

METHODISM IN CHARLOTTE-TOWN.

We find in Charlottetown papers an admirable sermon by Rev. J. Lathern, in which much historic information is brought out. The occasion was a memorial service in connection with the death of the late Thomas Dawson, Esq., a much respected citizen.

THE RECORD OF SAINTED MINISTERS.

whose names have been distinctively associated with the organization and progress of the Methodist church in this city, carries us back to the early days of Bishop Black, of apostolic renown, the "pioneer of evangelical work in the Eastern Provinces," who nearly a century ago, visited this Island and preached in Charlottetown. James Bulpit, first ordained by Dr. Coke for the mission field of Newfoundland, whose first service, by the permission of the Governor, was held in the Court House, under whose ministry Thos. Dawson was converted to God. John Hick, 1815, a native of Yorkshire, well versed in theology, winning in manner and persuasive in appeal, whose name has been legibly and indelibly carved upon the very foundation of the Methodist Church—John Bass Strong, who came to Canada in 1814, in response to the pressing appeal of Montreal, the first missionary sent out by the British Conference to Canada, soon to be followed by Richard Williams, and many others, and who lived to see the ministers of the Canadian Conference numbered by hundreds, a good type of the best class of men sent out from home at that day, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, enthusiastically attached to doctrine and discipline and every part of our church economy, who preached in Charlottetown and travelled to the extremities of the Island, comprised at that time, 1818, in one circuit.—Robert Alder, next in succession, 1819, a magnificent preacher, afterwards one of the magnates of the British Conference, who, in consequence of an unfortunate habit, for which there was more excuse at that time than now, died Dean of Gibraltar, who was accustomed to the last, when in London, to visit his old friends at the Mission House.—Stephen Bamford, who next followed in 1821, a man of marked peculiarities, all imbued and controlled by the abundant grace of God, who as a soldier in the army gave evidence of courage in the face of blinding fire and rending steel, bearing to his grave the scars of battle, and courage of a still higher kind in preaching to his comrades, for which he was arraigned in the Garrison Square, whose discharge from the army was obtained by the Halifax Methodists, who had previously ascertained his worth, for the purpose of enabling him to enter the ministry, to the ranks of which he proved a valuable accession.—Wm. Burt, who was stationed here in 1823, a good man and full of faith, and of genuine Cornish fire, who in many circuits of these Provinces had numerous seals to his ministry, afterwards a prominent minister of the British Conference, an efficient supply for their most influential pulpits, and whom I remember before leaving England as the respected Chairman of the Newcastle District.—Henry Pope, who, with his brother Richard, arrived at Quebec from England in 1816, who, after a few years in Canada, came to this city in 1826, whose buoyancy and fire retained their freshness and glow to the end of his protracted ministry and life, whose son Dr. Henry Pope was at a later period the pastor of this church and whose nephew, Dr. W. B. Pope, one of the most gifted and scholarly men of the time, is now President of the British Conference.—William Temple, in 1828, who was employed for a time in the Mission House in London, when Watson and Bunting and their compeers, of whom he preserved valuable reminiscences, were in their prime, whose early character and preaching habits were moulded by Metropolitan Methodism and the ministry of men of renown, who possessed indomitable energy and great administrative ability. Wm. McDonald, who (after an intervening appointment, of two years; by one who still survives, in age and feebleness, then in the bright morning of his supberb and almost incomparably eloquent ministry, better known to the present congregation as the Dr. Richey, whose later pastorate is still a fresh memory) came to this circuit in 1831, whose career was brief but brilliant, whose grand ideal of heaven, "no night there," the profound impression of which is still vividly remembered, has been long realized amidst the unclouded splendor of beatific vision.—Wm. Dowson in 1831, (following Bamford's second appointment in 1831,) a missionary from the West Indies, enervated possibly by tropical exposure and placed perhaps at some disadvantage by contrast with the luminari who preceded him.—John P. Hetherington, in 1834, the reminiscences of whose luminous exegesis and pathetic appeals are still a cherished memory and regarded as models of pulpit effort, who at last was

