

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.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remember'd spot, that lies
In the silence of the past:
It may be the shame of our early vows,
O, the tomb of early years;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now—
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows roll'd,
That steer'd with us from that early mark—
Oh! friends, we are growing old!

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burden'd memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met.

But, oh! the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the looks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own spare
The sable or the gold;
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gain'd the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learn'd to pause and fear—
But where are the living founts, whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page—
But where is the hope that saw in Time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold—
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

Miscellany.

For the Watchman.

THE DEMON.

BY MISS L. A. A.

It was as a world newly awakened to another
creation, by the subsiding of many waters; the
ark sprang up on the mountain's brow; the ten-
der grass grew in the vale; the citron, the
orange, and the vine, with their numerous train,
once more to earth gave beauty and fragrance.
The spirits of the mighty to do iniquity, were
wept from the bosom of earth forever; but a
brighter spirit from a world, that the waters of
many floods might not wash from it its iniquity,
made there his dwelling. His work was death;
but he sought not his weapon, or his mask, in
the rolling river or crystal brook; not from the
crest tree or lowly flower; but he wreathed his
crown of the clasping vine, and he made his
poisoned death of its bright and sinless berries.
He marked the Patriarch's labours in the plea-
sant vineyard, and bound him in his deadly
coil; and, then wandered forth a race borne
down, and crushed, by the weight of a father's
curse: hewers of wood, and drawers of water,
their brethren; servant of servants to their
right equals; and the scourge, and the
ash, and dying groans, and broken hearts, bore
for ages, memorials to the throne of the
Eternal.

The Demon's work was death: where the
mighty met, he smiled; where the lowly dwelt,
made his dwelling. He stood by the moth-
er's side, and breathed his deadly breath on the
brow of her beautiful babe; but she heeded
not; she saw but the fearful spirit's crown of
the clasping vine; and she laid not her child
rest in the tomb of his fathers; o'er his early
dishonored rest her tears fell in hopeless and
sorely grief, and the Demon's river, beat his

nameless grave. He entered the dwelling of
the man of God, and led his children away cap-
tive to the walks of Belial; they looked upon
the red wine; they scoffed at the words of wis-
dom, and drank the mingled wine, and the di-
ge of despair welcomed them back to earth.

He was the god of Belshazzar and his no-
bles, when they drank from the cups of the
Lord's house, they mocked the living God. He
came the first most honored guest to the Con-
queror's feast; he sat with the Monarch, upon
his throne, when he drank from the vine crown-
ed bowl; and, the Demon laughed when the
arm, that had found no Conqueror, fell nerve-
less; when the proud, grasping mind, that
earth's widest realms could not satisfy, sank in
the dark stupor of death. The work of death,
more than death speeded in the Demon's path:
from the bright vineyard he made his dark ri-
ver to flow, and he taught the sons of earth to
turn the wholesome grains of the summer's har-
vest into its poisoned wave, whilst they sang
of the vine crowned hills, and of sunny skies;
and the widow's tears, the orphan's sorrow, the
father's crushed hopes, and the unutterable com-
prehendings, unwithering in their intensity of
spirits, who came forth from God, were the
Demon's record in earth and heaven. The an-
gel of war went forth, and thousands fell on the
red battle-field; but the Demon's carnage was
of tens of thousands, where the songs of victory
and fearless triumph swelled from the Conquer-
or's hall, and echoed to the mountain hamlet.

He went down with those who went down to
the deep in ships, and hid the fearful dangers of
the sailor's path, till the whirlwind of the Lord
broke the ocean's slumbers; but ere the voice,
that bade the storm awake, commanded peace,
the seamen slept. But whither? oh, whither?
fled the deathless spirit?—who measured the
hearts that waited for the grave to disclose
where slept the cherished, loved and lost? On
land and sea the Demon's banner waved; and,
within the sanctuary of God he found shelter
beneath the stolen and dishonored vine; and,
onward rolled the dark river, darker and yet
darker still, bearing beauty, worth, intellect, the
noblest gifts of God, to oblivion's sea, save where
the heart of pity for ruined worth, or the voice
of shame kept their record. Earth was fair and
holy, and in her wide-extended realms was
found no trace of the Demon's poison; yet
wicked men rose up and told the listening earth
that the wine God gave to his children, in bles-
sing, was the Demon's scourge. Years rolled
on years, and the canopy of Love had spread
from shore to shore, and beneath it waved a
glorious banner—on its folds was written TEM-
PERANCE; and, beneath it were gathered groups
of happy children: temperance on every brow,
and holiness in every heart. The sanctuary
was cleansed from its pollution, and mothers
raised their departed. Holy men warned no
longer their sons from the walks of Belial.
The swords had been beaten into plough-shares,
and spears into pruning hooks—for war had
ceased—and the halls of princes were as peace-
ful as the mountain hamlet. Men went down
to the deep on errands of love and mercy only;
and on its native hills, the vine waved free in
its gentle, and glad, and holy beauty. The
Demon's river rolled no more on earth, for
children's hands had torn his mask, his stolen
crown, away, and he had fled. And earth
poured forth for her redemption the song of hills
and vales, and the deeper praise of grateful
hearts arose as incense to the throne of the
Eternal.

