

# The Watchman.

"I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THY WALLS O JERUSALEM THAT SHALL NEVER HOLD THEIR PEACE, DAY NOR NIGHT."

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## Poetry.

### THE BLESSING OF WORK TO DO.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,  
And strike the sounding blow,  
Where from the burning iron's breast  
The sparks fly to and fro;  
While answering to the hammer's ring,  
And fire's intenser glow—  
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And sweat the long day through,  
Remember, it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,  
Whose hard hands guide the plough,  
Who bend beneath the summer sun,  
With burning cheek and brow—  
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth  
From olden time till now—  
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And labor all day through,  
Remember, it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field,  
Who ride the restless wave,  
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel  
There lies a yawning grave,  
Around whose bark the wintry winds  
Like fiends of fury rave—  
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And labor long hours through,  
Remember, it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye upon whose fevered cheeks  
The hectic glow is bright,  
Whose mental toil wears out the day  
And half the weary night,  
Who labor for the souls of men,  
Champions of truth and right—  
Although ye feel your toil is hard,  
Even with this glorious view,  
Remember, it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labor—all who strive—  
Ye wield a lofty power:  
Do with your might, do with your strength  
Fill every golden hour!  
The glorious privilege to do  
Is man's most noble dower;  
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,  
To your own souls be true!  
A weary wretched life is theirs  
Who have no work to do.

—Youth's Penny Gazette.

## Miscellany.

### "WHAT A FOOL YOU ARE!"

Young lads, capable of much while doing nothing, hearken! "What a fool you are, Paley," said a young man in the university, "to be wasting your time in idleness and dissipation. You have talents which might raise you to eminence. I have none and it is of no consequence how I act. I am independent of exertion; you are not, and will soon be a ruined man. Unless you alter, I have done with you. I will be no party to your destruction." This speech was made under peculiar circumstances. This young man and Paley had spent the previous night in drinking. Parting, they retired each to his lodgings. Paley was soon asleep; his friend could find no rest for thoughts of Paley's folly. Starting, he proceeded to Paley's lodgings, and awakening him, he stood at his bedside and solemnly addressed him as above, and immediately departed. It was like a voice from eternity. He was amazed, confounded! He lay a-bed most of the day revolving his condition and forming his plans. He arose, and from that hour acted upon it. The world knows the result. Paley took the hint, though roughly made, and rose like a clear light and shed a luster on the age and literature of his nation, and England boasts no son of greater usefulness, perhaps none of wider influence than he. Let any one with the recollections of his own wasted hours, and with any just views of the value of time, look over this or any other page or ledger, and he cannot do it but with emotions of unutterable sorrow. In all our cities, towns, and villages; in even our colleges and schools, there is a talent that is now buried, ruined, wasted—that is now, and that is to be in this world and the next, a blighting and a curse; that might adorn the bar, the senate, or the pulpit; that might resist with success the attacks of profligacy and infidelity, and that might bear every blessing of science and civilization around the globe. From those lips which now

give utterance to horrid blasphemy, the gospel, "in strains as sweet as angels' use," might "whisper peace;" and those faint now has nothing to the dishonored grave of the drunkard, might endure the cold of northern climes, or the heat of Arabian deserts, in diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity; and those hands that will soon tremble as if palsied by age, under the influence of intoxicating drinks, might make the wilderness and the solitary place glad, and the desert blossom as the rose. All that we would ask to secure the conversion of this whole world to virtue would be merely the talent that is now preparing to be a blighting and a curse. Soon to that mass of expanding youthful intellect the opportunity of preparing for future usefulness will have passed away, and it will be too late to prepare to accomplish anything for the welfare of mankind. I need not pause here to remark on the painful emotions which visit the bosom in the few cases of those who are reformed after a wasted and dissipated youth. Cases of such reformation sometimes occur. A man after the errors and follies of a dissipated early life—after he has wasted the opportunities which he had to obtain an education—after all the abused care and anxiety of a parent to prepare him for future usefulness and happiness, sometimes is aroused to see the error and the folly of his course.—What would he not give to be able to retrace that course, and to live over again that abused and wasted life! But it is too late. The die is cast for this life—whatever may be the case in regard to the life to come. Up, then, up!—Lose not another moment! You may still succeed.

