

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 CONQUEROR

The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings,
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still,
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their conquered breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow:
Then boast no more your mighty deed;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!

Miscellany.

DR. CHALMERS IN THE PULPIT.

From "The Genius of Scotland," by the Rev. Robert Turnbull

Dr. Chalmers is to preach at Dr. Candlish's church, so let us go to hear him. He has lost something of his early vigour, but retains enough of it to make him the most interesting preacher in Scotland or the world. Let us make haste, or we shall fail of obtaining a seat. Already the house is filled with an expectant congregation. The Doctor comes in and all is hushed. He is dressed in gown and bands, and presents a striking and venerable appearance. His serene earnest aspect well befits his high office. It is of the middle height, thickset and brawny, but not corpulent. His face is rather broad, with high cheek bones, pale, and as it were care-worn, well formed and expressive. His eyes are of a leaden colour, rather dull when in a state of repose, but flashing with a half-smothered fire when fairly roused. His nose is broad and lion-like, his mouth one of the most expressive parts of his countenance, firm, a little compressed and stern, indicating courage and energy, while his forehead is ample and high, as one might naturally suppose, covered with thin, straggling grey hair. He reads a psalm in a dry guttural voice—reads a few verses of Scripture, without much energy or apparent feeling, and then offers a brief, simple, earnest and striking prayer. By the way, the Doctor's prayers are among his most interesting exercise. He is always simple, direct, reverent, and occasionally quite original and striking. You feel, while joining in his devotions, that a man of genius and piety is leading your willing spirit up to the throne of God. How striking, for example, when he calls us to remember "that every hour that strikes, every morning that dawns, and every evening that darkens around us, brings us nearer to the end of our pilgrimage." Yet he has no mouthing or mannerism in this solemn exercise. He is not making but offering a prayer. His tones are earnest and solemn; most manifest it is that his soul is holding intimate fellowship with the Father of Spirits.

But he announces his text—1 John iv. 16, "God is love"—a text from which he has preached before; but no matter for that. He commences with a few broken sentences, pronounced in a harsh, tuneless voice, and with a strong Scottish accent. The first feeling of a stranger would be that of disappointment, and apprehension that the discourse was to prove a failure.

It may be well to state here, that Chalmers is a slavish reader—that is he reads every thing he says—but he reads so naturally, so earnestly, so energetically, that manuscript and everything else is speedily forgotten by the astonished and delighted hearer.

He proceeds with his subject—*God is love*. His object, as announced, is not so much to elucidate the thought or idea of the text, as to dislodge from the minds of his hearers the dread and aversion for God, existing in all unregenerate men. He insists, in the first place, that it is not as a God of love, that the Deity is regarded by mankind—but simply as God, as a being mysterious and dreadful, a being who has displeasure towards them in his heart. This arises from two causes—the first, that they are ignorant of this great and awfully mysterious Being—the second, that they have sinned against him. This feeling, then, is displaced, first, by the incarnation of the Deity

in the person of his Son, so that we may know and love him as a Father and a friend; and, secondly, by the free pardon of our sin through the sacrifice of the cross. The division is rather awkward; but it serves the purpose of the preacher, who thus brings out some of the most sublime peculiarities of the Gospel, and applies them with overwhelming force and pathos to the sinner's heart. Under the first head, he shows, in language of uncommon energy, that it is impossible for man, in his present state, to regard a being so vast, so mysterious, and so little known as God, except with superstitious dread. "All regarding him," says he, "is inscrutable; the depths of his past eternity, the mighty and unknown extent of his creation, the secret policy or end of his government—a government that embraces an infinity of worlds, and reaches forward to an infinity of ages; all these leave man a being so circumscribed in his faculties as man, so limited in his duration, and therefore so limited in his experience, in profoundest ignorance of God; and then the inaccessible retirement in which this God hides himself from the observation of his creatures here below, the clouds and darkness which are about the pavilion of his throne, the utter inability of the powers of man to reach beyond the confines of that pavilion, render vain all attempts to fathom the essence of God, or to obtain any distinct conception of his person or being, which have been shrouded in the deep silence of many centuries, inasmuch that nature, whatever it may tell us of his existence, places between our senses and this mighty cause a veil of interruption."

It is not unnatural to dread such a being. Nature, though full of God, furnishes no clear and satisfying evidence of his designs; for sunshine and shower, green fields and waving harvests, are intermingled with tempests and hurricane, blight and mildew, destruction and death. "While, in one case, we have the natural affection and unnumbered sweets of many a cottage, which might serve to manifest the indulgent kindness of Him who is the universal parent of the human family; we have, on the other hand, the cares, the heart-burnings, the moral discomforts, often the pining sickness, or the cold and cheerless poverty, or, more palpably, the fierce contests and mutual distractions, even among civilized men; and lastly, and to consummate all, the death—the unshaken and relentless death with which generation after generation, whether among the abodes of the prosperous and the happy, or among the dwellings of the adverse and unfortunate, after a few years are visited, laying all the votaries of human fortune in the dust—these all bespeak, if not a malignant, an offended God."

