

# The Watchman.

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

VOL. I.

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## Poetry.

For the Watchman.  
BY MISS L. A. A.  
THE CONFERENCE.

They met before the Living God,  
From north, from east, from south, from west,  
To seek the councils, that will win  
The Church's everlasting rest.

And humbly at his feet have bow'd,  
And ask'd the spirit's baptizing flood  
To shower the gifts from Jesus' hand,  
And purify them through his blood.

Gifts—precious gifts from Jesus' hand,  
Of truth, and love, and saving grace  
Have fallen like dew on Lebanon,  
Where Jesus' children seek his face.

Jesus hath said, I will be there,  
Where you assemble in my name;  
My friends, my brethren, freely ask,  
For this I from my Father came—

That through the wilderness, my hand  
Might guide my ransom'd ones in peace,  
To be their guide, their sure defence,  
Till sin's deep woe on earth shall cease.

Oh! they have met in thy lov'd name,  
To taste how dear thy love can bind,  
Join many hearts as one in thee,  
Kul'd by the Master's councils kind.

And leaving tender memories,  
To linger o'er the soul—  
A memory to peaceful joy,  
Tho' countless seasons roll.

Oh, in the paths of righteousness,  
Thy Church's councils lead,  
Unswerving in the light of truth,  
'Tis all God's children need.

That all our land—that every land,  
May know thy boundless grace,  
And a happy, happy, ransom'd world,  
Rejoice before thy face.

WITCHURCH, June 10, 1850.

## Miscellany.

### BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH EDWARDS.

Christian Biography seldom fails to produce some of the most pleasurable sensations of mind, especially in those who are running the Christian race, as it encourages them to perseverance and faithfulness to the end. And in order to do justice to the character of the illustrious dead, one of two things at least is essentially necessary, viz. a long and intimate acquaintance with the departed or to be in possession of facts of the most undeniable authenticity connected with the public and private life of the person or persons whose Biography we write. Therefore, as we are not fully in possession of either of the above necessities, we must only be contented with the little knowledge we have, and turn it to the best advantage. We never attempt a task like the present of describing the character of the happy departed, without feeling a kind of awe approximating to dread pervading our minds, the duty being both solemn and impressive. Joseph Edwards, the subject of this Biography, was born in the County of Wicklow, Ireland, from which his parents emigrated to Canada when he was only seven years old—the old couple with the other members of the family, settled in the township of Augusta, where they now reside and intend to remain until their removal from the kingdom of grace—that of glory. Their son Joseph, in his childhood, was remarkably moral, and from an early age his word might always be relied upon. We cannot say at what time the Divine impressions were made upon his mind, but we well recollect the time of his conversion to God. This blessed change happened many years ago, when the Rev. J. Bell, and the latter travelled the old Lansdowne and Rideau Circuit. At that time we held a protracted meeting convenient to where Joseph resided. He attended that blessed means where the power of the Lord was wonderfully manifested in the Conversion of forty-five souls, and our Edwards was one of that number. The precious work then wrought upon his soul has

been genuine, deep, and lasting; as proof of this, he never lost the evidence of his acceptance with God, but retained it to his latest breath. A few weeks after the meeting above referred to had been closed, another was commenced in what is known by the Branch, here a class was formed and our Brother appointed its leader, which station he occupied until his removal from the Township of Augusta to that of Kitley. Brother E. removed to the last named township shortly after his marriage with Elizabeth, second daughter of our old friend and brother Robert Love. And it was about this time that he obtained liberty to exercise his talent as an exhorter; he then filled that office together with having charge of a large class which met at Brenanville with much credit and ability. Br Edwards was wonderfully attached to the Connexion, he loved the Constitution and Discipline of the Church, and always preferred it to all others.