### THE BEE.

That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the "virtuous sweets" which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, a third for the royal glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master; with a proboscis almost as long as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action; with a sting so sharp, that were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too a hollow tube;—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be inclosed within half an inch in length, and two grains of matter, while in the same "small room"—the large heart of at least thirty distinct insects is contained, is surely enough to crush all thoughts of Atheism and Materialism.—Quarterly Review.

### HURRY AND DESPATCH.

No two things differ more than *hurry* and *despatch*. *Hurry* is the mark of a weak mind, *despatch* of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is labouring incessantly, but to no purpose, and is in constant motion without getting on a jot. Like a turnstile, he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but none of them are hot; or should one of them be hot, with that he only burns his fingers.

### ABRAHAM'S CONFIDENCE.

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

The question was an utterance, not of doubt, but of unshaken trust. The "Father of the faithful" used this language in the strength of his confidence that God would do wisely and righteously. His desire and prayer was that Lot, his friend and kinsman, might be saved from the destruction that was coming on the cities of the plain: "That be far from thee," he argued, "to slay the righteous with the wicked; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" The patriarch's views of what it would be right for God, in his sovereignty, to do, were doubtless limited and obscure; but his confidence in God was clear and unlimited. All the argument of his prayer was founded on that confidence,—the Judge of all the earth will certainly do right.

Abraham's prayer was heard: Lot was delivered, and was made to all ages a memorial of the truth that the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly. The Judge of all the earth did right—did that which Abraham's conscience notwithstanding his ignorance and the imperfection of his views, recognized as right. But even if the event had not corresponded with the patriarch's wishes, or with his views of what God might be expected to do—if, as has often come to pass, the righteous and the wicked had been overwhelmed in the same catastrophe—

no man would have had any sufficient reason to suppose that the Judge of all the earth had done otherwise than right. With the believing mind, the absolute rectitude of God—the perfect righteousness and wisdom of all his proceedings—is a fixed position; a first principle, never to be questioned; a point from which all reasonings about God's dispensations must proceed, and to which they must return.

The language, then, of Abraham's confidence is the appropriated expression of faith in regard to every fact and every principle in the providential or moral government of God, the rectitude or wisdom of which may be, in any respect, not obvious to our apprehension. We may, indeed, devoutly and reverently search for the reasons of God's arrangements and dispensations: nay, we must; for it is in this way that we are to grow in the knowledge of God, and in that wisdom which trusts him, and finds peace and joy in resting on him: but still it must never be assumed, in our inquiries, that we do not know enough of God to trust him, even where his ways are past finding out.—Clouds and darkness may be round about him; but behind the darkest cloud there shines a serene and perfect glory. His judgments are indeed a mighty deep; but from the obscurest deep, which reason cannot fathom, faith comes—submissive and adoring. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

This, then, is the position on which the believing mind rests, when oppressed with the mysteries of God's providence and government in this world. Earth and heaven—so far as they are understood—the universe of outward nature, and all the created constitution of the soul, are full of testimonies that there is a God who judgeth righteously. And where the reasons of his arrangements and proceedings are not understood, or are seen only in part, and with a dim and unsatisfactory perception, then the true wisdom is to reason from the known to the unknown; and to rest on the firm conclusion that because God is infinitely wise and infinitely good, therefore all that he does is right.

We may illustrate this specific form of confidence in God by referring to some classes of facts in God's government of the world, in respect to which it is more or less necessary for the mind to fall back on the comprehensive and all-sustaining truth on which Abraham rested in his argument with God.

First; there is the general fact that, to human observation, the providence of God does not discriminate with sufficient exactness between the righteous and the wicked. This is what was so great a mystery to the Psalmist; and he tells us it was too painful for him till he went into the sanctuary, and looked beyond the range of the things which are seen. Does God indeed take care of his own children here? Does he provide for their wants? Does he shield them from their enemies? Does he guard their dwellings against the invasion of pain and grief? Does he prosper their enterprises and labours, designed to advance his glory? Does he withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly? Does he crown the man of prayer, and faith, and love, with outward and visible blessings? Does he do all this with such uniformity and certainty that we are in that way to decide between the righteous and the wicked—between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not? No: how often are we constrained to say with the Psalmist, "Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches:" while "waters of a full cup are wrung out" to the praying and waiting people of God! How often is the good man stripped like Job, of all his possessions, while his friends fail on every side, and his enemies rejoice in his downfall! How often does Lazarus lie at the rich man's gate, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table! No; the curse of God's providence in this world does not mark out his devout and obedient children as the special recipients of his visible favours. To a great extent his providence is indiscriminating. He "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." If the tower of Siloam falls, those whom it crushes are not sinners above those who escape unhurt. Why is this? Why does not God distinguish in his providence, clearly and unequivocally, between those that serve him and those that serve him not? Why do the wicked prosper in their wickedness, while sorrow, and want, and anguish, are in the habitations of God's own children? We know not why it is. We can conjecture why this is so, till we fall back on the clear and firm assurance that the judge of all the earth will do right. Then, in the sight of

