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The Christian Watchman

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Original Contributions

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

DEAR YOUNG BROTHER:—

It is a great privilege to be permitted to address you on the subject of the Christian ministry. I am sure that you will be glad to receive any words of encouragement or advice that may be offered to you. I will therefore venture to say a few words to you on this subject. I will first speak of the nature of the Christian ministry, and then of the qualifications necessary for it.

The Christian ministry is a noble and honorable one. It is a calling to which many are called, but few are chosen. It is a calling to which only those are called who are true Christians, and who are called by the Holy Spirit. It is a calling to which only those are chosen who are true Christians, and who are called by the Holy Spirit.

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by no means discharged our duty, and cannot with a clear conscience, calmly leave the result with God. It was not that such sermons might be preached, that God has called men out of the world consecrated to the holy work; but to bring out of the treasure house things new and old, to interest all our hearers, to bring sinners to repentance, to provide milk for the babes and meat for the strong men, to keep ahead of those who are pressing on most eagerly for the immortal crown, and thus be able to point out the quicksands and bye-paths which are strewn along the narrow road.

The promised aid, the assurance that though Paul may plant and Apollus water, yet that God giveth the increase, increases rather than diminishes the responsibility of the preacher. As the Christian religion, with its assurances of a salvation accomplished, of a Saviour who has atoned, of a Spirit who regenerates and sanctifies, places the believer under additional obligations to repent and believe in the assurance that God worketh in the believer to will and to do of His own good pleasure, places the believer under an additional obligation, so the assurance that God alone giveth the increase, is an additional reason why preachers of the gospel should be intelligent, pious, affectionate, zealous, and successful. Our responsibilities increase with every assurance that God grants success, that when sinners are saved, not unto us, but unto Him is to be ascribed all the glory.

We are under obligation to be successful. It is inconceivable that God would call us out of the world, and select us from the church, and promise His Holy Spirit to accompany the word preached with converting, sanctifying and saving power, and then leave us to preach the gospel without success. He who goeth forth and returneth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless reap again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. But we must not have a wrong view of success. When we are blessed with revivals of religion we may rejoice, but we must tremble in anticipation of the number of supposed converts who will fall away, and the numbers of convicted sinners who will probably never again be brought so directly under the influence of your sermons. So, when these seasons are withheld, when only a few and these at long intervals, join the church, when your own converts are few, and your hearers are advancing, are more imbued with a fervent love, more zealous for the advancement of the cause of truth, more humble and prayerful, less discouraged, but thank God that he has so far blessed you so as to enable you to give efficiency to one section of the sacramental host.

For the Christian Watchman.
RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPLES.
No. 8.
SALERNO AND PAESTUM.

Paestum is by no means the least important of the attractive localities which summon the visitor away from the magnificence of Naples. Though fifty miles distant, the road passes through Salerno one of the most interesting and beautiful cities in the kingdom of Naples, and while on the journey, we can, without inconvenience, visit the matchless beauties of the shores of Sorrento.

We had fallen in with a party of Americans, and after due consultation it was unanimously resolved that we should visit Salerno, Paestum and Sorrento. A vettura with a span of good horses was chartered for the sum of sixteen dollars, and our party, consisting of eight, left Naples one beautiful morning, on a four days excursion.

The road passes Portici, Torre del Greco, Pompeii and Nocera. The drive to Nocera along the margin of the bay of Naples, continuously discloses some new beauty, and permits us to admire the city, the coast, the islands, and the Volcano from ever varying points of view.

The scenery between Nocera to Salerno is very beautiful. We no longer view the bay and its splendid ornaments, but a vast amphitheatre of hills gradually surrounds us, and charm the eye with their diversity of hues and forms. To the right are lofty hills covered to their summits with the evergreen olive, or diversified with zig zag terraces for the vine, or when more than usually precipitous, crowned with the ruins of some old castle. To the left extends a range of mountains, while the view behind us is bounded by the enormous bulk of Vesuvius.

most exquisitely beautiful scenes in all the world, to the Albergo del Sole, the inn, only to spend an hour or so in a quarrel with the vetturino, who insisted that we should pay him one fourth of the sum promised for his services—as he had completed one of the four days for which he had been engaged. With this seemingly just demand we declined to comply, as we knew that if he could pick up any passengers from Salerno to Naples, who would pay beyond our rates, he would have no resolution in leaving us there or in demanding an increase of pay.

