house. Nor did he preach in vain. Three colored persons were the first fruits of his ministry,—one of whom (Sally Tucker) meeting him in the street shortly after, lifted up her hands exclaiming, "O Mr. Marsden, I shall bless God that ever he sent you to Bermuda: God has made you my *eye-lid-opener*." Several white persons soon after, both at St. George's and Hamilton, cast in their lot with the despised Methodists. Among these we find the names of Wood, Washington and Tuzo at Hamilton, and of Higgs and Rankin at Saint George's, some of whom "remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep."

Marsden's period of four years on this circuit was one during which he was literally in labors more abundant. At its close, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing a neat chapel erected for the worship of God—Methodism established in nearly every parish in the Islands, and *one hundred and thirty-six persons in Society*.

His successor, the Rev. James Dunbar, was a man of deep piety and great practical talent. He was successful in the introduction and maintenance of our economy. He organized the first Quarterly Meeting ever held in Bermuda, and to his zeal and perseverance we are mainly indebted for the present Mission House.

Mr. Dunbar was followed in 1816 by the Rev. Wm. Wilson, under whose superintendence our cause was extended and consolidated. The next name in the Methodistic succession of Bermuda is that of the Rev. W. Sutcliffe, who labored only two years. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, appointed a second time to this interesting field of toil. From the time of his second removal in 1823 until 1839—the Centenary year of Methodism—we find the names respectively of Dowson, Roger Moore, Horne, Crofts, Barry, Richardson, Pugn, and Jeffry, who labored either separately or in conjunction, under the appointment of the British Conference. Six brethren have held the office of Superintendent since that period up to June 1863.

A tabulated statement of our circumstances at the present time would present a showing something like the following, viz.:—

Ministers on the Circuit 3, Local Preachers 3, Leaders 42, full and accredited church members 512, persons attending our ministry about 2600, Churches 8, Children in our Sabbath School 600, Annual Contributions to Missionary Society $1100, Connexional property valued at $22,000.

It should perhaps be stated, as an offset to the doings of the Legislature of this Colony sixty-four years ago, that, for a number of years past, we have received an Annual Legislative Grant towards the support of our Ministry in these Islands of £120 sterling.

In concluding this imperfect sketch of the origin and progress of Methodism in Bermuda—we feel that we have cause to thank God and take courage. Nor is the past history of our Church here devoid of suggestion to any who may be disposed to cultivate an intolerant spirit towards those who differ from them in religious belief and practice. To ourselves it indicates clearly the duty of humility and dependance upon God. "Not unto us O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

ROBERT DUNCAN.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Jan'y 22, 1846.

Bermuda Correspondence.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Some months having elapsed since the readers of the *Provincial Wesleyan* were favoured with a communication from this small though important part of our Conferencial domain, I deem it a duty to send you our semi-yearly sheet, with the hope, that it may perhaps interest a few.

Never was Bermuda so widely and favourably known as at present, notwithstanding the dreamy hallucinations of certain American journalists to the contrary. As a Naval and Military station it is of incalculable value to the British nation. Here she can concentrate her forces, and watch with eagle-eye the movements of the *once* great Republic. Nature and art combine to render Bermuda impregnable. In consequence of the present disturbed condition of the American States, business is now exceedingly brisk here, especially in the town of St. George's. The number of steamers engaged in running the blockade of Wilmington from the port of St. George, is the cause of the dissemination of a large quantity of specie; whether it will be the means of doing much good to the community at large is a question, inasmuch as it falls into the hands of a few. However, in a moral point of view, it is plain that we are not the gainers by this increase of trade. Drunkenness, together with sundry other vices—always predominant, is now increased ten-fold, and the tumultuous noise of blasphemy and riot is to be heard on every hand. True our police force has been in a measure augmented, nevertheless, it is altogether inadequate to "keep the peace;" and it will be well indeed, if some of the more respectable portion of the community do not ruin their eternal interests, in the hot race for sordid pelf.

