ABLE
SPONIBLE

TIGHT BINDING
RELIURE TROP RIGIDE

The Christian Watchman

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

VOL I. SAINT JOHN. NEW-BRUNSWICK. WEDNESDAY. FEBRUARY 2[illegible], 1861. NO. 8

Original Contributions

For the Christian Watchman.

The Bereaved.

What grief absorbs our souls to-day,
While gazing on that lovely clay!
Our darling infant boy—
Awhile he nestled at my heart,
That life, of mine so dear a part,
Almost my only joy.

Awhile his blue eyes met my own,
And once in broken, baby tone,
He spoke his mother's name.
And now he lies there cold and still;
So beauteous in that deathly chill,
He seems as still the same.

His father kissed his brow and cheek,
Then turned away too full to speak.
O God, to thee we pray!
So Father, let Thy will be done;
To Thee we give our cherished one—
What more can parents say.

Sinless and pure, our darling child
Is now among the undefiled,
In the bright courts above;
Safe from all future earthly harm,
Enfolded by Jehovah's arm,
And sheltered by His love.

Our sinful hearts will not repine,
To Thee our treasure we resign,
Glad that from sin he's free.
Glad! Ah yes, glad. Thro' future years
He'll cost us neither sighs nor tears,
Safely shut in with Thee.

Oft have I kissed his brow and cheek,
With thoughts of pride I dared not speak
Of him some future day.
Thou hast demanded; we resign;
In Heaven will our treasure shine,
A star of brighter ray.

HARPSTRINGS

For the Christian Watchman.

Horton Sketches.

NUMBER 3.

BY GAMMA.

The year 1848 was a memorable one throughout the world, and an eventful one to Nova Scotia. A deep religious impression affected the minds of men throughout the Province, and Christians were awakened to redoubled efforts in the cause of religion. Nowhere was the progress of this awakening watched with greater eagerness than in Wolfville, where a few earnest hearts were waiting in agony of suspence, hoping that they too might share the blessing. News came from Cape Breton that a wonderful work was going on in that remote district. Every day the tidings increased in profound interest, and gradually the mighty work moved onward toward them. Its march was as solemn and as resistless as that of some great epidemic; but it brought blessing, and peace, and joy exceeding and full of glory.

Let us see how the College was situated at this time. The students were distinguished for unusual ability, and a strong attachment to one another. But never did any young men entertain a deeper aversion to religion than they. The little band of pious students who associated with them were constantly ridiculed and sneered at; they were made the butt for every shaft of scorn, and the object of incessant practical jokes. Religion had become a complete mockery, its professors were despised, its influence met at defiance. Remonstrance was futile, religious conversation was worse than useless, since it served only to excite a storm of ridicule and profanity.

There was nothing vicious about these young men. Affectionate and amiable they were beloved by one another and by all their acquaintances in the village. The Professors felt a warmer interest in them than in any others who had ever been there. They would scorn anything that was base or dishonorable, and could readily be influenced by appeals to their nobler feelings. But it seemed as though their very excellencies conspired only to intensify their hatred to religion. Their friends however loved them too well to let them remain in this condition, and it was this anxious solicitude for these students which prompted them to make one last effort for their welfare.

While the friends of religion were eagerly watching the approach of the Revival movement that had seen it at length reach Cornwallis upon the opposite shore, a prayer meeting was begun for the benefit of the students. It was started by the ladies of the village upon a peculiar principle. Each member was to designate some student in particular as the object of her prayers, and at every meeting bring his case before the throne of infinite mercy. This Female Prayer Meeting was the beginning, and the results which followed were such as rendered it a memorable event. It was the little cloud to which they look fondly back, remembering that it was the precursor of a great outpouring from on high.

The first result soon became visible. One of the students in passing by the chapel saw the door open and stepped in to see what was going on. He was not aware that there was any meeting, and on hearing the sound of voices he stopped. It was a female voice. Something seemed to bind him to the spot. He listened. He heard a prayer offered for some one—an earnest devout petition that God in his great mercy would convert his soul. He heard a name mentioned. It was his own name.—The young man was struck as if by an arrow. He trembled and turned away. But the thought would not leave him. It haunted him all the way home, and in his chamber, and on his bed. "What" thought he—"Can it be possible! Am I in such danger that others beseech the Almighty to have mercy on me?—what a wretch am I!—Others pray for my immortal soul while I have never made a single effort to secure its salvation!"

