

AVAILABLE RESPONSIBLE TIGHT BINDING RELIURE TROP RIDGE

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The Christian Watchman

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

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

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Original Contributions

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

DEAR YOUNG BROTHER:—

Sometimes ago I pointed out to you as a preacher of the gospel, the duty and the necessity of spending a reasonable portion of your time in study.

It is true you are to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified, but it is a right matter to understand this doctrine, this hidden mystery which angels' prayers vainly sought to solve.

There is no department of reliable knowledge but may be of advantage in assisting you to understand, explain, illustrate, and enforce the great truths of the gospel.

But the Bible is the great authority in all matters connected with religion, it satisfactorily answers all enquiry which relates to the nature, character and will of God, or the sanctification and salvation of man.

This volume however was written in language with which we are not familiar, its revelations were made at various times and in various ways.

To understand its contents you must become acquainted with the history, manners and customs of the people to whom its teachings are originally addressed.

While the Bible should be the book chiefly studied it is very evident that we need assistance to understand its revelations, and to classify its doctrines.

not be regarded as a very eloquent preacher, or a very profound theologian, but what is of greater importance you will grow in knowledge and the love of truth, and your hearers even if they do not learn to admire you, will have clear views of truth and duty.

In studying the Holy Scriptures in the manner above indicated you will need the aid of Commentaries. I shall now give you a catalogue of books which I know to be of value.

For the study of Palestine—you will obtain the commentaries of Bush, on Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy; also Eschscholtz's Typology.

For the poetical books of the Old Testament, avail yourself of the assistance of Barnes on Job, Dr. Conant's translation for the Bible Union—Tholuck on the Psalms; Alexander on the Psalms, and Stuart on Proverbs, Alexander on Isaiah is very good.

The New Testament will occupy more of your time than the old, and consequently you will need a new set of commentaries in the study of this portion of Holy Writ.

For the study of the Gospels obtain Trenchard's Parables; Trenchard on the Miracles; Neander's life of Christ; Brown's Discourses on our Lord, and Olshausen on the four Gospels.

We have very valuable commentaries on Romans. Hodges, Olshausen, Tholuck on Romans and Brown's Analytical Commentary, will all be found of great value to the student.

Let me urge you to begin at once the study of some book of the New Testament. The passages of Scripture with which you will thus become intimately acquainted, will have a vast amount of time and trouble in the selection of texts, the information thus gained is constantly available, and in this mode of study will give new life to the old ideas which have lain dormant in your mind.

P. S.—Any of the books mentioned above may be obtained through Mr. T. H. Hall of the Colonial Book Store. If not on hand they will be ordered immediately.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Want of time, and consciousness of our inability to treat the subject as we would wish, have hindered us from sooner responding to your invitation to offer some remarks upon the state and wants of Female Education in our Province.

The subject of Education, in all its phases, is one of those upon which so much has been said, and said so well, that the promise to place it in a new light, or to clothe it with a fresh interest would argue a strong confidence indeed, in one's own originality.

Some of our first observations shall apply to education in the abstract, without regard to country or sex. Let no one think the attempt to argue the necessity of education, an idle one. It is not an admitted truism that it would be well for New Brunswick, well for the world, could every mind swell with the expansive life, every heart pulse with the new and mighty energy, which it is the province of a healthful and vigorous training to impart.

people be helped to invade the secluded domains of refinement, and even to crowd into the consecrated circle of nobility? The soiled cowsheds of the farmer to work their way to the velvet drawing-room of the gentry—the ruddy hands of the milkmaid to draw water from keys polished for the taper fingers of ladyhood!

Such a state of things is, of course, as impossible as it would be unnatural. Every reflective mind must discover a strangely-marked tendency to division and classification ingrained by the Creator's own hand, in the very nature of men.

Another class, a much more extensive one, we fear, stands out in striking contrast to the above. It consists of those who, voluntarily resting in the background themselves, look with jealousy upon those who are striving to attain a higher position, a standing more in accordance with the dignity and the capabilities of the nature which God has given them.

For the Christian Watchman. PARAPHRASE. 1. THUSS, 2. 1-17.

In evidence of your election, we have adduced the fact that our preaching, when with you, was not in word only, (that is destitute of the power, which the assistance of the Holy Spirit and a conviction of the truths affords.)

Taking these two classes as representing the extremes, and crossing the vast space that separates them, we find it occupied by sects holding opinions of every variety and shade.

By this motive alone we were influenced in all our intercourse with you, for never did we mingle with our instructions one word of flattery to your natural haughtiness; this ye well know. Nor did we conceal a courteous disposition under pretence of love for the truth or regard for your welfare; of this God is my witness.

We carefully avoided even the appearance of being influenced by selfish motives. As apostles of the Lord, we might have justly demanded respect, obedience, and temporal support.

On this account (your glorious calling), we also bless God unceasingly. For when you received the word of God, which ye heard from us, ye received it, not as the word of man, but as it is in truth the word of God, which worketh energetically to the purifying of the heart, and life in all you who believe.

What! say they, "shall the ignoble

benefits of a high degree of intellectual culture shall be enjoyed in the remotest rural hamlet and its lowliest cottage. And yet, we contend that such is the true goal for every friend of education, principles may be right, though practice never can; the impossibility of a perfect result is no excuse for the absence of a perfect theory.

The most conspicuous object in every view from any quarter of Naples, and one of the wonders of the world.

One bright morning in February we with a party of several Americans left the city for the volcano. In a few moments we arrive by the Rail Road at Portici, a small town at the base of Vesuvius, built on the lava which ages ago overwhelmed Herculaneum.

We no sooner leave the cars than we are surrounded by a number of persons who suspecting our object offer ponies to carry us up the mountain, or poles to assist us in clambering up the cone.

