ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM SARGEANT.

Behold they hasten from us, The beautiful and true: Whose lives were full of promise, The vineyard's toil in view. The workers homeward going. In triumph pass away; The Church's tears are flowing, Because they cannot stay.

Of late an aged brother, And then, one in his prime And now we mourn another. Cut off midst hope sublime, A gentle loving spirit, At home with kindred now, Prepared by Jesus' merit, With blood washed throngs to bow.

How warm his adoration! What fervency of praise! What holy exultation! What views of saving grace! By parents greeted gladly, Their dear but absent one While we are weeping sadly, They greet at home the Son!

Our pulpits miss his fervour. His brilliant heavenly mind, His calm and fixed endeavour. To benefit mankind. We do not murmur. Jesus. Submissively we cry Unto thy church be gracious, And labourers supply.

March, 1877.

METHODISM IN BERMUDA.

BY PROF. JOHN JOHNSON, LL.D. Methodism was introduced into Bermuda in 1779, by Rev. John Stephenson, a missionary sent by the British Weslevan Conference to labor among the colored population, who were then mostly held as slaves. The real nature of that institution, and the malignant spirit it invariably begets in its supporters, were not then as well understood as they are now; and Mr. Stephenson, feeling in his heart that in coming to the place he was on an errand of love and mercy, was probably greatly disappointed to find that he was not to be received in the same kindly spirit. Instead of this, great opposition was made by the slaveholders and their friends, and at once great excitement prevailed. The people were indignant that a systematic attempt should be made to tamper with their slaves, as they supposed, and claiming that their "craft was in danger," they called the attention of the governor of the colony to the subject. This office was then filled by Hon. George Beckwith, who was pleased to take the matter into consideration; and forthwith by special message called to it the solemn attentian of the colonial parliament. It was not long before Mr. Stephenson was arrested and imprisoned; and thus commenced a contest which continued with some intermissions, and with more or less violence, until 1834, when, by act of the British Parliament, slavery was abolished in all the British colo-

There is in this town (Hamilton) but one Wesleyan Church, which, it is said, was erected early in the present century. It is of the early Wesleyan order of architecture, and is still in use but an effort is in progress to put up a new structure more in accordance with the spirit of the times, and the foundation is already laid.

I am told that there are now nine Weslevan Methodist Churches in the island; but beside this, service is held regularly at the Dockyard, which is the name of an immense naval establishment of Great Britain for the West Indies and the whole Atlantic coast. For these ten charges there are only four preachers, who, it is plain, if they do their work faithfully, cannot have much leisure. I have heard there are several locals preachers here, but I have not met with any of them, nor heard of any one officiating in the pulpit. Perhaps this may be because I have traveled so little on the island; but I apprehend that the order of local preachers here is preserved chiefly for ornament. - Zion's

MOODY IN BOSTON.

The general course of the meetings has gone on without special incident. The attendance continues about the same, but the number of those who go into the inquiry meetings and present themselves for prayer in the other the churches in the city, and we have reports of extensive revivals in many of the surrounding towns. When the to the work of striving to save souls.

time comes for summing up results it will be found that the greatest harvest is being gathered in that has been known in the history of this country.

Mr. Moody manifests characteristic good sense in maintaining utter silence as to all attacks. The papers abound in open letters addressed to him; proposing discussion with him, asking the privilege of speaking in the Tabernacle; from Unitarians and Universalists asking why they are excluded from the work. Not long ago however Mr. Moody had occasion to speak to this latter class. A Universalist minister remained to the Ministers' Conference meeting. In speaking he expressed doubt as to whether he was welcome in the meeting, but stated that his heart was in full sympathy with the work. When he had concluded Mr. Moody said. "You know what kind of doctrine I preach, and I am certain that if you can stand me I can you!"-- Central Ad-

The Rev. G. R. Leavitt says in the N. Y. Independent:-Mr. Moody has wonderful tact. The following incident is an illustration of it:

After a recent meeting, he was speaking with an old Chicago friend, now settled in Cambridge, when he was approached and abruptly addressed by a powerfully-built, rough-looking man. with a book under his arm. "Here is something that will show you how to preach," he said, holding out his book. 'What is it?" said Mr. Moody. He put the book in his hand. It was the works of Tom Paine. Mr. Moody held up his Bible. "All the time I have." he pleasantly but earnestly said, "I give to this Book." The stranger made a savage and blasphemous rejoinder. Fixing his eyes upon him, the fearless preacher quickly exclaimed, in a stern voice: "You are a very wicked man!" The infidel was cowed for a moment: but, summoning hardihood, asked, "How do you know?" "I see it in your face," said Mr. Moody-" in your eyes. Your life is written out there. Look in the glass and see for yourself." The man changed his manner instantly. 'Will you pray for me?" he asked. Yes," was the ready reply. "Let us kneel right here." They knelt. A fervent prayer went up for the infidel. He rose, put his book once more under his arm, and said: "I'm coming here every night while you preach. to know about this thing."

