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ZAMHOTAW NATION THE CHRISTIAN

The Christian Watchman

G. 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, MARCH 13, 1861.

NO. 11

Original Contributions

I SHALL NOT DIE BUT LIVE.

For the Christian Watchman.
I shall not die but live—
Oh light of Revelation on high,
Thou dost illumine the eternal mystery.
I shall not die but live—
He lives, let this my hope and glory be,
His lives, and reigns, who gave his life for me.
I shall not die but live—
Death reigns through sin, but sin through him has died,
And Death is conquered by the Crucified.
I shall not die but live—
I live through Him who gave this life for me,
Thanks be to Him who giveth Victory.
I shall not die but live—
Earth fades, I hear the everlasting hymn,
I see the radiant forms of Seraphim.
I shall not die but live—
Jehovah's Servant comes and calls me home,
Sad earth farewell. Even so Lord Jesus—come.
M. CHALONER.

HORTON SKETCHES.

NUMBER 6.

Two letters lie before me. They are filled with writing, and contain a long account of the path by which each of the writers drew near unto his God. They are brown with age, for twelve years have passed since these characters were traced, and one of the writers has long since gone into the joy of his Lord. They bear the marks of tears, but they were tears of joy, wept over them by a mother, who could scarcely believe what she read through her tear bedimmed eyes, and hardly thought it possible that the God to whom she prayed for her boys, could be so faithful, or so speedy, and so large a return to all her petitions. They are worn and tattered, for they have been read by many, and there are some in whom their perusal has awakened a sympathetic feeling, and proved the means of conversion to God. Faded, tear-blotched, and tattered, these letters are precious to me, they have a varied history, and their inmost language speaks more powerfully than given inscriptions, of the faithfulness of God to the prayer-hallowed situations at Horton.

For these reasons I offer a few extracts to the reader. The letters were written by boys, one of whom was but sixteen, but their experiences were those of men; their simple and artless language, may tell the story of conversion more eloquently than ornate periods; each is true to his character, and while the feelings of the elder brother are acute and bear the promises of future conflicts, those of the younger evince the gentle progress to his God, of a soul already possessed with a premeditation that Heaven was at hand.

"I hope I have no desire to return to the white sepulchre whence I have fled. I have as yet had no real temptations to encounter, all the trouble I yet have experienced arises from my own want of faith in the Redeemer. I pray God to grant me more of that faith, that I may in case daily in love to Him, that I may continue to love His people and His blessed word, that I may be kept from temptation, and go on daily toward that perfection which I can never hope to attain, that I may never bring dishonor on myself, or in thought, word, or deed, bring reproach on that holy cause which I have espoused. May I ever be a fervent, warm-hearted Christian, and live nearer and nearer to God. Then will I indeed be happy."
Your affectionate Son,
EDWARD VINCENT.

"I now intend that you shall receive a letter from me far different from any that I have ever yet written. I can about to tell you good news—news that will rejoice both your heart and father's. Both Edward and I have, I trust, been converted, and have come to the determination of serving the Lord for the remainder of our lives. We have made a public profession of our attachment to Jesus, and were baptized on a profession of our faith, last Sabbath with thirty others."

"How true it is that praying breath was never spent in vain. I feel that your many prayers on my behalf have been answered. Oh what a blessed and happy thing it is to serve the Lord and to have Jesus for my friend. But I never knew so till now. I will relate in a few words as possible how I came seriously to seek my salvation."

"About three weeks ago I wrote you that there was to be a protracted meeting here. At that time I thought very lightly on the subject of religion. In fact I did not think of it at all, except perhaps in a contemptuous way. On the first day we did not go, but all the next week we attended. At the sermon and discourses which were spoken on Sunday and Monday I listened with apparent neglect. But on Tuesday at a discourse from the Rev. Mr. Chase I was more attentive," he explained the way of salvation so clearly. It was only to look and be saved as did the Israelites of old when the brazen serpent was lifted up by Moses. "Only fall into the arms of Jesus," said he, "and he will be ready, and willing to save you." There was also an interesting and appropriate sermon preached in the afternoon by Dr. Pryor. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Hunt preached from the passage "Lord! Look on us." It was about the parable of the blind men, whom he compared to sinners, and he showed how willing Jesus was to save us. During this day I thought I would like to be a Christian—I could find no excuse for not being one, at least, for not making the attempt. In this state of mind I remained for several days longer.

