

ABLE
PONIBLE

TIGHT BINDING
RELTURE TROP RIGIDE

The Christian Watchman

W. DAY, Proprietor

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

REV. E. B. DEMILL, A. M. Editor

VOL. I.

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NO. 4

Original Contributions

Conquest of India.

But all his power descended upon his son Typoo Saib. His father bequeathed him a rich treasury, numerous and well trained servants, and more than all, his own bold and energetic spirit. While the English were rejoicing over the death of Hyder, they found that a greater than Hyder, had arisen in the person of his successor, who was as fanatical as his father, and as powerful as his father, who was as dangerous a foe to them.

Like Hannibal, from his youth upwards, he had cherished an ever growing hatred to the enemies of his father and his country. He used all his advantages so skilfully that the English were soon glad to make peace on terms honorable to him.

If there be an Indian whose name is strongly impressed in the English mind, that one is pre-eminently the great Tippoo Sultan. Our fathers remember him well, and talk of the days when this name was only mentioned with a kind of mysterious terror.

The peace was followed by a triumph of Tippoo over the Marhattas, which greatly added to his renown. After this he led his victorious troops to the territories of an English ally, and broke the treaty of peace by an attack upon Tanjore. The bravery of the English led to his repulse, and the justly increased English again declared war. An army under Lord Cornwallis defeated him after a severe battle, and he was again forced to make peace.

Yet this man's hate and ferocity were too strong to be confined by treaties; so strong were they that continual acts of hostility on his part were constantly breaking forth, and the English had at length no other resource than to crush altogether the disturber of their peace.

A vast army was accordingly sent against him under General Harris. So restive was his power that Tippoo could not face it, but retreated from before it, and finally took up his station in his capital, Seringapatam. Here he resolved to fight out his great contest which had been the object of his life.

The English invested it on every side. Their cannonade laid it in ruins. Their batteries played incessantly. Tippoo's resistance was made with fierceness and determination worthy of his character. At last all was ready, and on the 4th of May the final assault was made. Never did Asiatics fight more resolutely, more despairingly.

The struggle was terrible. Before these lofty walls hundreds of the bravest of England fell, and the deep ditches were filled with heaps of her noblest sons. But all the energy of despair could not save the Asiatics from the hands of the English. Inch by inch they fought their way, resisted till the last, and though they finally conquered, though the flag of England at last floated from the highest towers, yet it did not float there till the city was in ruins, the bravest soldiers on both sides slaughtered, and the Sultan himself, struggling to the last, had been slain in the terrific conflict.

Five millions of treasure which they captured rewarded the victors, and English ascendancy was complete over all Southern India. But never was a victory more dearly purchased. The bones of thousands of Englishmen whitened the plains, and even the vast treasure was not sufficient to pay the enormous expenses of this war.

This ended this most arduous struggle. The eighteenth century closed, and the English saw themselves masters of the greater part of India, with their influence everywhere acknowledged, and a prestige around their name such as no other power had ever possessed in India.

Thus the 19th century dawned upon India. England, emerging successfully from a dreadful struggle almost for existence, looked forward to a long peace which should be spent in consolidating her power, in improving the government, and in advancing the nations under her rule.

For now the attempt had been made to modify existing evils, and the principle was recognized that conquered nations require other treatment than robbery from the hand of the rulers.

Thus the English entered upon that vast system of annexation which has given her absolute power over so great a part of India. In the course of a few years the Company had absorbed within its extended dominions, Arcot, Surat and a large part of Oude. These proceedings soon brought her into direct contact and hostility with native powers, and quickly involved her in a third war, more costly, more deadly, and conducted on a grander scale, than any which she had ever waged in the East. This was the great Marhatta war.

The readers of Indian History will find much mention of the Marhattas. Of all the races that peopled this country, they were the bravest, most warlike, and most dreaded. Before the coming of the English they had been the terror of all Hindostan, and even after foreign invasion these people were still considered by many natives as quite able to cope with the strangers from beyond the sea. Their armies moved on horseback. They carried little or no baggage, but lived on plunder. Thus equipped, and with these principles of action, they left their native districts in countless hosts, to over-run other countries and de-

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stroy all India: Wherever the thundering of their horses hoofs was heard, there the trembling native fled, and fled with his family to the mountains or jungle, choosing rather the company of the tiger, than the harder mercies of the Marhatta.

