

# 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 WISH.

I ASK not golden stores of wealth,  
Or rank, and pomp, and state;  
The noble's glittering coronet,  
The mansion of the great;  
I care not that around my brow  
Fame's laurel wreath should twine;  
Or, that on History's glowing page  
My name may proudly shine.  
I envy not the calm retreat,  
From worldly noise and strife—  
The lowly cot—the flower-gemm'd path—  
The simple joys of life:  
I ask not that in soft repose  
My peaceful days may glide,  
As the light bark is borne along  
The deep, untroubled tide.  
But this I ask: that while I live,  
I may not live in vain;  
For I would cheer the aching heart,  
And soothe the mourner's pain—  
Would wipe away grief's bitter tears,  
The poor man's struggles aid;  
And guide the wanderer back, whose steps  
From virtue's path have strayed.  
Then, whether affluence and state  
Shall be my destin'd lot,  
Or 'neath the humble cottage roof  
I dwell, it matters not—  
If I, by self-denying love,  
Earth's weary ones can bless,  
And deepen, as I pass along,  
The stream of happiness.

## Miscellany.

### TAKING UP AN EVIL REPORT.

One of the most striking illustrations of taking up and believing an evil report of a good man, slight evidence of its truth, that we have known, occurred in the case of a minister of acquaintance, a few weeks since. He occupied a room as a study, during the week, at some distance from his dwelling. Immediately back of his room, and opening into it, was one occupied as a sleeping apartment by two young merchant's clerks. As he did not occupy his study at night, or upon the Sabbath, and it was cooler and more pleasant than one back of it, the young gentlemen very frequently sat in it at such times. Being fond of the game of chess, they sometimes occupied their evenings in that way; and on one occasion went so far as to finish a game that had been played to a very late hour on Saturday night, on Sunday morning in the minister's study. The window opened upon the street in such a way, that a good lady in an upper chamber, on the opposite side of the street, saw them—she was filled with an holy horror, as she ought to have been, at seeing a minister's study thus profaned upon the Sabbath, and without investigating the matter as to who it was that was engaged in the game, she intimated her belief to a friend that one of the parties was the minister. This friend reported it as a secret to a third party; that the minister only played chess, which she considered as a base gambling, but that he did it upon the Sabbath. After it had gone through two or three other hands, it had grown so much, that he now currently asserted that the minister played cards upon the Sabbath. Several people vowed that they never would hear him again, although they admitted, in the first place, that they had always considered him an excellent man and a good preacher. Matters went on, until a young man who was very ill, stated to an intimate friend of the minister, that his mind had once been very much impressed by a sermon that he had heard the minister preach—and that he now would be glad to see him, but for the report which he had heard of his gambling upon the Sabbath. This friend promptly decried the report, and attempted to get it back to its origin. He called upon the minister, and stated the report which was circulated in reference to him. He denounced the young man as a base slanderer, as he never was seen by him on the Sabbath; and it was only one of the gentlemen came forward and explained his fault, that the whole matter was cleared up, and harmony restored to the parties.

### A CRUEL BRIDAL.

A long history of oppression, cruelty and the most remarkable passage is that related to Anne the Czarina of Russia, in 1740; and what is most extraordinary, that the nobility submitted to her and the degradations which she inflicted

upon them, without a murmur. The most painful instance of this kind was that of Prince Galitzin, who, on petition to Anne, was permitted to return to Russia from exile, during which he had changed his religion. The same day Galitzin, although upwards of forty years old, was ordered to take his place amongst the pages a few days later he received a notification that the empress, contented with his services, had been pleased to raise him to the dignity of her third butler. "The custom of butlers," says an historian, "was then in full force in Russia; the empress had six, three of whom were of very high birth and when they did not lend themselves with a good grace to the tom-tomeries required of them by her or her favorites, she had them punished with the *battogues*." The empress appeared well satisfied with the manner in which the prince fulfilled his new duties; and as he was a widower, she declared she would find him a wife, that so valuable a subject might not die without posterity. They selected for the poor wretch's bride, the most hideous and disgusting creature that could be found in the lowest ranks of the populace. Anne herself arranged the ceremonial of the wedding. It was in the depth of one of the severest winters of the century, and, at great expense, the empress had a palace built of ice. Not only was the building entirely constructed of that material, but all the furniture, including the nuptial bed, was also of ice. In front of the palace were ice cannons, mounted on ice carriages. Anne and all her court conducted the newly-married pair to this palace, their destined habitation. The guests were in sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer: the husband and wife, enclosed in a cage, were carried on an elephant. When the procession arrived near the palace, the ice cannons were fired, and not one of them burst, so intense was the cold. Several of them were even loaded with bullets, which pierced thick planks at a considerable distance. When everybody had entered the singular edifice, the ball began—it probably did not last long, and the bride and bridegroom were left in this wretched place with scarcely any clothing, having retired to their wretched couch in presence of Anne. The company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the next day! But when the next day came, they had to be carried out; the poor creatures were in a deplorable state, and survived their torture but a few days.