October, 1850.

A GEM FROM AN OLD BOOK.

It has been eloquently and truly said, that if
Christianity were compelled to flee from the
mansions of the great, the academies of philoso-
phers, the halls of legislators, or the throngs of
busy men, we should find her last retreat with
women at the fireside. Her last audience
would be the children gathering around the
knees of a mother—her last sacrifice, the secret
prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and
heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God!

THE SILVER CUP UNTASTED; OR TEMPTA- TION RESISTED.

The palace of the Duke de Montre was deco-
rated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights
burned in its stately rooms, making them bright
as mid day. Along the walls glowed the price-
less tapestry, and beneath the foot lay the fa-
brics of Persia. Rare vases filled with flowers
stood on the marble stands, and their breath
went up like incense before the life-like pictures
shrined in their golden frames above. In the
great hall stood immense tables covered with
delicacies from all lands and climes. Upon the
sideboard glittered massive plate, and the nob-
glass of Murano. Music, now low and soft,
now bold and high, floated through the open
casement, and was answered at intervals by
tones of magic sweetness.

All was ready. The noble and gifted poured
into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes
waved, and jewelled embroideries flashed from
Genoa velvets. Courty congratulations fell
from every lip, for the Duke de Montre had
made a new step in the path to power. Wit
sparkled, the laugh went round, and his guests
pledged him in wine that a hundred years
had mellowed. Proudly the duke replied; but
his brow darkened and his cheek paled with
rage for his son sat motionless before his un-
tasted cup.

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded.
"When did my first-born learn to insult his
father?"

The graceful stripling sprang from his seat,
and knelt meekly before his parent. His sunny
curls fell back from his upturned face, and his
youthful countenance was radiant with a brave
and generous spirit.

"Father," he said, "I last night learned a
lesson that sank into my heart. Let me repeat
it, and then, at thy command I will drain the
cup. I saw a laborer stand at the door of a
gay shop. He held in his hand the earnings of
a week, and his wife with a sickly babe and
two famishing little ones, clung to his garments,
and besought him not to enter. He tore him-
self away, for his thirst was strong and but for
the care of a stranger, his family would have
perished.

"We went on, and farther, a citizen of noble
air and majestic form descended the wide steps
of his fine mansion. His wife put back the
curtains, and watched him eagerly and wish-
fully as he rode away. She was very, very
lovely, fairer than any lady of the court; but
the shadow of a sad heart was falling on her
beauty. We saw her gaze around upon the
desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp
her hands in the wild agony of despair. When
we returned, her husband lay helpless on a
couch, and she sat weeping beside him.

"Once more we paused. A carriage stopped
before a palace. It was rich with burnished
gold, and the armorial bearings of a duke were
visible in the moonbeams. We waited for its
owner to alight, but he did not move, and he
gave no orders. Soon the servants came crowd-
ing out. Sorrowfully they lifted him in their
arms, and I saw that some of the jewels were
torn from his mantle, and his plumed cap was
crushed and soiled, as if by the pressure of many
footsteps. They bore him into the palace, and
I wondered if his duchess, wept like the beau-
tiful wife of the citizen.

"As I looked on all this, my tutor told me
that it was the work of the red wine, which
leaps gaily up and laughs over its victims, in
demon meriment. I shuddered, father, and re-
solved never again to taste it, lest I too should
should fall. But your word is law to me.—
Shall I drain the cup?"

The duke looked wonderingly upon his first-
born, and then, placing his hand gravely yet
fondly upon his head, answered.

"No, my son, touch it not. It is poison, as
thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain, darkens
the intellect, destroys the soul. Put it away
from thee, and so shalt thou grow up wise and
good, a blessing to thyself and to thy coun-
try."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and
admiration were on every face; and moved by
the same impulse, all arose while one of their
number spoke.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy, said he, "and
thy rebuke shall not be soon forgotten. We
have congratulated thy father upon the acqui-
sition of honors which may pass with the pass-
ing season. We now congratulate him upon
the best of all possessions, a son worthy of
France and of himself."