I have observed that the people of the Federal States and elsewhere, have postulated that we in Bermuda are all Southern sympathizers. This is false. Our position here is strictly neutral. If we have sympathy at all, it does not preponderate on the side of one party more than the other. It is the sympathy a parent has, when he sees his degenerate offspring punished by an impartial schoolmaster for a glaring offence. How could we sympathize with a community that impugned the British character, and heaped ignoble epithets on Britain's honourable conduct, in the same rhapsodic style that the Northern States have been guilty of? And, on the other hand, how could we sympathize with a community who are engaging in an unholy traffic, which the laws of God and man alike condemn. In Bermuda, we are standing by, and behold that Great Being who "ruleth among the armies of heaven, and among the nations of the earth," punishing the one, for a glaring crime, and the other, for a number of offences, which go towards making the character of a nation dishonourable. They forcibly shook off the mild restraints of a good substantial form of government, for that unravel-ed enigma—"the Republic." Past experience has proved, as present experience is now proving, this form of government to be impracticable; and it never will be practicable, until mankind have advanced much nearer perfection than they have hitherto attained.

That honourable body, known as the "Colonial Parliament" of the colony was prorogued on Monday the 11th inst., by his Excellency Colonel Harry St. George Ord, Governor, &c., with all imaginable punctiliousness. Our House of Assembly might well be styled—"the Perpetual House," for it takes 36 honourable members from April to January to frame laws for the government of a colony numbering *twelve thousand*. It is no wonder therefore that his Excellency while addressing our energetic (?) Legislators, should express in a forcible manner, the *pleasure* it gave him to bring to a termination an "unusually protracted session." Among the most important doings of the late session, we might mention—"An act to encourage steam communication between Bermuda and New York." The Government have granted a considerable sum per annum to any firm or company, who will put a good steamer on, to make fornightly trips between this port, and the port of New York. A firm in the latter place have accepted the offer, and we expect a fine steamer on the route next month. The Assembly also passed an act entitled—"An act to authorize the erection of a Causeway between the islands of St. George, and the main island of the island of Bermuda." And for the execution of the work they have granted the sum of $40,000. This, (if ever completed) will prove of incalculable value to the colony.

The great drawback to Bermudian prosperity is lack of energy. This may be accounted for in various ways; it is partly the effect of a debilitating climate, and effeminate habits flowing from slavery. The dignity of labour is an article wanting in the creed of the populace. The *vox populi* is for stimulating beverages. To prove this, I will simply mention the fact, that there flowed into the coffers of Bermuda, during the past year, in the shape of duty on spirituous liquors the sum of £8093 8s. 1d. stg. This is is perfectly enormous, when you remember that the entire population is only a fraction over *twelve thousand*. In order to counteract in a measure the evil influences flowing from this diabolical traffic, certain philanthropic individuals have organized and befriended *total abstinence* institutions. Two Subordinate Divisions of the order of the "Sons of Temperance," have been organized for little more than a year past, during which time they have worked with some efficiency. But the beautiful and fragrant flower of temperance, is an exotic plant here, and has comparatively a feeble growth in the otherwise prolific soil of Bermuda. The farther you travel south the poorer the soil becomes.

I will now direct your attention to a few circumstances wearing more of a Wesleyan aspect. Since my last, this circuit has experienced a change in Superintendents. It is needless for me to remark, that the Rev. Mr. Duncan was welcomed on his return to this important station, by a large number of old friends. He has been enabled to discharge his important duties, in the possession of good health. In reference to circuit matters I have but little to say. Some time ago, we held a tea meeting at Tucker's Town, and also at St. Georges', for the purpose of obtaining funds to assist in the completion of the new chapel now in process of erection in the former place. Our object was in a measure accomplished. After the bustle of tea was over, on motion, Wm. A. Outerbridge, Esq., M.P.P., took the Chair, and after a few appropriate remarks, he gracefully presided over the meeting. The large audience was subsequently addressed in a very efficient manner, by Mr. Kimmouth, (Scripture reader to the forces) and by the Rev. Messrs. Duncan, Harrison, and Percival. The chapel at Tucker's Town, is now being slated, and we hope with the blessing of God, that it will soon arrive at a state of completion.

We also recently held a Tea Meeting at Warwick, for the purpose of obtaning money sufficient to make sundry repairs to our sanctuary in that locality. The pews were in a dilapidated condition. We therefore contemplate removing them, and having them replaced with new and better ones, and have the building thoroughly repaired. The movement was so far a success, that the new pews are now ready, and will be *set up* next week.

