

From "Memory's Tribute."

## THE BAPTISM

## Chap. I.

"The love of nature, and the scenes she draws,  
"Is nature's dictate."—Cowper.

THEY who have never visited the country of the Lakes, can scarcely conceive the vastness, and grandeur, and magnificence of those inland seas. So rich and fertile are the shores, that are washed by their waves, that like the river that watered the garden of Eden, this noble chain of lakes may be said to water the garden of the world. It was in one of the summer months, just as the last bright rays of the sun already sunk below the horizon, were fading away in the western sky, that the writer of these pages was approaching a small village situated on one of those lakes.

There was that delightful repose and quietude, which are peculiar to country scenes at the close of a hot summer's day, spread over the whole extended landscape, through which the road, that led to the village, lay. I have often thought, that this sweet calm of nature, was beautifully emblematical, not only of the peace and serenity which is spread over the Christian's soul at the hour of death, but of that sacred and eternal "rest which remaineth to the people of God."

As I passed along, the laborious cultivator of the earth was just quitting the harvest field, or bending his course homeward with slow and weary step, or standing at the door of his farm-house, preparing to refresh himself, after the toils of the day, on that plain, but substantial meal which constitutes the husbandman's evening repast.

The country around me might still be denominated new, but was in a considerably advanced state of cultivation. The rich fields of grain, the luxuriant growth of grass, and the occasional thickets of tall and massive forest trees, bespoke the fertility and strength of the soil, and spread out before the delighted eye, a beautiful and varied landscape.

Neither the lake nor village, were yet in view. I had just entered a deep, but narrow, ravine, where I found myself at once completely shut out from the view of the cultivated country through which I had been passing. As I ascended the opposite bank, I found the road enclosed by a sort of lofty copse, which being interspersed with forest trees, formed a complete arbour, under which the traveller passed. What added still more to the effect of this novel and highly romantic scene, was the circuitous direction of the road; winding with serpentine course round a hill which it ascended, it conducted the traveller, gradually to the top, without disclosing to his view at any one time, more than a few yards of its course,—till having reached the summit, he beheld in an instant spread out before his astonished eye, one broad and almost boundless expanse of waters. Nothing can exceed the effect produced by this unexpected disclosure of transcendent sublimity. The heart that is not touched with deep feeling and lifted up in adoration to God, in view of this scene, must be alike destitute of taste and of moral sensibility.

An occurrence that was related to me by a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of this place, may serve to illustrate the idea just expressed.

A party went to take a look at the lake from this point; among the number was a gentleman from Scotland, a man of considerable reading and travel. He was not previously apprized of there being any thing peculiar in this spot, and was, therefore, totally unprepared for that majestic scene, which with the suddenness of magic burst upon his view. So perfectly overpowered was he, at the moment, that he flung himself from his horse, and gazing in enraptured admiration, on his bended knees and aloud returned thanks to Almighty God, who had spared his life to behold so grand and majestic a display of his works.

The village, which was the place of my destination lay about half a mile to the left; as I approached it I could see, in different directions, little groups moving towards the Church, an edifice at times occupied by all denominations. The celebration of divine worship according to the usages of the Episcopal Church, was an event of such rare occurrence in this place, that the previous intelligence that an Episcopal missionary was to officiate that evening had drawn together an unusually large congregation. The Church

was already full, when I arrived, and I immediately commenced that truly sublime service, which can hardly fail to spread the deepest solemnity over any congregation.

I had advanced in the service to the "General confession," and now paused after repeating the first sentence of that humble and self-abasing address to Almighty God. I knew not that a single voice would utter the response. But no sooner had that sentence been pronounced, than two or three voices caught it up, and reiterated in trembling and faltering accents those solemn words. As the service proceeded, the voices of those who responded began to multiply, and became more firm and animated.

There had been, as I subsequently learnt, some fifteen years previous to this time, an Episcopal congregation organized in this place. For a while the Church was prosperous. But now it was completely broken up; and the remembrance that it had ever existed had passed from the minds of most of the inhabitants of that village. Will it be inquired what was the cause of this failure—of the disastrous fate that attended this society?

We answer, precisely that which has defeated the success, and withered the bright prospects, of hundreds of other Episcopal congregations similarly situated, the want of missionary funds, and more especially of clergymen to act as missionaries. O, if the friends and members of this truly evangelical Church, who enjoy all its privileges, and join, Sunday after Sunday, in its devout and affecting liturgy; and, who perhaps are surrounded with ease and affluence; O, if they could see the sad desolations of Zion—if they could see them in all their length and breadth as the missionary often sees them—if they could see how many of their brethren are totally deprived of those religious privileges which they enjoy—if they could see those little groups of devoted men, which scattered here and there over the moral desert that spreads through their own diocese, are making a prodigious effort to collect and organize a congregation, that may be favoured with regular ministrations according to the order and appointment of their own Church; and after having laboured, and toiled, and spent many months of intense anxiety, and for awhile cheered themselves with the hope of ultimate success, are at last forced to give up their darling project and sit down in utter despair, like Hagar in the wilderness, who, when her bottle of water was spent, cast her perishing child under one of the shrubs, "and sat over against him and lifted her voice and wept"—O, surely, if they could be fully sensible of the absolute wants of the Church, these wants would soon cease to exist. And if the reader of these pages at all sympathises with his brethren, destitute like these here described, let me entreat him to evince that sympathy by contributing, annually, something to the missionary fund, and to aid in educating pious young men for the ministry. For if the time ever comes when the Lord shall arise and have mercy upon Zion, it will be when his "servants think upon her stones and it pitieth them to see her in the dust."

