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The Christian Watchman

GEO. W. DAY, Proprietor. "BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY JUNE UNREIGNED."—St. Paul. REV. E. B. DEMILL, A. M. Editor
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Original Contributions

Conquest of India.

For the Christian Watchman.
Continued.
Thus the weakness of the country made it liable to foreign invasion, but there was another cause, and perhaps a more powerful one. The wars of the Dutch and Portuguese had taught Europeans the important fact that no native Indian army, however numerous, could face their disciplined and well appointed battalions. The Hindus were timid, impulsive, and even impatient, but utterly destitute of the iron nerve, cool courage, and indomitable perseverance of their invaders. Numbers became as nothing, and their myriads of soldiers, with all their long trains of artillery, countless cavalry, and monstrous elephants, when brought against Europeans, became merely as a field of grass before a rushing fire.

It was therefore amid such circumstances as these that in the year 1600 the East India Company obtained its charter. India had long attracted the attention of England. The adventures of other countries were viewed with a jealous eye, and the English Company became popular with the nation. At first its operations were confined to trade, but 40 years later a factory was established at Madras. Here a large traffic sprung up, wealth poured in upon the Company, and gradually a great city grew up around the modest trading station. Similar establishments soon followed, the chief of which were Bombay and Calcutta.

But the French, the eternal rival of the English, were not idle, but were willing this to allow themselves to be left behind. 50 years after the English Company was formed, the French organized a similar one. Beginning their operations with characteristic vigor, station after station was founded, the chief of which was Pondicherry.

Now the great scenes in modern Indian history began to unfold themselves under the impulse of the fierce hostility of these two great nations, thus bringing face to face together upon a foreign shore.

The French leaders were uncommon men, and felt far more than their English opponents the importance of their situation. First we see La Bourdonnais, the Governor of Mauritius, who, seeing the obstacle which the English were to the French, engaged in a series of hostile acts against them, which ended in the capture of Madras and the surrender of the English garrison.

Scarcely had the English regained possession of this important station when they found dangers menacing them from the ambitious designs of the Governor of Pondicherry. This man was one of the most remarkable of his age. Placed by circumstances as representative of France in India, his genius shined here how he could make the best of his situation. In thinking upon the state of Indian affairs, his daring mind conceived a stupendous design. He thought it not impossible to rear upon the ruins of more powerful monarchies, a new government more powerful, magnificent and durable, than any before—all that Cortes had accomplished in Mexico, or Pizarro in Rome, he believed himself capable of accomplishing or surpassing in India.

Circumstances favored him. It happened that one of the many Monarchs of India, the Ruler of the Carnatic, died about this time, leaving his throne the subject of dispute between his own son Nadir, and a distant relative, Mustapha. The latter applied to the French for assistance in his ambitious designs, promising them immense rewards in case of success. Duplex eagerly grasped the opportunity. The French joined Mustapha, and European discipline gave new life to the army with which they were allied. Nadir was every where triumphant, and taking possession of the throne, raised Duplex to the most exalted rank. Every man like Duplex to be so elevated was the same thing as being king himself. His rewards were immense. His power and influence greater still. The French by one bound had in a short space of time shot immeasurably in advance of the English, who, humble, apparently weak, and despised by the natives, beheld the late Governor of Pondicherry now absolute ruler over 30 millions of people; and their rivals at the very summit of prosperity. Before such an acknowledged glory the son of the English seemed about to set forever.

The French were now successfully besieging in Trichopoly, the defeated Monarch, for whom there seemed no success, no hope. The English, faint hearted and depending, seemed to exist only at the pleasure of Duplex. But at this crisis in their affairs, where but a small chance seemed to save them from total destruction, there suddenly appeared a man who was destined to change the whole face of Eastern history, and place in the grasp of England her mighty Indian Empire. He had been a common clerk at Madras, but a marvellous military genius which nature had given him had already evinced itself on several occasions, and now found an opportunity of showing forth in all its fullest lustre. When therefore the hopeless Monarch was thus shut up in Trichopoly, it was the gallant Clive who first dared to propose a scheme for his deliverance. This offer to strike a blow in his favor, was joyfully accepted. Taking, therefore, a small band of 500 men, Clive march-