The road between Salerno, and the passage of the river Silarus leads through a region diversified yet somewhat tame and increasingly so as we approach the river. Beyond the Silarus the richness and beauty of the scenery gradually depart, and the tameness settles in desolation. Men and human habitations disappear and, herds of swine half wild, or troops of buffalo take the place of sheep and oxen.

Paestum is about twenty miles beyond Salerno. Here we remained a few hours to look at its remarkable collection of antiquities. Ages and ages ago, before Romulus founded Rome, this scene of desolation was a thronged and powerful city. At the present day the direction of the ancient walls may barely be traced. Here are a few fragments of what might have been a theatre and amphitheatre. Excepting these mounds and fragments, nothing remains of Paestum but its temples and Basilica. These, however, after the lapse of nearly three thousand years appear before us in all their original grandeur. Time has dealt lightly with them, and has only removed their ornaments without destroying their noble forms and proportions. It has only made them more venerable, and brought more distinctly into view their primitive architectural simplicity and grandeur. These temples, a rising in majesty above the desolate plain, and tranquilly surveying the utter ruin of the palaces, theatres, baths, and walls of the ancient city, are the great attractions which summon the traveller away from the beauties and magnificence of Naples, into this unsightly desert.

These temples are built of a species of stone formed by the petrifying waters of the Silarus. This stone is full of very good fossils of small plants, pieces of shrubs and bits of bark.

The Temple of Neptune is the largest of the three venerable ruins in Paestum. The architect is of the old Doric order. The structure is composed of immense blocks of the stone described above. We noticed one piece which was thirteen feet in length, four in height and two in breadth. Huge steps lead up to the platform on which the temple stands. This platform is quadrilateral, and about 200 feet in length by about eighty in breadth. The temple has two fronts each supported by six huge Doric columns nearly thirty feet in height, and of massive almost Egyptian. The columns in front and along the sides support a frieze and architrave which are almost perfect. Within the temple is the cella, a sort of interior temple, consisting of the choir in the Gothic Cathedral. This cella is raised three feet above the platform, and is about 90 feet in length, by about 40 in width. It has on either side a row of pillars, which support an architrave above which is placed a row of pillars much smaller than those beneath.

The Basilica, the ancient court house, quite near the Temple of Neptune resembles it very closely. Its columns are more numerous and less massive. It has no cella, but the edifice was divided into two equal parts by a row of columns three of which still remain; the others were stolen to adorn the cathedral of Salerno.

The Temple of Ceres is in the same style, and of the same material as the Temple of Neptune, though less stern and more graceful in its aspect. It is conjectured from some marks which the edifice bears, that in the earlier ages of Christianity this temple was used as a church.

To the superficial observer it would seem that in spite of thirty centuries, only a roof and a wall are required to restore the ruins to their original perfection. They certainly compose a collection of temple architecture unequalled in Italy for antiquity and completeness. As Paestum is now so it was in the days of Augustus, and then as now the traveller left the gaities and luxuries of Naples to view what were then precious relics of antiquity. The malaria which for many ages past has driven men away from the precincts of Paestum, has like the ashes which overwhelmed Pompeii preserved the most precious treasures of the ancient city, and the desolation which reigns around harmonizes well with the aspect of these stern old temples. We would not have the halo of antiquity so venerated, destroyed by the bustle and noise, the poverty or prosperity of a modern city.

visit to this place of amusement is chiefly memorable from the fact that our resistance to a charge for cushions, by a pretended ignorance of Italian, and an abundant display of English, excited the ire of the ostender of the above mentioned cushions and attracted to the box in which our party was, the attention of the entire audience. This evening is farther memorable from the fact that on our return to the inn we engaged in a rather violent discussion with our vetturino. He introduced to us a rascally looking fellow whom he called his brother, and who he said for the insignificant sum of seven dollars would take us from Castellmare to Sorrento. This proposition was a very cool one, inasmuch as he had engaged to take us to Sorrento. He threatened, in case we would not consent, to leave us get to Naples ourselves; we informed him that as we had only paid him for one quarter of his time, nothing would please us better if we would save our twelve dollars, and only have to walk about thirty miles. He then declared that his horses were tired, and must rest at Castellmare. We stated that he might travel as slowly as he liked, but that if he wanted his pay he must go to Sorrento. He then began to swear and pull his hair in a most interesting manner. At length we invited him to stay all night, and offered him the choice of the beds, when he suddenly became very good natured, laughed heartily and took his leave.