They were formed by a number of independent states, bound together by a confederation. The most prominent among their chiefs were Scindiah who ruled at Gwalior, and Holkar, who ruled at Indore, the Rajah of Berar, and the Peshwa of Poona. The latter was the recognized head of all the others, and chief influence and power.

Among the Marhattas nearly every man was by training and profession a soldier. Their armies therefore were almost innumerable. They were braver than any other natives and more skilful. Under these circumstances it may be safely said that in all Asia there could not be found a people so brave, warlike, and dangerous.

It was with such a people as these that the English soon found themselves embroiled. In spite of the instruction from home, and the policy of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Wellesley, it was found impossible while maintaining England's high position, and carrying on her policy, to avoid a collision with this powerful people.

As all facts were either under the rule or protection of the English, the Marhattas cut off from aiding foreign nations, soon began to fight among themselves. Scindiah and Holkar engaged in hostilities. Scindiah and Holkar engaged and were defeated by Holkar. Holkar applied to the English for assistance. They readily gave it, and in consideration of a large tract of land surrendered to them, they entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Peshwa. His enemies were to be their enemies, and theirs his. At this the other chiefs took offense and revolted.

And now a war was inevitable. The Marquis of Wellesley was no man for half measures. He determined if a blow was to be struck, to strike it in a way worthy of England. He summoned together all the vast forces of the government. The armies were numerous and finely disciplined. The greatest generals of a warlike age commanded them. There was Lord Lake and Sir Arthur Wellesley afterwards Duke of Wellington, with others who were destined to become famous in future battles.

Then the night of England yielded by no pony hand burst forth as it had never done before. Encircling the whole Marhatta country, her armies poured in from the West, the South and the East upon the startled enemy. From the South Wellesley invaded the land. Everything yielded to him. Cities were taken, fortresses fell, strongholds without number capitulated. The Peshwa was reinstated with great pomp and magnificence.

Pressed by their dreadful enemy Scindiah and Holkar united their forces and determined to fight. They made a stand at Assaye with 60,000 men. Here Wellesley met them suddenly with 27,000. A battle ensued. It was the most terrible that had ever been fought in India. For hours the armies struggled frantically, covering the plains with dead and dying. The other natives of India never fought like these Marhattas. For hours the innumerable cavalry charged the British ranks, while the unerring cannonades "told thousands low." Wellesley afterwards fought many a battle, but until he stood on the field of Waterloo he saw no strife so deadly, so determined as the great battle of Assaye. But his genius and the discipline of his troops finally triumphed over all resistance, and even against the great odds opposed to him. The Marhattas were routed, and the English remained masters of the field.

Other victories were gained, and in the North Lord Lake with but 4,500 men marched boldly upon Delhi. Under a common commander, a movement like this would have been certain destruction, but Lake knew himself and the troops that followed him. After subduing all resistance he finally came in sight of the towers of Delhi.

Within the walls of that great city, which even yet, though in its decline showed much of the strength and splendor of former days, there was an army of 19,000, trained by French officers in European tactics. To have made an assault with his small army would have been madness. So Lake had recourse to stratagem. He marched up to the walls and then at the sight of the enemy sounded a retreat. His army hastily fled. The enemy shouted in triumphant joy, and as he hastily followed. They neared the English, and he suddenly reached them. But suddenly the flying army turned as one man with marvelous celerity. In a moment they were upon their enemy. One charge of the whole line threw them into confusion. The British fell furiously upon them. The enemy could not recover themselves. They fled, leaving 3000 dead upon the field, and Delhi surrendered into English power.

Then Lord Lake entered the palace and secured the descendants of the Great Mogul. The wretched monarch who with his father had been only a puppet in the hands of his masters appeared reduced to the last stages of neglect and poverty. But from the hands of the English he received wealth and dignity.

