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Religious.

SUNDAYS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

SERVICE IN A PINE FOREST.

It had been a memorable week, full of incident and adventure, amid scenery that appealed, not without effect, to the highest faculties of our nature. Since leaving Ober-Ammergau we had passed through a portion of the charming valley of the Inn, with its picturesque plateaus of richly cultivated vine and corn lands. Thence to the beautiful town of Innsbruck, crossing the snow-swollen, swift-running river. In the darkness of night, with the gleam of the gaslight here and there upon it, that rushing torrent was awfully fascinating, and the wild, impetuous fury with which it tore along (about seven miles an hour) made us shudder and hasten away. The well-kept botanical gardens, the fine churches and tombs of magnificent bronze work, the golden-roofed house, had great attractions for visitors like ourselves. But time would not permit us to linger, so we started for Brenner, the train winding up the side of the mountain like a spiral staircase, so that we looked out of the carriage window down upon the different stages whence we had ascended. It is a marvellous triumph of engineering skill. We walked through the Brenner Pass, but were disappointed with the scenery, as it seemed unworthy of the high praise bestowed upon it. Our next trip was from Gossensass to Atzwang, the starting-point for our tour among the Dolomites. A man of most unsavoury appearance met us at the station, upon whom we looked with considerable suspicion, but afterwards found him to be the guide for the district; and so at the hotel we engaged him to accompany us. We found him intelligent and amusing, and at the end of the week, so intense had his affection for us become, that, with tears in his eyes, he offered us a warm, fraternal kiss, which was, as editors politely say, "declined with thanks." As these notes are not written to describe the Dolomite region—that having been already so ably done by Messrs. Churchill and Gilbert, and also by Dr. Ball, in his book on the Eastern Alps,—we shall not venture to do much more than hint at the way we took until we rested again on the Sunday. Our work commenced about half-past four o'clock in the morning, for the sake of coolness. Our path was steadily up the mountain side for several hours. When we had toiled on about an hour and a half, one of our number made a sudden, unaccountable rush forward, and then as suddenly stood still, like a pointer that has scented game; and presently he announced in enthusiastic tones that he had obtained the first view of the expected mountains. The reader must imagine the envy of the less fortunate. We reached the Bath-house at Ratzes and rested, and enjoyed a delicious bath underground, in a wooden trough, not unlike a rude coffin, with a hole cut in the lid for the head. The sight of five or six heads in a row, apparently detached from any bodies, and fixed on the top of these coffins, was ludicrous in the extreme. Such is bathing in the Dolomites. The rest was acceptable, and prepared us for the hard work of the remainder of the day. We got up some 8,600 feet, gathered crocuses among the snow, and a multitude of other wild flowers, with which that district so richly abounds. A thunderstorm coming on, it was unspeakably grand to see the vivid lightning flashing down into dark mountain recesses and to hear the thunder echoing and re-echoing all around us. It soon expended itself, and then range upon range of snow-clad mountains came into view, lighted by the sun, and we stopped amid the unveiled glory to sing the ninety-fifth Psalm. Truly we felt "the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In His hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is His also."