ed to Arcot, the capital of the Province, of which he took immediate possession. At this unexpected hardihood of the English, the French and their native allies were all amazed. The siege of Trichopoly was raised, and the besiegers, marching to Arcot, closely invested the place. Soon ten thousand men surrounded the little garrison on every side, threatening to annihilate them. But they little knew the courage and resolution of this small band. The walls were old and mouldering; provisions and ammunition were also scarce, but the garrison held out. For 50 days the siege went on with all the usual horrors of such a desperate contest. Those within, and growing strength to those without. Finally, on one of the greatest of Mahomedan festival days the besieging army, incited to madness by rage, fanaticism, and strong drink, made a grand assault. There was a terrific onset, a fierce conflict, a dreadful carnage; but numbers, fury, rage, fanaticism, madness, all were powerless against the stern courage and cool discipline of the heroic garrison under such a commander. The besiegers were repulsed, and on the following day fled from before the walls of Arcot.

The defence of Arcot was one of the most important events in Indian History, and proved the turning point in England's fortunes. Advancing from that time, they went forward in a career of conquests from which there has been no abatement.

Duplex, with the tide of fortune ebbing strongly against him, still struggled and toiled incessantly. He plotted and contrived in every possible way, and with wonderful energy, endeavoring to regain the past. But he was brought into antagonism with a man, who to cunning and foresight as profound as his own, united the greatest personal courage and the most consummate military genius. Under such circumstances the contest could not long be doubtful. After long upholding the name and fortunes of France with immense energy against the innumerable misfortunes that now gathered round him; after beholding all his efforts fruitless, and one by one the French fortresses falling into English power, after seeing the utter ruin of all the brilliant plans which once had filled his soul; the ambitious Frenchman, with indelible grief, yielded to fate, and departed from India, leaving the English to complete their conquest.

Thus the English were freed to action, and after a brief struggle destroyed forever the dangerous rival of France. Their power first arose in Madras. But it was reserved for another part of India to afford the opportunity of an advance to universal dominion. Their first efforts had placed the Carnatic completely in their power. After so great an achievement, the English took a short breathing space, during which Clive visited England and came back again. But the vast into which they had sunk was terribly interrupted.

The English had no idea of the grandeur of their destiny. The attainment of such unexpected power over the Carnatic was wonderful in their eyes. Content with this they would willingly have sunk down in self-satisfaction, devoting themselves to the securing of their influence in their immediate neighborhood, and to the increase of the Company's revenue. But they were not allowed to stop. The irresistible power of Divine Providence which had already given them a foothold here, roused them, and hurried them upon Bengal.

This was the richest and most fertile Province in the country. Oppressed beneath the weak and unutterably corrupt Suajah Dowlah, Bengal knew in its worst and most aggravated form the horrors of oriental despotism. The English who kept the Factory at Calcutta were peaceful traders who had none of the stern experiences which had filled to their countrymen in Madras. Fearful of the result of French hostility they had recently erected stronger defenses around their factory. But Suajah Dowlah who imagined that the English Factory was filled with treasures of gold, had for some time viewed it with a longing eye, eager for such unusual spoil. It was therefore with uncommon pleasure that he viewed this conduct, and under the pretext that the English had broken their treaty, he marched against them with a powerful army. At such a formidable foe the English were overwhelmed with fear; the governor fled; the commandant followed the fort was taken without any trouble. The fugitive Monarch entered, had a short interview with the prisoners, and then left them to the mercy of his guards.

Then was committed a deed which was one of the most memorable in its character and results of all that had occurred in the world's history. It is impossible for one to get a conception of the intense heat of Bengal during the hottest season of the year—so close, so stifling that Europeans can scarce exist. There was in the fortress a small room some 20 feet square, close, dry, and hot. Into this the wretched prisoners were rudely thrust by their guards. Think first of the intense heat of the open air, and then imagine if you can the horrors of this close dungeon. Yet into this they were thrust. Crowded together, so that they could scarcely move, to the number of one hundred and sixty, without air, without light, the door was locked upon them, and they were left to their fate. At first the intense heat oppressed them, they moved uncomfortably, they pressed together more vividly, they struggled fiercely, and at last they fought