Among other causes which contribute to the breaking up of the Episcopal Church in the village, of which we just spoke, was the newness of the place. Many changes were constantly occurring. At length the missionary who planted and watched over this Church, was removed by death. As he had no successor the congregation was soon scattered.

At the close of the service, an intelligent looking man came up to me, and announcing his name as Mr. Heyden, kindly invited me to spend the night with him. I soon learnt that he was a farmer, residing in that neighbourhood; possessing naturally a strong and vigorous mind which had been considerably improved by reading and reflection. Mr. Heyden was an Episcopalian, and experienced in this opportunity of joining in the worship of the Church, a pleasure far beyond what they can conceive who enjoy this privilege at every return of the sacred day of rest.

We had just reached his home, and he was expressing the high satisfaction he had enjoyed, when a message arrived from Mr. Northend's requesting an immediate visit from the Rev. Mr. —. The reason assigned for requesting the visit that night, was, that he feared he should not be alive on the morrow. The request was, of course, immediately complied with. After having taken some slight refreshment, Mr. H. and myself were soon on our way to pay the promised

visit to Mr. Northend. The incidents that occurred at his house will be related in the next chapter.

To be continued.

## THE RECHABITES.

The Rev. Joseph Wolff says, "On my arrival at Mesopotamia, some Jews that I saw there pointed me to one of the ancient Rechabites. He stood before me, wild, like an Arab, holding the bridle of his horse in his hand. I showed him the Bible in Hebrew and Arabic, which he was much rejoiced to see, as he could read both languages, but had no knowledge of the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic Bibles and Testaments, I asked him, 'Whose descendant are you?'

'Mousa,' said he, boisterously, 'is my name, and I will show you who were my ancestors;' on which he immediately began to read from the 5th to the 11th verses of Jeremiah xxxv.

'Where do you reside?' said I.

Turning to Genesis x. 27, he replied, 'At Hadoram, now called Simar by the Arabs; at Uzal, now called Sanan by the Arabs;' and again referring to the same chapter, verse 30th, he continued, 'at Meshè, now called Meeca, and in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed! and live in tents, as Jonadad, our father commanded us: Hobab was our father too. Come to us, and you will find us sixty thousand in number; and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled, 'Therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadad, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever;' and saying this, Mousa, the Rechabite, mounted his horse, and fled away, and left behind a host of evidence in favor of sacred writ.'—*London Visitor*.

## NEEDFUL TRIALS.

The sufferings, which to Christ were only glorious, are necessary to us. Our condition requires this treatment. We are sick of a disease which will yield to no other application. Into what excesses should we not run headlong without this seasonable restraint! Humanity, moderation, charity, and even justice, are too seldom seen in the world, as it is; but the very footsteps of these virtues would not be visible upon the earth, if adversity were banished out of it. Eager appetites, clamorous passions, hearken to no other call. The voice of reason cannot reach them. As full of unhappiness as the world is, men still find courage to be wicked; and the little of virtue that yet remains among us, is chiefly owing to this salutary discipline. We thank God, perhaps, when we do thank him, for prosperity; for health, plenty, success and honour. We do well. They are the gifts of God's Providence, and demand our acknowledgements. But they are not the only blessings his goodness confers on us. Adversity should be added to the number of his favours, and remembered in our most devout thanksgivings. Blessed be God for pain, sickness, disappointment, distress; and every one of those various evils with which the life of man is filled, and which are the subjects of our hasty complaints; evils, which are our greatest good; which afflict but purify, tear and harrow up the soul, but prepare it for the seeds of virtue. Blessed be God that he is not so unkind as to try us by the most dangerous of all temptations,—uninterrupted prosperity: that we are not undone by the accomplishment of our wishes. That he is pleased to chastise us with his legitimate children, and with his dear and only begotten Son; whom we hope to follow through the gate of the grave to a joyful resurrection; and to be received by him into those mansions which he is now preparing for us in heaven; where he liveth and reigneth, with the Father and Holy Spirit, one God, world without end.—*Ogden*.

## 'GLORY BE TO THEE, O LORD!'

Why is it that in many of our churches this ascription of praise to God is sung? The Rubric says expressly, 'Here the people shall say, Glory be to thee, O Lord!' Surely, they ought to say it if they feel the value of that blessed Gospel which is read in all their ears, and which is able to make them wise unto salvation. Most surely they do not say, or even sing it, when they leave it to the organ, and the singers in the Choir, to do it for them.—*Missionary*.