

TIGHT BINDING
RELIURE TROP RIGIDE

DERHILL,
MERCHANT
ST. JOHN, N. B.
TURNER,
Merchant,
and Groceries
Water-1861

THE MILLION!
inform his friend
open for inspection
WINTER STOCK
etc., in Pilot, Beaver
Broad Cloth and
HANKERS,
Laces, Handkerchiefs,
Gauze, Cottons, Linens,
Cottons, and Square Shaws
and Felt Hats, and Buttons,
Flowers, Sewed Mus-
lin, etc.

Yours passed away, and the little band was
restored. His members separated and went to
different lands. But the blessed influence which
had passed in their souls from this life, lived
on in them, and wrought again the same ef-
fect on others. For the spirit of God is a flame
which passeth from one to another, and still on
to another, to burn in each with undiminished
brilliance.

Marshall was called to be pastor over the
church at that place which was the source of so
many sacred memories; and had the happiness to
be placed by duty in the very spot which was
the dearest on earth to him. Blessings have
attended his ministry to cheer his heart, and he
has seen the clouds of affliction dispelled by the
smile of God's countenance.

Edward Vincent, also, after passing through
the necessary preparations, entered into the min-
istry, and labored zealously in the cause of his
Redeemer. His labors have been abundantly
blessed, and the seeds which have been sown
given to his ministry, are sufficient to encourage
greatly one who is even yet but a young man.

Tracy also remained faithful to his call, and
now occupies a prominent position among the
ministers of the place where he resides. He too,
has been blessed in his labors, and possesses the
affectionate admiration of a noble church. Each
succeeding year widens for him the field of labor,
and enlarges the prospect of usefulness.

John Vincent was easily severed from them.
Worn out by too severe study, he returned to
his home to die. But the approach of death
could not weaken the joys which he felt for the
blessings of his soul, and the glow of the
grace only showed how bright was the heavenly
light which illumined him, and hope—fall of immortality.
As sweetly as a child, he sank into slumber, as he
passed away, and in his latest moments his fond
memories of the College mingled with his prospects
of Heaven. He left behind him all the
little savings of his lifetime to be given to
Acadia College, as the only proof which he
could show of his deep love for his dear Alma
Mater.

But one scene more, and then I will close these
sketches.

It is a cheerless autumnal day in Boston Har-
bor. The wind is raw and cold, the skies cloudy
and threatening. Upon the quarter-deck of a
ship, a little knot of people is gathered whose
sadness and silence are remarkable. The ship
is going on a long and stormy voyage, and the
little knot of people are the friends of Alfred
Cummings who have come to bid him fare-
well.

He is going as a missionary to Burmah.

The lofty thought had entered into his mind at
the time of his conversation at Horton, and proved
more than a fleeting fancy. It ripened into a
fixed purpose, which grew stronger every year,
and drew to itself all the energy of his nature.
His wife is with him—a worthy companion in
this enterprise. She too had been converted at
the great revival, and was baptized at the same
hour with the students. Her religion is strong
enough to sustain her in this separation from
friends, and voluntary exile to far distant
lands.

There is singing and prayer. It is a solemn
occasion, for it is felt that this parting is for
life. All are affected. There is an oppressive silence,
only broken by mournful words.

At last comes the separation, and the word of
farewell is given. The friends step over to
another ship and stand looking from that, while
the ship of Alfred Cummings moves slowly from
the wharf. He stands waving his hand, his
wife beside him, and the mutual interchange of
farewells continue till the signals are no longer
seen.

Far up in the rigging of the ship at the wharf,
George Cummings has climbed, and stands look-
ing out at Alfred. The two brothers gaze sar-
azamly at one another. Wider the space between
them grew, which would become a boundless
ocean to separate them on earth forever. The
grief of this separation is too much even for the
strong-hearted George Cummings. He yields
to his force, and looking up at him, we see his
form convulsed with emotion, and his eyes
streaming with tears.

Thus Alfred Cummings went to the heathen.
Eight years have passed away since then.

His voice has risen in Burmah, and has pro-
duced that gospel which is so dear to him.
His labors there and blessings descend upon his
efforts. He is a workman of whom we need not
be ashamed, whose name gives glory to that
College which through God, has made him
what he is.

Here let these sketches come to a close. The
period to which they refer was one of signal
blessings, but the outpouring of heaven's favor
which then descended, was but one among many
others which occurred from year to year and
made Acadia College a monument of the faith-
fulness of God.