like fury with mad men for the little grates which was the only window. Then the torments of thirst was added, and the convulsive struggles within became more terrible. Clinging to the bars they implored the guards to give them but one drop—one drop of water. And then writhing, struggling, fighting like wild beasts, enduring the worst tortures of suffocation, heat and thirst, they passed the night. The hours rolled on to them like an eternity. Gradually the noise of their struggles, the cries, and groans was hushed. It was the hush of death. When the guards opened the door at morning they beheld a scene from which the imagination recoils in horror. They had to draw out one by one the corpses of the dead before they could save the handful of the living. Out of 166 but 23 escaped, came forth more like corpses than living men from among the bleached bodies of the dead.

The news spread with the rapidity of lightning through India, rousing every English heart to a frenzy of excitement, and filling every breast with a burning thirst for vengeance. A few years ago and we could have sought in vain for a parallel case of atrocious cruelty followed by deep-avengeing wrath. But now when our hearts yet burn within us at the recollection of Calcutta we less understand the feelings which filled the national mind, as the terrible story rang through the Empire.

To be Continued.

Art in Rome.

For the Christian Watchman.
The Church of Rome is now powerful in some respects at its centre. Not in religion directly but in those things which she associates with religion. The art which finds its chief seat in Rome has been blinded with Religion, and exerts a powerful influence over the minds of many who become converts to the Roman faith. They who think that art merely gratifies the taste. Let us not misunderstand the nature of its rule. Art is a great power among men. By working upon human sympathy it directly influences the heart and seldom fails to excite emotions similar to those which it represents. The display of sorrow and suffering excites pity; the portrayal of energy and might awakens admiration. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and Art which reveals about her what is beautiful, is a perpetual pleasure, and as such exerts a perpetual influence. It is allied to Poetry. Born, nurtured, and cultivated in the same way, it produces the same effect, and if the poetry of a nation is a rival to its laws; so the Art of a nation is a rival to its poetry.

He who without bitterness or prejudice of any kind looks upon that religion which Rome is the centre cannot fail to remark its intimate association with Art. Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Music, all are cultivated in the Church of Rome. The priests delight in it. Trained to love it, as a society with his duty, blending it ever with their most sacred thoughts, if an artist's instinct be not inborn, the priest at Rome learns to value Art by force of his education.

"I'll go to Rome to see this influence around me. I walk into St. Peter's. Prepared though I am by the glory's 'colonnade and vestibule for the inner splendor, I scarce step within that I am overcome by the magnificent spectacle. I will over my pavement of precious marbles. I view the walls gleaming with gold; I look far upward into the vaulted nave; I glance into the side chapels, rich with the congregated wealth of ages; around the mosaic pictures, I linger long; and I stand entranced before the tomb of that Pope to whom the genius of Canova has reared a monument of immortal glory; then, pausing on my way out, I stand beneath the dome whose vast concave overhangs four hundred feet above. I hear the strains of glorious music, they come pealing down the long aisles; they roll past me faster onward to raise responsive echoes in the distant recesses; they sweep upward into the stupendous vault, dying away in long reverberations, to descend again like a voice from Heaven, upon those below. The worshipper before the altar stops to catch the sound; and yonder poor widow on her knees looks up, awe-struck, and listening.

Now all this is the influence of Art! As I stand there it is not of Heaven that I think, or of the Deity, or of God sending his only begotten Son to die for man. The worshippers around scarce think of the Virgin. The influence that overpowers us all, that hushes us all into one common mood of reverent attention, is that of all the highest powers of Art combined into unity beneath the roof of this most glorious of temples. Retain this music, this sculpture, these paintings, and you shall not know any difference in the resulting emotions, though Buddha or Mahomet should worship here, or Protestantism hold service around you.