Soon afterwards Agra fell. This was the last blow. Marhatta power was annihilated, and the English arms universally and completely victorious. A vast extent of country was gained. The royal city of Delhi and what they valued as much

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provided around Mr. Hillman, eager to grasp his hand, and gain a word or a smile. They looked up to him as to a superior being, with mingled awe and veneration which was touching to behold. They asked a thousand questions, and showered a thousand blessings on his head. Each one as he shook hands passed on to the other end of the chapel, where finally a crowd collected.

And now a low sound of singing arose which instantly hushed every other voice. It came from the throats of men who were standing up in front of the pulpit. With closed eyes, and clasped hands, they began a strain of peculiar melody, the notes of which produced a magical effect. Instantly a large number came forward, and clasping each other's hands, joined the old men, and formed a kind of circle, which enclosed the preacher. He did not seem at all surprised, but stood listening with a placid smile. They all sang together, their bodies swaying backward and forward, and their clasped hands moving up and down in unison with the tune. Their melodies were wild and plaintive, created by their own race. They had brought them over the sea, and through the forest, and out from the land of bondage; and though the words expressed the hope of the Christian, yet the airs had first sprung to life beneath the forlorn skies, and the shadowy forests of far-off Africa.

Solo—"We've gone up to Heaven above,
This was my own trouble will be over."

This was sung by one of the old men, and immediately the whole congregation burst forth into a triumphant chorus—

"Trouble over!
Trouble over!
By-and-bye our trouble will be over!"

After singing many different verses with the same chorus, they commenced a second:

Solo—"Oh I wandered down the valley,
And I wandered down the valley,
And I wonder will I ever get to Heaven?"

Chorus—"What a wonder,
What a wonder if I ever get to Heaven!"

A third then followed, which was sung with wonderful enthusiasm:

Solo—"Oh we are a seekin', we are a seekin',
We are a seekin', we are a seekin',
We are a seekin' for thy kingdom, Lord!"

Chorus—"Down in the valley
We will go,
Is there any merrery here below,
Pity—pity—me!"

Their glowing visages, lighted up with joy, their impassioned manner, formed a wonderful scene, which is vividly impressed on my memory. They threw themselves into the rapture of the moment; they lost themselves in their enthusiasm, and all carried away by the inspiring chant, the leader improvised words that stirred their souls, all they seemed to lose sight of earth and earthly things. The heavenly Canaan, the New Jerusalem, the golden streets, the palms of glory, the robes of white, all seemed present to their souls, while their eyes were closed, as though they wished to shut out earthly scenes, and cling more closely to the heavenly vision.

We retired after a long time, but the services continued longer. I left them feeling strangely moved. These simple souls were more demonstrative than our refined communities. They spoke the language of the Kingdom, and sang "which they sang was the 'song of the Lamb.'" Many years have passed since then. Changes have taken place. The successor of Mr. Hillman has abolished all these practices, for he considered them barbarous, and reduced the congregation to a civilized standard. It is not probable that I shall ever hear such a service again, but the remembrance of that day will always linger in my heart, and the strains of their wild and rapturous melodies will never be forgotten.

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to the Great Mogul had fallen into their hands. The struggling remnant of the Marhatta armies was soon put down, and when peace was declared, a territory had been gained, more vast in extent, more populous and wealthy, than that of any former single conquest.

To be continued.

For the Christian Watchman.

Lock Lomond.

It is now many years since the visit occurred which I have just described. It was the first of a series of visits, which were the result of a determination of fugitive slaves, of whose curious customs I had heard enough to excite my curiosity. The minister who occasionally preached to them was a personal friend, Rev. Mr. Hillman, and when he invited me to accompany him on one of his Sunday visits, I gladly complied. The settlement was small, and as it had been made in the very heart of the forest, I was not surprised to find it rough and unimproved. These poor people, accustomed to the warmth and indolence of a tropical climate, fared but indifferently under these sterner skies, and on this rugged soil.