Now the effect became more diffused, and a serious feeling began to enter into the minds of all. The irreligious students began to feel uneasy. Some were too honest to hide their feelings.—

"Boys"—said one—"what a miserable set of fellows we are to live in this kind of a way We have never been really happy. After all we must live differently unless we want to be miserable forever. For my part I should like to be converted."

Others endeavoured to conceal their real feelings. Some of these tried to do this by mockery of sacred things—

"Well Tom"—said one of them meeting a friend—"How do you feel in your mind? Are you converted yet? Is anybody awakened?

One of them was most violent in his resistance. He thought his feelings a disgrace to his manhood. A pious student visited him—a young Irishman whom I have mentioned before. He was received with coldness and incivility.

"Have pity on yourself" he said after a few warm hearted remarks, "your soul is in danger. If you were to die at this moment you would be lost.—"

The other started to his feet in a rage.—"What do you mean" he cried "you miserable Paddy by daring to talk that way to me? If you say another word I'll kick you out of the room!" At such violent treatment as this the young Irishman turned pale, and after stammering a few words he went away in despair.

Such a determined resistance did these young men make to religious influence that many of their friends began to be discouraged. They knew not what to do. One of these has told me of the trials of his mind at this time. He was one of the most active and unwearied in prayer, and exhortation, and religious conversation

"I went home one night," said he "in deep discouragement. There seemed to be no hope. The hearts of my companions seemed harder than ever. Two of the boarders in the house met me and asked me what they should do to be saved and told me to pray for them, but I was too low spirited to talk to them. "Pray for yourselves," I said. "That is the only way by which you can be saved." I went up to my room and sat upon my bed. I doubted my own religion—all religion—I doubted the mercy of God—I doubted his very existence. I looked out upon the fields, and thought that life and earth and everything was a delusion. At length I could endure these thoughts no longer. "If there be a God," I cried, "I will cry to him now, and I will not rise from the floor till he manifests himself again to me." So saying, I threw myself upon the floor. I lay there praying the whole night long, and did not rise till morning. But then peace came, and faith, and hope returned. God manifested himself to me clearer than in all my life before. I went to bed and slept, and woke up singing. So blessed was the effect of this, and so triumphant my conquest over my doubts, that they never returned again."

Such were some of the devoted servants of Christ, whose patience was tried by deferred hope, and unrewarded labor. These feelings were shared by others, while they waited with anxiety that cannot be told, for the expected blessing.

There were others too besides those in Wolfville whose hopes were centred upon this unexpected revival. In many a place through the Province there were pastors who in their prayers at this time remembered the college; there were little bands of old friends who prayed for their companions studying here, and there was many a mother who had sent her son here for his salvation, and now implored for mercy upon his soul Their prayers like incense were wafted on high, from far and near, up to the fount of all blessing, and if prayers be answered, surely such earnest petitions as those could not be offered up in vain, In one town a lady had established a mother's prayer meeting. She had two sons at the college, and she had sent them there in the humble hope that her God would be merciful to them. She knew that they were utterly indifferent to religion, the gayest, the wildest, and the most thoughtless of all the students. In her deep anxiety and simple faith, she thought that this mother's meeting might be blessed for them. Among all the prayers that ascended, none were so eager, so incessant, so heartfelt, as hers.

At last the time came, so long and anxiously sought after. There was a meeting in the village church, which was very largely attended. A deep solemnity pervaded all. Every one felt as though something unusual was about to occur.

A few of the services had been gone through when Father Harding arose. All eyes were fastened upon him. He was paler than usual, his form seemed more bowed, and tears were in his eyes.

He stepped forward to a railing in front, and for a moment leaned against it as though overcome by emotion. At length he spoke.

"I ask forgiveness of my unconverted friends for my neglect of their immortal interests; for for not being more watchful for their souls, and more instant in season and out of season"

"I ask forgiveness of my brethren in the church for my short comings toward them, for not feeding them with the bread of life, for not praying with them enough, and visiting them enough, and strengthening them in the faith."

