

# The Watchman.

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

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## NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

CARRIER OF THE WATCHMAN.

### The Expiring Year.

Lo! the scene is void in sadness,  
Droary is its aspect now,  
Far have fled all joy and gladness,  
Grief descends on nature's brow.  
Clouds above are densely gath'ring,  
Winter's chilling blast sweeps by;  
Darkness reigns: all hopes are with'ring,  
Nature heaves a bitter sigh.  
Ev'ry object's clad in mourning,  
Ev'ry tone is sad and dull;  
Nature's broad expanse is yearning,  
Clad in midnight's sable pall.  
TIME, of earthly gifts, the fleetest,  
Passes rapidly away;  
Human hopes and joys the brightest  
Crushes in a single day.  
See, alas! the year's declining,  
Sinks her languid head at last;  
Mournfully her life resigning,  
All her triumphs now are past.  
WATCHMAN, on the walls of Zion,  
Toll us of the dreary night;  
Indicates this dark horizon  
Man's deficiency of light?  
On the mount of observation  
Dismal scenes before us pass;  
Millions sink in degradation  
Bound by Satan's chains, alas!  
Darkness holds in many regions  
Empire's sceptre, undismay'd;  
In her ranks unnumber'd legions  
Stand, against the truth array'd.  
But her days are surely number'd,  
Age creeps on, her end is nigh;  
Long have Christian Churches slumber'd,  
Now they rear their banners high.  
Loud resound to every nation  
Tidings of a Jubilee;  
Truth descends, a full salvation  
Makes the captive sinner free.

### The Rising Year.

What sounds are these, what joyful sounds that fall  
Upon my ear—  
Re-echoing in the midnight hour, of a happy new-  
born year—  
With pleasure hail'd, each mirthful voice its wel-  
come loud proclaims  
Upon her predecessor pours, the most opprobrious  
names.  
Her wrinkled brow, her visage fierce, in sable gar-  
ments clad,  
Her dying groans and agonies make every spirit  
glad;  
Darkness departs, and light and hope each fainting  
heart revive,  
And bid the most disconsolate afresh begin to live.  
But who can tell what painful scenes this welcome  
guest may paint,  
How oft, in darkness br in doubt, our feeble spirits  
faint?  
The dearest objects we behold from earth may pass  
away  
Ere, on the shores of time, we hail another New-  
Year's day.  
Plague, and pestilence, and sword may spread  
dismay around;  
Empires may crumble into dust, confusion may  
abound—  
Despotic sway may prosper, and liberty may pine  
Against the truth in bold phalanx the sons of night  
may join.  
Yet the light of truth will banish foul error from the  
world,  
And every form of despotism will from its throne  
be hurl'd—  
Haste, happy day, thy glorious dawn the Watchman  
hopes to see  
When the apostate family, the truth shall fully free.  
To each respected patron, let joy for ever flow,  
And be this year, a happy year, wherever they may  
go;  
Through this New Year, with joyful haste the news  
to you'll bear  
And in every happy hour, no pains shall ever

## Miscellany.

### IT COSTS TOO MUCH.

*That wick'd word—* don't utter it—"it costs too much." You remember the last time you allowed one to escape you. How many times you sighed, and wished you had never spoken it. Though it took but a moment to utter it, it marred your peace a great deal longer than that. It escaped lightly from your lips, but it came back again, and haunted you, and weighed heavily on your spirit. It costs your friend too much, too. It went like an arrow to his soul; and like an arrow, with a poisoned point, it rankled there. Ay, that word costs him many sad hours.

*That glass of Wine costs too much.* You say you only paid a few cents for it. Young man! that paltry sum is not a millionth part of what it will cost you, if you do not take care. You will have to pay for it in health, cheerfulness, character, friends, credit, peace of mind, life itself. Is that glass worth all these? "You are safe enough!" Nonsense! A man might just as rationally talk about safety, when his boat is beginning to go round and round on the outer circle of the maelstrom, as to say he is safe enough, when he begins to tinkle his wine.

