LABLE
ISPONIBLE

TIGHT BINDING
RELIURE TROP RIGIDE

The Christian Watchman

J. W. DAY, Proprietor. | BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL. | REV. E. B. DEMILL, A. M., Editor.

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Original Contributions

For the Christian Watchman.

O Deus! ego amo te.

This hymn, one of the best of those used by the Roman Catholic Church, was written by Francois Xavier, founder of the Order of Jesuits. Containing as it does the very essence of true religion, its sentiments will meet with a response in every pious heart. To those acquainted with Latin, it will be a valuable curiosity; and others may perhaps obtain from the accompanying translation, some conception of the lofty ideas of the original.

F. Z. A.

O Deus! ego amo te;
Nec amo te ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Æterno punis igne.
Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce;
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores
Ac mortem—et hæc propter me
Ac pro me peccatore.
Cur igitur non amem te
O Jesu amantissime?
Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æturnum damnes me,
Aut premii ullius spe;
Sed, sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te;
Solum quia Rex meus es,
Et solum quia Deus es.

O God, I love thee!—Thee alone I love,
No selfish hope doth move me, that above,
In everlasting glory, I may shine;
No fear impelleth, lest thy wrath divine
May whelm in misery infernal.
Thou, thou, my Jesus—Thou didst first love me.
All me to wrest from woe eternal,
Thou on the cross didst hang in agony,—
Didst feel the nails thy quivering members pierce,
Didst hear the mocking jests, the tauntings fierce,
Of those for whom thy life was given;—
Didst bear unnumbered pangs, while from thy brow
Rolled down great drops of blood and sweat;—
'twas Thou
Didst heave the deep drawn sob, the racking sigh,
Didst writhe in maddening throes of death, that I—
A worthless wretch—might taste of heaven.
O Jesus dearest, shall I not love Thee,
When Thou didst feel such matchless love for me?
Yes, Lord—no hopes, no fears, my love impel;
No thought of gain, no dread lest Thou to hell
Mayst damn me, loving not,—'tis not the bliss
Thou givest those who love. But only this
Can urge, my Saviour;—as Thou hast loved me,
So do I give up all my heart to Thee.
Sweet Jesus, here my strength, my life, I bring;
For Thee alone I love—my God, my King.

For the Christian Watchman.

HORTON SKETCHES.

NUMBER 7.

BY GAMMA.

The sun shone gloriously on that winter morning when the young men, to whom allusion has been made in these papers, made a public profession of their faith in Jesus. There was a little pond about two miles away from the College, and this was chosen as the place of Baptism on this occasion.

The scene was one which lived long afterwards in the memories of those who witnessed it. On one side there spread away the vast extent of dyke land now disrobed of its array of summer green, and glistening in its dazzling garment of lustrous white. Beyond rose the higher lands of Cornwallis, and the deep blue waters of Minas Basin, while farther away rose the majesty of Blomidon, crowned with a diadem of ice, and wearing its winter robes of snow. But from the attractions of such a scene as this, where winter had laid aside its harshness and vied with summer in the softer charms of natural beauty, the spectator turned to another and a fairer spectacle.

Embosomed amid surrounding hills whose dark fir trees preserved the green of summer amid the blight and frost of winter, lay a small pond, beneath whose waters the candidates were now waiting to follow their Lord in the ordinance of Baptism.

An opening had been made in the solid ice, and the waters of the lakelet now invited to its chill embrace, those who, while wishing to obey their Lord, sought no means of evading his command.

The candidates were thirty in number. Their flowing robes added to the picturesque appearance of the scene. There were the two Cummings brothers, prominent among all by their massive figures; there was the tall form of Tracy; and among the line of joyous faces, there was the sweet countenance of John Vincent, beaming with Heavenly peace.

Around these gathered the crowd of spectators which had assembled here from all the country round about. Many of these had but lately witnessed a like confession for Jesus, and they now looked on with exultation at this new proof of the triumph of the gospel. All the students, Professors, and Teachers, were there, and they saw the surrender of the very stronghold of resistance to the Truth. Ministers from surrounding districts, and relatives of the students also, were among the crowd who thus formed a class of spectators that was swayed by one general feeling of sympathy.