"I ask forgiveness of my God!" He paused for a moment, then raised his hands on high and looking upward with straining eyes, and broken voice, he prayed for forgiveness.

His tones sent a shock through every heart.—The effect was amazing. Every soul in the assembly was utterly overcome. Tears burst forth from all, and sobs, and sighs, and moans, of grief. Some leaned forward all subdued by new born feeling; others buried their heads in their hands and wept aloud; all were carried away in one common rush of sudden emotion.

Never did a prayer arise within those sacred walls, so fervent, so heart broken, so agonizing. The fervid soul of Father Harding outpoured itself altogether in that torrent of devout supplication. Lost in this high communion, bewailing the sinfulness of his nature, imploring pity and forgiveness of his God, he stood there, the best, the purest, but the most contrite of them all. In his intense spirituality he forgot the earth, and felt only that as one of a congregation of immortal beings, he was communicating directly with the Creator. This strong conviction flashed into the minds of all around him. Every word touched a chord in the heart of the congregation that throbbed responsively; and thrills of deepest emotion passed in quick succession through all their being. Finally, amid a scene of awful solemnity that cannot be described, he yielded to the force of his own feelings and brought his prayer to a close.

When the meeting ended it was felt that the hour had come. The Spirit, for whose aid they had waited so long had descended at last to begin his Heavenly work. Those who had prayed and labored for this, could not conceal their delight. Some greeted one another at the door, in silence and with tears of joy; others lingered behind singing songs of hope and happiness; all looked forward eagerly to following meetings.

For the Christian Watchman.

Letters to a Young Minister.

DEAR YOUNG BROTHER:

In my last letter I directed your attention to the character which a minister ought to possess, and urged you to aim after those specific excellencies which together constitute the character of the man of God. We will consider these individually.

I need not say that a minister ought to possess and to cultivate a spirit of filial affection towards God. Indeed the simplest definition which can be given of faith is that it is a reverential and affectionate reliance upon the great Father. This is the root of all excellence, the source of right disposition towards God and man. Without this he cannot acquire those qualities which Scripture and experience alike declare to be essential for the efficient discharge of the work of the ministry.

I need scarcely say that a minister must also possess and cultivate a temper of love for all men, and especially for the brethren. This is the duty of all believers, but especially the duty of the minister of the gospel. Besides, this is an important qualification for his work. Love prompts him to seek out the sinful, to speak to them so as to excite attention and emotion; it prompts him also to endure without weariness the ceaseless toil, the innumerable discouragements, and the tedious monotony of the work of the ministry. A cold or selfish heart cannot endure with patience the manifestations of pride, ill-temper and self-will which sometimes appear in every church, nor can it prompt those utterances which cause the careless sinner to listen; quells dissension in the Church, edifies the saints, and comforts the sorrowful. Love is far more necessary to the minister than eloquence, learning, genius or sagacity. Love itself can speak effectually to the heart, and is ever eloquent in speech, wise and prudent in its operations.

You doubtless believe that you will have no difficulty whatever in maintaining a warm affection towards all for whom you labour, whether in the church or in the world. You have felt willing to make any sacrifice to save sinners, and you have felt for your brethren an affection such as you never felt for your worldly companions. You have pictured to yourself the sinner exceedingly sinful, in fearful danger, and willing to turn from his wickedness and escape inevitable ruin. You have fancied the believer adorned with all the graces of religion, a being worthy of all your love. But you will find if you have not yet made the discovery, that the actual sinner and the actual saint differ from your *ideal*, and are not half so interesting or so loveable. It is easier to pity the poor wretch whom your fancy painted, than the sinner who lives as moral a life as the majority of professors of religion, and who also is provokingly careless about your ministration. So also it is much more easy to love the imaginary believer whom your fancy had arrayed in the beauty of holiness, than the actual church members, who possesses many imperfections, and who besides may have unpleasant eccentricities of character, or may even be opposed to yourself. Now there is danger lest your early enthusiasm should become chilled, and your heart grow cold when the waters of life have dispelled your earlier illusions. Yet love must be retained if you would succeed in the ministry.