*That dance costs too much.* You gain something, it is true. Very likely you gain a whole evening's pleasure. But, my friend, you give too much for that pleasure. It intoxicates you. It unfits you for calmer enjoyments. It renders your daily toils dull and irksome. It drives your better genius from your soul—it brings in one to deceive you, to trifle with you, to ruin you. You tell me "it is not wrong to dance." I admit that it is not wrong in itself. But can you not see that it is wrong, as you practice it, and is there not something within you that whispers, "it is dangerous," too? Has it not cost too much already? Are you not losing your relish for sacred things, the Bible, the house of God, the meeting for prayer? You are paying too much for dancing, then. I shudder to think of purchasing such a pleasure at such a price.

*The Sabbath excursion costs too much.* The last one cost you dearly. It was as much as you could do, during the day, to banish painful thoughts from your mind. And when the guilty pleasure of the day was ended, and the twilight time arrived—the still twilight of Sabbath eve—those thoughts rushed in, like a mighty flood, and quenched your joys. You thought of the bargain you made, and called yourself a fool for making it. You thought of earlier days, ere your heart had learned to sin so badly. You thought of a mother, once the guide of your erring feet on earth, now an inheritor of the heavenly world. You thought that from her far-off home she came to upbraid you, to plead with you, and to warn you of your danger. Ah! it was no wonder you thought that excursion cost too much. It did cost too much. Take care! The tempter is coming again. Do not parley with him. Do not listen to him for a moment. Sabbath-breaking costs more than it comes to, a thousand times over.

*That little theft costs too much.* It is only a dollar, I know; and perhaps it would never be missed. But it will cost you as much as a fortune is worth. "I did not take the dollar," you say. I am glad of it. But I am afraid you will take it, nevertheless. You have been looking at it with a wishful eye, for some minutes. You have been trying to settle the question whether you would be found out or not, if you put the money in your pocket. You have been using all sorts of flimsy arguments to your conscience, to drown its voice. You said it was only a dollar, and nobody would be any worse for your taking so small a sum. You talked about your salary being so small, and your master being so rich. And you guessed you would refund the money, interest and all, when you got to be rich yourself. I know you did not take the money. But while you are gazing into that drawer, and thinking what it was best to do about that dollar, you were standing on a fearful precipice. Many a youth has yielded to the tempter, as you were on the point of yielding; and thus entered on a career of crime which proved his ruin. It was a little petty theft, that first one. But it cost him dearly. It will cost you dearly, my friend. It may cost you everything worth living for.

*All sin costs too much.* Strange that men, sensible, judicious men, should ever need to be reminded of this. S ange that men, who are so sagacious, in the main, in closing a bargain, should purchase pleasure, in any form, at the sacrifice of virtue, and principle, and heaven. Yonder broker, standing at the corner of the Exchange, in Wall-street, has just refused to buy a few shares of stock, because he thought it was too dear. He said it would cost him one-eighth per cent. more than it would be worth to him. He was wise, perhaps: certainly he was wise, if his opinion

of the stock was right. He was careful, at all events. But that very man is throwing away a jewel worth a thousand worlds, for a few ounces of shining dust. That young man behind the counter, that young woman attiring for the theatre, neither of whom will buy the veriest trifle, if they deem it too dear, are both bartering away eternal life for three score years of pleasure!

### SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

A day of blowing the trumpets.—Numbers xxix. 1.

This was one of the new moon days, celebrated with more than ordinary solemnity, on account, probably, of its commencing the new year; for the first day of the seventh month of the sacred year was the new year's-day of the more ancient civil year. It is the only one of the new moon days on which servile work is interdicted. It is called "the feast of the trumpets;" and we are to understand that the trumpet-blowing was greater on this day than on any other of the solemn festivals. The Scripture gives no reason for this peculiarity, or, indeed, for the festival itself. Numerous conjectures have been offered to supply the omission. Many Jewish writers think that the trumpets were blown in order to awaken men to repentance against the great fast, or day of expiation, which followed nine days after. But to this it has been well objected by Bishop Patrick, that the words (*zikran teruah*) translated "a memorial of blowing of trumpets" in the parallel text, Lev. xxiii. 24, properly signifies a memorial of triumph, a shouting for joy; the word *teruah* being never used in Scripture but for a sound or shout of rejoicing. The opinion most commonly received by the Jews is, that the trumpets were blown in memory of the intention to offer Isaac in sacrifice, and the substitution of a ram in his place. On which account they say that the trumpets used on this occasion were made of rams' horns, and they still use such in their synagogues under this impression. They also inform us that a ram's head was eaten on this day for the same reason, and also to betoken that the Jews would be the head and not the tail. A notion, derived from the Mishna, is also entertained, that on this day God sits to determine the events of the following year, and to judge the conduct of men, who pass before him as the flock before the shepherd; and that the blowing of trumpets is to disturb Satan when he comes to accuse the Israelites. Some of the Christian fathers think that the institution was to commemorate the delivery of the law on Mount Sinai, which was attended by the sound of the trumpet. The most general opinion, however, both among Jews and Christians, is, that the observance was instituted to commemorate the creation of the world, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." (Job xxxviii. 7). This opinion has the advantage that it may be held in common with any of the others; and is not incompatible even with the view which we entertain, which is, that the day, being new year's day, was celebrated by the blowing of trumpets, for much the same reason that we celebrate the commencement of our new year by the ringing of bells, namely, to usher in the year with tokens of public rejoicing. It will be observed that the opinions concerning the creation of the world, of the judgment which takes place on that day, and of the intended sacrifice of Isaac, are not stated as opposite notions, since they are all entertained by the modern Jews, whose prayers for the day make frequent allusions to all three.—*Pictorial Bible.*

