

[From the Alliance & Visitor.]

English Lakes--Wordsworth.

We now began to feel the presence of the Lake Poets. We had reached at length a place which figures in their verse. Fine as the scenery was of itself, there was a still more potent charm in the atmosphere breathed over it from the lips of genius. And after all, say what you will of wild nature, the grandest mountain, not less than the sweetest valley, needs the help of some human history, the light of a human spirit, in order to excite the highest interest. Of mere scenery, one is very soon tired.—Though the rain had not entirely ceased, it was by no means a hindrance to our enjoyment of the scenery. They served as mantles to enhance the beauty of the Lake and its surrounding hills, "half concealing half revealing."

But how shall I describe the impression made upon us: The Windermere, of which we had so often read and dreamed, was lying before us; and we were not disappointed. It was all that poetry had painted it. We wandered from point to point, and gazed and wandered, and gazed again.

Windermere, the most south-easterly of this sisterhood of Lakes, is also the largest and the Queen of all. Its length is eleven miles, north and south, and its width at no point more than a mile. Its surface is diversified by some ten islands, which lie, as the poets would say, like emeralds on its almost breathing bosom. At Bowners, which is six miles up on the eastern side, the shores of the lake contract so as to come very nearly within speaking distance of each other. At this narrowest point there is a ferry, by means of which men, cattle, and carriages, are conveyed easily and cheaply across.

The prevailing character of the scenery about this lake, it has been justly remarked, is that of soft and graceful beauty. The land on all sides swells up gently from the Lake. At least, this is true of the lower part of the Lake. Indeed, you get quite up to Ambleside before you begin to feel that the hills are looking down upon you.

Our little boat excursion from Bowners up to Ambleside, was one of those things the peculiar charm of which can never be described. There is on both sides of the lake a charming and endless variety of scenery. Up far away on the right, was the cottage of Prof. Wilson, scarcely to be seen for the trees that sheltered it. Lower down near Troutbeck, (Troutbeck we should call it,) is Dove Nest Cottage, where Mrs. Hemans passed a summer once. And lower still is the residence of the Bishop of Llandaff; a more stately mansion, but yet beautiful and homelike in its appearance.

Ambleside is a village of 1000 inhabitants, although there don't seem to be so many, the village is so nestled in among the hills. It is on the spot once occupied by a Roman Station. The remains of the Roman fortifications are still to be traced in a field near by, where also urns, coins, and other relics are even to this day frequently dug up.

We are now fairly among the mountains; what are called mountains in England. Ambleside is nearly surrounded by them. The tallest is Wansfell Pike, which rises over the village to the height of 1500 feet. But the finest looking one is Loughsigg Fell, whose height is 1000 feet, and whose naked shoulder crowds down upon the little settlement. We passed close under it on our way to Rydal.

It was a mile and a quarter, they told us, to Royal Mount, the home of Wordsworth, whom we were going to see.

The first building that came in sight was the plain but stately mansion of Lady Fleming, standing in the midst of a beautiful park. Soon we saw the neat little Rydal church, with a cluster of cottages around and above, one of which we knew must be Wordsworth's.

Calling at a cottage near the wayside, below the church, we inquired of a woman who sat knitting in the door-way, for some one to take a note up to Mr. Wordsworth for us. "Moggy, Moggy, dear," she cried, reaching her head out of the door, "can you run up to Mr. Wordsworth's, and take a note for these gentlemen?" Whereat a little girl, ten or twelve years old apparently, with bright black eyes, sweet, clear English face, and still sweeter voice, with a tin pail in her hand, down by the hedge across the road, just stooping to dip some water, turned and hastened over to go for us. It was little Margaret Stuart, God bless her. She was back in a few minutes with a note from Mr. Wordsworth, saying that he would "be pleased to see the two American gentlemen." The note was dressed in mourning; the occasion for which, we learned while waiting in the cottage for our little messenger to return. A daughter of the Poet, his only daughter, had come back to Rydal, only a few weeks before, to die in her father's arms. We found him, of course in deep affliction, and apologized for the seeming intrusion upon his griefs. But he assured us that no apology

was needed, and gave us at once the feeling that we were welcome.

Let me, however, at the outset say a word about Wordsworth's celebrated cottage. Let your readers imagine a nice, two-story stone house, built in the easy cottage style, with small diamond-paned windows, that swing open on hinges like blinds, instead of being fastened in as our windows are, a house in the midst of trees and with vines creeping all around it, and they will have a picture of the rural home of the great rural Poet of England.