As we entered the small chapel which formed their place of worship, we found that the congregation had all assembled. There were about a hundred and fifty, and their manner was remarkably devout and serious. All were comfortably dressed, and some even richly. Several ladies glowed in silk of brightest hue; others in muslin of spotless white. These, however, formed what I may call the aristocratic circles, and sat in privileged places. The democracy occupied the body of the chapel, and some like birds of Paradise in feathered calico of most brilliant color, and striking pattern. The gentlemen by no means equalled the ladies in splendor of costume, but were dressed in more sober apparel. Under the pulpit sat three aged men, with bent figures and snowy locks, and venerable appearance. They were the "patriarchs of the tribe." All of these had grown old in slavery, and one had come from Africa, where, it was said, he had been a chief. Their grave deportment, blameless lives, and general good sense, distinguished them from the others, and had caused them to fill a position of considerable authority and influence.

Mr. Hillman usually preached in an informal manner, his sermons being warm, glowing, earnest addresses. He used such language as they could understand, and chose such topics as might be most appropriate. On this occasion his subject was the beautiful parable of the prodigal son. This was well suited to this people, whom the least thing drove into the greatest fall, or the wildest error; and who at the present time were in a very low religious condition. The present meeting showed that the preacher understood his hearers.

At first all was profound attention. As the speaker grew more and more earnest the auditory caught his feeling; some leaned eagerly forward; others bent downward; others leaned their heads on their hands, which were spread out so as to carry every word to the ear. As Mr. Hillman went on they grew still more eager in their attention. Forgetting every thing but the sermon, they began to exhibit strong emotion. Exclamations of satisfaction, approval and joy were mingled with sighs, groans, and words of sorrow. The preacher understood them well, and knew how to touch the heart of nature which these poor people possessed. "Da! it!" said one; "Yes so!" said another; "Yes! yes!" Oh! yes!" cried another; while Mr. Hillman went on, in no way disconcerted by their approval. He alluded to the enemy of their souls: "Gib it to him!" cried one or two old men. He spoke of Heaven, and they cried, "Glory!" he told them of endless punishment, and they burst forth into groans. Yet there was nothing in the scene but solemnity. The speaker and the hearers were all too earnest. There human feeling burst forth unreservedly, and the scene was most impressive even for those who might boast of superior culture.

Soon a change came over them—the feeling grew stronger, and at the same time softer. Gradually the faces which had been eagerly turned toward the speaker were cast down, and sighs escaped from lips which had only uttered approval. Low moans arose; and tears fell from eyes that seemed unable to weep; and sobe came from strong men, in whom the superficial observer could see nothing but the unmelting nature of the savage.

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After a short prayer from one of the old men, the service was ended. But the meeting was not yet over. No one offered to go. They all

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debts have increased in the same proportion. If you do not pay what you owe, all will condemn, while you must endure in silence the wrong inflicted upon you. Should you leave this world in search of another, you will gain but little. The debt due to you will, in all probability, never be paid. In the Church to which you go, you will still find a deficiency at the end of the year. All the time lost, and the expense incurred in removing will add to the burden which you already bear. Perhaps you may consider the remedy we propose for this evil but an additional trial to the minister. If you people can pay and will not, leave them, if they would, but cannot, stay with them. Do as Paul did, and "with your own hands minister unto your necessities."

But this is not the only trial to which you will be subject. Perhaps you will be discontented with your limited field of labor. You will imagine that your talents fit you for a wider sphere and a more commanding position. This state of mind is very common. But taking it for granted that one is not mistaken in the flattering estimate which he forms of his own abilities, he ought still to be content with his situation, if he be at all suited for it. An ignorant people require a high order of talent; indeed any situation can tax the abilities of the ablest minister. As a matter of fact, however, most ministers feel that they could fill a higher position than they at present occupy, and are apt to be discontented if their lot be cast in the midst of a scanty population, and with an illiterate people. Again, you will find that the ministry is a very laborious life. If you be a conscientious man you will find plenty to do in any situation. Your preparation for the pulpit—your pastoral duties—your oversight of the temporal and spiritual affairs of the church, will occupy all your time. Nay, you will continually feel as if driven. Though you work ever so hard, you will not be satisfied as you review your labors. The time will seem to you too short for the important and various duties which will devolve upon you, and you will continue to feel that after all your work is only half done.