vice, I thought all the afternoon on the importance of such a step. Still—
"I was resolved to try, and I succeeded."
"For if I stayed any I know I must forever die."
"That evening I stood up, to decide that henceforth I would, with God's assistance, serve Him."
"I felt that I had pleased myself in a new position, that after taking such a stand, I could never occupy the situation that I did before."
"Henceforward I must be better or worse. The die was cast."
"I felt very miserable. I thought how wicked I had been; how I had despised God's holy word. From my heart I prayed: Him to forgive me."
"After this meeting, I went to another held by a young man who had lately been converted, and again stood up to be prayed for. I shed more tears than I hope I shall ever shed for the same cause. All the next day I was wretched, and on Saturday I became quite unwell. There was to be a conference meeting that morning. I went to hear the young men and women tell their experiences. As they rose, one after another, and told how happy they were, that they thought they had an interest in the blood of Christ, and felt that peace that passeth all understanding—I felt I envied them! Hot tears fell from my eyes. "Oh my God!" I thought "Is there no mercy for me? Am I to be left out while others pass by and partake of that blessed gift?"

"I went home and prayed. O'Hara came to me and asked me how I felt. I told him that I was very miserable. He said that he had hoped to see me go up to the conference meeting and tell of God's goodness. I told him that I was afraid he would never see the day when I would do so. He talked with me for some time, and told me what conversion was."
"After he left me I went to singing school. I was thinking what it was to believe. I had not been seated long when it seemed that a light came into my soul. I passed from a state of despondency to one of happiness. I thought of the goodness of God. I wanted to get up at once and shake hands with all who were in the room, and tell them how I felt. After singing school, there was a prayer meeting among the students. Then I told them how happy I was, when, to my astonishment, nearly all the students got up, one after another, some to tell that God had been merciful unto them, and others to determine to lead a new life. I thought that I was perfectly happy, and I felt indeed, as if I could love God with all my heart."

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I then heard a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Chase upon the folly of procrastination, which almost decided me. Dr. Pryor also preached upon the same subject illustrating it by a contract between Felix and the Jailer, in which he showed how the former by putting off the care of his soul to a more convenient season, never did come to the Lord, but on the contrary persecuted the church more than usual; while the latter at once came to a determination and said "What must I do to be saved?" He concluded by urging all to do like the Jailer and come to the determination of seeking that Lord. My heart was not so hard that I could resist the appeal. I yielded. I came to the determination and rose up to be prayed for."

"When I came home I read the Bible and attempted to pray for the first time in my life. On the following morning I again tried to pray, and to read more out of the Holy Book. I did not feel very well however, perhaps because I did not pray aright. At eleven o'clock there was a conference meeting and I heard many of my companions tell their experiences, their hope in Christ, and their present happiness. I then thought that I might be as happy as they. That evening there was singing school. O'Hara came to my room to accompany me and we went to pray. After this I felt much better, and while singing some beautiful hymns of Watts, I felt as though the words were all for me. I had sung the very same words often before, but there was never any meaning to them till now. After singing school there was a prayer meeting which continued about two hours. All the students prayed—it was a very affecting time. All wept. It was enough to melt the hardest heart to hear our companions crying unto the Lord, some of them for the first time in their lives."

"The meeting continued till eleven o'clock when with a great deal of difficulty we left the house. After this the students assembled in Edward's room and after reading and singing, we all prayed again. Then we talked over our different experiences for half an hour when one or two retired. But the rest remained and we had another prayer meeting. We sat up till three o'clock and I felt so exceedingly happy that I could have talked and prayed till morning. I then felt that it was indeed a comfort to pray and read the Bible and with these happy thoughts I retired to bed. The three following days were the happiest in my life. I felt that I loved Jesus, my heart was full of love to everybody. Sometimes during these days my mind would wander. At one time I fancied I was taken sick and died, that on my death bed I told you, when crying, that I was going to Jesus, and after bidding you all good-bye I died and went to Heaven. I then witnessed my reception there. All the angels greeted me, and also some of the redeemed ones. I fancied too that God looked and smiled upon me. Thus was my mind wandering and I felt so happy that I cannot possibly describe it to you."

"How easy it now seems to become a Christian. Only fall into the arms of Jesus and you are saved. I do not know how I could have waited so long. I used to think a great deal on what you told me when I last left home. "Remember," said you "I shall be praying for you every Wednesday." On Wednesday's I would think of this, and sometimes almost cry while knowing that you were praying. I hope you will continue to pray that I may remain steadfast. I wish always to live for God. All the students have given their hearts to God and we have prayer meetings every evening in the rooms of one or the other. Alfred Cummings intends to be a minister and devote his whole life to the service of the Redeemer. I expect some others will do likewise. My highest ambition is to be a good man, and if it be that, I shall be thankful."