Endeavour, my dear young friend, to keep this affection warm and pure in the heart. Especially shun anything like envy or jealousy towards your brethren in the ministry. You may sometimes find it easier to love sinners, or the most unmanageable members in your church, than the minister who may differ from you in opinion, or in any way however innocently interfere with your popularity or influence. Such a spirit will soon extend into sister churches, and years of jarring and wrangling may spring from a little mean jealousy on your part. It is owing to the prevalence of this spirit that two Churches of the same denomination in one place, are often less friendly with each other than with churches of other denominations.

A minister should be very humble. This does not imply that he should be timid, or deficient in self reliance, still less that he should possess a fawning or servile spirit. True humility consists in conciousness of the grandeur and holiness of God, and in a sense of our own sin and weakness; it feels no contempt for other men, is not pleased with flattery or admiration from man, and does not seek to have the pre-eminence.

Surely the minister of the gospel should experience the effects of the humbling truths of the gospel, and the power of His example, who was meek and lowly in heart.

A haughty, vain, and ambitious minister is a guilty and a useless man. Such a one does not aim to save souls, he despises that simplicity of the gospel in which depends its efficacy; at the same time these faults are very easily detected, and excite aversion and contempt, and the influence which talent, education, or position, would otherwise afford is destroyed. On the other hand the humble minister of Christ seeks to benefit mankind irrespective of class or condition, and loves to present the humbling truth of the gospel in their naked simplicity.—Besides there is nothing repulsive in genuine humility, on the contrary it attracts and it wins men to listen without repugnance to the truth.

Now let me urge you to cultivate a meek and lowly spirit. Many circumstances combine to foster pride or vanity in the heart of a young Minister. If superior to your congregation in education and talent, your people will naturally regard you as a great man, and you perhaps will not find it very difficult to agree with them. It is quite natural that a minister should sometimes feel elated by consciousness of superiority in these respects—yet this elation is foolish and wrong. So also one feels a pleasure in the admiration with which he is sometimes regarded. If he do not carefully watch himself he may become so fond of applause, as to turn away from the simplicity of the gospel, and seek to exhibit himself rather than his master. The pains which some ministers take to gratify their vanity would be tangible, if it were not so pitiable. Fancy a minister preaching to an ordinary congregation sermons stuffed full of Greek or Hebrew, or quotations from metaphysical writers, merely to be regarded as a moral man; or another filling his sermons with bits of poetry, or high flown sentences, that the young female part of his congregation may exclaim, "what a love of a preacher," or another indulging in theatrical starts or gestures with the hope of gaining a reputation for eloquence; or another aiming to acquire a reputation as a powerful preacher by continually dwelling upon those themes which seem best suited to awaken emotion. Never aim to be considered as a very learned, or profound, or beautiful, or eloquent, or impressive preacher; aim simply to save souls, and to edify the church by a faithful presentation of the gospel in all its parts.

Again a minister ought to be perfectly sincere. So Paul taught, and this quality he conspiciously exemplified. I do not say merely that a minister should not lie. The world itself, false as it is, condemn those who are guilty of this sin. I mean that a minister should in his heart love truthfulness in action, as well as in word, that he should avoid all affectation, all double dealing and dissimulation. He must not cherish sentiments which he is ashamed or afraid to express, nor swerve from a straightforward course to avoid difficulties or to accomplish ends in themselves good.

He will find himself often tempted to argue with conflicting opinions, or to affect an impartiality which he does not feel, or to avoid opposition to his plans by a little manoeuvering. Indeed some ministers make no secret of their skill in management.

But, my friend, let me urge you now, while you are beginning your career, never to allow yourself to be tempted from a manly, sincere and open course, never speak or act in a way so dubious or ambiguous that you would blush if detected. Sincerity accompanied with love never offends a reasonable man, and exerts a marvellous power over the unreasonable.

An insincere man is sooner or later exposed, and then confidence in him is lost. Sincerity may lead a man into difficulty, but duplicity or dissimulation ultimately ruins his reputation and influence.

I might notice other moral and religious qualities which the minister ought to possess,—such as integrity, purity, temperance, disinterestedness, but those are so universally expected of him, and are so evidently necessary to his usefulness that I forbear to dwell upon them.