Besides this, you will probably be discouraged in reviewing the results of your labors. Your eager desire for the conversion of sinners and the advancement of the church will not always be gratified. You will find sinners becoming hardened under your preaching, and you will often see with pain that professors of religion are becoming worldly and faithless. It will not tend to encourage you to discover that the church with which you labour never dreams of attaching any blame to itself in view of these sad circumstances. It will hold you responsible for the low state of Zion, no matter how diligently you sow the seed, no matter how faithfully you water the soil. The people are too apt to think that in the spiritual field, harvest time is the only precious season, and reaping the only necessary work.

Finally, you will be pained to find that your work is not appreciated. Country people, especially, fancy that the minister leads a very easy life. They cannot understand that the sermon which instructs them, and makes a deep impression upon the memory and heart, is anything but a spontaneous and extemporaneous effusion. Some few hearers may appreciate the merely intellectual work of the minister; but the sense of responsibility which he feels, the unceasing anxiety which he experiences, his labors as a pastor, who appreciates, but those who, impelled by the same motives which influence him, are engaged in the same work? He must live a solitary life, his keenest distresses, his greatest anxieties, known only to himself and his God.

These, my dear young brother, are the difficulties under which the conscientious minister must labor. Some of these you have in part experienced,—all of them will probably, ere many years, make themselves felt. Others to which I cannot now direct your attention will also appear.

Yours, etc.,
ERISCOOS.

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Now we have every reason to believe that it was in Bethabara, C. S. Bethany, that Jesus was baptized.

Samson, in his article in the Baptismal Tracts for the Times, says: "The point of the river, near Bethabara, at which John first baptized, is fixed by an unbroken and unvarying tradition. As early as one hundred and fifty years after Christ, the place was known. Such a spot could no more be forgotten than can Bunker Hill. Less than two hundred years after Christ was baptized, Origen found the site fixed by a permanent tradition. He adds: 'There is shown, they say, on the banks of the Jordan, the Bethabara where they relate John baptized.' The Latin pilgrim of A. D. 333, records the following: 'Thence (from the Dead Sea) to the Jordan where John baptized, is five miles. Jerome's note is much the same.' Bethabara is beyond Jordan, where John baptized upon penitence. Whence also even until this day, very many of the brethren, that is, of the number of those believing, desiring there to be born again, were baptized in the life giving flood. The Scotch Abbot Adamanus, who entertained the shipwrecked French Bishop in King Alfred's day, about A. D. 698, gathered from the pilgrims tips these particulars. 'In the place in which the Lord was baptized, there stands a wooden cross as high as the neck, which sometimes is hidden by the water rising above it.'

Lieutenant Lynch, commander of the United States exploring expedition, thus writes: "At 9.30 P. M., we arrived at 'El Moashra,' the bathing place of the Christian pilgrims. This Ford is consecrated by tradition as the place where the Israelites passed over with the ark of the covenant; and where our blessed Saviour was baptized by John. On that wondrous day when the Deity veiled in flesh descended the bank, all nature, hushed in awe, looked on, and the impetuous river, in grateful homage, must have stayed its course and gently laved the body of its Lord."

Over against this was no doubt the Bethabara of the New Testament, whether our Lord retired after the Jews sought to take him at the feast of the dedication. The interpretation of Bethabara is "a place of passage over." Our Lord repaired to Bethabara, where John was baptizing, and as the ford probably derived its name from the passage of the Israelites with the ark of the covenant, the inference is not unreasonable that this spot has been doubly hallowed. The party which had disturbed us was the advanced guard of the great body of pilgrims.

In all the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Americans, Greeks and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, from Africa, and from far distant America, on their way, each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times beneath the surface in honor of the Trinity." X. Y. Z.

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Over against this was no doubt the Bethabara of the New Testament, whether our Lord retired after the Jews sought to take him at the feast of the dedication. The interpretation of Bethabara is "a place of passage over." Our Lord repaired to Bethabara, where John was baptizing, and as the ford probably derived its name from the passage of the Israelites with the ark of the covenant, the inference is not unreasonable that this spot has been doubly hallowed. The party which had disturbed us was the advanced guard of the great body of pilgrims.

In all the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Americans, Greeks and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, from Africa, and from far distant America, on their way, each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times beneath the surface in honor of the Trinity." X. Y. Z.

Conquest of India.

to be continued.

For the Christian Watchman.

Letter to a Young Minister.