that great first principle, we may infer that all these otherwise inexplicable things are inseparable from the plan which a God of infinite wisdom and love has chosen as the best; we can see that such a God must make all things work together for good to them who love him; and we can foresee that, in the end, all inequalities will be adjusted, and the perfect and eternal rectitude of his proceedings will be completely vindicated.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### LONG AFTER HEAVEN!

Long after heaven!—thy God is present there, unveiled in glory—God thy Father, God thy Saviour, and God thine everlasting comfort!

Long after heaven!—it is full of holiness.—Sin has never sullied it! No manner of evil shall pollute it! All its inhabitants are pure: the angels and the redeemed are without fault before the throne of God!

Long after heaven!—it is the "rest that remaineth for the people of God;" and it shall remain to them as a rest for ever! There pain and trouble and weariness are never felt! There sin and Satan and sorrow cannot enter! And there peace and prosperity continually abide!

Long after heaven!—it is the paradise of thy perfection in soul and body! There shalt thou reach the manhood of thy being, regain once and for ever the lost likeness of thy Creator, and hear again the voice of the Lord God walking with thee in the tenderness of his amazing love and the plenitude of his everlasting friendship!

Long after heaven!—it is a glorious home! It is the house of the Lord Jehovah. The created home of thy eternal Father, the purchased home of thy elder Brother; and the holy home of the Lord, is the only home of all pure and holy beings. It is the safe and happy home of all angels, and of thy brothers and sisters in the faith! It is the everlasting home of the whole family of the redeemed! There are they all gathered together in safety; there are they all joined together in love; there do they all "dwell" together in unity, and go no more out of "the house of the Lord for ever."

### THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

"And upon all the cedars of Lebanon," Isa. ii. 13.

This is a beautiful specimen of the poetic manner of writing, so common among the Hebrews, where spiritual and moral subjects are represented by the grand or beautiful imagery taken from objects of nature. Mount Lebanon bounded Palestine on the north. It was formerly much celebrated for its large and lofty cedars. These cedars were said to have been from thirty-five to forty feet in girth, and very high. They were magnificent trees, and were very valuable for ceilings, statues, or roofs, that required durable and beautiful timber. The roof of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, according to Pliny, was of cedar; and no small part of the Temple of Solomon was of this wood. A few lofty trees of this description are still remaining on Mount Lebanon. "After three hours of laborious travelling," says D'Arvieux, "we arrived at the famous cedars about 11 o'clock. We counted twenty-three of them. The circumference of these trees is thirty-six feet. The bark of the cedar resembles that of pine; the leaves and cone also bear considerable resemblance. The stem is upright, the wood is hard, and has the reputation of being incorruptible. The leaves are long, narrow, rough, and very green, ranged in tufts along the branches; they shoot in spring, and fall in the beginning of winter. Its flowers and fruit resemble those of the pine. From the full-grown trees a fluid trickles naturally, and without incision; this is clear, transparent, whitish, and, after a time, dries and hardens it is supposed to possess great virtues. The place where these great trees are stationed is in a plain of nearly a league in circumference, on the summit of a mount, which is environed on almost all sides by other mounts, so high, that their summits are always covered with snow. This plain is level, the air is pure, the heavens always serene."

Maudrel found only sixteen cedars of large growth, and a natural plantation of smaller ones, which were very numerous. One of the largest was twelve yards six inches in girth, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At six yards from the ground it was divided into five limbs, each equal to a great tree. Dr. Richardson visited them in 1818, and found a small clump of large, tall, and beautiful trees, which he pronounces the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world that he had ever seen.