Art, forsaking the elder shore of the Tiber, has passed to the opposite side and reared there the noblest monuments. To name the Vatican Hill, is to call up before us that wonderful palace associated with all the might of modern Rome. A stranger in a distant land may often notice some unpretending priest. Were he ignorant of the forces that move mankind, he might imagine this obscure man like many others of his class to be but one of a feeble brotherhood. But were he better informed he would see differently. He would see this man connected with a spiritual

power to others who again were similarly joined to others. The circle would enlarge—hundreds of thousands would spring up in all parts of the world—a vast fraternity bound by the same vows and laboring for the same end. At last in one glance he would grasp the whole Roman Church, centred at Rome, and radiating thence to spread over every land and every shore, impelling control boundless in ambition, insatiable in conquest. So with the Vatican. We enter the door way and stand within the first grand angle, and the arch'd galleries of the successive stories surround us. Yet this is but the beginning, and from this we pass on to others. Hence we proceed to other more remote. Quadrangle after Quadrangle—Mass after Mass—Palace after Palace; Galleries a thousand feet in length.—Vastness which grows but grows to ha-monia; we are bewildered by the astonishing extent, and when our weary feet again cross the threshold we are mute. If it be the highest purpose of art to follow material forms with life and expression, then surely she triumphs here. In the Palace, which, standing here, looks forth upon the centre of ancient history, spreading far away from its starting point—all grasping, and all—can we not see a faithful image of the Roman Church whose power is centred in this hill, which like-wise looks forth from thence across the stream of the past, upon the wrecks of older creeds, over which she now towers aloft; and where she too sits away her immitable exert in endeavouring to force her full influence to the uttermost ends of the earth.

To be Continued.

The Teachings of Nature and of the Bible.

For the Christian Watchman.
The works of God all reveal their author. "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world were clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." But the Word of God reveals more distinctly the existence and character and operations of the great Jehovah.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. The visible creation is a temple, in which the great Spirit manifests his presence; a temple in which his works all praise him. Look up and behold the sublime canopy of ether, a dome of glory, radiant with the bright beams of the sun, more solemnly magnificent with myriads of stars. Look around, and how many monuments of the Almighty appear. The radiant plains, the everlasting hills, the ocean, now unruffled, and now tossing its mountainous waves, far within the dome of heaven; these, better than the painting or the sculpture, teach us of God. Listen, and how many voices praise him. The gurgling of the rivulet, the murmurs of the breeze, the melody of the field and the grove—how sweetly all these hymn of the glory of their Creator. Yet, mightier voices have their anthem to repeat. The roaring carcase, the rattling thunder, the raging tempest, all proclaim, "The Father of an infinite Majesty."

But how much more clearly, with how much more power do the Scriptures proclaim the glory of God! "He spoke and it was done, he commanded and it stood still." "The earth shook and trembled, the foundations also of the hills were moved because he was wrath; then the channels of the waters were seen and the foundations of the world were discovered, at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. He stood and measured the earth: he beheld and clove assunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered. The mountains saw thee and they trembled: the overflowing of the waters passed by. The deep uttered his voice and lifted up his hands on high."

The teachings of nature may not be apprehended, the teachings of the Bible are not to be misunderstood. The impressions which nature makes are easily erased; the impressions which the Bible makes remain forever. The child, with his Bible, knows more of the glorious God than the wisest of the heathen, who have sought to know him from his works.

Regarding the moral attributes of God, the teachings of nature are not to be despised, though her voice is less clear than when she proclaims his infinite power and wisdom.

Nature teaches us that God is not well pleased by violation of his laws; nay, that he inflexibly punishes those who disobey them. She carries us to the jail, the poor-house, the hospital; she points to the beggar, and the criminal, and teaches that poverty, disease, the anger of man, and the remorse of conscience are visited upon the lawless and the disobedient; or she points to the world's history, to Babylon, to Rome, and tells us how a just God visits the sins of nations upon evil doers.

But the Bible teaches us that sin is the abominable thing that God hates. It proclaims that "the soul that sinneth it shall die." It carries us to an unseen world, where the worm never dies, where the fire is not quenched, whence the smoke of torment ascends forever and forever. Nay more, the Bible carries us to the cross, and as it points to God's own Son, expiring in the most excruciating agony, it reveals all that man can comprehend of the holiness and justice of the Deity.