But we had not seen the last storm that day. Time was going, and we were rapidly descending into a somewhat narrow gorge, when a terrific flash of lightning and burst of thunder, with rain and huge hail-stones, made us quicken our steps still more. A fierce torrent roared within a few yards of us. The night grew dark, black, relieved only by lightning. The order was given to walk two and two for safety. We were soon drrenched to the skin. Oh! for Campedello, the village we were eager to reach. Presently we found that we had gone out of the way, and were almost walking from a ledge into the torrent; with beating hearts we crept back to the path. In an hour and a half we heard the clangour of a church bell and saw the gleam of welcome lights ahead. This cheered us, though we knew the bell was ringing to frighten and drive away the storm-fiend and preserve the village. It was with emotions of devout thankfulness we found ourselves in the little inn soon after. Space will not serve to tell of other days, travelling by the Marmolata; of the wondrous Sottoguda Pass, spanned by a rainbow, like God's promise of safety amid its gloom; of the desolate village of Caprille, with soldiers playing bowls in the middle of the street; of the Lake shown in the frontispiece in Gilbert's book, the name of which we have forgotten; of Cencenighe, with its many "extra lodgers" in the beds, who made night hideous and sleep impossible; of the steep climb past St. Sebastian up to a place consisting of two houses and a church called St. Peregrini; of our tramp down to Moena and the long theological discussion on the way. We leave it all to tell of our Sunday at Moena. The hard week's work had awakened a longing for rest, and though our hotel accommodation was by no means luxurious, we anticipated spending some quiet refreshing hours in that small Austrian village. On Saturday evening we were quietly singing together in our bed-room, which was likewise our dining and drawing-room, when, without announcement or apology, in walked a tall soldier, smoking, with the coolest impertinence possible. We suppose his mission was to discover if we were suspicious characters. He stood, stared, smoked; we were silent; and then, feeling uncomfortable, our gallant friend strode off.

Sunday came; what should we do? It was useless going to the village church, that would have spoiled devotion both for ourselves and the people, and we ourselves longed for an hour of common worship. We therefore resolved to find some secluded spot, and, like the old covenanters, seek God in the solitude of nature. We left the village, and climbed up to a sombre pine forest, where we soon discovered a pleasant shady nook in which to hold our service. It was a lovely spot. Around us were patches of flickering light and shade, above us the soft sigh of the wind in the trees, down below we could hear the continuous rush of the torrent, hushed by distance into a murmur of Sabbath peace; beyond we caught glimpses of the ragged mountain-tops high up in the heavens. It was a place for praise and prayer, and our voices trembled with emotion as we sang the old words so full of home memories—

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing."
The 104th Psalm had a new meaning to us, as it was read by one of our number that morning. Prayer followed, and the chanting of the 23rd Psalm. Doubtless never before was such a company, gathered in such a spot, found reverently discussing the 21st chapter of John's Gospel, feeling in the Saviour's searching question to the penitent disciple a question put to themselves, "Lovest thou Me?" That solemn interchange of thought and feeling compelled us to say, "It is good to be here!" The Lord himself seemed not far away, and the consciousness of His presence was heightened as we sang the concluding hymn to "St. Peter's":—
"Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast."

None there present will soon forget that sacred hour. It taught us how possible it is to do away with the whole paraphernalia of churches and chapels and formal ceremonies, and yet to enjoy the sweetest and truest communion with the Heavenly Father. But like other scenes, even that would soon lose its special charm if frequently repeated, but we remember with joyous thankfulness the impression of that hour when we prayed as ministers for a baptism of new power for our future work, and entreated that blessings might attend the worship of our congregations, and the preaching of God's Word. Probably friends at home were remembering us at that hour, and we can testify with gratitude that the joy of many answers was poured into our hearts. It is needless to add that we returned to our inn with a subdued and hallowed spirit.