Our new chapel at Somerset, is not completed yet, but we are enabled to worship in it with great comfort, and our congregation has increased tenfold. The contemplated erection of a new chapel at Bailey's Bay, has not been commenced yet. I think the committee have cash in hand to the amount of £70, stg., and about £100 subscribed. When we have the amount necessary, in compliance with our "economy", a commencement will be made. It is our earnest prayer, that the word of life, which may be ministered in these various Sanctuaries, may be made eminently successful in building up a Spiritual Temple,

"Worthy him, who his life skies

The anniversary of our Sabbath School was celebrated a few weeks ago. The anniversary sermons were preached by the Superintendent of the Circuit. At the anniversary of the Hamilton School, the audience had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Mr. Thorogoorn, and the Rev. Mr. Stuart of the Free Church of Scotland, also, the Rev. Messrs. Duncan and Harrison. The annual report showed the School to be in a fair, though not a prosperous condition. At the anniversary of the School of St. Georges', several dialogues were recited by the scholars with good effect; after which the meeting was addressed by Wm. S. Trott, Esq., in his proverbially gentle, and impressive manner, also by one of the circuit preachers. Owing to the able Superintendence of Sergt. Osborrow, the annual report showed this school to be in a flourishing condition. The number of scholars on the Books is 155 being a considerable increase over the preceding year. O! may we speedily find in all these nurseries of our churches, many plants of renown, which may subsequently bear a good harvest to the glory of God.

We as a church, have endeavored conscientiously to observe in this community, the recent week of universal prayer. I trust it has resulted in the edification of all. I say so, for if the invitation was heard by the other denominations of Christians, it was permitted to pass by unheeded. One would almost imagine, from this, that the state of the world did not require any *special* effort, or special prayer, if they were not forcibly reminded of the contrary by the sad reality. Or that in answer to vehement pleading, God may speedily clothe his universal church with flames of fire, and that tongues of fire may be imparted to his servants of every name. "As I live saith the Lord, the whole earth shall be filled with my glory."

Truly yours,

OSBORN.

Bermuda, Jan 22d, 1864.

Newfoundland Mission and its Missionaries.

BY REV. W. WILSON.

No. 6.

The great sin with which our Ministers had to contend in those times, was Sabbath breaking. "Taking seals," "hauling caplin," "jigging squids," sometimes catching fish; and without exception "making fish" on Sabbath, was universally practiced. The "Seal-hunter" would say, "if the seals come near my vessel on Sabbath, Providence sends them; and it will be tempting Providence if I do not take them;" the Fisherman, "I must get bait on Sabbath, in order to be early on the fishing ground on Monday, or I shall miss the "skull;" and the skipper of the shore crew, "if the Sabbath be fine, I must spread my fish, or it will spoil." And this constant breach of the Sabbath would be justified by quoting Luke xiv. v. "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day?" And such was the force of habit, and the influence of bad example; that many persons after they professed religion, still seemed to think, that some of these things might be done, and the party be guiltless.

One of the first, if not the very first person who made a stand against spreading fish on the Sabbath, was Mrs. Elizabeth Lock, whose name occurs before in this narrative. The reader must be informed that in prosecuting the fishery, there is both a boat's crew, and a shore crew. The shore crew were mostly females; and the term *crew*, was in no way considered as a reproachful epithet. When the fishermen threw the fish into the boats, it was the charge of by the women, who occupied the shore crew; who split, salted, washed, and then carried it on to the flakes to dry.

Mrs. Lock had charge of a company of females employed in spreading and she thought it was as bad to spread fish on the Sabbath, as bad to split it. She was diffident on the question at first, but she spread on the Sabbath, whenever necessary. At length a time came, when the fish of the good women was put to the test. Her husband was from home in the responsibility rested upon her.

The weather had been foggy for several days, but it cleared up on Sabbath morning. All hands were on the flakes except Mrs. Lock and her crew. Where were they? Some thought she was sick, others that her Methodism had something to do with her absence from her flake on that fine morning. As soon as her neighbour had spread their own fish, they went to inquire for the absentees, when the following conversation took place.

Neighbour.—"Mrs. Lock, are you unwell, that you have not spread your fish this fine morning?"

Mrs. L.—"I am not unwell, thank God; but I have not spread my fish, because it would be breaking the Sabbath."

Neighbour.—"But you have always done so before, and so has every one else."

Mrs. L.—"True, but we have done wrong, and it is time we repented of our sin and lived differently."

Neighbour.—"But you will lose your voyage, for this last day will certainly spoil every fish that is left in *cock*."

Mrs. L.—"I would rather lose my voyage, than lose my soul; which I certainly shall do, if I live in sin.

Neighbour.—"We will spread your fish for you."