For the Christian Watchman.
AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.
CONTINUED.

Almost every large city has some suburban attraction—some place to which it points with pride and exultation. Every one who goes to London sees Sydenham and Windor as a matter of necessity, and the French have a saying that one has never seen Paris if he has never visited Versailles. Such a relation does Broek bear to Amsterdam.

It is said to be "the cleanest village in the world." It is the combination of all the characteristics of Holland—the double-distilled essence of Dutch cleanliness. It is probably the place which served as a model to the ingenious artist who first designed and created those toy shop villages, the delight of every child.

Hearing so much of Broek, I considered it an imperative duty to see the place before I left Amsterdam. Then there was the Great Ship Canal, and a sail in the trekschuit equally attractive. So early in the morning I went down to the wharf in the centre of the Y, and stepped on board a small steambot which plies between Amsterdam and the villages on the opposite side of the harbor.

In crossing the harbor, one gets an excellent idea of the vast extent of Amsterdam, the magnitude of its commerce, and the peculiarities of its inhabitants. On either side, far beyond the long lines of houses and ships, are seen numerous little pavilions, painted in the most vivid colors, and decorated in every imaginable style, built on little piers which project into the harbor, or on the edge of the dykes in the midst of fields of flowers. These are the property of the citizens of the town, who, not rich enough to purchase a country villa, build these "summer houses." Here they come at the close of the day with their wives and children, to smoke and sip their coffee, or wine. Here all their holidays are spent, and here in the enjoyment of social intercourse and innocent amusement, they are enabled to throw off the cares of business. "Summer Houses" are a great peculiarity of the Dutch people, but nowhere else are they to be found in such numbers. It speaks well for the common sense of the people that they see the necessity of recreation of this sort. Indeed, the pleasures of the country are those best enjoyed by the Dutch. Though there are theatres and other places of amusement in Amsterdam, they are patronized only by the very highest, or the very lowest ranks.

At the place where the ferry boat landed me, the Great Ship Canal begins, which connects Amsterdam with the Ocean, and enables vessels to avoid the perilous navigation of the Zuider Zee. It is one of the wonders of Holland. It is about fifty-one miles long one hundred and twenty feet wide, and deep enough for the passage of the largest ship. The difficulties encountered in its construction were immense. Built over a country almost a floating island, and a few feet below the surface of which laborers had to work in the midst of quicksands and quagmires, the attempt seemed scarcely possible. To find a foundation for the locks, the original bed of the sea had to be found, and this was over forty feet under the present surface. The piles used in the erection of the canal walls had also to be driven below that depth to ensure stability. The country, itself, was ten feet below the mean level of the Ocean without, and there was the constant danger of an inundation to be encountered. Nevertheless, Dutch skill and perseverance overcame all these obstacles, and the Canal was built and has existed for years, the great highway for the commerce of Amsterdam, a monument to the enterprise and industry of its builders.

As the distance to Broek was but a few miles, I concluded to walk. The road, for a mile or two, ran along the banks of the Great Canal, and here I could see numerous large vessels beating slowly along, towed by men in boats, or straining at ropes on the canal side. When the breeze is favorable, vessels can come through in a day or

two, otherwise the passage is long and tedious. I wondered why steam tugs were not employed. They would be of vast service, save a great deal of time and labor, and render the canal more useful. I suppose, however, the extreme care necessary in such a country to prevent damage to the dykes, renders such a thing impossible.