The old forms and faces have departed from
the scene, the old teachers frequent the lecture
rooms no longer, but they have left their suc-

The Christian Watchman

BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED.—ST. PAUL. REV. E. B. DEMILL, A. M., Editor.

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Original Contributions

For the Christian Watchman.

HORTON SKETCHES.

NO. 9.

BY GEMMA.

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DIVINE AND HUMAN THOUGHTS.

NO. 1.

A true friend will not flatter us to our present injury, nor deceive us to our future ruin, but will speak the truth in love. Thus the inspired writers—the best benefactors of our race—every where, carefully divide the word of truth, and give each one his portion in due season. The Bible has a distinguished excellence above all human compositions, in that it speaks of human character and human actions as they really are. It calls things by their right names without the least flattery or disguise. It discovers to every man the nature of his heart, and the nature of the world, and the nature of all his fellow-men. It makes repeated discoveries of the nature of that eternity into which the learning and philosophy of the world has ever been unable to penetrate. It becomes then, every minister of the word, to weigh carefully the characters of men in the balance of truth, without counting the favour, or fearing the frown of the world. The text, Isaiah lvi. 8; asserts that our thoughts and ways differ widely from the thoughts and ways of God. But though the assertion of the text may in many respects be of universal application, (for even the children of God must necessarily view things in a vastly feeble light than they are seen in the mind of the Creator) yet it was mainly designed to apply to the impenitent. For the children of God, in so far as they can become acquainted with the character and will of the Redeemer, delight to think the same thoughts and do the same things. And sometimes even the adversaries of religion when constrained to witness the splendor of its triumphs, find their understanding and their consciences to be on the side of truth, and are compelled to yield a kind of involuntary homage to the doctrine of the cross. From this state of mind, however, they generally soon recover themselves, and stand out again with prevailing resistance to the truth. They see things not in the same light in which they are viewed by the Creator of the world. They take their observation of things from the low grounds which have been selected, and view every object through a very distorted and imperfect medium. God's observation is taken from the throne of the universe, where the uncreated glories of heaven burn and dazzle around him with insufferable brightness. Nothing, however minute its formation, or remote in its location, can escape his vigilant and all-piercing eye. He sees all things distinctly in their real light. With all comprehensive glance he looks through immensity, and encompasses the great circle of eternity. All his works are perfectly known unto him from the beginning. Man's condition is in the dust. Here we are loaded with temptations, fettered with infirmities, and pressed down with iniquities, which bias our decisions, and cast a shade over our most exalted faculties. But in nothing do we so unhappily differ from the great Author of light, as in our estimate of the value of earthly things, and of that most excellent which constitutes a soul fit for the heavenly glory.

My language to solicit your attention to a subsequent article in which I propose to particularize several things in which this difference seems to consist.

EDINBURGH CORRESPONDENCE.

Edinburgh, Thursday Evg. March 7th 1861.

DEAR WATCHMAN,

I have received several numbers of your paper, for which accept my warmest thanks. I should be happy to comply with your request, but Edinburgh, you know, is not the place for a newspaper correspondent. Though called in geographies the capital of Scotland, it is after all but a provincial town. A correspondent ought to reside in London if he wishes to write letters at all interesting. I will try, however, and do what I can for you.

Like the "Watchman" very much—feel proud that the denomination in N. B. can publish such a paper. The old "Visitor" was a complete nonentity, and as far as my experience goes, was entirely destitute of actual readers—now we have a periodical devoted to our interests superior in many respects to any other religious journal in the Province. I allude especially to the great amount, variety, and excellence of your original matter. Every old son of "Acadia" must like your paper also for the way it stands up for Alma Mater. All the Hortons here say—Success to the "Watchman."

A residence in Edinburgh is pleasant in the whole, though after one has exhausted the "dons"—has "done" Holyrood, and the Castle, and St. Giles—has walked with eager step up the corkscrew staircase in Nelson's column, has solemnly gazed at the royal statue in George St., admired Sir Walter Scott's monument in the West-End, and wonders no longer at the little, though after one has exhausted the "dons"—has "done" Holyrood, and the Castle, and St. Giles—has walked with eager step up the corkscrew staircase in Nelson's column, has solemnly gazed at the royal statue in George St., admired Sir Walter Scott's monument in the West-End, and wonders no longer at the little, though after one has exhausted the "dons"—has "done" Holyrood, and the Castle, and St. Giles—has walked with eager step up the corkscrew staircase in Nelson's column, has solemnly gazed at the royal statue in George St., admired Sir Walter Scott's monument in the West-End, and wonders no longer at the little, though after one 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