And now the hymn was given out. It was that beautiful one which has become part of the services at every Baptismal scene.

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die;
Did He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here Lord—I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

This was followed by prayer, after which the officiating minister, Dr. Pryor, made some appropriate remarks about the ordinance of believer's Baptism.

Then one by one the young converts went down into the water and were baptized there. The deacons led them in, when they were received by the minister, and by him buried beneath the wave, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

And here arose a beautiful, and an affecting feature in the scene.

The spectators on shore lifted up their voices and sang.

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

These strains arose as each candidate went down, when, as he reached the minister, they were stopped for a time, while the formula was being uttered, and the rite performed; then as he came out from the water, the strains arose again, grander, almost triumphantly, like a shout of victory through that blood of which they sang.

One by one the converts made their profession, and still the strains arose, increasing in fervor and intensifying the wonder and the praise, till all the service seemed transformed to one grand song, whose different parts went on in deepening choral peals to the solemn calm of the benediction.

There is no ceremony of the church of Christ so powerful to impart joy and peace to the young convert as that of Baptism. The singularity of the ordinance; the surrounding witnesses; the open day; the solemn and impressive formula; the deep truth symbolized under the outward sign; above all, the public confession of the name of Christ before men; all these fill the soul with solemn and holy joy. The public profession is a proof that the convert is not ashamed of Jesus, and he feels that if he thus through life confesses Christ before men, even so will Christ also confess him before his Father and the Holy Angels.

The conclusion of the day's services took place on the same day in the village chapel when they were received into the church. A larger congregation than usual had assembled, the building was crowded to overflowing and after the services the newly baptized converts walked up to where Father Harding stood under the pulpit. It was a striking contrast—on one side the young converts whose experience dated but a few days back, and who looked forward to a life-time of struggle and temptation; on the other the "old man eloquent," whose stern warfare was nearly over, and whose eyes now looked for the dawning of the light of immortal life.

He received each in succession. Taking their hands in his right, he placed his left on their heads, and then uttered those words of Christian welcome, of hope, of good cheer, which always usher the newly baptized convert among his brethren in the church. From Father Harding however these words came with more than common meaning; his welcome came from an overflowing heart; the warning which he gave was that of a man who had tried all the dangers of the way; and the hope that he set before them was that which he himself now cherished as the dearest possession of the Christian.

Down from the choir, which was composed of the young companions and friends of the new converts then fell the sounds of another welcome—a song, which spake the voice of the church, and placed the seal upon the union.

"Children of Zion what harp notes are stealing,
So soft o'er the senses so soothingly sweet.
'Tis the music of angels their rapture revealing,
That you have been brought to the Blessed ones feet.

CHORUS—
Children of Zion our hearts bid you welcome.
'Tis sweet to lie low at the Blessed one's feet."

Thus ended the services; but upon the memories of all those who took part in them, the recollection remained fixed forever. Years have rolled on; other things have been forgotten; but the scenes of this day, and of this time of refreshing, live as vividly as ever in the mind. Other years may pass away, but they will be powerless to efface the remembrance of the forms, the faces, the words and the emotions of this sacred hour. Above all, the song of welcome which sounded on their ears, will still prolong its sound, and its echoes shall roll down the years of time, till they are drowned in the moan of the wave that dashes upon the shores of eternity.

For the Christian Watchman.

PENTECOSTAL SEASON.

The day of Pentecost had fully come. The Holy Spirit had been dispensed to the disciples, filling them with new zeal for their Master's cause, and, by the miraculous gift of tongues, enabling them to proclaim his gospel to men of every tribe and tongue.

Peter now took occasion to preach the gospe to the multitudes who were at the time in Jerusalem, amazed at what they had seen and heard. He began by stating that the spectacle which had excited their astonishment was in accordance with the ancient prophecy. He then went on to preach unto them Jesus, who, when on earth, had proved by his miracles the divinity of his mission, who in accordance with the prophecy of God, had been put to death by wicked Jews; and who in accordance with predictions of David had been raised from the dead, elevated to the throne of the heavens, whence he dispensed those marvellous gifts. The preacher then inferred that the Jesus, whom his hearers had cruelly murdered, was both Lord and Messiah.

