

to love, and to serve God, to resist sin and Satan, to be united to Christ here, and to be fellow heir with Him to all Eternity. Is it such a moment in your view? and can the fervour of your gratitude for the present unspeakable gift, the earnestness of supplication that the person thus gifted, "may lead the rest of his life according to this beginning."—Can this fervour, this earnestness, be unbecoming, be otherwise than indispensably requisite?

Your own sense of duty will I hope, lead you to cultivate such a devotional frame of mind, at each celebration of this our primary sacrament, and forcibly to exhort your parishioners to endeavour after the same qualification in themselves, and to select, as much as possible, none but sponsors of similar views and sentiments. From souls thus congenial, the united fervent prayer would avail much, and we might hope to see such Baptism more often prove the effectual seed, and produce in maturity, "the answer of a good conscience towards God."

On exhorting to the Communion.

Let him keep the opposite extremes in view. Let him caution his people, on the one hand, against the formal reliance, on an outward ordinance, by which some, we must fear, too often soothe their consciences, and "sin on that grace may abound"—with singular inconsistency, magnifying the nature of the Sacrament beyond the limits of sound reason—and, practically at least, lowering the conduct it enjoins below the standard of pure and undefiled religion.

Let him caution his people, on the other hand, against such a precise and exalted notion of perfect preparation beforehand, and sinless obedience afterwards, as would keep back the timid, but sincere penitent, while perhaps, the self deluder and the hypocrite, might be brought forward to the serious inquiry of their souls.

Let him warn the Pharisee to withdraw in the fulness of his self sufficient pride. Let him summon the Publican from the depths of his penitent humiliation: but let him proclaim wilful perseverance in any one habitual sin, or in obstinate unbelief, to be the effectual, though the only obstacle, and call none but those who desire to be holy—not only, 'almost but altogether'—and who see and own, that all their pardon and all their strength; all their justification and all their hope, must be in Him, of whose body and whose blood they are spiritually about to partake. Thus will the minister, at least in this matter, 'have declared the whole counsel of God.'

Thus may he hope to have some communicants, at least, to whom this body of Christ administered by his hands will be 'meat indeed,' and his blood 'drink indeed'—their souls deriving fresh health and strength from each celebration, growing in grace and ripening for glory. Thus will he 'feed the flock of God, which he purchased with his own blood,' rightly dividing to each their portion 'in due season;' and thus may he humbly trust that his faithful communicants, fortified from time to time, against each difficulty, trouble, temptation, and peril of the way, will go forward in their heavenward walk—and, being established in faith and zealous of good works, through the special grace of their Lord, endure unto the end.

On the Service to be used with the Sick.

Let the general directions and tenor of the service of the Church itself be kept ever in your views when it appears to be truly applicable, adhere to its letter with additions suitable to the particular cases; and whereas you must perceive, deviations are necessary, seek to exhort, to examine and to pray almost in the words of the Scriptures, especially the Psalms, the manual of the sick and distressed.

Adopt, as far as may be, the language of the Collects and the spirit of the Homilies—that Spirit which is at once devotional and practical, which 'humbles the sinner, exalts the Saviour, and promotes holiness of heart and life.'

Procrastination is the kidnapper of souls and the recruiting officer of hell.

Be always on the watch, either to increase thine own growth in grace, or to do something for the salvation of others.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

Trust not in the world, for it never pays what it promises.

For the Colonial Churchman.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE REV. MATHER BYLES DES-
BRISAY, OF DARTMOUTH, N. S.

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

112 Psalm.

This worthy minister of the Cross well deserves a place in the columns of the Colonial Churchman, of which it is believed he would have been a strenuous supporter.—Nothing is more pleasing to the true members of the Church than the piety and devotion of those who minister at her altars; and whilst we have cause to bless God for many shepherds after His heart who now feed his sheep in different parts of his vineyard, it is right that we should also still remember those who after having given themselves up to their Saviour here below, and shone amongst us with a brightness worthy of 'legates from the skies,' now shine forth as the stars of the firmament, and enjoy a happiness purchased by the blood of the Lamb, for whom they had longed while in the world.

Among this happy number it is humbly hoped is that estimable friend of the writer of this, whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose early removal we have for two years deplored.—His piety, his humility, his charity, his zeal for every thing good, and his entire devotion to the cause of the Gospel and of the Church are often in my memory, and I am persuaded in that of many of his friends and acquaintances. I greatly regret not having had the happiness of knowing him longer, but I have known him long enough, and I have seen enough of the value of his character; I have had sufficient occasion to appreciate his usefulness in the church, in society, and in the numerous circle of his friends, long to lament his loss; and I am far from being the only one that does so. Many a heart in the congregation he left, still deeply feels for this amiable and affectionate Pastor.—He traversed his extensive parish with indefatigable zeal, surmounting all difficulties in his great desire to go from place to place, after the example of his Master, doing good 'and dispensing the bread of life on the right hand and on the left.'—And now the field of his labours is watered by the tears of his parishioners, in whose hearts he will live I hope, forever—and to whom 'he being dead yet speaketh.' More than once have I heard members of his flock lamenting his early removal, and seen tears rushing down their cheeks when speaking of him, and of the pains he took for the good of their souls. And it is this, no less than the affection I bear his memory, which leads me to devote to him these few lines for which I could have desired a more able pen, and one more worthy of the subject.

The manner in which Mr. Desbrisay was accustomed to pass the Sunday will not, it is thought, be without interest to those who had not the happiness of closely observing him. And as I had this pleasure during the last six months of his life, I desire to give a description of it, which will be found worthy of being taken for an example by us that remain.