We had determined to stay the whole day at Moena, but the place being very uncomfortable, and our guide informing us that two or three hours' gentle walking would bring us to a respectable and commodious Bath-house at Tiers, we changed our purpose, and started that afternoon. But alas! for the guide's accuracy! We toiled upward for several hours, wound round by a part of the Rosengarten range of mountains, until there seemed no end to our journeying. Nevertheless, the views were worth all the labour, especially when the sun, setting in a glory of colour, illuminated every bare surface and jagged peak with that indescribable roseate hue of which travellers constantly speak, but which we had never before seen. The valleys below were wrapped in impenetrable gloom, out of which came the repeated sound of the goat-herd's voice calling to his scattered flock. The sun having declined, we followed its example, plunging over huge stones down a precipitous road about four feet wide through a dense pine-forest. Ever and anon we came across some gaunt, grey tree, all scathed by the lightning, and thrusting its branches, like the forked tongues of some hydra-headed monster, at the scared passer-by. Down we went, still down, bruising and blistering our feet at every step, and assuredly not blessing our guide for deceiving us concerning the distance. Further down yet into the dark, until all we could see was the faint white of the torrent-washed stones over which we stumbled. At last we reached the bank of the stream in the valley, tired, hungry, disappointed, foot-sore, when our guide stopped as if uncertain of the road. A light at a distance reassured us, and as we passed the small cottage whence it shone we heard a brassy, metallic, buzzing sound, not unlike the notes of a London burdy-gurdy, and we understood that it was the peasantry within at family prayer. We passed on, when, to our amazement, the guide pointed up among the mountains, and told us that the Bath-house was there, but the road lay through a forest by a torrent, and was so dark that he dared not lead us. This was the climax. What was to be done? A storm was threatening, and we dare not camp out. A man opportunely passed at that moment solved our difficulty. He went on to the cottage, and then shouted for us to follow. The door was open, and we saw seven men, rough, brigand-looking fellows to our tired eyes, and two women, seated round a large wood fire. There being no chimney, the chalet was filled with smoke. Our position was very strange, and we were aware to any possibility in which our alpenstocks might be of use. Presently one man seized a large hatchet, another a plank of wood, rushed out of the hut, and commenced chopping the wood into thick strips. These they handed to the men and women within, who cut them into long thin laths. When a sufficient quantity were made they were bundled together in a bundle and lighted, and so we had a genuine pine torch extemporised for our guidance in a few minutes. The peasant, our deliverer, led the way; we followed, and the effect was one that would have delighted Rembrandt. The flame illuminated a large space about us, making a ring of light and a ring of thick dark-

ness beyond, and we, walking in a line, with the red glare flashing on our faces, followed by our guide laden with our knapsacks, tramped on, trusting our leader, who guided us over greensward, along a precipice, by the side of a torrent, up the steep mountain-side. When we reached level land we sang together,

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near,"

feeling that there was reality in our Sunday evening song. Just as the torch was dying out the Bath-house appeared in sight, and at the gate of the garden the peasant who held it till it scorched his hand flung the embers down, while we marched up the steps amid a small crowd of people who from a long distance had heard our singing and seen our light, and were waiting wondering what it all could possibly mean. As we rested in our beds that night and listened to the wild roar of the storm, we thanked God for another day's loving care. So ended our second Sunday on the Continent.

BAPTISM.

Every conceivable argument is adduced to prove that sprinkling and pouring are baptism. Frequent reference is made to the Old Testament, in which sprinkling is often mentioned, as proof of this assertion. A cursory examination will satisfy any candid person that the sprinkling of the Old Testament had not the remotest connection with baptism or with the object for which baptism was instituted. Baptism was unknown till the days of John the Baptist, and of course nothing could have any connection with it till it became a reality.

Sprinkling is mentioned in the Old Testament about fifty times. The Septuagint, the Greek version of the Old Testament, was made near three hundred years before Christ, and is admirable; so correct that the reader generally receives the same impressions in reading the one as in reading the other. The dialect of the Septuagint is said to be the same as that of the New Testament. The quotations in the New Testament are taken from the Septuagint rather than from the Hebrew, and thus it is endorsed by inspiration. Baptism is mentioned in the New Testament about seventy times. The language and dialect of the Septuagint and New Testament being the same, if sprinkling, pouring and immersion are alike baptism, the language employed to give us an idea of them, would naturally be the same, or nearly so; but this is not the fact. It is as unlike as the language employed to give us an idea of life and death, of heaven and hell, or any other different objects. *Raino* is generally employed to give us an idea of sprinkling, and, occasionally, *banitzo*. *Baptizo* and its derivatives are always employed to give us the idea of baptism in the New Testament, and still another, *ebecheo*, to give us the idea of pouring. In all languages, so far as my knowledge extends, words having nearly the same meaning are interchangeable, the one is often used for the other. But, in the Greek, no such use is made of the above words. I know not an instance in which *raino* and *ebecheo* are interchanged, so that if sprinkling is baptism, pouring is not, and vice versa.