The country through which I passed was very uninteresting, a long straight road, paved with little narrow bricks, and bordered on either side by the inevitable willow-green pastures, filled with vast herds of spotted, black and white cattle, and farm-houses surrounded by low ranges of offices, and gigantic ricks of hay and unthreshed grain. Still, it was amusing to notice the difference between the buildings here and those I had seen in Southern Holland. There was also a marked dissimilarity in the mode of dress, and I suppose also in the language, though that I could not judge. Scarcely anything seems more strange to an American than the peculiarity in dialect, manners and customs each little district possesses in all the countries of Europe.

At length, the appearance of a village composed of Egyptian temples of small size, little Pantheons, Gothic Cathedrals and Moorish Mosques; cottages of Italian, Grecian, Romanesque, Chinese, and Arabian architecture, built with a mixture of all these, or built in no style whatever, side by side, in every conceivable position, separated by little foot-paths, paved with different colored stones, and carefully sprinkled with clean sand—all this informed me that I was at the wondrous village of Broek.

It is a small place, but contains much that is rare and curious. I cannot say that its peculiar style of architecture is deserving of much admiration; in fact every stranger thinks it exceedingly absurd. But who knows, thought I, but that this mode of building houses has been adopted for reasons unsuspected by the mere tourist. Perhaps the Dutch inhabitants of these structures wish to impart to their children a knowledge of the distinctions which exist between the modes of architectural design, adopted at different periods, and by different races of men. In the Crystal Palace at Sydenham one may step from the Greek Court into the Court of the Alhambra, and derive much benefit from the comparison. So, here in Broek, he may see and study at his ease, within a short space, all the architectural styles of the world. He may, even, see them united in one small building!

As for the foot-paths, strewn with sand, and paved with rough mosaic, they are the only streets of the village, for horses and carriages are here deemed useless. They are of wonderful cleanliness, and, it is said, are scrubbed and carefully swept every morning. I have before compared Broek to a toy-shop village. It resembles one of those interesting playthings in many respects. Its houses are as clean and as brilliantly painted; its trees as curiously trimmed. All the colors of the rainbow are used, though green and white predominated, while the roofs are of bright red tiles. So carefully do the inhabitants protect their dwellings from uncleanness without, that two or three coats of paint are put on every year, and some are said to keep a painter in the house as a necessary part of their establishment.

Another peculiarity of Broek, and indeed of all Dutch villages is the fashion of keeping their front doors and rooms closed. A man builds his house, and his street door is opened for the guests whom he invites to celebrate the occasion; should he get married, it is again opened, but for the last time till his coffin goes forth from it to the grave. The front room is a show-room, where the most valuable furniture is kept and used only on the most solemn occasions. It is entered but once or twice a month, and then only by the careful housewife, with a broom, a mop, a pail of hot water, and a large piece of soap. This is another Dutch fashion introduced into America by the early colonists of New York, and prevailing even now to too great an extent. So careful are the people of Broek of their front doors, that it is said when the Emperor Alexander visited the place he had to go round to the back door of one of the cottages, in order to obtain admittance; and even then, had to take his shoes off and leave them at the entrance.

I vainly endeavored to secure admittance to one of the houses by asking at the door for a drink of milk, but was disappointed. I got the milk, but no invitation, although I was ready to lay aside my dusty boots, if necessary, and do anything else the custom of the place required. I dare say, to this day, the person who gave me the milk, remembers with disgust the dusty young man who came to the back door so suspiciously, got a drink of valuable milk, and went away without paying for it.

In walking around the place, I fortunately came across an extensive building of brick, painted yellow, the door of which stood invitingly open. It was one of the dairies for which Broek is famous. As it was now nearly noon, there were no cattle in the place, and no human beings to prevent me, I entered and leisurely surveyed the arrangements. The building covered a great deal of ground, but was scarcely eight or ten feet in height. The floor was of brick and spotlessly clean, and all the wood work was freshly painted. The stalls were arranged so as to accommodate thirty or forty cows, and formed a square, along the outside of which, by the walls of the building, ran a deep gutter. The cows' heads were placed towards the middle of the square, facing each other, so that all could

be fed without trouble from the inside, where the fodder was kept. They lay on smooth bricks, sloping to the gutter by the wall and slightly in the middle, and the stalls were just long enough to prevent the animals from getting soiled. Indeed, so careful were the arrangements to prevent any uncleanness, that over each stall I noticed iron rings fastened, through each of which, when the cows were in their places, ropes were passed, one end of which was fastened to the animals' tails, while the other end was tied a weight, just sufficient to hold the tails in the air, and keep them up, without disturbing the equanimity of their owners. This, I think, is an invention of purely Dutch origin. Certainly it shows the extraordinary punctiliousness of its inventors.