The parlor into which we were ushered by the maid-servant, who answered to the bell, was just what a Poet's parlor ought to be. Books, pictures, engravings, and statuary filled up all the spaces between the different articles of furniture. The room seemed to be half study and half parlor; having neither the workshop appearance of the one, nor the over tidy stiffness of the other. In a moment or two the door opened, and in walked the great Poet Laureate of England. We beheld a somewhat tall, spare, plain, Roman-nosed, large-mouthed, almost severe looking man, with a strong, clear, decided voice, and the manners of a high bred, accomplished gentleman. He wore a dark blue broadcloth frock-coat, and his dress throughout, even to his vest, was of the same material. His shoes and white stockings I also remember, from the fact that we observed a slightly swollen and gouty appearance about his ankles. But his step was firm, and his figure erect. That sleepy looking engraving in the American edition of his Works, resembles the real man in scarcely a single feature. Indeed, his face is leaner and more pointed than in any engraving I have ever met with. Inman, the American, is the only artist who has done him justice in this respect. Wordsworth himself, though he praises Inman and keeps the portrait hanging in his parlor, seems to have the feeling that it was not quite ideal enough. Washington Allston should have painted him. Then we might have had both the Poet and the Man.

Wordsworth talked like a large-minded, well read, sensible and keen eyed man of the world; a man of very decided opinions, with a very decided way of expressing them. Men and things, institutions and events, not books, seemed to be his favorite subjects of conversation. And as to Poets, he scarcely mentioned the name of one during our whole interview. Nor did he make the slightest allusion to any poem of his own.

The Poet appeared only when he spoke of the Lake scenery; or better still, when he alluded, as he did twice, to the daughter he had lately buried. When speaking of his affliction, his language was not merely the language of a father's sorrow; it was sorrow turned to music. His heart seemed broken when he thought of his loss, and a tear would come in his eye; but only for a moment. He would rally again immediately and talk on as vigorously as before.

America and American institutions, of course, came into the conversation. He spoke of slavery, as every Christian man ought to speak of it, but not in that ungenerous and offensive tone so apt to be indulged in by Englishmen when discussing this vexed question. He seemed to appreciate, as very few of his countrymen appear to, the reserved rights of the individual states in this matter. He thought however that elements heterogeneous, and hostile even, as now compose our Union, could not hold together much longer. He said there were two or three sorts of States now in our confederacy, and that they must eventually be parted off into as many nations. The same thought which Coleridge expressed many years ago.

He talked also very freely about individuals, their politics, their character, &c.; spoke of Webster, whom he met in London, of Everett, of William H. Prescott, the historian, and of several others both in public and in private life. In short, on every point that came up, he spoke entirely without reserve and without circumlocution, saying just what he thought, in the plainest possible terms. He uses the Queen's English like a perfect master of its strength.

Seeing us move as to leave, he invited us to go over his grounds. Though not extensive, they are very tastefully laid out; betraying the Poet at every turn. He took us to the point from which he had Inman sketch Rydal Lake, and then to the point from which both Rydal and Windermere may be seen at once, the former lying close to your feet on the right, and the latter stretching far away into the distance on your left. Here in talking about the Lake scenery, he remarked that the habitable character of the region was one of its leading charms. It was not the mere scenery that interested him, but the human life that was mingled up with it in so many smiling cottages. He spoke of Grasmere, where he once lived, on our way to which he told us we should pass the House of Hartley Coleridge. And in this connection he spoke of Hartley's father, the only mention he made of him. Southey's name

was not mentioned by him at all. Finally, he took us to the green mound in front of his house, which Mrs. Hemans has so well described; pointing out for us what he considered the chief beauties of the landscape.

The spot he occupies is one of rare advantages in the way of scenery. His house is on the spur of a hill, from which he looks down on Windermere, and can see nearly its whole expanse.

Before parting, he inquired our plans for the winter, and had a little advice to give us in regard to the places we ought to see. He seemed so willing to detain us, that we staid much longer than we intended. Last of all, he plucked a flower for me, that was growing near his door, and then accompanied us to the gate, calling our attention to the holly that we passed, wished us a happy and profitable winter upon the continent, gave us his hand, and bade us a hearty English good bye.

Preachers and Preaching.

The preacher is the steward of God, the messenger of mercy, and the servant of the church.

His commission is from heaven, his calling from on high, his qualifications divine: The Scriptures his armory; righteousness his vesture; truth his girdle; salvation his helmet; and faith his shield. His message mercy; his theme Jesus; his glorying the cross; his aim human salvation. With a heart of benevolence, bowels of compassion, and a conscience of fidelity. With a clear perception, a discerning judgment, a magnanimous spirit, and an enduring perseverance.

He should be faithful to his soul, zealous for God, and compassionate to men; heavenly in his aspirations, disinterested in his motives, generous in his emotions, and devotional in his spirit; a lover of good men, a hater of iniquity; not greedy of lucre, not thirsting for power, not eager for fame, not given to wine; self-denying in life, unwearied in toil, uncompromising in principle, and instant in season and out; the guardian of youth, the counsellor of the perplexed, the consolator of sorrow, the visitor of the afflicted, the advocate of the widow, the friend of all, the enemy of none; holding forth the word of light, breaking the bread of life, dispensing the healing virtues of the cross, and proclaiming to the wretched the acceptable year of the Lord.

His subjects are from heaven in their source; of heaven in their revelations; and to heaven in their tendencies.