If the translators of the Old Testament into Greek and the writers of the New Testament could see nothing in common in the above words, how can we in these latter days? The translators of our English version, under the direction of King James as they were, did not dare to translate the word *baptizo* to sprinkle or pour, although the Council at Ravenna in 1311, had declared immersion or sprinkling to be indifferent; the one to be baptism as well as the other. And afterwards, in 1643, a similar decision was made in England by a Council under the lead of Dr. Lightfoot.

Nor is this all. The word translated to sprinkle in the Old Testament, is used in connection with blood, blood and water, oil, ashes and water, dust,

ashes, grey hairs, coals of fire, and but once in connection with pure water, and then in such a way that it can possibly have no connection with baptism. See Ez. 39:25.

It occurs twice in the New Testament, in connection with the blood of Christ.

Pouring is mentioned several times in the New Testament, but never in connection with the subject of baptism.

Baptism is mentioned nearly seventy times, but never in connection with sprinkling or pouring. *Bapto*, the root of *baptizo*, is found three times in the Old Testament, in connection with sprinkling, but is translated dip, in every instance.

How is it possible, then, for an honest, well-informed man to say that sprinkling or pouring is baptism equally with immersion, as some do? They must affirm that of which they know little or nothing. Is there any other subject to which the attention of man is called, concerning which language is so sadly wrested, twisted, perverted? Webster gives sprinkling as a definition of baptism because it is practiced by so many people—not because there is any other authority for it, ancient or modern,—which is just no authority at all. If man, or any number of men can institute a baptism, then his authority is good, but not otherwise.

A thorough oriental scholar, familiar with the Hebrew, biblical, and rabbinical, with Chaldee and Arabic, all of which he spoke fluently, said that dipping, sprinkling, pouring and washing, in those languages are all expressed by different words, and no one of the words is ever used for any of the others. This is just as those words are used in the Septuagint and New Testament. They are never interchanged. Undoubtedly, the reason why they are thus used in the Septuagint and New Testament, is because they are thus used in the languages above named.

If sprinkling is baptism, Christ could not have given his commission to his disciples in any one of those languages, neither could he in Greek, till the nineteenth century.

Not in Geiseler, Moshem, Neander, or any other ecclesiastical history, so far as I have been able to learn, is it intimated that sprinkling for baptism is taught in the Bible, or practised in the days of the apostles, or allowed for centuries as baptism, except for the sick and children.

The argument is all on the side of immersion for 1300 years, and nothing can be found against it, till within a few years.—*Ch. Era.*

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

The Rome "special" of the *Standard*, writing on the 10th August, tells of an interview a friend of his had with Pius IX. He says:—The tickets of admission to the Papal presence, which are obtained, I believe without much difficulty at an office called the Ante-chamber of the Vatican, contained a printed injunction not to apply for indulgences, or to ask for his Holiness's autograph, a very necessary precaution for Pius IX. is as much importuned on this score as Gen. Garibaldi himself, and has been obliged to resort to a similar system of defence. After mounting to the top of a splendid marble staircase, the visitors were ushered into a vast reception room, which was already thronged with ecclesiastics of every degree and with *Camerieri segreti*, or chamberlains, in their crimson stockings. The doors are kept by Swiss halberdiers in their quaint mediæval costume, while in curious contrast to these worthies, an Italian grenadier is pacing to and fro at the foot of the staircase. At the appointed hour, an inner door was thrown open, and the Pope made his appearance with an escort of more ecclesiastics and chamberlains. The visitors then fell upon their knees, remaining in this posture until motioned to rise by an affable gesture. I forgot to observe that