Broek, and indeed all North Holland, has grown wealthy by means of these little round cheeses, which are exported to all parts of the world, and called, *per excellence*, "Dutch cheeses." Broek has also obtained many wealthy residents from among retired mechanics and manufacturers, of Amsterdam, who come here to spend the rest of their days, and enjoy themselves in agricultural pursuits. Perhaps in no part of the world are there so many attractions to one desirous of obtaining a knowledge of thoroughly scientific farming as in this neighborhood.

One exhausts Broek very soon, however. It was getting hot; the place was oppressively lonely and cheerless, so I was glad when on approaching the canal, I found a trekschuit ready to start for Amsterdam.

The trekschuit, or canal boat, is a species of travelling; it is not so much used now in Holland, as it was before the introduction of railways, when it was universal. Still, the poorer classes prefer it for its cheapness, and strangers because it is an institution of the country.

The sail back was pleasant. The boat had two cabins, running the entire length of the deck, except a small space at each end. Both cabins seemed to be fitted with the usual description of pipe, the usual description of tobacco. I perceived, for the first time, the truth of the saying, that Dutchmen measure time and distance by the number of pipes smoked. I amused myself by a calculation of the distance from Broek to Amsterdam. By allowing one pipe and a half to the mile, I arrived at a result very nearly correct.

The boy who rode the horse that towed the boat was another subject of interest. When we came to a bridge, which was about to be dropped the towing line. How quickly did he get it again when the bridge was passed. How fat and ruddy was he—so conscious of his importance—so proud of his big jack boots and leathern unmentionables—so ready with his guttural reply to the guttural call of the steersman.

[To be continued.]

The Inexhaustible Barrel.
"I declare," said Deacon Wortley, as he touched up the old gray on his way home from church; "I declare, if I believe that Parson Honeywood's sermon-barrel will ever give out. It is like the widow's barrel in Scripture. Now there was Parson Keane, who used to preach for us; he alters his barrel every week, no matter which end of the barrel he took it out of; and as we sat pretty close to the meeting-house door, it got to be mighty thin preachin' by the time it got back to us. But Parson Honeywood has been here long 'n' on twenty years, and his sermons come out fresher and fresher every Sunday. Wife, I wish your butter-firkin would keep as sweet through the winter."

The good deacon resolved that the first time he saw his minister go by, he would have a talk with him on the subject. So a few days after—hailing the well-known old sorrel and parochial buggy as it joggled along—he left his plough and hurried to the roadside. After the meteorological questions, the plain-spoken deacon blurted out,—
"Well, parson; that Sunday mornin' sermon was number one prime; may I ask you which end of the barrel that come out on?"
"I am glad the sermon suited you," replied the genial domestic—"I got part of that at your house; part came from neighbor B—'s, and part from the widow B—'s; and one of the best hints in it came from seeing your boy Frank riding home an old gray from the pasture without any saddle or bridle. I picked up that sermon in one day of pastoral visitin'."

Parson Honeywood was a shrewd man, and a wise pastor. He had not many books; (but the few he had were gold mines) and his family increased faster than his library. His Bible he had at his finger's end; there was not a line in it on which he had not made up his mind definitely as to its meaning. It was his one book of heavenly knowledge. But he also had a book of human knowledge second only to it. In the morning he studied his Bible; and in the afternoon, he sallied out with horse and buggy and studied his people. He rode with his eyes open, finding illustrations (like his Divine Master) from the birds of the air, from the flowers of the field and the sower or harvester by the wayside. He lost nothing that he could turn to his purpose, for his mind was on his sermon all the way. If he saw a farmer letting his team "blow" under a roadside tree, he drew up and fell into a chat with him. He observed closely the man's style of thought