Mrs. L.—"The sin would be the same. If I do not go on the flake myself I will not allow any one else to go there."

Neighbour.—"But your husband, what will he say?" He will be very angry, and justly so, for you will cause his ruin."

When the neighbour left, our christian heroine was for a time much agitated, and thought she must yield; but first she would lay her case before the Lord in prayer. She retired to her chamber, and prayed that wisdom might be given her to do the thing that was right, and that if she was to suffer for doing right, that she might have strength and grace for the trial. She arose from her knees, and resolved, "come what will, I will never again spread fish on the holy Sabbath."

The day was very fine, and the sun's rays very scorching. In the evening her friends came and upbraided her for neglect, and said "We have saved our voyage, but all your fish will be lost." Some out side called her a Methodist fool. That night she slept but little, so great was her anxiety; and as soon as Monday morning came she went upon the flake before any one was up, to see what had happened to her fish. "I trembled" said she "as I went from the house, for I expected nothing else but that every fish then upon the flake, would have to be thrown away. But I looked at one fagot, then at another, and so all over the flake, when to my utter surprise, I found my fish was not injured. My neighbors, soon were on their flakes, and they went there with a smile at me. But that smile was soon changed to a deep serious countenance, for it became apparent, that every fish that had been spread on *that Sabbath*, was spoiled by the very powerful heat of the sun. It was '*rankment*,' by my fish which were not exposed, and with the exception of those on the top of fagots, were all good."†

This was a great triumph for religion, and it soon had a great effect in Island Cove, and all along the North Shore. It is to be feared that in some parts of the Island, the sanctity of the Sabbath is still infringed upon by those engaged in fishery; yet it is now an admitted principle, that the Lord's day should be kept holy.

A similar case occurred at the ice, by one of the Methodist Captains from Carbonear. A young man, master of an Icehunter, had lately found the pardoning love of God, when duty called him to go on a sealing voyage. He resolved he would not take seals on the Sabbath, and took his men so before he left the harbor.

One very fine Sabbath, a flock came near his vessel, with a great number of seals upon it. The men, notwithstanding what he had told them, prepared to take the seals. He forbade them, still they persisted; he however stood in the gangway and declared, "not a seal shall come on board my schooner this day." Presently another schooner saw the flock, bore down upon it, and immediately commenced taking seals on board; and by night she had taken about five hundred. The day was very fine, and the reflection of the sun's rays from the snow and ice, affected the eyes of the men very seriously. The Monday morning came, and the flock had more seals on it then were seen on the Sabbath. Our Methodist Captain now directed his men to work, which they did with a good will, and in three days, took *sixteen hundred seals*, while the men on board the other schooner were all "*ice blind*," and after the Sabbath they never took one seal during the season.

We shall now for a time, leave the places where, and the people among whom our brethren labored, and say a little about the men who composed the first Newfoundland District.

The first Newfoundland District had only six members: and of Sampson Bishy, and William Ellis, the first two names on the list, we have already given some account in our brief biographical sketches. A few notices of the remaining four we shall now present to the reader.

John Pickavant was a native of Lancashire, born in 1792. He was brought to God when in his sixteenth year, and when quite young he began to exercise his talents as a local preacher. In the year 1814, being then in the twenty-second year of his age, he was called into the regular work, and appointed by the Conference to Newfoundland. He filled the office of Chairman of the District for many years, and labored on the Island for about thirty years. He was a good preacher, his address was easy, engaging, and dignified; and his views of evangelical truth were clear, and comprehensive. His health was not generally good. In 1844 he returned to England, with his health greatly impaired. He however, so far recovered, as to take some very important circuits in his native land. He died while Superintendent of the Third Leeds' Circuit, on the 24 of February, 1848, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his ministry.

John Lewis, senr. was a native of Wales. He was called out into the ministry by the Conference of 1814, and appointed to Newfoundland, where he laboured for six years. Bro. Lewis was our first missionary to the westward of St. John's. In the autumn of 1817 an opening for Methodism occurred in the harbour of Burin in Placentia Bay, about 200 miles to the west. The brethren sent bro. Lewis to this place, where a Methodist Preacher had never before set his foot,

* A *fagot* is a small pile of fish, as left on the flake at night, or during rainy weather.

† The above statement the writer received from Mrs. Lock, who detailed all the particulars to him.

where he was [illegible] with his [illegible] christ in [illegible] Moreover, [illegible] Methodist [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] Hill [illegible] was [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]