But this vague uncertainty and dread are corrected and displaced by the incarnation of the Deity in the person of Christ—"the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." "The Godhead then became palpable to human senses, and man could behold, as in a picture, and in distinct personification, the very characteristics of the Being that made him."

Upon this idea, a favorite one with Dr. Chalmers, he dwells with the profoundest interest, presenting it with a strength of conception and exuberance of illustration which makes it clear and palpable to the minds of all. How his heart glows, almost to bursting, with the sublime and thrilling idea that God is manifest in the flesh. How he pours out, as in a torrent of light, the swelling images and emotions of his throbbing spirit. "We could not scale the height of that mysterious ascent which brings us within view of the Godhead. It is by the descent of the Godhead unto us that this manifestation has been made; and we learn and know it from the wondrous history of him who went about doing good continually. We could not go in search of the viewless Deity, through the depths and vastnesses of infinity, or divine the secret, the untold purposes that were brooding there. But in what way could a more palpable exhibition have been made, than when the eternal Son, enshrined in humanity, stepped forth on the platform of visible things, and there proclaimed the Deity? We can now reach the character of God in the human looks, in the human language of Him who is the very image and visible representative of the Deity; we see it in the tears of sympathy he shed; we hear it in the accents of tenderness which fell from his lips. Even his very remonstrances were those of a deep and gentle nature; for they are remonstrances of deepest piety—the complaints of a longing spirit against the sad perversity of men bent on their own ruin."

Not content with this clear and ample exhibition

• In looking over the Doctor's printed works, we have found this discourse in a somewhat different garb from that in which we have presented it. We were not at first aware of this, or we might have selected some other discourse; for it was not good for us to hear the Doctor frequently. This and other delusions, however, are taken from personal observation.

of his views, he returns to it, as with redoubled interest, and though presenting no new conception upon the point, delights to pour upon it the exuberant radiance of his teeming imagination. The hearers, too, are as interested as he, and catch with delight the varying aspects of his peculiar oratory. In fact, their minds are in perfect sympathy and harmony with his; and tears start to every eye, as he bursts out, as if applying the subject to himself, in the following beautiful and affecting style:—Previous to this manifestation, as long as I had nothing before me but the unseen God, my mind wandered in uncertainty, my busy fancy was free to expatiate, and its images filled my heart with disquietude and terror; but in the life, and person, and history of Jesus Christ, the attributes of the Deity are brought down to the observation of the senses, and I can no longer mistake them when, in the son, who is the express image of his Father, I see them carried home to my understanding by the evidence and expression of human organs—when I see the kindness of the Father in the tears that fell from the Son at the tomb of Lazarus—when I see his justice blended with his mercy, in the exclamation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" by Jesus Christ, uttered with a tone more tender than human bosom or human sympathy ever uttered—I feel the judgment of God himself flashing conviction on my conscience, and calling me to repent while his wrath is suspended and he still waiteth to be gracious!"

But a more distinct and well-grounded reason for distrust and fear, in reference to the Deity, arises from the consciousness of guilt. In spite of ourselves, in spite of our false theology, we feel that God has a right to be offended with us, that he is offended with us, and not only so, that we deserve his displeasure. This, he shows, is counteracted by the doctrine of the atonement: "Herein is love, not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and sent his son into the world to be a propitiation for our sins." By the fact of the incarnation, a conquest is gained over the imagination haunted with the idea of an unknown God; so also by that of the atonement, a conquest is gained over the solid and well-grounded fear of guilt. This idea the Doctor illustrates with equal force and beauty, showing that by means of the sacrifice of the cross, justice and mercy are brought into harmony, in the full and free pardon of the believing penitent. By this means the great hindrance to free communion with God is taken away. Guilt is cancelled for the sake of Him who died, and the poor trembling sinner is taken to the bosom of Infinite Love. "In the glorious spectacle of the cross we see the mystery revealed, and the compassion of the parent meeting in fullest harmony with the now asserted and now vindicated prerogative of the Lawgiver. The Gospel is a halo of all the attributes of God, and yet the pre-eminent manifestation there is God as love, which will shed its lustre amid all the perfections of the Divine nature. And here it should be specially remarked, that the atonement was made for the sins of the whole world; God's direct and primary object being to vindicate the truth and justice of the Godhead. Instead of striking from his love, it only gave it more emphatic demonstration; for, instead of love, simple and bending itself without difficulty to the happiness of its objects, it was a love which, ere it could reach the guilty being it groaned after, had to force the barriers of a necessity which, to all human appearance was insuperable." With this fine idea the Doctor concludes his discourse, presenting it with a mingled tenderness and vehemence of style and tone perfectly irresistible. "The love of God," he exclaims, "with such an obstacle and trying to get over it, is a higher exhibition than all the love which radiates from his throne on all the sinless angels. The affirmation that God is love is strengthened by that other, to him who owns the authority of Scripture, that God so loved the world—I call on you to mark the emphatic so—as to give his only-begotten Son. "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all;" or that expression, "herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave his Son to be a propitiation for our sins. There is a moral, a depth, an intensity of meaning, a richness of sentiment that Paul calls unsearchable, in the cross of Christ, that tells emphatically that God is righteousness and that God is love."