"I do not know what our friends will say. I suppose they will pity us, perhaps think we were excited. But nothing of that kind has wrought the change. It was the still small voice." It was the love of Jesus, and not being put in mind of the terrors of Hell."
Your affectionate Son,
JOHN VINCENT.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

DEAR YOUR BROTHER:

It is, I think, to be regretted that young ministers, and young men who are looking forward to the ministry, are in such haste to be married. I can just now call to mind but two Young Ministers of our denomination in the two provinces, who are living single lives. Of the young men of my acquaintance who have the ministry in view, nearly all are engaged to be married. In consequence, these young men are generally very eager to become pastors of churches, and of churches which can afford to pay a salary, then after the ordination the next event of importance is the wedding. Meanwhile, we have few Licentiate, few Evangelists, and few men who are willing to labor continuously in destitute localities—or to take the pastoral charge of feeble churches. Such churches must either raise annually a sum of money exceeding their ability, or dispense with the service of a pastor; and important stations which promise after a few years of care and labor to grow into thriving self-sustaining churches must remain neglected. Surely there should be a few, who for the sake of occupying such fields of usefulness, are content to

remain single, or at least to lay aside all thoughts of marriage until a future day.
Certainly it is to be regretted that young men who have the ministry in view, are in such haste to form engagements. Every man with sense, should be aware of the importance and solemnity of a matrimonial engagement, and in view of such a contract should exercise great caution and deliberation.

Especially is this true of him who professes to be called of God to preach the gospel. He should consider that but few churches can do more than afford their ministers a bare subsistence—that for a year at least after ordination, the new, and diversified, and incessant demands upon his time and attention render marriage at least unnecessary. Besides, he should bear in mind, that in the choice of a wife he must consult the interests of others, that churches are under obligation not only to consider the qualifications of their minister, but also the qualifications of his wife for the position she holds. Under such circumstances, a young man who has the ministry in view should hesitate to form an engagement which can rarely be broken off without guilt and disgrace.

How often an early engagement becomes a snare to him. A young man who has passed the early years of his life, surrounded by those who like himself have been deprived of the advantages of wealth and education, sees, with the affection of, and engages himself to some one in his own rank of life. As years roll on his mind becomes cultivated, his associates are different from the companions of his youth, he learns to feel the charm of refined manners and cultivated intellect. Meanwhile, his attraction has remained as he was, with no other attraction than a loving heart, and growing pride in him. What wonder if he comes to regard his betrothal with feelings of regret and vexation—and be compelled to choose between a marriage without love or deserved disgrace."

Perhaps it is owing to circumstances like these, that young ministers, as frequently as any other class of men, break loose from the engagements they have made. Sometimes, however, such contracts are violated when the parties remain in every way equal, and when the cause of the disruption of these two was simply heartlessness, or what is almost the same thing, thoughtlessness.
And what shall we say of the man, the professed Christian, the claimant to be an ambassador of Christ, who violates such an engagement.

When men of the world, through capriciousness or change of taste, are false to their pledged vows—law and public opinion condemn them, and with justice. It is not the woman who seeks out the man, and by attention, flattery, and prostration of affection gains his love. No, he singles her out, lures her to love, persuades her to give him all her heart, to look to him as her future protector, to consecrate to him all her life, and why should she suffer because she has been won by exhibitions of love, and induced to follow the first promptings of her nature. Is it not a crime to trample under foot affections so assiduously won, to disappoint hopes so eagerly infused, and to condemn her for no fault, to sorrow and almost to shame.

Is any sorrow like hers, if she has truly loved? If her faith has been implicit; if she has proudly regarded him as her future husband; and indulged in dreams of future happiness in his society, what anguish must she feel when her warm and pure affections are flung back as a worthless thing, when her hopes are all blasted, and her pride laid low in the dust.

What shall we say when men who aspire to be preachers of the gospel, or are engaged in the work of the Christian ministry can perpetrate such baseness. We have known of young and amiable women, who through the capriciousness or heartlessness of men whose profession of piety, and whose avocations, might warrant the most implicit faith, have been consigned to the long sorrow of wounded pride and disappointed hope, and outraged love. Nay, we know of cases of wrong still more aggravated, when the deserted one has felt her load of sorrow almost too great to be borne, so she with wail and moaning shriek, has heard that he who had wronged her so deeply has publicly pledged to another the vows which he had promised to make to her.