This sermon produced a great effect upon the multitude, now convinced that Jesus whom they had crucified, was the Christ; convicted, too, of the enormity of their guilt, and dreading the most fearful consequences, they cried out in anguish to Peter and the other apostles;—"men and brethren what shall we do? How can we obtain the forgiveness of our sins and deliverance from the punishment which we so justly deserve?"

To this inquiry Peter replied, "Mourn, every one of you, over your past sins, and turn with your hearts unto God; profess publicly in baptism, believe in the religion and obedience of the commands of Jesus Christ.

By such genuine repentance and reformation, by a baptism which implies at once faith in and obedience unto Christ, your sins shall be forgiven, and you shall receive the same gift of the Holy Spirit which has been dispensed unto us the disciples of Christ.

For the promise of the gift of the Holy Spirit is not limited to us, who were the associates of Jesus during his life on earth; it is also given unto you, to your posterity and to the nations of the earth—even unto all whom the Lord our God shall call.

With many other words the apostle admonished and exhorted the people, calling upon them to save themselves from the guilt and danger of the perverse generation in the midst of which their lot had been cast.

Many who heard this sermon in which was so clearly pointed out the way of salvation, gladly received it. Such believers were baptised immediately, and in that same day there was added unto the church about three thousand souls.

NOTES 38. The term, "*repent*" means not only sorrow for sin in view of its penal consequences, and its intrinsic hatefulness—but also a heartfelt renunciation of whatever conduct is displeasing to God, and a willingness to conform to this will. It indicates a radical change in the disposition.

"Be baptized." This evidently refers to water baptism as is enjoined in obedience to the will of Christ expressed in the command which he gave to his disciples just before the ascension.

"In the name," rather, *upon* the name of Jesus Christ, the people were enjoined to acknowledge in baptism, Jesus Christ (as Messiah and Redeemer). Faith in Christ is of course implied. Thus genuine repentance and faith are represented as prerequisite to baptism.

"For the remmission of sins." This was the end to be obtained by repentance and baptism.—We are not taught that baptism effects the remission of sins, but that this end is gained by repentance, faith and acknowledgement of the claims of Jesus Christ in the observance of the prescribed rite.

39. "For," indicates the grounds for the assurance that on repentance and baptism they should receive forgiveness of sin and the gift of the Holy Spirit.

"The promise." This promise had been given through Joel (Joel 2. 28—22) and referred to the gift of the Holy Spirit, vs. 16—20; also v. 38.

"To your children." This does not refer to the infant children of his hearers, but to their posterity. (13. 33).

"And to all that are afar off," that is distant nations, Gentiles. See Zeck. 6. 15; Isa. 49, 1; 57. 19; Ep. 2. 17.

"Even as many as the Lord your God shall call." This expression limits the fulfilment of the promise to those who were embraced in the divine purpose.

The meaning of this verse is that the promise of the Holy Spirit, revealed not only to the Apostles who had enjoyed the fulfilment of it, but to the Jewish people—to their remotest posterity, and to the most distant nations of the earth, to all, irrespective of age or nation, who should be called by God to receive the blessing.

41. "Those who gladly received the word." None were baptized, but those who had been pricked in their hearts, and who had gladly received the gospel which Peter had preached.

"Three thousand souls." There is no reason to conclude with some, that the Apostles alone were authorized to baptize. All of the disciples who had met together in one place, upon whom the Holy Spirit had been poured forth, would engage in the work. We know that Philip who baptized the eunuch was a deacon, that Armenias who baptized Paul was simply "a brother." Nor would there be any difficulty in performing this rite, as regards supply of water, for it is a well known fact, that no city in the world was better supplied with water than Jerusalem. The Scriptures allude to its pools and to its acqueducts, and modern travellers astonish us by descriptions of their vastness.

