

BERMUDA.

TO the overworked, weary, and well-nigh exhausted inhabitants of our northern city, the chilly, dull, and depressing weather of March, after a long and tedious winter, often brings a yearning for a more genial clime, where rest and recuperation may be found. Under just these circumstances we were drawn to visit Bermuda, "The land of the lily and the rose."

Leaving New York, on March 22nd, in a driving snow storm, which accompanied us 300 miles out to sea, quite beyond the border of the Gulf Stream, the good ship *Orinoco* brought us, in sixty-five hours, to the quay at Hamilton, the capital of these "Summer Isles."

In less than three days we have been transported from hugh snow drifts, and all the discomfort of winter, to a region of perpetual summer, where anything approaching frost is wholly unknown. To a Northerner, a first visit to a semi-tropical country is full of interest and surprise. As we drive to the hotel the vast profusion of roses in full bloom excite our admiration. At every turn some strange tree, or shrub, or flower claims our attention, until we become bewildered. Almost the only things one sees which are familiar are the people and the horses. The houses, the streets, the flora, the scenery, and even the habits of the people are essentially Bermudian. It is not our purpose, nor would it be proper in these columns, to discuss Bermuda as a pleasure, or a health resort, further than to say, that during our stay, extending to April 26th, the climate was simply perfect, balmy and warm, without excessive heat. If the purest sea air, without a suspicion of malaria, of a temperature the most agreeable, the clearest of skies, the cheeriest of landscapes, the brightest sunshine, an entire absence of any undue excitement of mind or body, and the perfect quietude, which comes to a small community isolated from the rest of the world, save by a weekly mail are important and desirable factors in the recuperation of exhausted nerves, and the restoration of diseased bodies to a condition of health, to this extent, at least, Bermuda may be commended, to the classes named. Perhaps the greatest drawback is the possible purgatory of sea-sickness through which the visitor may have to pass to reach this earthly paradise.

The readers of the *OUTLOOK* will, doubtless, be interested in the Methodism of this distant speck in the ocean, especially as it is part of our Canadian Church. Arriving in port early on Sabbath morning, at eleven o'clock we attended service in the Methodist Church, a new, well-built, bright and commodious edifice, with good accommodation for 600 people, the largest church in Hamilton and, probably, on the Island. We soon made the acquaintance of the industrious pastor, Rev.

Thos. Rogers, and his estimable family, and of the active pastor of St. George's, Rev. B. Hills, and his whole-souled wife. To these kind friends we were indebted for much of the pleasure of our visit.

Methodism was introduced into Bermuda by Rev. Mr. Stevenson, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in May, 1799. So successful were his labors, that in a year he reported 104 members, and about \$1,500 subscribed to build a church. In the meantime, the enemy had been at work and secured the passage of a law assented to May 24th, 1800, under the provisions of which Mr. Stevenson was immediately arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$250, and be imprisoned for six months, for presuming to preach the Gospel, not being in "Holy Orders." On his release from prison, Mr. S. was forced to abandon his work and leave the Island. When, in 1808, the Rev. Mr. Marsden, his successor, reached the place he had to begin anew. Not meeting with further opposition, the work has gone on uninterruptedly until the present. In a population of less than 15,000, the Methodist Church has now four ordained ministers, supplying four circuits, only one of which is receiving a small grant from the Mission Fund, and will soon be self-sustaining. There are about 600 members, more than half of whom are colored. As in other colonies, where the English Church is established by law, dissenters are practically excluded from what calls itself "Society." Notwithstanding these social disabilities, Methodism is to-day the progressive church of the colony.

On Easter Sunday we had the privilege of partaking of the Communion with a colored congregation, in the country, who worship in a church built in the days of slavery, by the slaves, after working hours and on moonlight nights. The old records in the parsonage at Hamilton, contain accounts of sums paid to masters for the services of their female slaves, who were hired to carry stones on their heads from the quarry to the site of the first chapel in that town, a building still in good preservation, and now used for mercantile purposes.

The church in St. George's was built in 1840, under the direction of the Rev. Thos. Jeffrey, father of the Rev. T. W. Jeffrey, of Toronto, from plans drawn by the architect of Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. The character of the work may be judged from the fact that to-day, after nearly fifty years' service, it is the finest building in the town. The English church in the same place dates back to 1620, and is still in daily use. The Communion plate, of solid silver, was presented in 1684 by King William IV.

The missionary anniversaries in the several churches to the congregations are the chief events of the year. The audience room is decorated with a profusion of