found dead upon his knees, and who, having spent his latest breath in prayer, now employs in praise his nobler powers, and "Whose days of praise shall ne'er be past While life or thought or being last, Or immortality endures." Richard Knight, in 1836, massive and sinewy in physique and in exposition, strong as the granite rock, and yet of sympathetic tenderness of feeling, the springs of which welled from the depths of his nature, under whose ministry a great revival took place, the fruits of which, in many consistent members of the church, remain until this day, and some are fallen asleep, whose last utterance, "I know whom I have believed," was in consonance with the strength and stability of his life and ministry.—Wm. Smith, in 1839, who remained four years, accomplished and accurate as a theologian, a firm disciplinarian and mighty in prayer.—Wm. Webb, in 1846, (preceded by Mr. Strong's second term in 1843) whose son worthily represents an honoured name, a man of transparent purpose and of great singleness of aim, whose course as a minister of Christ was determined only by the meridian of the Cross, whose death was occasioned by a cold caught in oversight of church-extension, an enterprise in which he took a deep interest, who died in the adjoining Mission House, whose latest utterance, "I have not believed in a cunningly devised fable," spoken with a flash of the old fire, as he raised himself up from the lethargy of death, was a testimony of the sufficiency and security of his faith.—Charles DeWolfe, 1847, educated as a lawyer, of graceful manners and melodious speech, a silver tongued orator, and, until arrested by disease, an earnest and faithful messenger of the cross. These have all finished their course with joy and the ministry which they had received from the Lord Jesus. The following ministers were also, in succession, appointed to the superintendency of Charlottetown circuit: Edmund Bottrell, in 1848; Frederick Smallwood in 1850; Ephraim Evans, D.D., in 1852; John McMurray, 1854, who was in charge when, under the Presidency of Dr. John Beecham, in 1855, the conference of Eastern British America was organized—from which time the appointments have been regularly published in the printed minutes. The junior appointments began with Wm. McCarty, 1847, colleague of Charles DeWolf, an amiable man, who, after years of faithful service, has recently finished his course, and for the same period with Henry Pope, jr., F. W. Moore and James R. Narraway. And then of the

MEMBERSHIP

of this Church, how many names have sound imperishable record! First on the roll, the only Methodist on the Island one hundred years ago, is the honored name of Benjamin Chappell. He arrived here from Inverness, in Scotland, a short time before, a correspondent of Mr. Wesley, whose interest in the work of God continued to the last, and who died in 1825, in the faith of Christ and full of the raptures of heaven. Joshua Newton, the first class leader, whose class met in Mr. Chappell's house, Collector of Customs for this port, soon after, in the same office, transferred to Liverpool, Nova Scotia, universally esteemed for the great urbanity of his manners, and for half a century a consistent and influential member of the Church. Dawsons, father and son, who demand at this time more extended notice. Joseph Avard, a convert and personal friend of Dr. Adam Clark, to whom he was accustomed to appeal in behalf of the spiritual destitution of this, his adopted land. John Boyyer, who counted no sacrifice too great at a time when sacrifices such as we can know little about were frequently demanded. Albert DesBrissay, son of the then Rector of the Parish, and Adam Clarke Avard, at the time of their conversion studying for the legal profession, a valuable accession to the struggling Church of that day, and afterwards esteemed and successful ministers of Christ. Smith Bros., Isaac and Henry, to be referred to again. James Moore, instant in season and out of season, not the least of whose arduous duties was the leadership of the choir, in which for many years his benignant countenance and richly-toned voice were familiar to the worshippers of this sanctuary. At a time when, for efficiency and power, the noble congregational singing of Charlottetown Methodism was famous through all the Lower Provinces, who died as he lived, whose latest articulation was praise, and exultant strain, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," and whose voice, as last remembered in the choir, was raised to that hymn which closes in the magnificent stanza:

For us is prepared The angelic guard; The Convey attends, A minstrel host of invisible friends: Ready winged for their flight To the regions of light The hosannas come, The chariots of Israel to carry us home. Hon. George Beer, who well and worthily filled his place, who, as he bequeathed dying parental blessing to the families that represent his name, might have said, like Jacob, "With my staff I passed over this