Let me urge you to examine yourself candidly and prayerfully. Let it be your aim to remedy any marked deficiencies, and to acquire those various excellencies which render the minister of the gospel a happy and a useful man.

EPISCOPOS.

For the Christian Watchman.

Ænon.

John 3: 23. And John also was baptizing in Ænon near to Salim, because there was much water there.

Much unnecessary discussion has arisen on this passage of Scripture. Whatever interpretation may be given to the expression much water, wherever Ænon may have been situated; it is evident that John came hither that he might more conveniently perform the rite of baptism. The inference that baptism was an immersion is valid, even if it could be proved that "much water" meant many rivulets and that Ænon was fifty miles inland from the Jordan. In order to destroy the force of this passage it would be necessary to prove that "much water" meant many very small rivulets:—

But it will be interesting to examine this passage—and gather from it all the information it contains.

1. It has been affirmed that the passage is not correctly translated, that the original polla udata should be rendered many waters—or rivulets.

It is very evident that in the parallel passage, Rev 1:—15. 14:—2. 19:—5.—the sacred writer had in view not the sound of many rivulets, but the roaring of a mass of waters when tossed by the tempest or rolling in upon the shore. In these passages then the Greek words mean "much water."

We meet with the same phrase Rev. 17. 1:—15 Here Rome is represented under the figure of a woman seated by the "many waters."

But evidently the term indicates the vastness of the multitudes ruled over, or the facility possessed for extensive intercourse and influence:—

The Hebrew word which expressed the idea of abundance of water was mayim rabbim, literally "many waters." The Hebrews never used the word translated water, in the singular number.

The phrase "mayim rabbim" is used in the Hebrew Bible twenty two times—in no one instance can it mean many "rivulets," in every case it expressed the idea of abundance of water.

When we examine in the Septuagint the words by which this Hebrew phrase was translated we find in some instances "udata polla" much water. This usage proves that the phrases were equivalent in meaning.—Thus in Num. 20. 11; 2 Chron. 32. 4; Song of Solm. 8. 7; Is. 17. 13; Is. 41: 12; (Sept. 48. 12;) Ezek. 1.—24. 17: 5. 19: 10. 26: 19. 31: 15; 34: 5. Isa. 23: 3; Hab. 3. 5, we find the Greek udor polu. In Ps. 18: 16: 29: 3. 77: 19. 93: 4. 107: 23. 144. 7, the Plural, udata polla, as in our text.

Hence we conclude that John in his gospel, and in the apocalypse used a Hebraism and that the term expresses not a rivulet, but an abundance of water.

Now let us seek for the locality of Ænon. We naturally infer that it was somewhere on the Jordan, from the fact that the other Evangelists all inform us that John baptized in the Jordan and that John specifies Bethabara and Ænon as the places when the rite was administered.

De Wette in his commentary states that Salim was eight miles South of Scythopolis, (Bethshean.) Samson writes: "The testimony of those ancient writers (Eusebius and Jerome,) who lived so near the time of Christ, and had such ample opportunities of investigation, fixes the site of Ænon by the Jordan seven and a half miles south of ancient Scythopolis or Bethshean whose ruins yet remain a distant landmark bearing the name Beisan.

The Journal of Lieutenant Lynch imparts some interesting information in reference to the locality of Ænon. He thus describes the river and surrounding scenery as it appeared some seven or eight miles below Beisan. "The river from its eccentric course scarcely permitted a correct sketch of its topography to be taken. It curved and twisted North, South, East and West, turning in the short space of half-an-hour to every quarter of the compass. At times we issued from the shadow and silence of a verdure tinted part of the stream, into an open bend, when the rapids rattled, and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wild brood song."

A land party attended the boat expedition of Lieutenant Lynch, and made observations on the country in the vicinity of the Jordan. Rev. G. Samson met this party at the Pilgrim's Bathing Place below, and made particular enquiries as to the country. He says "no streams or fountain was met by the party during the day on which they traversed the plain where Aaron once stood. No relic of such a name seems to remain."