The goodness of God, his care of his creatures, and especially of man, appear conspicuously, and we open our eyes and look around. The verdant

carpeting of the earth, the rich or delicate colors, and the delicious fragrance of the flowers, the forms of beauty or sublimity in the vale, the plain, the mountain, or the sea, are all to gratify the senses. The golden light, the refreshing shower, the glistening dew, the fruitful field, the cattle upon a thousand hills, all are good and perfect gifts, and proclaim the beneficence of the Deity. Morning comes like a celestial virgin, so sweet and so pure, like the angel of the resurrection, waking the sleeper, summoning him to his duties and his pleasures. The full orb'd day, emblem of a beneficent providence, presents to all earthly creatures, and especially to men, light, vigor, food, exercise and enjoyment. Evening, a lovely and holy saint, bids men rest from his toils, remove all mental distraction and invites him to reflection, to study, or to repose. Night, so-lemn and stern, is none the less a minister of the goodness of God. She infuses strength in the weary, and dries up, for a time at least, the tears of the mourner. The mantle of darkness, which she spreads over half the globe, is not less necessary to the well being of its inhabitants, than the golden beams which the day gives to the world.

Nature has an eloquent voice, and with all her ministers and agents she sings to the praise of her good God. The tones as they fall upon the ear, check the scoff of the sceptic, and the blasphemy of the atheist, and compel them at times to an unconscious worship of the beneficent Creator. But louder, clearer, sweeter, are the voices which come from the Holy Oracle. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still water." And the good shepherd himself hath spoken words if possible still sweeter. "Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more shall he clothe you." "Sift first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Thus for nature and revelation, though with unequal power, proclaim that God is good. But there is a depth of divine love, respecting which nature is dumb. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." A glorious Saviour, and a great angel, are presented to us that we may truly say Abba Father." The Scriptures, not content with the revelation of a deliverance from sin and death, announce a holiness, and a heaven beyond, consummated in the world to come. We can take an upward flight, above all the stars, and ascend to the city of our God. The anthem of praise, echoing through the golden arches of heaven, the many mansions prepared for the redeemed, the unrivaled glories of the great Redeemer himself, all proclaim that God is love.

A. B. C.

Death and Sleep—A parable.

Translated from the German, for the Christian Watchman.
Death and sleep, the angel of slumber and the angel of death, in fraternal embrace wandered over the earth. It was evening. They reclined upon a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy stillness reigned all round, and the evening bell in the distant village, had ceased to sound.

Still and silent as their manner is, the two benevolent geni of humanity sat in intimate embrace.

Then arose the angel of slumber from his mossy couch, and strewn with noisless hand the inviolable seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent dwellings of the weary husbandmen. Now sweet sleep enfolded in its arms the inhabitants of the rural cottage, from the grey headed man leaning on his staff, down to the sucking in the cradle. The sick man forgot his pains, the mourner his grief, and the poor his cares, every eye was closed.

Now, after this task was ended, the benevolent genius laid himself down beside his sterner brother. "When the morning dawn approaches," said he, "then the world will praise me as his friend and benefactor. Oh what joy to do good, unseen and secretly. How happy are we invisible messengers of the Good Spirit. How beautiful our silent calling."

So spake the friendly angel of slumber—the angel of death regarded him with silent sadness, and a tear such as the immortals shed stood in his great dark eye.

"Alas," said he, "that I cannot like you rejoice in joyful thanks; the world ever calls me its enemy and the disturber of its joys." "Oh my brother," said the angel of sleep, will not the good man at his awakening—recognize thee as his friend, and gratefully bless thee. Are we not brothers and messengers of our father?"

So spake he; then gleamed the eye of the angel of death, and the brotherly geni embraced each other tenderly.

KRUMMACHER.

The Baptism of Jesus.

For the Christian Watchman.
Jesus had reached the mature age of thirty years. He was about to lead a new life. He was to emerge from the privacy in which

he had lived, to labor publicly and actively for the welfare of men and the glory of God. An exhibition of virtue, purity, and holiness was to be made to the world, such as it had never seen before.

John the Baptist was now by the river Jordan, busily engaged in the fulfilment of his mission, and a rapt director, the attention of his hearers to the expiring Messiah. It is true, he said, I baptize, and for the remission of sins, but one is on his way, who is mightier far than I, so great is he that I am not worthy to be his manual servant, to perform for him the most humble office, even to unloose his sandals.