Jordan, and now I am become two bands." Dr. Richard Johnson, first physician of that name, referred to in the life of Dr. Robert Newton, as a young surgeon, then moving in circles of gaiety and fashion, attracted to the Methodist Church by the splendid fame of the preacher, converted to God by that means and soon after enrolled in the ranks as a local preacher, and who to the end administered alike to the bodies and souls of men. Thomas Shepard glowing with the fervor of genuine revivalism. Thos. Davy, converted to God under the powerful ministry of John Smith, class-leader, Sunday School teacher and member of the choir, uniform and unwearied in his course until released by death. Watson Duchemin, whose magnificent voice was heard for years in choir song. Jabez Barnard, an Israelite in deed and without guile. Robert Weeks of sound and substantial worth. John Passmore, of blameless reputation, and a gifted and successful local preacher. Thomas Hodgson, of transparent character, a gifted local preacher of the Barnabas type. Cecil Kay Townsend, who was afterwards a valued official member of the Methodist Church in Liverpool, England. William Trowan, an amiable and acceptable worker, the pioneer of Mission school enterprise. George Moore, of the Island Bank, and Dr. Hammond Johnson, names of hereditary worth, to which their blameless and beautiful lives early closed gave an added lustre. Time would fail to tell of Thomas Murphy, whose house was once a home for Methodist families—Captain Dodd, a native of the Tyne, England, a cordial friend of our cause—Farquharsons and Masons, residing in the suburbs, but sustaining relation of membership in the Town—Thomas Main Stumbles, once a member of the Sunday school, afterwards accepted for Kaffraria Mission, but prematurely cut off by consumption—others not of active or official relation, but amongst the most recent dead—young men of fragrant memory, represented in this memorial by only one or two representative names, and "honorable women not a few."

The recent death of our eldest official member,

THOMAS DAWSON,

calls for special recognition. When only five years of age he came with his father and other members of the family to Charlottetown. Thomas Dawson, Senr., had served as a non-commissioned officer in the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, afterwards joined the Royal British Artillery, and subsequently was paymaster under the earl of Bellemont. "Wishing" we are told in Smith's admirable History of Methodism, "to escape from such scenes as he had witnessed in the 'Irish Rebellion,'" he purchased a block of land at the head of Hillsborough river, and taking his passage by the round about way of Philadelphia reached this city in June, 1801. At the time of his arrival, seventy seven years ago, Methodism was represented in Charlottetown by only four members. These were Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Joseph Robinson, an estimable man, trustee of the first building in Richmond St., and father of the late Mrs. Callbeck. In Ireland Mr. Dawson had acted as a local preacher, and finding the spiritual destitution of the Island very great, impelled by compassion for souls, he entered at once upon his course as a pioneer preacher. When there were no roads or bridges, when he had to wade through streams and to swim rivers, guided by a pocket compass, or a blazed pathway through the forest, he visited every settlement in the province. He was a man of high and holy heroism. As a superior preacher, he was always a welcome visitor to the different settlements in which his arrival was eagerly anticipated. To exhaustive efforts such as these his compact frame and fine physique soon succumbed, and in December 1804, a little more than three years after his arrival, "happy in God, full of faith and love and joy," he finished his earthly course.

At the time of his father's death, Thos. Dawson, now departed, was about eight years of age. He was converted to God early in his teens, and remained until his death, nearly seventy years after, in membership with the church. He was one of fourteen persons who at the time of his accession constituted the complete membership. The first record of official relation to the church is that of appointment as trustee in 1835.