X. Y. Z.

For the Christian Watchman.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

DEAR YOUNG BROTHER:—

In my last letter I directed your attention to the evils of premature engagement of marriage, and also to the solemn and binding nature of such contracts. When I consider the circumstances in which you are placed, the prudence and good sense which you have hitherto exhibited, especially in your conduct towards the female portion of your acquaintance, and the christian character which you have hitherto maintained, I have no fears that you will ever disgrace yourself by such exhibitions of heartlessness as I have pointed out to you.

It is also with me a matter of congratulation that you are yet unmarried; and disengaged—consequently in a situation to receive and profit by any advice which may be given you, in reference to the very interesting and important subject of matrimony.

The Scriptures are very far from giving any support to the Roman Catholic doctrine in the celibacy of the clergy. They teach us that marriage is honorable in all; they even assume that bishops will be married men, give the qualifications which their wives should possess, and lay down rules for the direction of their domestic life. At the same time the sacred volume does not go into the opposite extreme and teach that marriage is a duty binding on all ministers; we are taught that circumstances may arise where marriage would be imprudent.

A young minister must decide in this important subject by the light of the Scriptures, and the intimation of providence. He must consider that he is the sworn servant of Jesus Christ, and that his business is to advance the cause of the Redeemer. If he can accomplish his work more efficiently in a state of celibacy than in the married state, it is his duty to remain single.

You, in your present condition, are at liberty to look around you, and uninfluenced by any money considerations, select a field of labor—In this province, how many positions of importance must remain unoccupied, simply because of the expense attending the support of a minister and his family! You can also give yourself up exclusively to the work of the ministry, free from those demands upon your time and attention which your married brethren experience.—In many instances they are compelled to bear an almost intolerable burden. You may discover among your acquaintances devoted men, whose hearts are in their work, who yet are continually in a state of anxiety on account of their families, or obliged to turn aside from their chosen work in order to provide for the wants of their wife and children. It becomes you to ask yourself whether under present circumstances it is your duty to surrender those advantages which you now possess, to place yourself in a position in which considerations respecting salary have a great weight—in which also you will be compelled to assume new responsibilities and cares, and perhaps be involved in new perplexities and sorrows.

I am well aware of the disadvantages of a single life, and you have doubtless experienced some of them. The minister leads a life of comparative solitude and isolation, and is scarcely at liberty to select particular friends and confidants out of his church. If unmarried, the loneliness, the sense of isolation, the unsatisfied cravings of love, and sympathy are sometimes almost intolerable. He often yearns for the society of some one in whom he can confide, who can afford sympathy and encouragement. If deprived of such society he may become gloomy discontented, and discouragad; or he may be impelled to leave his study, and seek to satisfy the cravings of his social nature in society to the neglect of his duties, to the limitation of his usefulness, and often to the injury of his reputation. However, these disadvantages may be to a considerable extent obviated by a love for the work of the ministry and by the exercise of a fair share of prudence when in the society of friends and acquaintances. He who never forgets that he is a minister of the gospel, whose conversation and conduct is not out of harmony with his profession, will rarely suffer from the tongue of the slanderer.

If you can, like Jesus and Paul, cheerfully maintain a state of celibacy, on account of the greater liberty and freedom from worldly cares which it affords, then be content with your condition. But if celibacy be regarded as a yoke; if you cannot endure without gloom or moroseness, the loneliness and solitude which it imposes, or are forced away from studies and ministerial duties to seek in society the enjoyment which your own spirit cannot afford, then, by all means, marry as soon as you can do so without being burdened with incessant anxiety respecting the support of a family.

In case you make up your mind to take this important step, bear in mind the character and qualifications which the welfare of the church, and the injunction of Scripture require of the minister's wife. Remember that an unsuitable companion may inspire or altogether destroy your usefulness.

If possible, select a companion from abroad. It's but seldom that young ministers can safely marry in the community over which he labors.

Also, do not remain engaged longer than is necessary. These long engagements seldom terminate well.

EPISCOPOS.