HOW TO DEAL WITH EN-QUIRERS.

BY D. L. MOODY.

If I could get just a few hundred Christians that were striving for souls, and looking out for them, and with their open Bibles ready to point them to the way of life after every service here, I haven't any doubt about the work being permanent. You remember I was telling you a short time ago about a lady whom we met in London, who laid herself out for the work, and when I left London of how she wrote me that she had 150 souls led to Christ. You hear a great many talk about the work not being permanent. Now I haven't been able to correspond with that lady, but this afternoon I got a letter from her that will stir up Christiaus to go do likewise. This lady left ber beautiful residence, just a little way out of London, and took lodgings near the Agricultural Hall, so that she might be near the meetings, and she was pre sent just to lead some poor souls to Christ. And when the hall was crowded and she thought that her seat could be occupied by some one else better. she stayed outside and tried to find somebody to lead to Jesus. She says in her letter :- " I must now take the opportunity of telling you that of all the dear converts who were left under my eye not one is lost. I am thankful to say that they are not only saved, but are earnest, working Christians, of whom no minister need be ashamed.' Now if we have workers like that in Boston, not only willing to labor but lead others to Christ, but who are looking after them (and this lady correspondent has looked after them over two years-it is two years next month since we went to London, and from that time she has been looking after the meetings, is constantly increasing. The lambs and gathered them into the revival spirit is working in nearly all fold), if we had a few hundred such workers in Boston, eternity would show us results. We have come not so

OBITUARY.

MANCHESTER, 16th MARCH, 1877.

MR. EDITOR.—Shortly after my coming to this Circuit two elect ladies passed from it to the realms above. It was supposed that other hands than mine would have furnished you with fitting memorials for insertion in the WESLEYAN. These having failed, the duty falls upon me.

J. R. HART.

MRS. RICHARD ROSS,

was the daughter of George Bears, Esq.

who died many years ago, in the triumphs of faith. Her aged mother is yet waiting till her change come. Our late sister was born at New Harbor, Guysboro' Co., Feby. 15th 1808. Shortly after her birth the family moved to the river side in the same county, and here, under the ministry of the Rev. W. Webb, at 21 years of age, Miss Bears was converted. About two years after this happy change, she joined the Methodist Chuch, of which she remained a consistent member till her death. In 1833 she was married. Her husband was one like minded with herself. During many years they journeyed together toward heaven and saw sons and daughters gather around them and then God took Brother Ross home. He was a good man, quiet, earnest, conscientions. and adorned the doctrine of God his Sav. iour. Sister R's piety was bright unwearied, practical. It was impossible to be acquainted with her, and not to feel that she was an Israelite indeed. Her sun shone in a clear sky and her heart sang for joy. Though living at a distance of five or six miles from the chapel at Grysboro', for many years, she was rarely absent on Sabbath at either morning or evening service. Her pastor found her a helper in Christ. Her house was regularly opened for the preaching of the gospel and it always contained a prophets chamber. As collector, leader, Sabbatu school teacher, she did good service for God. Religion was the business of her life. When the Guysboro' Circuit was divided some years ago, she became connected with the new- Manchester) Circuit. Here her help was invaluable. The brethren who had proceeded me could tell of much counsel and assistance received from her, but her record is on high Toward the close of life a very painful nervous depression caused times of spiritual conflict, but her trust was in God On the 19th of June, 1876, she slept in Jesus, aged 68 years,

MRS. JAMES BANDALL.

iigious life I have nothing to relate, save, that she lived without a knowledge of sins forgiven. On her marriage to James Randall, Esq., of Little River. (New Bay field,) Antigonish Co., she moved thither. A few years after marriage, she, with her husband, paid a visit to Guysbaro'. A powerful revival of religion was then in progress there, the Ray. Matthew Crans . wick being the minister in charge. Her sister, the late Mrs. Jost, met her on her arrival with the exclamation, "Oh Mary, I am so glad that you have come. Now you'll be converted." At the first meeting she attended she was found among the seekers of salvation and soon she could say,

"Now I have found the ground wherein Sure my soul's anchor may remain.'

My mother, who was converted about the same time, says that she can never forget the joy manifested by Mrs. Randall when she had found the peril of great price. Her husband soon joined her in her songs of praise, having been made partaker of like precious faith. On their return from this ever to be remembered visit, the family altar was raised up, and during a long life they strove for the faith once delivered to the saints. Mr. Randall died some years ago gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe.