The first Board at that time, now more than forty years ago, was organized for the purpose of erecting the first

PRINCE STREET

Methodist Church. There had been a previous building in the rear of the "London House," first to give "local habitation and a name," put up in a day of small and feeble things, and never, I believe, quite completed. The minister at the time of Mr. Dawson's union with the church lived in a log-cabin, scantily furnished, from which the present parsonage of palatial proportions marks a wide transition. With growing resources and increased accessions of families an effort was made

for the erection of a sanctuary adequate to the necessities of worship. The church then erected was probably not far from the capacity of the building in the under part of Prince Street, which forms the nucleus of the second Methodist Church in Charlottetown. The first extension and enlargement of that church was by removal of the end and an addition to its length. Then as the place became too strait the side was taken out by the erection of a spacious wing in that direction, the capacity of the edifice was considerably enlarged. The old church is well remembered. It was without harmony of proportion, and it could boast of no architectural attractions; but to many it was consecrated by hallowed manifestations of the saving, sanctifying power of God and "the glory of the Lord from his place. To myself ordained there to the work of the christian ministry, that old church has recollections which mingle with the most sacred and memorable period of my history; and the vows there recorded, in the presence of God and of His people, will I fervently trust be renewed again and again:

"Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear."

The fatherly kindness of the venerable Thomas Dawson, whose guest I was at that time, has also a kindred place in the recollections of the past.

THE MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES,

incorporated by special Legislative enactment, for the erection of the Prince St. Methodist Church, were Isaac Smith, a man of high and most estimable character possessed of very considerable mental power and originality of thought, a devoted man and welcome to many a death bed as a messenger from the secret places of the Most High, and at the close of life, when I first came to know and esteem him, the valued agent of the Bible Society for the Lower Provinces.—Robert Longworth, a pillar in the church, and still in the Providence of God spared to us.—John Boyyer, of whose unwearied service I have spoken, but who claims higher recognition than a passing tribute can supply.—Christopher Cross, prevalent in prayer, whose

"Thrice blessed bliss inspiring hope,"

so often and with such vehemence emphasized, has been fully realized.—Henry Smith, now in New Zealand, accustomed to conduct services when vacancies occurred and always a welcome supply.—John Trenaman, afterwards a prominent contributor to the Bible Christian Church for the use of another branch of the Methodist family.—Thomas Dawson, whose place has just become vacant.—William Tanton, still with the living; but bending tremulously beneath the weight of fourscore years.

The building of which the trustees were thus named, with its various extensions and enlargements remained until 1863, when it was replaced by the present spacious and beautiful sanctuary, creditable to all concerned in its erection, and an honor to the community. This building is now without any distinctive name except the incidental and unattractive one of Brick Church—the ambiguity of its original designation, since the erection of a second building in Prince St., for church purposes, having made it an inconvenient one. Following the order of Toronto and Ottawa, in which the principal churches have been thus designated, this noble edifice might be appropriately named

METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH.

To this designation its commanding proportions, relation to other churches in the Island, now being rapidly multiplied; and its annual contribution of some \$2000 for mission work, constitute a valid claim. Sanctuaries such as this rank amongst the noblest and best monuments of Christian enterprise:

"These Temples of His Grace, How beautiful they stand! The honors of our native place, And bulwarks of our land."

EULOGY

of our departed friend forms no part of my purpose in this memorial service. I might speak to you of nearly seventy years of continuous, consistent membership—disinterested and generous effort at a time when the friends of the cause were few—distinguished official service conscientiously performed—munificent gifts to the trust funds, unostentatiously presented and available when most needed, all the more extraordinary because the donor was by habit, and by mental constitution, perhaps, close and tenacious in financial affairs—ceaseless solicitude for the promotion of all denominational interests—delight in the word of God, which was his companion still and his joy its sayings to repeat—profound appreciation of the opportunities and advantages of christian fellowship and of church communion—unquenchable love for the sanctuary, the hallowed courts of which he longed to tread—ordeals of faith and duty by which, at times, his christian life was deeply and thickly shadowed, but which, in the end, brought into clearer relief the best qualities of his religious character; but from

all this I may not attempt to lift the veil. There were experiences of light and love which, in the latter months of his life, proved

A BLESSED TESTIMONY.