Such is a feeble and imperfect outline of a rich and eloquent discourse, from one of the richest and most impressive texts in the Bible. But we cannot transfer to the written or printed page, the tone, look, and manner, the *visida vis*, the natural and overwhelming energy, the pathos and power of tone, which thrill the hearer as with the shocks of a spiritual electricity. It is this peculiar energy which distinguishes Chalmers, and which distinguishes all great orators. His mind is on fire with his subject, and transfers itself all

glowing to the minds of his hearers. For the time being, all are fused into one great whole, by the resistless might of his burning eloquence. In this respect, Chalmers has been thought to approach, nearer than any other man of modern times, the style and tone of Demosthenes. His manner has a torrent vehemence, a sea-like swell and sweep, a bannered tramp as of armies rushing to deadly conflict. With one hand on his manuscript, and the other jerked forward with electric energy, he thunders out his gigantic periods as if winged with "vollied lightning." The hearers are astonished—awed—carried away—lifted up as on the wings of the wind, and borne "whithersoever the master listeth."

DECEPTION.

I do not think any conduct professing untruth can be right, strictly speaking, though I am quite willing to allow that a difference of opinion on that score may exist with conscientious persons. It is hard to define what amounts to a profession sometimes. Almost infinite are the shades of difference between a direct falsehood, and an assertion which, though literally true, either did originate in the least possible intention to deceive, or was intended to produce the smallest falsehood. It is often impossible to attempt concealment without attempting deception. To avoid the existence of concealment is frequently, in a strict sense, impossible. To attempt to conceal, and to permit the existence of concealment, are, however distinct things—the distinction between which it is frequently important to keep in mind; passiveness and inactivity should often be the rule. When a plain and full explanation of the whole truth cannot be attempted,—I need hardly say, that in numberless cases it would be most foolish and wicked, and that in many it would be impossible for want of time and other circumstances—it must often be obvious that to explain only a part of the truth would amount of itself to positive deception. By that part being severed from its unexplainable connexion, a false impression is necessarily produced. Hence again the propriety of passiveness, if it were only to avoid attempted deception. In recommending general openness, or the avoidance of attempt either to deceive or to conceal generally, I would by no means be understood to recommend to any person the practice of giving unusual and uncalled for explanations, even when they can be given with ease, and without any apparent ill consequences. Explanations that, when they are desired, are due and ought to be given, frequently ought not to be given simply for the reason that they are not desired. I cannot easily conceive anything within the range of probably frequent occurrence much more offensive than the habit of obtruding explanations; or even allusions touching matters of past conduct or duty, or the breach of them. Generally, where an explanation is due and is desired, it should be given in plain language. Generally, I think the rule will hold good, that when a person ought to allude to any manner, he ought to allude to it plain language. Among the advantages of that rule are its tendency to prevent deception and mistakes.

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.—In the course of an address made by Lord Roden, at the anniversary of the Irish Sunday School Society in Dublin, that nobleman said:—"I became a teacher of a Sunday School in 1849, and from that period up to the present, with of course the exception of being occasionally called away from it by various other duties, I have always been enrolled as one engaged in such an office, and I can sincerely say that the result of that object has fully answered every expectation and desire which the fondest feeling of my heart entertained. (Applause.) Our Sunday School now consists upon an average, of about sixty boys and eighty girls; I have the privilege of teaching the head class among the boys, now young men, but in the course of instruction in the school, we are now teaching the children of those who have been taught and sent out into the world from our school, and I could name several—I know of many—and there are many of the number whom I am not able to name; but I trust I shall see them where their names shall appear as the fruits of the instruction which they received from that blessed book which is the grand object of Sunday School teaching. I could name several of our Sunday School scholars who never received any other instruction than what they derived from the Sunday School, who are now filling most responsible and high stations in the sphere of life, throughout different parts of the country. One or two of them are stewards of gentlemen who repose the greatest confidence in them; others are filling menial offices, as servants in houses, and bear from those who employ them the greatest character."