Mr. D. generally commenced the Sabbath by catechising children in the church at Dartmouth, in the morning before service; after that was over, he set off, scarcely allowing himself time to take a little refreshment, to perform a second service in the Church at the South East passage, six miles distant; from thence he returned to Preston or Cole Harbour, where he attended service at seven in the evening. Thus he preached three times on the Sunday, and travelled twenty miles, besides performing occasional duties of Baptism, visiting the sick and the like. But this was not all,—Porter's Lake, and Three Fathom Harbour, the first seventeen and the latter twenty five miles distant, were in want of his services, and his generous and devoted spirit gladly responded to the call. He officiated at each monthly, and the writer has many times accompanied him in these missionary journeys, and often when the fatigue of such long rides had nearly exhausted me, his courage and zeal would give me fresh strength and make me ashamed of my weakness. I have thus seen him travel fifty miles a day, preaching three times and baptizing several children in different places, and this was the case every month.—One day being with him and knowing that he had not eaten for a long time, and that he would not have leisure to stop before his second service—I made him ask for a piece of bread at a house in the way, and though black and sour, he ate it with good appetite, and told me afterwards that without it he would not have been able to perform the service.

But it was in works of charity especially, that this lamented friend set a bright example, I remember particularly one occasion that I accompanied him in a round of pastoral visits and having called upon a poor family which was in extreme want, he sat down for some time conversing with the mother in the most affable manner, holding one of the children between his knees, and in going away he slipped some dollars into the poor woman's hand who burst into tears. I shall never forget the observation he made when we had left the house.—'Oh how delightful it is said

to be a minister of the Gospel!' Alluding to the pleasure he thus experienced in being the means of cheering the hearts of the poor and the afflicted. It was all his pleasure to visit the members of his flock and especially the poorest of them. One day we were travelling together in a sleigh, and passing through a wood about 8 o'clock in the evening, we found a little cabin inhabited by an old black man and his wife, both of them far advanced in years. Mr. D. wished to visit them, and we entered with difficulty their little cabin, being obliged to stoop low in order to pass the door. By the light of the fire we perceived the old man seated beside the chimney, covered with ragged clothing, but wearing the appearance of perfect contentment. My friend seated himself beside him, and soon informed himself of all concerning the old couple, both in temporal and spiritual things, and found that the old African had learned to know the Saviour and to take Him for the portion of his inheritance. Mr. D. remarked to me how happy these poor people appeared in their miserable cabin, without bread, without not only the luxuries, but what are called the common comforts of life; and this simply because they had the Rock of Ages for their support, and the God of Elijah for their God. Mr. D. promised in parting that he would send the old woman (who was in bed and whom we could not discern in the darkness of the room) some medicine the next day, as she was not well; and we took leave more pleased than if we had paid a visit to Royalty. Many more such instances I could mention, which would do honor to the memory of my friend now in glory. But it will be sufficient to say that his daily employment was to do good by every means in his power, and that during the time I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I never saw any thing that was not worthy of the holy office with which he was clothed.—But alas! in the very moment that I thought myself happy in having made acquaintance with a man of so many virtues, and in possessing a friend so precious,—as I began to congratulate myself on this happiness, and the Church to thank God for so bright a light amongst her ministers, in the hope that a long life of usefulness would be granted him, it pleased Him whose ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, in His wisdom to plunge us into mourning, which nothing humanly speaking could cheer.

It has been thought, and I am of the same opinion, that Mr. D. contracted his last sickness in one of his long journeys to visit the sick in his parish, in which he met with a fall from his horse so severe, that he told me he remained some time on the spot without knowing where he was. He spoke to me of this fall the day he was taken ill, as also of a cold which he thought he had taken at an interment, while his head was uncovered, on a very severe day. I had often heard him speak of the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion with a fervour which convinced me that he himself enjoyed their consolations; and I remember that in conversing on this subject at the beginning of his illness, he made the following remark which I have never forgotten, and which has been to me a source of joy every time that I have deplored my excellent friend—"Is there any thing more astonishing, said he, than the way most men act with regard to the salvation of their souls—How they continually put it off to another day, without having any reason to hope that God will receive them then, or that they will be able to attend to the work themselves. If I had waited until now to seek a Saviour, what a sad state would I be in. For although I am not yet very ill, I find my brain so disordered, that I cannot fix my mind for any length of time upon one thing.—It is evident from this that he already felt the effect of the brain fever, which proved alas! so fatal. Having quitted him for a few days, I no longer saw him except in a state of delirium. I had the melancholy satisfaction of passing with him the last eight days of his life, but I much regret that the nature of his malady prevented my gathering from his lips the consolations of that religion which he had made his delight in the time of health.—On one of these days, as I sat alone at his bedside, I wished to see if he would give me yet one word with his accustomed gentleness and kindness, and I put to him this question—"Do you remember the good Saviour Jesus Christ, Mr. D.?" But finding that he gave no answer, as I would have had reason to expect, if he had been in his sound mind, I put the question to him a second time a little after, when he seemed more composed. Upon which he answered with a soft smile which was natural to him,—'What! Jesus Christ?—O! Yes I do know him—

"Jesus-lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Soon however the fever returned which hindered him from speaking more on the subject. He said enough however to convince me that if he had been capable of edifying us from his bed, as from his pulpit, he would not have failed. Jesus was all his support and all his consolation in his collected moments, and after having languished for two or three days more in a kind of stupor which followed the fever, and denoted approaching dissolution, some sighs came to give us notice that his soul was about to fly to the bosom of his Saviour whom he had loved so well, and to quit the house of clay which could no longer retain