### TO BE REMEMBERED.

Time once past never returns; the moment which is lost is lost for ever.

It is important that we form a proper estimate of human life; we should neither load it with imaginary evils, or expect from it greater happiness than it is able to yield. The former will rob us of present enjoyment through the fear of evils to come; the latter will lead us to overlook present advantages in anticipation of greater good to be obtained, of which we are sure to be disappointed.

Be sure not to mistake the love of virtue for the practice of it; and see that you are no less good, than you are the friends of goodness.

The appearance of security is often deceptive; a calm often precedes a storm.

Temperance, by strengthening both mind and body, leads to happiness; intemperance, by impairing both mind and body, produces misery.

The acquisition of knowledge is honorable in all.

Sincerity and truth are the basis of every virtue.

Disappointment and distress are often friends, in disguise. To prepare ourselves to enjoy happiness, we must correct our inward disorders.

### A GENTLE HINT.

I was amused the last morning watch that I kept. We were stowing the hammocks in the deck nettings, when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his cheek.

"What have you got there, my good lad—a quid of tobacco?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, "there's nothing at all the matter."

"O, there must be; is it a bad tooth, then? Open your mouth and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, and discovered a large roll of tobacco.

"I see, I see," said the first lieutenant, "your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board, but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can—Send the armorer up here with his tongs."

When the armorer made his appearance, the boy was made to open his mouth, while the

chew of tobacco was extracted with this rough instrument.

"There, now," said the first lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already; you never could have any appetite. Now, captain of the after-guard, bring a piece of old canvass."

"I some sand here, and clean his teeth nicely." The captain of the after-guard came forward, and putting the boy's head between his knees, scrubbed his teeth well with the sand and canvass for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the first lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, your mouth is nice and clean, and you'll enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten anything, with your mouth in such a nasty state. When it's dirty again, come to me, and I'll be your dentist."

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THY KINGDOM COME.

But to descend to particulars, what are the points in which I think myself at liberty to judge according to the maxims of the world and my own ideas, and not according to those of God? the world and its followers reprobate all those maxims of the gospel, though dictated by the Spirit of God, which prescribe detachment from the riches the pleasures, the honors of the earth; which enforce the necessity of self-abnegation and of carrying one's cross; which enjoin the love of God and our neighbor carried to a perfection, that banishes self-love as far as is possible; which extol meekness, patience, humility, and purity of intention, which, in fine, condemn *concupiscence of the flesh, concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life*. Now, can I assert with truth, that in all these points, and many others of the like nature I judge according to the Spirit of God, without any regard to my own private judgment, or that of the world? Can I flatter myself that it is a matter of little consequence for a Christian to form, with regard to any of these points, a judgement different from that of God? In fine, can I clearly determine and what is not essential in those points, and mark out the precise limits, where, without risk of salvation, we may cease to pass the same judgment of it, as God does, and begin to judge according to our own ideas and those of the world?

With respect even to persons who pretend to devotion, God is very far from reigning over the mind of the greatest part of them, and from regulating their ideas and their plans of conduct in matters of piety. If such persons were directed solely by the Spirit of God, they would pay more attention to the reformation of their interior than to the exposure of their exterior; to the prayer of the heart, than to that of the lips. They would take more care to fulfil the duties of their respective stations, than to load themselves with a multiplicity of superfluous irksome practices; to be plain and docile, than obstinate and headstrong. They would labor more to conceal, than to publish their good actions; to bend to their inclinations; in fine (for the detail were endless), to condemn, and correct themselves, than to watch, censure, and reform others. They would form a more just noble, and exalted idea of christian perfection, and would not descend to trifling, insignificant observances, which create trouble and scrupulousity; nor affect principles, either excessively rigid, or unwarrantably lax, and indulgent to corrupt nature. Were the kingdom of God established over our mind, it would not suffer us to change incessantly our plan of conduct, but would maintain us in a perfect uniformity and evenness of temper, and a serene peace and joy, which nothing could trouble or impair.