We can tolerate many faults and errors in any of the descendants of Adam, but we can never respect the minister who has been guilty of such conduct as this.
EPISCOPUS.

ORDINANCES OF THE CHURCH.

The Church is appointed to guard and maintain two very significant ordinances. Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

1. Baptism is the immersion of a believer in water into communion with the Throne of God. That it is an immersion is evident from the very meaning of the word, from the circumstances which are recorded in connection with baptism, and from the figurative language of the sacred writers when explaining the import of this rite.

The argument of those who practice sprinkling or pouring is not satisfactory to us. It has not yet been proved that the word baptism means to pour or sprinkle, or that the descriptions of baptism in the New Testament are in harmony with such a rendering of the word, or that in any case recorded, immersion was impossible.

That baptism was administered to believers only, is evident from the commission given by Christ just before his ascension, from the credible evidences of facts given by all who were baptized in apostolic times, from the language used by the sacred writers when addressing the baptized, and also from the import of the rite.

The arguments of those who believe in infant sprinkling are not deemed satisfactory by us. We cannot discover that the children of Abraham are the children of believers, nor that baptism took the place of circumcision, nor that the commission related to infants, nor that the Scriptures furnish an example of infant baptism.

In baptism the believer is visibly brought into communion with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. He thereby professes belief in love for, and obedience unto the Triune God. God also avowedly enters into a new relation with the believer.

In baptism we are in the presence of the world, leave the kingdom of Satan, and enter into the kingdom of God's dear Son—taking an oath of allegiance to him, and receiving assurance of pardon and eternal life.

The language of the Scriptures as to the blessings bestowed in baptism is very strong. "Baptism brings us into communion with Christ, Gal. 3. 27; into a state in which we participate in the benefits of his death, Rom. 6. 3; it is meant to wash away sin, Acts 22. 6; to be the means of the remission of sin, Acts 2. 38; it is also said to save, 1 Pet. 3. 21.

But the Holy Scriptures themselves explain this strong language, by making faith a preliminary to baptism, and by teaching that through faith we are brought into communion with Christ, made participants of his death—justified, sanctified, and saved.

Hence baptism is not regeneration, nor does it effect the remission of sins, the purification of the heart, or the salvation of the soul. It is the outward form of faith; the believer therein expresses his belief that Christ has died and risen again from the dead—he also makes a solemn vow of obedience. He thus takes the oath of allegiance to his King, enters the visible kingdom, and receives a certificate that his sins are forgiven, his spirit regenerated and his soul saved.

2. The Lord's Supper, the other Christian ordinance is a provision of bread and wine—to be partaken by baptized believers, in commemoration of the sufferings of their Lord—also as emblematical of the means whereby spiritual life is preserved and advanced.

This institution was designed to be maintained in the Church until the end of time, "ye do show the Lord's death until he comes." The Lord's Supper, thus, ever has been, and ever will be, a monument which is engraven for the benefit of the human race the prominent facts of the gospel, and a convincing evidence of their truth.

None but baptized believers are to partake of this supper. Those who have a living faith in Christ are alone capable of receiving it properly, of deriving from it any advantage, or even of apprehending its significance. Baptism as a sign of regeneration—naturally precedes that which is the sign of sanctification; the new birth precedes the partaking of spiritual food; the oath of allegiance, precedes participation in the privileges of the kingdom. But the Scriptures plainly indicate subjects, those who are authorized to partake of this ordinance. From the sacred writers we learn that none but baptized believers partook of the Lord's Supper.

We are not convinced by the arguments of those who maintain that unbelievers, or unbaptized believers can consistently be admitted to this ordinance.

The Lord's Supper is a memorial of the sufferings and death of Christ. It continually reminds his people of what he did and suffered for them, the intensity of their sufferings, and consequently the extent of their guilt and danger, and of his love.

It is emblematical also of the means whereby spiritual life is imparted and maintained. "This is evident from those passages in which he speaks of the bread as his flesh, the wine as his blood."
In the Lord's Supper, when rightly partaken we hold intercourse with the Lord. We assure him of our love, and profess our determination to obey his precepts; he also assures us of pardon through his broken body and shed blood, and imparts to us spiritual life.