Immediately after their conversion, Mr. and Mrs. Randall joined "the people called Methodists." In order to attend the regular services of the church of their (30) miles, and this they frequently did. ecling themselves well repaid for their toil. I think that it was while the Rev. J. R. Narraway was Superintendent of the Guysboro' Circuit that regular appointments for preaching by Methodist ministers were first made at Bayfield. Since that time they have been continued and now one of our most flourshing ocieties is found there.

I remember Mrs. Randall as a tender. loving, cheerful Christian lady. A disposition naturally amiable sanctified through the truth gave her a winsomness which all who came within her influence to the Church of God.

Though her last illness was brief she was a great sufferer, but she possessed her much to preach as to stir the people up having the strongest confidence in God. and noble, how disinterested and benefic. meet us. May God bless the bereaved. Again and again she gave thanks to God sent, how self-eacrificing and sealous—al- famliy. The argused the ire of such of the winter nobe has been more in |" thank God Lit is not been done in the hortest been more in thank God Lit is not been done in the hortest and the more in the more in the hortest been more in the more in the more in the hortest been more in the more in the

the adherents one of whom it is bereeting, pleasant and promoble that it without - for Methodish on Mills Murray, is a word that is without - for Methodish

that ere she was called away. He had permitted her to know of the conversion of her only living child and members of his family. Nothing could exceed the kind. ness of these. Beside doing all they could to alleviate her bodily sufferings, they exerted themselves to cheer her passing soul. Her son read from the word of God to her seven or eight times during each day, and the family often gathered around her bed to sing her favorite bymns. Just before her death she joined them in onea special favorite, entitled "Safe in the arms of Jesus."-My brother was absent during her illness attending Conference. but the Rev. J. McDonald the Episcepal minister of Bayfield, kindly visited her frequently. These visits she greatly appreciated. On the 4th of July, 1876, she exchanged worlds, aged 78 years and 5

As an indication of the general esteem in which she was held, a very large concourse gathered at her funeral and after appropriate religious services at the house led by Rev. T. D. Hart, who had just returned from Conference, her body was laid beside that of her late husband, in the church-yand adjourning the Episcopal church at Ba field there to await the voice of the arch-ingel and the trump of God.

VIN MEMORIAM.

And so Bro. Sargent has left us! Dead and laid quietly in the silent grave—the only place of undisturbed repose on earth Gone from the sight and the hearing and the embrace, of the loved, the loving an d the weeping to the presence and joy of the Master. Gone from the cares and sorrows and sufferings, the incomprehensibilities, questionings and shadows of this life, to the cloud and shadow land-rather to the grand realities of that world where all the unknown shall be known, and the wrongs shall be right.

And my eyes are dim as I write, but my pen moves on and on, as thoughts of tender affection and loving admiration an back over other days. Well I knew ter, and also as a successful class-leader. him, and it was well for any that knew He still remains to lend his aid and to him; the power and influence of his pure give his countenance to every good work. and peerless life are with me still. Ble ss Mrs. Heckman has just departed from God for the few we meet, and of whom we our midst. Her conversion which occurrsay when parting-"Good bye! I shall be the better for having met you." Of a truth a prince has fallen in Israel. The son of a prince, and a queen mother in

I knew his family well, having visited often there when he and I were schoolboys together. And those were the hap py days that "fixed our choice." Together with many otners, we started on a pil-Mary Cook was born at Guysboro', grimage to the city. Bro. Lockhart was was rich and scriptural. She knew in January 23rd, 1798. Of her early re- the evangelist that called us. Many have whom she had believed, experienced the seems only a few days since, yet oh what a number Barrington has given since then, to the "pilgrim band, that has pass. Christian deportment were emirently coned over." Bro. Sargent's entire family, sistent and uniform. As was said where, and I think his own, in fact our teacher of that winter. J. H. Doane, a man of noble spirit, well worthy of being connected viour with a holy life. Although living with the Sargent family; Bro. Theodore Crowell, who was converted also that win- yet her attendance thereat whenever poster, and became a F. Baptist minister, I think rests in Massachusetts soil; having be expected her end was peace. When gone there to see his friends and recover the summons came, then shalt die, she his health. Some one who knew him-for he was of like noble spirit with Bro. S. will plant a willow on his grave. Some ious experience at last than her entire acsailed away, under the influence of that quiesence in the Divine will. Willing to revival, and returned not again.

With the Captain of their salvation they have entered the haven of rest, and are safe from all the storms now. And others at subsequent periods; amongst them, the lovely Janet Crowell, and I think husband and babe-and Jimmie Cox, with his wite and little ones, all sleep quietly, till the sea gives up its dead. And my own sister, Kate Coffin, rests where the billows of the Indian seas chant her requiem on India's golden shores. O she was so noble and great, but she is greater now, and will be still more noble, when shall see her by and bye. Those dear ones of blessed memories, are scattered abroad and rest or toil, from India's wave to the Pacific slope-some are in California, some in Vancouver. "We grew togeth er choice they were obliged to travel nearly side by side," for a little-but now we're

> "Scattered far and wide, O'er hill and mount and sea."