### THE WONDERS OF PRAYER.

Abraham's servants prays—Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles and prays—the angel is conquered and Esau's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purpose he had harbored for twenty years. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born.—David prays—Ahitophel hangs himself—Asa prays—a victory is gained. Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his foes. Isaiah and Hezekiah pray—one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians are dead in twelve hours—Daniel prays—the lions are muzzled. Mordecai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Ezra prays at Ahava—God answers. Nehemiah darts a prayer—the king's heart is softened in a minute. Elijah prays—a drought of three years succeeds. Elijah prays—rain descends apace. Elisha prays—Jordan is divided. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back. The church prays—Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises—the doors of the prison were opened and every man's hands were loosened. Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stop-

ped the course of the moon, arrested the rapid sun in his great race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven. What has prayer not done!—*Ryland.*

A TALE OF THE STAGE.—Old actors, like old soldiers, tell strange stories. It is related by one of the former description of veterans, that Mrs. Barry was playing *Calista* in the *Fair Penitent* to a crowded "barn" (it was at North Walsham, in Norfolk), when, in the last act, as she placed her hand upon the skull, she was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell upon the boards. On the following day, being still ill, she made inquiries into the ownership of the skull and was informed that it belonged to "one Norris, a player," HER FIRST HUSBAND! She died in six weeks.

A hundred years ago, the Bank of England attempted a trick upon the rival, Child's, by collecting about half a million of their receipts, and sending them in at a single blow. The wary bankers, however, had got scent of the plot, and were provided with a cheque upon the enemy for £700,000, drawn by the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. When the notes were presented in a green bag, they were examined singly, to give time for the cheque to be cashed in Threadneedle-street; and the malicious Old Lady was then paid in her own notes; which, chancing at that time to be at a considerable discount, a large sum was made by Child's upon the transaction.—*Chambers' Journal.*

GLUTTONS.—The heaven of such men's imaginations consists of tables well covered with smoking viands—the poetry of their heart is the bleating of the animal destined for the morrow's feast—and the music of their souls is the whetting of knives and the sounding of plates. To a glutton the stillness of a sow at her wash is a matter of far more interest than the silence of Archimedes in his study.

COLERIDGE AND HIS SCHOOLMASTER.—Coleridge said he droant of the master all his life, and that his dreams were horrible. A *bon mot* of his is recorded, very characteristic both of pupil and master. Coleridge when he heard of his death said, "It was lucky that the cherubims who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them, by the way."

PRAY AND THRIVE.—The Rev. Mr Carter, a Puritan divine, was once in company with a poor man, who complained of the hardships of his condition, saying, "Mr Carter, what will become of me? I work hard and fare hard, and yet I cannot thrive." The reply of Mr Carter was, "You still want one thing; you must work hard, and fare hard, and pray hard, and then you will be sure to thrive."

### EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:—

Sophronus, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grownup sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter.—

"It will not burn you, my child, take it." Eulalia did so, and behold, her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, they blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

MARKET WORDS.—Dr. William Bates, the accomplished and courtly Nonconformist minister, once complained in the presence of his faithful but unpolished friend Daniel Burgess, that he found very little success in his work as a minister; when his aged brother smartly replied, "Thank your velvet mouth for that—too fine to speak market language."