His style should be clear, his thoughts well ordered, his enunciation distinct, his manner earnest, and his language plain. Not exhibiting self, but Christ; Christ always, and Christ all in all. Not the minister of mystery, but revelation; not a perplexer, but solver of doubts; not a herald of despair, but of hope; not clad in the habiliments of sorrow, but of joy. Enlightening the ignorant, cheering the penitential, comforting the distressed, reproving the wayward, admonishing the thoughtless, warning the reckless, and threatening the obdurate, preaching repentance, faith, and salvation; preaching mercy, truth, and holiness; preaching justice, benevolence, and piety; preaching death, resurrection, judgment, and eternity; preaching supreme homage and love to God, self-government and self-denial, worldly non-conformity, and kindness and good will to men; preaching the law and the gospel, grace and truth, the prophets and evangelists; but preaching Christ as the end of all, the sum of all, and the glory of all. Preaching down sin, and preaching up purity. Preaching down self, and preaching up grace.—Preaching down error, and preaching up truth.—Preaching hope to the self-condemned, abasement to the proud, spirituality to the formal, and a heaven of rest and blessedness to the renewed pilgrims and sojourners of earth.

Preacher of righteousness! how high thine office, how sublime thy calling, how arduous thy work, how onerous thy charge; but if faithful, how transcendantly glorious thy reward! For as heaven's resplendent orbs, or the brightness of the milky way, shalt thou shine for ever and ever.—*Christian Philosopher.*

It does me Good to attend the Prayer-Meeting.

It attaches me to the brethren. In long absence I become alienated. Sympathy ceases.—When I attend, I see in them the image of my Saviour. Their prayers, their exhortations, their songs, win, melt and bind my heart.

'In such society as this.

My willing soul would stay.'

It helps me in my Christian course. I cannot go on alone. If I am alone, I become weary. If I am alone, I faint. If I am alone, I sleep, or adversaries draw me aside and lose my path. In the prayer-meeting, faintness and weariness departed; and with companions and friends, I

go onward, onward. Each one I attend, brings me nearer my home.

It brightens my graces. Knowledge is increased. Here I learn better than even from the pulpit, the state of the church, the feelings of the brethren, their anxiety for sinners; my repentance is deepened, faith strengthened, hope revived, charity expanded. The humble confession of an erring brother; the perhaps homely, yet faithful exhortation of one who bears Christ in his heart; the related experience of one just born of God, burnish all my armor, and I come down, like Moses, shining from the mount.

It increases my usefulness. What do you more than others? say the world, when I stay from the prayer for them. I am a stumbling-block, over which they fall and perish. When I attend, I encourage others. My example preaches to sinners and worldly professors. It cheers my minister. I bear the character of a consistent Christian, and I may be one among others to draw down the influences of the Holy Spirit.

It secures me happiness. If I stay away, I am not happy; not happy in myself, for my conscience reproves me; not happy in the brethren, not happy in Christ, for he forsakes me. I go to the prayer-meeting, and he is there. I find Him whom my soul loveth. And there is revived

the blessedness I knew

When first I saw the Lord.

And when, at parting, we sing—

'Around thy throne grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng,'

it closely allies me to heaven. I feel, that tomorrow, or next day, I shall be there. I become more active in duty, care less for the world, bid earth

roll on,

Nor mind its idle whirl.

N. Y. Evangelist.

What kind of Preaching is best for Revivals?

Ms. Editor.—The time since we have been permitted to see or hear of any powerful or general work of the holy Spirit in this part of the country, has been so long as ought to throw anxiety and alarm upon the mind of every serious Christian. If this state of things shall continue but a short time, it needs no prophetic vision to predict consequences on which no friend to the cause of God can reflect but with pain. How soon will all these streams by which all our missions among the heathen are supplied, be dried up, if this dearth shall continue! How soon shall our best churches exhibit only the forms of religion without the power; an event that would gratify the enemy of all righteousness in relation to them, beyond almost any other! Looking a little at this state of things, has led me to reiterate the old question, "What can be done?" Must we keep pressing forward, ministers preaching and Christians praying, when for months, and perhaps years, we have not been allowed to witness the conversion of a single soul? I am sure that such as were frightened at the disorders and imperfections of the late revivals, and suffered their complainings and their gloomy predictions to be heard far and wide, if they love the cause of God, or the souls of men, would be right glad to see some of those seasons return.

But, Mr. Editor, there are several inquiries on this subject that I wish to put to one class of your correspondents. My inquiries refer to two kinds of preaching, and I should be gratified to be more satisfactorily decided than I am, which, on the whole, is best calculated to promote revivals of pure religion. Mr. Cheney was a very laborious and successful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and yet I believe that every one who has read his works will join with me, that in the whole volume of his sermons, there is not one that can with propriety be called a doctrinal sermon. Every subject seemed to have been sought and prepared for impression. Is this the best method of preaching? Can a congregation in this way be properly instructed in the various doctrines of the gospel? On the other hand, all the prominent preachers in New England have labored to bring out the great doctrines in the plan of salvation, and spread them out in all their relations to each other before their congregations. By this way sought to guard their congregations against ruinous errors, and lay a foundation for their