And last of all. Bro. Sargent steps out of the ranks and lays his armour away; well worn and bright. If memory serves me well Bro. Sargent grew up, fearing God. As he has often told me, " the fear of God was ever before my eyes, if I had not his love in my heart." And he never departed from the way of the Lord. I believe this was the case with the whole family. Fathers and mothers stop and think of this! It became evident in these early days also that his father's mantle would felt. Such a life as her's is a rich legacy fall on him. Inheriting a double portion of his spirit, it moved him betimes to Hopewell, A. County, when suddenly callspeak in the public assemblies. But why ed to exchange time for a glorious etersay more? Does not everybody know nity. Truly it says to us be ye also ready. soul in patience. Sheexpressed herself as how good he was? How pure minded and We know not when or where death may

most strangely faultless.

By letters received from him while teaching in the public schools, studying at Sackville, and following the Lord Jesus preaching the Gospel, I know that with faith unwavering and a single mind, he went forward to the mark of his high call. ing; glorying only in the cross of Christ and knowing nothing amongst men but Christ and him crucified. Standing today in the shadow of the cross and in the shadow of the departed we pray, let me live the life of the righteous, and " Let my last ned be like his."

J. B. HEMMEON.

P. S. This is not to take the place of an obituary from some better hand-only a little wreath from the garden of loving memories cast on the fresh grave.

MRS. GEORGE HECKMAN. Died at Petite Reviere, on Feb. 24th,

Mrs. George Heckman, aged 69 years. It

is a very encouraging thing to us that our people die so well, and leave a triumphant witness to the power of the Gospel and faithfulness of our covenant keeping God. Our departed sister alluded to above furnished another of those bright and encouraging examples of the power and sufficiency of Divine grace. Mrs. Heckman was born at Margaret's Bay, N. S., in the year 1808. Her maiden name was Charlotte Hornish. After removng to Lunen. burg, she was united in marriage to Mr. George Heckman in the year 1831. Three years afterwards in 1834 they removed to Petite Riviere. Under the useful ministry of the Rev. John Webb, who laboured on this circuit at the time they were both savingly converted to God, and at once united with the Methodist Church. Mr: Heckman who is bordering on his 80th year has long been usefully serving the Church of God in this circuit, particularly as a prayer-leader in the church at Petite Reviere in the absence of the minised about 34 years ago was remarkably clear. She said that she seemed to have entered a new world, and like the Psalmist wished all created things to help her to praise the Lord. This genuine conversion was the ground work of her religious life that developed itself in such fair and goodly proportions. From this time she was spiritually minded which was life and peace. Her experience of Divine things God's countenance. Had an inward and abiding peace. Her religious life and she went she carried her religion with her and adorned the doctrine of God her Sata some distance from the house of God sible was regular and devout. As might was ready and willing to obey. Nothing was more prominent in her religlive and willing to die, just as it might please God, and on this point she never seemed to waver. She was very gaacious. ly favoured with the Divine presence during the five or six months of her illness that preceded her death-Divine comforts delighted and sustained her soul. The writer will not soon forget the blessed influence there was when shortly before she died we sang the first part of the 404th hymn of

March 15, 1877.

MRS. NANCY OULTON.

our hymn book, "O glorious hope of per-

fect love," &c. It did seem as though the

Divine presence filled the room where the

dying saint was being prepared for the

apper sanctuary. A mother in our Israel

has been removed to the church trium-

phant. Her funeral took place on Feb. 27,

which was numerously attended. After

the service at the grave our spacious

church was filled with a large congrega-

tion who doubtless attended to show their

sincere respect for departed worth and

Christian life, and to listen to a sermon

on Phil. i. 17, which text seemed so suit-

ed to her who had just entered into rest.

Nancy, the beloved wife of Edward S. Oulton, of Point de Bute, Westmorland County, N. B., fell asleep in Jesus, Sabbath, the 25th of Feb., 1877, aged 57 years. Our brother and sister were on a visit to her brother, Mr. Thomas Atchinson,

FIFT FIRST QU

B. C. 894. MITE'S sistent

CARMEL Elisha had the new me people cam Afar off. S of Jezreel-First ment origin noth Resident of Issachar, s of little Her

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FELL AT HIS B edgement of th thankful heart fore it takes to sought.

We once saw turning up the hearted, gloriou said, "sowing afterward saw t miserable drunk the jail. It occ wild oats were glorious crop! gutter are exhau