And perhaps there is not one now in America, whose attachment to their own peculiar views of the doctrines which may be taught in that place, where they assemble for worship, more than he has been. As an instance of this, the Bible and our Hymn Book were his constant companions, all his leisure hours were spent perusing those books, excepting those spent in prayer. Those two books were near his eye and heart to his last moments. As shortly after his happy soul had fled to the regions of light, the Bible was found under his dying pillow, and his Hymn-book was found clasped in his lifeless hand. His love for those books perhaps was only equalled by his love of Prayer, besides the family altar. He had stated hours for private communion with God. His barn very often was his closet, there at the midnight hour when his family were hushed in the arms of sleep, and all nature in repose, there Joseph might be seen prostrate upon his face, in which posture he always prayed in private as he looked upon it to be the most humble; there he spent whole nights in prayer, the place where the good man lay was visible, as the boards of the floor used to be wet with his tears, and stained with his breath, often the rays of light of the rising sun found him bathed in tears of joy, after prevailing with the God-Man in prayer. His soul has often resolved,

With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

But now his days are ended, his conflicts are over, and all his prayer is turned to praise.—His sickness, which terminated in death, has been very short. He labored until late upon the night of Friday, the 26th of April, and after quitting work that night, he complained of being chilled, and of pain in his right side, after retiring to rest, and before morning, fever came on, which continued the whole of Saturday; this was the last day with him upon earth. It may be mentioned here, that upon this day (Saturday,) the last business Quarterly Meeting was held in Kitley, where Br. Edwards' name was introduced as a proper person to be taken out by the Conference to travel. Being on the plan a licensed Local Preacher, and the last Lord's day before his death he travelled several miles, and preached twice. But he not being present his case was referred to an adjourned Meeting for business, to be held four weeks after, at Crosby. How little we then knew that while the church was about to select him for future usefulness, his days were all numbered. His case was pending both in earth and Heaven, and the Lord Jehovah in a few hours decided. During the day on Saturday medical aid was obtained, and certain treatment made use of; at intervals the fever subsided, which would give him momentary relief, and toward night, when the sun was about to set to rise no more upon him here, he read several chapters in God's Word, and sung and prayed; shortly after this, Br. Shilton came to stop with him all night, the Doctor also was present, and as our Br. Edwards felt comparatively well, he requested the Doctor, Br. Shilton

and his wife to retire to rest. And about eleven o'clock he fell asleep, and slept about three quarters of an hour, and at twelve, to the great surprise of those present he closed his eyes on all below, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, in the 31st year of his age, and on the night of the 27th April, 1850, leaving an affectionate wife, and two lovely little boys, with a numerous circle of relations and friends, to mourn his departure. In him this Circuit has lost a standard, the Church a pillar, and the world a philanthropist.

His death was improved upon by the writer before a large and very respectable assembly, from the 21st verse of the 1st chapter of Paul to the Philippians.

J. SIMPSON.

Beverly, 21st May, 1850

### SALLY LYON'S FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE ALE-HOUSE.

Continued from Page 177.

It was vain, she saw, to strive with the hard-hearted man, whose face was like iron. Hurriedly leaving his house, she hastened back to the office, but her husband was not there. In her absence he had been removed to prison.—When Mrs Lyon fully understood this, she made no remark, but turned from the Magistrate and walked home with a firm step. The weakness of the woman was giving away to the quickening energies of the wife, whose husband was in prison, and could not be released except by her efforts. On entering her house, she went to her drawers, and took therefrom a silk dress but little worn, a mother's present when she was married; a good shawl that she had bought from her own earnings when a happy maiden; a few articles of jewelry, that had not been worn for years, most of them presents from Ralph before they had stood at the bridal altar, and sundry other things, that could best be dispensed with. These she took to a pawnbroker's, and obtained an advance of fifteen dollars. She had two dollars in the house, which made seventeen, the balance of the required sum she borrowed from two or three of her neighbors, and then hurried off to obtain her husband's release.

For a time, the rigid proceedings of the landlord proved a useful lesson to Ralph Lyon. He worked more steadily, and was rather more careful of his earnings. But this did not last a great while. Appetite, long indulged, was strong; and he soon returned to his old habits.

The shock the imprisonment of her husband produced, awoke Mrs Lyon to the necessity of doing something to increase their income. All that he brought home each week was scarcely sufficient to buy food, and it was clear that there would be nothing with which to pay rent when next quarter day came round, unless it should be the product of her own exertions. Plain sewing was obtained by Mrs Lyon, and an additional labor of three or four hours in the twenty-four added to her already over-tasked body. Instead of feeling rebuked at this, the besotted husband only perceived in it a license for him to use his own earnings more freely, thus making his poor wife's condition really worse than it was before.