In properly observing this ordinance, the fundamental doctrines of the gospel are impressed upon the mind, the heart is softened by the remembrance of the great love of the Redeemer, hope is nourished by the assurance of eternal life herein afforded, and we are impelled by all the power of the conscience to live in obedience to his commandments.
ALAFIR.

Christ; but it is hard to leave all. We must bid a long, probably, an eternal farewell, to many whom we have dearly loved. The brother, the sister, the father, the mother, shall we ever see again? How shall we be reconciled to this tearing asunder of the tenderest ties. These feelings which we thought religion had quelled, now deeply restrain. After the excitement of preparation is over, and when the temporary enthusiasm, excited by the addresses, and prayers and practices, which attended our embarkation have passed away, nature will have her day; she summons up the scenes of childhood, boyhood, youth, and early manhood, and then bids us weep. Unbidden tears steal down the cheek, as we see the Land we love, fading away.

Days, weeks, months, roll by, and we learn to envy even the prisoner his cell upon the solid earth. There is something unappealingly dreary to those who have left home, probably forever, in the illimitable expanse of waters. The motionless calm, the breeze which hurries us away from our native land, the tempest which occasionally hurls our huge ship through the boiling foam, alike depress the spirits. My sole occupation is, to banish the cloud from my brow, and the gloom from my heart; and to speak words of encouragement to her, who has taken to be the companion of my voyage now, and through life. A brother missionary, who converses only of home and friends, is but a Job's comforter. "How blessings brighten as they take their flight."

But we slowly awaken from an unhappy dream, and feel that the indulgence of those feelings is sinful. Here on ship-board, thousands of miles away from land, a work can be done for the Lord. Why wait until we are in Burmah, to begin our missionary labors, when we can find healthful sailors for whom to pray—and with whom to converse.

It requires more moral courage than we had thought, to point these erring ones to the Lamb of God, yet when the effort is made, the difficulty is over. The tract is cheerfully accepted, the "word in season," listened to with respect, and soon the consciousness of some broken that "they think of God and are troubled."

Soon we have to take an interest in the most trivial events. The sight of the ship—the change of the atmosphere, the variations of temperature, the management of our vessel,—all excite the liveliest attention, and are regarded as important occurrences.

As we draw near the Southern Hemisphere, the missionary spirit seems to awaken. Half of our tedious voyage is over, and we are approaching the land of darkness, which we have selected as our future home.

The winds are now soft and warm, the atmosphere clear and delightful, the sky is of a deep blue, and the sun descends in glory—but we would part with all just now, for the bitterest snow storm, were we only for an hour at home.

We have passed the line. In two months more we shall probably see the shores of Burmah.—Already visitors from the warm South welcome us. Now a flying fish leaps on board, we obtain it, and preserve it as a curiosity and a relic. As we approach the Cape, the majestic albatross surveys us from on high, or, as if from curiosity, sails around us. One magnificent bird was caught with a baited hook, and then let go, carrying with him a tablet of lead, on which was written the name of our ship, captain, passengers, and the number of days we had been out. The shark, the turtle, the nautilus, pass us from time to time, all equally welcome visitors.

We are more rapidly approaching our destination. The incidents of the voyage, once so interesting, now become trivial, and the days seem to pass more slowly than ever. At length we see land appears—the land of our adoption—the chosen field of labor. What wonder if now we feel a new enthusiasm. We no longer regard the old friends—though we love them as dearly as ever. We regard with eager interest—the river which we are entering—the fields of rice, the strange and luxuriant vegetation—and, the distant mountains. We are still more intensely excited as we approach the city of Rangoon.—Here we shall soon see the people whose souls we have come to seek and to save—we shall soon hear the tongue in which we are to convey to them the word of life, and we shall view the pagodas—temples of that superstition against which our life shall be spent.

AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

Dutchland is the queerest land in Europe, the most remarkable country on the face of the Globe; and it is most remarkable because it is the land of the Dutchmen. And the most extraordinary fact in connection with this is, that unlike other countries, Holland owes its very existence to the labour of its people. Talk of your wonders elsewhere—your pyramids, your catacombs, your China Walls, your temples, theatres, aqueducts, baths, bridges, canals, tunnels, railroads, your works of art, your inventions—here is a greater wonder than any of them than all of them put together—a land, the home of a powerful people, created by their own hands. Here, on a few barren acres of land and mud, the offspring of German and Swiss mountains, cast forth upon the banks of the Rhine, or heaved angrily up from the depths of the ocean, a country has arisen, or rather, has been fenced in, for the shade of a nation.

The people who chose such a way of getting a

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