DEAR YOUNG BROTHER:

On the beginning of your ministerial career it will be well for you to form a correct estimate of the peculiar trials and discouragements to which you will be exposed. These are not always sufficiently considered by those who have the ministry in view, and hence when they arise an unnecessary degree of disappointment and discontent is experienced.

You have doubtless, in contemplating the work of the ministry, fancied that you were willing to make the sacrifice which it demanded. You have admired those heroic men in past ages, and in other climes, who have dared the tongue of the slanderer, the loneliness of the prison, or the pain of the rack, the gibbet or the flames; but it is far easier in view of these illustrious examples to catch somewhat of their spirit, and to fancy that you too could be martyrs, than to endure patiently the trials which almost inevitably await the minister of the gospel in New Brunswick in the year 1861.

In all probability your life will be passed in poverty. Your salary, when punctually paid, will do little more than feed your horse, pay your house-rent, and provide the absolute necessities of life. At best, when the year is up, you will not have one cent ahead. But it is not always that the promised pittance will be paid. In this case you will find yourself in debt to the amount of the deficiency. If you remain another year, the sum due to you has doubled, while your own

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debts have increased in the same proportion. If you do not pay what you owe, all will condemn, while you must endure in silence the wrong inflicted upon you. Should you leave this world in search of another, you will gain but little. The debt due to you will, in all probability, never be paid. In the Church to which you go, you will still find a deficiency at the end of the year. All the time lost, and the expense incurred in removing will add to the burden which you already bear. Perhaps you may consider the remedy we propose for this evil but an additional trial to the minister. If you people can pay and will not, leave them, if they would, but cannot, stay with them. Do as Paul did, and "with your own hands minister unto your necessities."

But this is not the only trial to which you will be subject. Perhaps you will be discontented with your limited field of labor. You will imagine that your talents fit you for a wider sphere and a more commanding position. This state of mind is very common. But taking it for granted that one is not mistaken in the flattering estimate which he forms of his own abilities, he ought still to be content with his situation, if he be at all suited for it. An ignorant people require a high order of talent; indeed any situation can tax the abilities of the ablest minister. As a matter of fact, however, most ministers feel that they could fill a higher position than they at present occupy, and are apt to be discontented if their lot be cast in the midst of a scanty population, and with an illiterate people. Again, you will find that the ministry is a very laborious life. If you be a conscientious man you will find plenty to do in any situation. Your preparation for the pulpit—your pastoral duties—your oversight of the temporal and spiritual affairs of the church, will occupy all your time. Nay, you will continually feel as if driven. Though you work ever so hard, you will not be satisfied as you review your labors. The time will seem to you too short for the important and various duties which will devolve upon you, and you will continue to feel that after all your work is only half done.

Besides this, you will probably be discouraged in reviewing the results of your labors. Your eager desire for the conversion of sinners and the advancement of the church will not always be gratified. You will find sinners becoming hardened under your preaching, and you will often see with pain that professors of religion are becoming worldly and faithless. It will not tend to encourage you to discover that the church with which you labour never dreams of attaching any blame to itself in view of these sad circumstances. It will hold you responsible for the low state of Zion, no matter how diligently you sow the seed, no matter how faithfully you water the soil. The people are too apt to think that in the spiritual field, harvest time is the only precious season, and reaping the only necessary work.

Finally, you will be pained to find that your work is not appreciated. Country people, especially, fancy that the minister leads a very easy life. They cannot understand that the sermon which instructs them, and makes a deep impression upon the memory and heart, is anything but a spontaneous and extemporaneous effusion. Some few hearers may appreciate the merely intellectual work of the minister; but the sense of responsibility which he feels, the unceasing anxiety which he experiences, his labors as a pastor, who appreciates, but those who, impelled by the same motives which influence him, are engaged in the same work? He must live a solitary life, his keenest distresses, his greatest anxieties, known only to himself and his God.

These, my dear young brother, are the difficulties under which the conscientious minister must labor. Some of these you have in part experienced,—all of them will probably, ere many years, make themselves felt. Others to which I cannot now direct your attention will also appear.

Yours, etc.,
ERISCOOS.

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Original Contributions

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