Of these I may more freely speak. Calmly and with steady faith and serene trust he anticipated the time of his departure. The inspired psalms constantly present to his mind supplied language of trust and triumph. Even the silence of the night was not unfrequently broken by strains of praise. Heart and flesh failed, but God was the strength of his heart and his portion for ever. Hymns which through life had been prized became at the close increasingly precious. With tremulous accent, a few hours before his death, at my last visit to his dying bed, his thoughts were upon the treasured hymn, the feeble articulation of which was broken, but still intelligible:

"Now I have found the ground wherein Sure my soul's anchor may remain: The wounds of Jesus, for my sin Before the world's foundation slain: Whose mercy shall unshaken stay, When heaven and earth are del away."

His last thoughts were of the words of Jesus: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Softly and sweetly the tie of nature was dissolved, and his redeemed spirit passed up to God. We cannot mourn for departure such as his. From the Upper Sanctuary, as in strains of celestial minstrelsy, comes the voice and verdict of heaven: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, yea, saith the spirit."

OBITUARY.

MEMORIAL OF MRS. MARIA BUSBY.

"The memory of the just is blessed," a memory fragrant in itself and fragrant with interest and instruction to those who follow. In the number of the faithful dead we now place the name of MARIA BUSBY, who was the daughter of Colonel Samuel V. Bayard, late of Wilmot, N. S., who was well known and appreciated by true Christians as a devoted follower of Jesus, a striking instance of the power of godliness, and an eminent example of Christian piety and holiness. Early in life the subject of this memorial, was carefully instructed in the things of God. Her revered father frequently took her with him to religious services, in attending which she was taught the great fundamental truths of our holy christianity, and practical godliness was thus clearly and forcibly presented to her mind. The Divine Spirit so influenced and applied these sacred truths to her heart and conscience, that at the age of about sixteen she became the happy recipient of divine grace.

Two years after this, or thereabouts Miss M. Bayard became the wife of the Rev. S. Busby, Wesleyan Missionary. This union proved both happy and suitable. For a number of years she rendered his home cheerful and happy amidst the cares, responsibilities and difficulties of ministerial and itinerant life, in many places in which her husband was called upon to labor, and in which his name continues to be a household word to this day. Mrs. B. became the mother of a numerous family, and those of her children who survive, rise up to call her blessed. In 1850 this union was terminated by the death of her husband, who departed this life in the 61st year of his age and the 88th of his ministry, in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto eternal life, beloved and esteemed by all who had ever known him. From that period until called to the upper sanctuary she mourned as only a widow can mourn who is, as she was, deprived of one who had been the companion of her life.

During the latter years of her widowhood she resided with her daughters, in her little cottage home, in Middleton, near Wilmot, N. S. She was also occasionally cheered by the visits of other members of her family. Here she continued until death closed her earthly existence, Dec. 14th, 1877.

"The rush of numerous years," and consequent infirmities warned her, in unmistakable language, of her approaching end. For some time she had suffered from rheumatism, and for several months slight strokes of paralysis, accompanied with general derangement of health, so that she had long been unable to participate in the services of God's house. But amidst these sufferings and privations she found the Lord to be a very present help in time of need. Death had to her no terrors. To use her own words, "The grave seemed to her as a sweet resting place." And at last when prostrated by a severe attack of paralysis, her mind was fully prepared for her change. Often she repeated verses of hymns suitable to her circumstances. She expressed to her daughters, who were standing at her bedside, the happiness she felt. One of them said, "You have no fear, dear ma." To this she replied, "How happy I am." Just before her voice was lost in death, she said,

"Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling."

Thus passed peacefully away the widow of one of our most faithful and useful Wesleyan ministers, to join her husband and pious kindred in the kingdom of eternal glory, in her seventy-sixth year. One writing says, "In the case of our dear friend and sister, it may be said, 'Ah! lovely appearance of death.'"

"The spirit had left, on the breathless clay, A beautiful impress in passing away, So noiseless, so calm was its heavenward flight. To the mansions of rest in the world of light. It was scarce believed, tho' hushed the breath, The angel had come, the angel of death."

Her remains were conveyed, by her only surviving son, Arthur Busby, Esq., to St. John, N. B., and there deposited in the cemetery by the side of her late husband. GEORGE JOHNSON.