Things, instead of getting better, grew worse, year after year. The rent Mrs Lyon managed always to pay, for the fear of seeing her husband carried off to jail was ever before her eyes stimulating her to constant exertion, but down down, down they went steadily and surely, and the light of hope faded daily, and grew dimmer and dimmer before the eyes of the much enduring wife and mother. Amid all, her patience was wonderful. She never spoke angrily to Ralph, but strove rather, always to appear cheerful before him. If he was disposed to talk she would talk with him, and humor his mood of mind; if he was gloomy and silent, she would intrude nothing upon him calculated to fret his temper, if he complained, she tried to soothe him. But it availed nothing. The man was in a charmed circle, and every impulse tended to throw him into the centre where ruin awaited him.

At last even the few dollars she had received every week from her husband's earnings, ceased to come into her hands. The wretched man worked little over half his time, and drank up all that he made. Even the amount of food that the entire product of Mrs Lyon's labor would procure, was barely sufficient to satisfy the hunger of her family. The clothes of her children soon began to hang in tatters about them; her own garments were faded, worn and patched; and every thing about the house that had not been sold to pay rent, was in a dilapidated condition. Still there had been no

unkind word, not even a reprimand from the much-enduring wife.

Matters at last reached a climax. Poor Mrs Lyon had not been able to get anything for to do for a week, and all supplies of food, except a little meal, were exhausted. An anxious day had closed, and at night-fall the mother made some hasty-pudding for the children, which was eaten with a little milk. This consumed her entire store. She had four children the two oldest she put to bed, but kept the two youngest, one five years, old, and the other three up with her. She moved about with a firmer step than usual, and her lips were tightly closed as if she had made up her mind to do something from which, under ordinary circumstances she would have shrunk.

After the older children had been put to bed, she made the two younger ones draw near to the hearth, upon which a few brands, were burning, and warm themselves as well as the feeble heat emitted by the almost exhausted fire would permit. Then she wrapped each around with a piece of an old shawl, and after putting on her bonnet, took them by the hands and left the house. It was a chilly night in winter. The winds swept coldly along the streets, piercing through the thin garments of the desolate mother, who was leading forth her tender little ones on the same strange unnatural errand. But she shrunk not in the blast, but walked rapidly along, almost dragging the children after her. At length she stopped before the window of an ale-house, and standing on tip-toe, looked over the red curtain that shaded half the window, and concealed the inmates from the view of passers by. Within she saw her husband sitting comfortably by a table, a glass by his side, and pipe in his mouth.—half a dozen pot-companions were sitting around and all seemed enjoying themselves.

Mrs Lyon remained without only a few moments, then taking hold of the door she walked firmly in, and without appearing to notice her husband, went up to the bar and called for three glasses of brandy. After doing this, she seated herself at the table near by her husband.—Great, of course was the surprise of Lyon at this apparition. He jumped from his chair and stood before his wife, just as she had taken her seat at the table, saying, in an under tone, as he did so—

"For Heaven's sake, Sally! what brings you here?"

"It is very loansome at home, Ralph," she replied, in a calm but sad voice, "Our wood is all gone, and it is cold there. I am your wife, and there is no company for me like yours I will go any where to be with you. I am willing to come even here."

"But, Sally, to think of your coming to such a place as this?"

"If it is pleasant to you, it shall be so to me. Any where that my husband goes, surely I can go. God hath joined us together as one, and nothing should divide us.

By this time the three glasses of brandy that Mrs Lyon had called for were placed before her on the table.

"Sally, are you mad?" ejaculated Ralph.

"Mad to go with my husband? Why should you say that, Ralph? Drink, children," she added, turning to her two little ones, and placing a glass of unadulterated brandy before them. "It will do you good." As Sally said this she, lifted her own glass to her lips.

"Surely, you are not going to drink that?" said Ralph.

"Why not? You drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy will have that effect, I am sure no living creature needs it more than I do. Besides, I have eaten nothing to-day, and need something to strengthen me."

Saying this she sipped the burning liquid, and smacking her lips, looked up into her husband's face and smiled.

"It warms to the very heart, Ralph!" she said. "I feel better already." Then turning to the children, whose glasses remained untouched before them, she said to the astonished little ones.

"Drink, my children! It is very good."

"Woman are you mad? My children shall not touch it!" and he lifted the glasses from the table and handed them to one of the company that crowded around to witness this strange scene.

"Why not said his wife, in the calm tone with which she had at first spoken. "If it is good for you, it is good for your wife and children. It will put these dear ones to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. To you it is fire, fire and food, and bed and clothing—all these we need, and you will surely not withhold them from us."

(Concluded on Page 192.)