But gradually we came more serious. The course became increasingly dreary. Every sign of verdure vanished, and instead of the vine or the orange tree or the rank and luxuriant cactus, we have only large masses of lava scattered all around, or deep gorges which seem to have been formed in some terrible volcanic convulsion.

The wind which had been but a gentle breeze when we left Portici, increases in violence as we ascend, until it blows a gale. As we move along in single file up the steep ascent, over large masses of lava, or by the brink of some deep gorge the voice of laughter is hushed, and some violent gust of wind almost huris us from the saddle, we begin seriously to reflect on the probability of being dashed upon some block of lava or tossed over some precipitous cleft.

At length we reached the Hermitage of St. Salvador, about two thirds of the way from the base of the mountain to the base of the cone. After remaining at the Hermitage for a half hour or so to procure refreshments, and to brace up for the remainder of the journey, we again proceed.

Now the toil of the day commenced. The cone is as steep as a Rail Road embankment, but instead of a firm and even soil we can only choose to climb up over rough blocks of lava, or through ashes into which we sink twelve or fifteen inches at every step.

Experience soon taught us to prefer the lava, to the light and slippery ashes. The poles which we had purchased at Portici were now found to be of great utility, indeed we could scarcely have advanced without them. The ragged gentry who had clung so tenaciously to the tails of the ponies, in the earlier period of our ascent now offered their services. They were provided with a sort of harness which they attached to themselves and then wished to attach to us.

us, the apostles of the Lord. They are a people displeasing to God and enemies to all mankind, and exhibit their enmity by forbidding us to preach the gospel whereby they might be saved.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPLES.

When the visitor to Naples has spent a few days in wandering through the streets, in or visiting the churches, palaces, and museums, he will begin to think of the interesting objects or localities which surround this magnificent city.

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offers, until in deep disgust they left us, and when they had reached the bottom of the cone relieved their feelings by kicking over some chairs which had been left there.

After toiling for about three quarters of an hour we reached the summit of Vesuvius. Encircling the crater is a high bank of ashes from the top of which we can look down into the vast funnel of Vesuvius, or around upon the expense of country which stretches away for miles in every direction.

We found to our great delight that the wind which had annoyed us so much during the day, had blown over to the opposite side of the crater, and away towards the bay, the smoke and sulphurous vapors which in a calm day fill the vast cavity and ascend in a perpendicular column far on high.

We stood for a while upon the edge of the crater. The soil beneath our feet was quite hot so that our guide after scraping away two or three inches of ashes, roasted an egg with which he refreshed himself. We look down into the vast funnel lined with blocks of lava and smoking ashes, and then for a time watch the smoke which perpetually ascends out of the dark gulph, in thick white masses. It seems like the very mouth of the pit of destruction.

But we determined well here to see all that was to be seen—to descend into the crater and stand upon the very brink of that frightful gulph. In vain our guide refuses to accompany us, in vain he tells us that we may be suffocated by the fumes of the sulphur, or may slip into the fiery pit. We determined to descend without him and in spite of his warnings. As we descend the soil becomes hotter at every step, the sulphurous vapors become thicker and more suffocating, but we keep on until we stand upon a crag of lava deeply imbedded in the ashes and on the very brink of the fathomless pit. We can look down only for a few feet, owing to the thick white smoke which perpetually ascends. If our feet were to slip, if that crag of lava were to move by our weight from its bed of ashes; what a horrible death! Years have gone by since we stood on that block of lava looking directly down into the throat of the burning mountain, yet we cannot recall that moment without a thrill of horror.

We picked up a few pieces of brimstone as a memorial of the visit and then hurried up out of the crater, and its hot and suffocating atmosphere. Our boots were nearly destroyed, the sulphurous fumes had turned the color of portions of our clothing, and the effects of that descent into the crater were perceptible in the breath, and the health of the entire party for several days afterwards.

When once more on the summit of Vesuvius we pause to survey the scene spread before the eye. We look away from the dreary cavern and the horrible abyss of the volcano, to the regions below, the loveliest region in all the world, like the rich man in Hades surveying Paradise. Beneath the fields of lava and ashes lie spread the most fertile and populous portions of the kingdom of Naples. From Mola and Gaeta in one direction, and to the mountains of Calabria in another, everywhere the eye rests on scenes of matchless beauty, rendered more attractive by the contrast with the dreary and desolate scene immediately in view.

Here too from the summit of Vesuvius we can look down upon the site of Herculaneum and the partially excavated Pompeii. We can trace the course of the fiery torrent which overwhelmed the former city, and the direction of the destruction tempest which for ages buried the city of the plain. The emotion of awe with which we from the summit of the volcano contemplate those buried cities is heightened by the recollection, that the fearful destruction was a just retribution. The fearful eruptions was not simply a savage freak of nature, but the destroying agency of a just God.

The descent of the cone requires much less time and fatigue than its ascent. We now prepare for the light and slippery ashes, to the rough lava blocks, and in a few minutes are all assembled at the base. After we had come to the place where we had tied the ponies, we mounted once more and they trotted along with considerable speed until we came to the road which winds a long distance up the mountain. This is a magnificent road, and every turn opens up some new view. Our ponies were in good heart, and with a judicious combination of sight seeing and horse racing we finished very pleasantly the descent of Vesuvius.

A FATHER CONVERTED.—A pious young woman was filled with the most intense desires for the conversion of her father, who resided some miles from her. She did not hesitate to invite him to go to Christ when she had opportunity, but her main power she felt to be in prayer. At length there came upon her such ardent desires in his behalf, that she was literally in an agony. She could not pass a night without raising from her bed to make her supplication in his behalf. Now look at the result. Her father had hurt himself in some way so that he could not work. There were meetings in his neighborhood, and he could attend them just as well as not. Although not all as thrilling religious things, yet he