### CONVERSION OF A PAPIST.

We have the following incident from "A. C." An Irishman named Quinlan, with his wife and family, settled in Granville, Nova Scotia, he and his wife were rigid papists, but as there was no Roman Catholic society there, when Sabbath came he attended the Baptist meeting, and heard Elder D Harris preach from the text, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." The truth was brought home with divine power, and though he struggled hard to cling to his old system, his props one by one gave way, and he sank down under deep conviction,—after which he was brought into the liberty of the gospel, and began praying in his family; his wife was so highly offered, that she told him she would not live with a heretic—and intimated her intention of putting the affairs of his family in as comfortable a state as possible and then returning to Ireland. Ultimately she offered to live with him if he would not pray in the family. He with a confidence that God would open her eyes, promised that he would not, except with her consent. He continued some time to retire

to the fields or woods and pour out his soul to God—till at last the Hearer of prayer touched her heart, and she one day cried out, "O Quinlan pray for me." The spell was broken, he returned to his house to pray. She too found peace and pardon through the Redeemer.—United in the faith of the Gospel, they were united in their obedience, and were received into the Baptist church in that place, where they adorn their profession by a godly walk and conversation.

### PRIVATE THOUGHTS.

Who is there almost that does not wish God was less pure in his nature, less strict in his commands, less exact in his justice, less terrible in his vengeance, than he is? And is not this wishing that he was what he is not, and disliking what he is? And what is this, if the soul durst speak out the horrid truth, but even hating God.

Nothing in nature is more unknown to man than himself.

It is the common opinion with regard to natural evil, that it is sufficiently accounted for, if happiness prevails upon the whole; that this mixed state of things is unavoidable, and therefore no impeachment of the goodness of God; and that no man, or number of men, however miserable, have any right to complain, if happiness is the result of the general system. I do not understand this; it seems to me little less than blasphemy. How is it possible for so much as one conscious being to be miserable, but by its own fault.

If a man is a sinner, why does he not believe it? And if he is not, why does he confess it? What a strange jumble of blindness and hypocrisy? We confess what we do not really believe, and yet really are what we confess.

We aggravate the faults of others to have a pretence for hating or despising them, and for the pleasure of self-comparison.

Striving against nature is like holding a weather-cock with one's hand; as soon as the force is taken off, it veers again with the wind.—Adam.

### WHY I TAKE ONE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER MORE THAN ANOTHER.

1. Because the paper I take has a character. When a man has no opinions of his own; is always timidly in the wake, rather than taking the lead in forming a correct public sentiment on important moral subjects, we set him aside as wanting in character. Just so with a paper. It deserves not the support of an independent, well-disposed mind.

2. Because my paper has *magnanimity*. It admits the possibility of erring in its estimates of men and things, and manfully corrects both its mistakes and its misstatements.

3. My paper is *courteous*. Differ as it may and often does in sentiment with others, it always treats them in such a manner as to compel their respect. Even the cuffed cur is compelled to acknowledge the kindness as well as the justness of the blow.

4. My paper is *instructive*. It always sets my mind agoing like a train of cars led by a powerful engine.

5. My paper is *benevolent*. Its very atmosphere is to my heart what the breath of spring is to vegetation. It makes me a better man; feeling and acting more kindly towards my race.

6. It is *energetic*; nerving all the powers to obey the dictates of light and love.

Hence, I not only take it in preference to others, but call it *my paper*. It has imperfections, and so has my yarn; but those of the latter are yielding and gradually disappearing under an improved culture, and I doubt not such will be the result with the former. One thing is very certain, mine is a great deal better since I adopted the practice of *paying for it in advance*.—From an American Paper.

### THE AXE.

The other day I was holding a man by a hand as firm in its outward texture as leather, and his sunburnt face was as inflexible as parchment; he was pouring forth a tirade of contempt upon those people who complain that they can find nothing to do, as an excuse for becoming idle loafers.

Said I, Jeff, what do you work at?—You look hearty and happy; what are you at? Why, said he, I bought an axe three years ago, that cost me two dollars; that was all the money I had. I went chopping wood by the cord;—I have done nothing else, and have earned more than six hundred dollars; I have drunk no grog, paid no doctor, and have bought a little farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be happy and married next month to a young girl that has earned two hundred dollars by spinning and other industrious pursuits.