Translated for the Christian Watchman.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

"Oh, if it would only stay winter always," said little Earnest when he had made a man of snow, and had ridden in a sleigh. His father said he must write this wish down in his memorandum book; and he did so. The winter passed away and the Spring came. Earnest stood with his father by a bed of flowers, on which the Hyacynth, the Auriculus and the Narcissus bloomed, and was beside himself with joy. "That is a joy of the spring" said his father, "and will pass away." "Oh," answered Earnest "if it would only stay spring always!" "Write down this wish in my memorandum book," said his father, and he did so. The spring passed away and the Summer came.

Ernest went with his parents and some playmates in a warm Summer day to the next village, and they remained there the whole day. They saw around them the green corn fields and meadows, adorned with many thousand flowers, and pastures, where young lambs were dancing and wanton colts skipping about. They ate cherries and other summer fruit, and enjoyed themselves right well all day long. "Is it not true," said the father on their return "that the Summer has also its joys?" "Oh," answered Ernest, "I wish it would stay Summer always." He must also write this in his father's memorandum book.

At last Autumn came. The whole family spent some days in a vineyard. In was no longer so warm as in summer; but the air was soft and the heavens clear. The vine stocks were laden, and hung with rich ripe grapes; on the hot bed were seen luscious melons, and the boughs of the trees were bent down with ripe fruit. That was indeed a feast for our Ernest who liked nothing better than fruit.

"The beautiful season," said his father "will soon be over," the winter is already before the door—to drive away the autumn. "Oh," said Ernest "I wish it would stay away, and that it were always autumn." "So you really wish that," said his father. "Really!" was his answer. "But," continued his father as he drew the memoranda book out of his pocket, "see now what is written here; read this, 'I wish it were always winter!' and now read here on this side what is written there, 'I wish it were always spring" and what here? 'I wish that it were summer always.' Do you know," continued he, "the hand that wrote this?" "[wrote it," answered Earnest. "And what do you wish now?" "I wish that it were always winter." "That is wonderful indeed" said the father. In winter you wish that it were always winter—so of spring, summer, and autumn. "Think now what follows from this?" "That all the seasons are good." "Yes that they are all rich in joys—rich in manifold gifts, and that the good and great God, far better than we poor men, must understand the making of worlds. Had it depended on you last winter we would have had no spring, no summer, and no autumn. Then the earth would have been covered with eternal snow, that you might make snow men, and have sleigh rides. Of how many joys would we then have been deprived! Well for us, that it does not depend on us, how it shall be in the world; how soon would we deteriorate it if we could.

From the German of

HENREICH CAMPE.

For the Christian Watchman.

AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

CONTINUED.

Through the "country cousin" of the Englishman and the German, the Dutchman is a worthy member of the noble Saxon race. He has his peculiarities but he amply atones for them. He is not "pretty" exactly—his country is very unromantic in its aspect, very insignificant in its extent, seemingly deficient in everything generally regarded as necessary for the production of a great people, yet his deeds fill no unimportant page in history. This little ugly land proves that not the hilly regions of Switzerland, not the broad plains of Germany and America, not the smiling dells of France and "merry England," are required for the exercise of true patriotism or the display of enterprise and genius. Holland has passed through times which tried men's souls indeed and has not been found wanting Her heroes have shone in the front ranks of the battle. Her sons have done nobly for truth and freedom and the results of their labors will ever live. It is a land which has encountered the most terrible foes with dauntless bravery, whose commerce has whitened all seas with its sails, whose schools have been the resort of men from all countries,—that was the England of former ages, whither alone the oppressed and the persecuted could flee for refuge.

What attracted me to Holland, then, was not merely the Dutchman's canals, or dykes, or windmills, or pantaloons, or pipe,—but I wished to see for myself the works of his genius, the tombs of his patriots, and the scenes which history has rendered memorable.

It was at Antwerp that I made up my mind to make a pilgrimage down among the Dutchmen. As the steamer for Rotterdam had departed none of my travelling companions could muster courage enough, that cold Saturday morning, to tempt their destiny along an unfinished line of railroad. I therefore manfully set out alone.