The meaning of the phrase "much water," as indicated by the parable passages in the New Testament, and the Septuagint: the record that John baptized in the Jordan—the notices of ancient travellers and the results of modern investigations, also urge us to the conclusion, that Ænon, near to Salim, was on the Jordan, a few miles below Beisan, a very suitable place for the administration of the rite of baptism.

X. Y. Z.

Agriculture, &c.

For the Christian Watchman.

SIR,—Now is the time for farmers who are so fortunate as to have any muck swamps in their vicinity, to obtain as much as possible of this precious article.

When lands are very light and sandy, muck alone when supplied in large quantities, say 60 or 90 double loads to the acre, will effect a permanent improvement in the soil, enabling it to retain moisture, and supplying a large amount of vegetable matter which, though inert in itself, becomes by the action of air, light, and change of temperature, capable of supplying food for plants.

But muck can be applied far more economically and beneficially than in its native state, as it comes from the swamp. A compost which might be made at this season of the year as well as at any other time, composed of one load of barn manure to four or five loads of muck, would by planting time, become a rich black mass, more manageable than barn manure, and as rich in food for plants. Many farmers, with any amount of muck in their immediate vicinity, will keep twice as many cattle as they really require, and then find themselves unable to keep them fat or in good heart; when by a little labour, in a season of the year when their farm work is very light, they could enrich their lands, and save what is given to their superfluous cattle. But when we can obtain conveniently lime, ashes, tanners' refuse, even sea-weed, and mix with muck, a great amount of capital manure may be obtained at a very trifling cost. In the spring of the year ashes or lime can be mixed with muck which has been drawn out in the winter, and in a few days the mass will be quite black, and fit for any crop, especially turnips and carrots.

I had in my possession ten acres of about the worst land in New Brunswick in 1859. I ploughed it, planted oats, and did not even get my seed, and what was reaped was almost worthless.

Last winter I hauled out about two hundred loads of swamp muck. In the spring this was mixed with about twenty loads of softwood ashes, and spread over five acres. The place was planted with potatoes, and produced about one hundred bushels to the acre.

Another piece of this land was manured with a compost of eight parts marsh mud, one part tanners refuse, one part sea weed. This was spread on the land at the rate of twenty loads to the acre, and yielded a fair crop.

Another piece was manured with a compound of marsh mud and ashes. This did not produce much of a crop. I have no doubt, however, that if the mud had been kept over a year, it would have been of great benefit.

The soil of this land which was of a bright red, is now changed to a beautiful brown, and we expect from it next year any amount of grain.

Where I live a double load of barn manure is worth about 10s., whereas this compound that I have recommended costs only about half a dollar.

AGER.

"Ager" was disappointed in the results from marsh mud and ashes, but if he had left the mud exposed to the weather, then relieved of its superabundance of salt, and tempered by the action of the rains and droughts, heats and frosts, a mixture with barn manure or ashes would have produced satisfactory results. We have no doubt that marsh mud, when properly treated, is far more reliable than muck.—ED.

In connection with the above, we would notice an article in a late Country Gentleman, on "Saving Manure." We are informed that clay or clayey soil is still more beneficial than muck The ammonia and soluble salts of barn manures enter into chemical combinations, with the alumina and carbonaceous matter of the clayey soil These also possess the power of forming a chemical combination with the alumina The compounds, while capable of resisting the action of rains, readily yield to plants their appropriate nourishment. The drainings of dung hills carried into a large vat filled with clay, would form a very rich manure,—better than any other for light land with a gravelly subsoil.

From the Country Gentleman and Cultivator.

WINTERING COLTS.

EDS. CO. GENT.—H. C. D. in Co. GENT. of Dec 6th, wishes the experience of others on this subject. Mr. Talcott, in Dec. 20th, replies, and very modestly gives his advice, with which I fully concur, with one or two exceptions.

In relation to stable, none could be better—plenty of room to exercise in and an earth floor. I am aware that there has been objections raised to the use of sawdust for bedding, but I think objections groundless; for having used it for several years and seen no injurious effects, I still use it freely in my stalls,—both cattle and horse. I now have a horse which I have kept upon it for four years, and his feet are as perfect as one could wish. He has not run out to pasture a day in the time nor driven to exceed five hundred miles during the time, and if any feet would suffer, one would suppose this a favorable case.