My baptism is in water, his will be in the Holy Spirit and in fire—my baptism is for the forgiveness of sins past; his for the complete and everlasting purification of the soul. My baptism is only in water—a sign of remission; His baptism brings the mighty energy of the Holy Spirit and his own superhuman woes, for the complete salvation of the sinner. I am but a preacher; he will be a mighty monarch. Even now the winnowing instrument in his hand, to sift and winnow the people; the righteous he will gather to his own garner above; the wicked he will burn with quenchless fire.

Jesus had left the town of Nazareth, and travelled on foot and alone, the eighty miles between that city and the place where John was baptizing,—to submit to that ordinance which the Baptist had been commissioned to perform.

John was personally unacquainted with Jesus, and even had he known him, he could scarcely have apprehended that his nature was divine, his authority absolute, and his kingdom spiritual. When Jesus came to be baptized, a supernatural intimation was given to the Baptist—that this man was the subject of his preaching, the long expected Messiah.

We do not wonder that John at first refused to comply with the request of Jesus. Baptism implied the existence of sin. By submitting to it Jesus would seem to class himself with those who repented, whose sins were remitted. Moreover the office of a Baptist implied a superiority over the baptized. Jesus seemed on the point of publicly acknowledging his inferiority to John.

But the Messiah had come to fulfil all the ordinances instituted by God for man, even though these ordinances implied the existence of sin in the individual who observed them. Even the reception of law implied sin, yet Christ was born under the law, to submit himself to regulations devised only for the sinful. To be a member of that visible community of which Abraham was the natural father, he submitted in his infancy to the humiliating rite of circumcision, so now to be himself a member of that spiritual kingdom, which he was about to establish, he was willing to submit to baptism, as an appropriate, and divinely appointed rite of initiation. Hence he replies to the objections of John, "For the present let me put on the garb of a sinner, and appear in the position of an inferior. Hereafter the mistake will be rectified, the reasons for my humiliation will be manifested. At present it is becoming in me to comply with all the ordinances of God, even though they have been framed for guilty men. Moreover it is right that you should baptize me, since you have been appointed my herald, to prepare the way for my success."

John, no longer reluctant, complied with the master's request, and baptized him into the Jordan, Mark 1: 9. As he was emerging from the waters, his heart filled with prayer, the heavens appeared to them to open, and the Holy Spirit in a bodily shape (Luke 3: 22) was seen descending like a dove, it settled upon Jesus—and then a voice was heard out of the open heavens saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." This marvellous vision was doubtless intended to give John a more correct idea of the character and dignity of the Messiah, nor was it unnecessary for Jesus himself. The mysterious descent of the Holy Spirit upon him strengthened his spirit, and the Father's voice encouraged him to undertake the enterprise of a world's redemption.

Some notice of the river Jordan may not be out of place here. It is not the narrow and shallow stream, which for certain reasons it has been represented to be. From the notices given in the old Testament we learn that it was a stream which could be forded only in certain places, and that at other points, boats were required in order to cross.—Jos. 2: 7, Judges 3: 28, 2 Sam. 19: 18.

Lieutenant Lynch thoroughly explored this river in the spring of 1848. He with his party descended the river in boats, and only here and there found shallows which impeded their progress. From him we learn that the Jordan varies in breadth from 75 to 150 feet; and in depth from three to twelve feet.

X. Y. Z.

The Church.

For the Christian Watchman.
A kingdom was set up by Jesus Christ; its subjects were a holy people; its aim was the complete subjugation of a world of rebels to the rule of the great King. The inquiry is suggested, how is the purity of this kingdom to be maintained, its institutions perpetuated, and by what agencies are its borders to be extended? We are thus led to notice the instrumentality appointed for these important ends.

The Church.

For the Christian Watchman.
The Church is the body of Christ, the assembly of those who are united to him by the Holy Spirit and the Word. It is the kingdom of God on earth, the temple of the Holy Spirit, and the dwelling place of the Father's love. The Church is the bride of Christ, the holy and unspotted virgin, who waits for her husband, the Son of God, to be sanctified and purified by the Word, that she may present herself to him as a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that she should be holy and without blemish.

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