The haughty courtier bowed a glowing as-
sent, and clasped the hand of the boy. But the
father took him to his heart; and even now,
among the treasured relics of the family is num-
bered that silver cup.—*Juvenile Instructor.*

THE HAND OF GOD IN RECENT EVENTS.

BY THE REV. P. J. WRIGHT.

"Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be
afraid? shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done
it?"—Amos iii. 6.

Nothing happens by chance. Divine Provi-
dence regulates the events of time and the af-
fairs of humanity. The maker of all governs all
things. The Lord reigneth, let the people trem-
ble he makes the clouds his chariot, and walks on
wings of the wind; let the nations fear before
him. Our God is a great God and terrible;
he thunders marvellously with his voice, he does
mysterious things which cannot be sought out,
and wonders without number. He produces
light and darkness, prosperity and adversity,
peace and war, joy and sorrow, health and sick-
ness, life and death, hope and despair. He has
only to speak, and it is done; to command,
and it stands fast. His commandment runneth
very swiftly—more swiftly than fleet light, or
fleeter thought or fiery flash from closing thun-
der clouds. Hence the suddenness of many of
the events which transpire in the progress of
human affairs. A volition goes forth from the
Infinite Mind, and in a moment, in the twink-
ling of an eye, nations are convulsed like the
ground and the ocean by the heaving of an
earthquake. In every age of the world, cala-
mities have occurred in so unexpected and start-
ling a manner, on so vast a scale, with such
awful peculiarities, and involving such tremen-
dous issues, that all infidel imaginings have
been driven from the minds of men, and the
confession has been extorted from their lips,
"This is the finger of God; verily he who
judges in the east is Jehovah." It has been
thus in our own times. The nations have been
tossed to and fro, like the waters of the mighty
deep by the rushings of a terrific tempest; they
have come into fierce and dreadful collision like
huge and sombre thunder clouds in a stormy
sky. Revolution has followed revolution in
rapid succession, thrones have fallen, monarchs
and statesmen have fled for their lives, nobles
have been savagely butchered, cities have been
made heaps of ruins, sanguinary battles have
taken place, blood has flowed in torrents, des-
potism has fought with tiger-like strength and
fury, the rising liberties of millions have been
beaten down and crushed; while partial death
and wide-wasting pestilence have completed the
horrors of the heart rending scenes. No searing
dreams and terrifying visions of the night, no
fearful pictures of a strongly excited imagina-
tion, could surpass the stern realities which
have come with blasting and destructive power
on the inhabitants of Europe. Amidst these
circumstances how striking and appropriate is
the inquiry, "Shall there be evil in a city, and
the Lord hath not done it?"

The word "evil" in this inquiry does not sig-
nify moral evil. The holy God is not and can-
not be the author of sin. The word "evil," as
used by Amos, is expressive of retributive evil.—
It indicates those painful and afflictive circum-
stances which are spoken of as evils among a
people. It designates the corrective calamities
inflicted by Providence on account of the iniqui-
ties of a nation.

One evil is famine. The seasons are under
the control of God. Paul states that God "in
times past suffered all nations to walk in their
own ways; nevertheless, he left not himself with-
out witness in that he did good, and gave us
rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling
our hearts with food and gladness." At vari-
ous periods God has departed from his general
procedure and sent death instead of plenty.—
Egypt was afflicted with seven years famine.
Canaan was visited with seasons of scarcity.—
England on different occasions has known the
want of the staff of life. In several departments
of India destructive famines have occurred, even
during the last fifty years. It ought, also, not
to be forgotten, that comparative dearth may be
occasioned by other means than blasting the
fruits of the field. Labor is an ordination of
Providence. "In the sweat of thy face shalt
thou eat bread, till thou return to the ground;
for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art,
and unto dust thou shalt return." No man
therefore, ought to be ashamed of hard hands
and laborious employment. There are dignity
and advantage in honest toil. It puts honor on
the individual, and augments the resources of a
nation. Abundant employment for the multi-
tude is a great public good. Scanty employ-
ment is a severe public calamity. When the
poor have no work, or only a little work, they
have little to eat. There is cleanness of teeth
in their dwellings. Strong men become thin
and feeble; their little ones ask for bread, but
it is not broken to them; hunger is felt and
remains unsatisfied.

TO BE CONTINUED.