The railway from Antwerp to Rotterdam though now completed, was then but about half built, and the traffic necessarily rather small. That morning the locomotive dragged off about twenty passengers, many of whom were Frenchmen who laughed at everything they saw. The country for many miles beyond Antwerp is a desolate bog whence only peat can be obtained, which stretches far beyond the frontier. My first impressions of Dutch scenery were therefore by no means favourable, and when we were landed at the termination of the track, in the midst of a slough, they became decidedly disagreeable.

We were placed in a couple of things called by the facetious inventors "omnibuses," but their qualities were purely negative. They were not fast, nor comfortable, nor pretty; in fact they resembled two broken down hearses more than anything else I ever saw.

How strange it seemed to drive over such a country in such a conveyance. After a few miles the cultivated fields of Holland began and we could discern, after we arrived on the dyke which formed the high road, the low situation of the country, and the extreme care taken to render every inch available for cultivation. The dyke was straight as the straightest line a Euclid ever dreamed of, paved with bricks, and bordered on each side by immense willows. These willows are almost the only species of tree to be met with in Holland, and are planted according to the Dutchman's idea of combining doubtful beauty with doubtless utility, in order to furnish material for the mats used in the repairs of the dykes. Windmills were everywhere to be seen. We passed by some said to be of most admirable construction. As I was not a connoisseur, however, I could not judge.

The hearses rolled slowly on for some hours till at last the frowning walls of a fortified city came in view. It was Breda. The draw bridge was let down, the great gates opened, and on through groups of blue-coated little Dutch soldiers into the quiet streets of the town we passed, till our dismal coaches stopped before an Inn.

Dinner. How amusing to see, placed helter-skelter on the table in homely American fashion, these old fashioned dishes loved so by our grandmothers—the peculiarly prepared tripe, the pickled cabbage, crabs, roast apples with cream, stewed pears, and other dishes, introduced into the New World by the wise founders of New Amsterdam. How little do most people in America imagine that many of our words, expressions, customs, domestic articles, and dishes are of Dutch origin.

There was no water on the table. Surely I thought, hydrophibia cannot exist among a half amphibious race like the Dutch. There was wine in abundance, and suspicious looking little square bottles on the sideboard, and large brown jugs evidently Louvain ale, but where was Adam's ale? I called Jan, or John, as both the waiters were called and as every other waiter in Holland is invariably called, put to him the solemn question, but my answer was, "Did I wish Utrecht or Seltzer." My glass was filled but it had to be paid for. It seemed that the only drinkable water in the country is obtained at Utrecht, and has to be imported elsewhere. Good water is almost as great a luxury as wine, beer, or gin. Under such circumstances I suppose it is not to be wondered at that the latter are in such request.

To be Continued.

Improving the Growth of Evergreens.

The French nurserymen are very successful in improving the growth of evergreens by means of grafting, the method pursued by them being as follows: The proper time for grafting pines is when the young shoots have made about three quarters of their length, and are still so herbaceous as to break like a shoot of asparagus. The shoot of the stock is then broken off about two inches below its terminal bud; the leaves are stripped off from twenty to twenty-four lines down from the extremity—leaving, however, two pairs of leaves opposite, and close to the upper end of the shoot so headed back, which leaves are of great importance for drawing up the sap. The shoot or stock is then split to the depth of two inches, with a very thin knife, between the two pairs of leaves left; the scion is then prepared—the lower part being stripped of its leaves to the length of two inches, and is then cut to a wedge and inserted, in the ordinary mode of cleft grafting. The graft is tied with a strip of woolen, and a cap of paper is fastened to a stake, and firmly fixed over the whole graft, to protect it from the sun and rain. At the end of fifteen days, this cap is removed, and the ligature at the end of a month.

THE DANDY AND THE STATESMAN.—Dr. Randolph, the celebrated orator and statesman, was in a tavern lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for the stage to come door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attudinizing a while he turned to go out when Mr. Randolph asked him—"Has the stage come?" "Stage, sir! stage!" said the fo; "I've nothing to do with it, sir." "Oh! I beg pardon," said Randolph, quietly "I thought you were the driver!"