

The Watchman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, CANADA WEST, MONDAY, MAY 6, 1850.

No. 16.

Poetry.

CHRIST AND THE LEPER.

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

Loathsome, an outcast, doomed to solitude,
Or, worse than solitude, to share the fate
With loathsome outcasts like himself; he stood
A leper, all alone, without the gate;
When, lo! the Master comes: where all of late
Had been despair and hopeless misery,
Beamed a bright ray upon his darkened state;
At once he felt a great High Priest was nigh,
A priest who could be touched with his infirmity.
Approach he dares not—"thou canst make me clean,
Lord, if thou wilt!" This was his only plea;
"I will," the gracious answer naught between
The promise and the omnipotent decree
Of "Be thou clean!" Spotless at once and free
From taint, his weary heart he could divest
Of its whole burden: in society
Free from the ceaseless mingling, or to rest
Mid beings, long unseen, whom he had loved the best.
Fancy would vainly strive to paint his grief
When suffering his earnestness of prayer
For help, or the glad joy of his relief:
But we may know and feel it; we may share
Each of these varying moods; this deep despair,
This earnest longing to be healed, this joy,
When made the subjects of His heavenly care.
Who is there, gracious Lord, that might not cry—
"Such leprosy is mine, such need of thee have I!"
Behold me with the leprosy of sin,
Tainted like him; condemned to herd with those
Who with fair outside, are more foul within
Than he whom thou didst heal: to seek repose,
And seek it all in vain, as one who knows
He must be exiled from the blessed scene
Of saints made perfect; such my weight of woes!
My want, my hope, my faith by thee are seen:
"Look on me!—if thou wilt, Lord, thou canst make me
clean."

Miscellany.

WHAT DOEST THOU HERE ELIJAH?

(From the Chicago Prairie Herald.)

It appears from the record of events in the life of Elijah that after he had slain the prophets of Baal, the woman Jezebel wished her husband to seek his life. The prophet fled into the wilderness a day's journey. The Lord showed him wondrous things, miraculously supplying his wants; and after this he went and hid himself in a cave, and the voice of God came to him and said, "What doest thou here Elijah?"—The prophet said he had felt deeply the disrespect shown to the Lord of Hosts. His covenant had been forsaken, his altars thrown down and his prophets slain. He thought he was alone as a worshipper of Jehovah, one whose life they sought. God called him out and manifested his power, and speaks as if he were chiding his minister for his unbelief, and shows him that it was not by thunder, tempest of earthquake that he influences men's minds, but by the still small voice of truth. Elijah again returned to the cave, and while he stood there the voice of God came to him—"What doest thou here, Elijah?" He returned an answer much as before. But the Most High had need of him, and he accordingly called from his retirement to go on one of his errands.

Occasionally the professor finds himself by his own voluntary act in the midst of political strife and turmoil, a zealous partizan, a busy member of committees whose object is, often by means which ride rough shod over scruples, to elect vile men to offices of trust. When it is so and there is no time for the prayer meeting no time for teaching of the family, no time to assist in the proper business of the church, it would be well of some, perhaps called officious yet faithful friend would say, "What doest thou here?"

Sometimes, too, the christian is found at the periodical dinner, and gives all the weight of his example to the use, often involving the abuse of intoxicating drinks. The christian world is now more awake to this point, but many may yet be found in these circumstances to whom it would be well if conscience would suggest the question, "What doest thou here?"

To the young female whom the attraction of the ball room, with its tinsel glare, has fascinated, and to which, in spite of the expressed wishes of a too yielding parent she has resolved that she will go, it will be well indeed if the voice of God would come and overpower the music as it arose with its voluptuous swell, so that she would almost believe that the

words were articulated in her ear, "What doest thou here?"

To the young man whose imagination sometimes sours towards the dignity of the position of the christian minister or the missionary, and who is able fluently to express his thoughts in the debating society on questions not directly bearing on the religious well being of man, but who yet continues to educate herself merely with a view to future eminence in some one of the varied wealth producing businesses of the world, the enquiry may be addressed, "What doest thou here?"

To the young man or young woman who is personally acquainted with the truth and able to communicate in the Sabbath school the Bible class, or from house to house giving instruction orally or by means of the tract, and endeavoring to win wanderers back to the Saviour, and those who have never known him to come and sit at his feet to such perfering the personal gratification and comparative comfort of the interesting book on the Sabbath afternoon, the question may justly be submitted for consideration, "What doest thou here?"

In the early days the prophet was called upon to occupy the high places of the field, and not permitted from considerations of fear, or because he might despair of the success of his mission, to withdraw from the conflict and retire to the cave, unless the voice of God distinctly told him to do so. The word most frequently was, "Go and proclaim in the ears of the people." The Most High declares that he arose early to send his messengers. "Go preach to Nineveh," was said to Jonah. The prophet for a time feared and struggled hard to avoid the message—but God insisted. If then in those days he called on his minister to "quit them like men and be strong" with the prospect of danger, and to be "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," even when all around seems to bow the knee to the image of Baal, surely now when there is a war of opinions, and we almost suppose that the battle of Armageddon is being fought, the prophets of God should know their place and beware of giving too much time either to society or the study, lest the still small voice of the Master reach them, "What doest thou here?"

Sometimes men may be found who have had themselves put into the priest's office for a piece of bread, shepherds who value the flock only from the fleece that can be obtained from them, dumb dogs that cannot bark, lying down, loving to slumber. Prophets whom God has not sent, who prophesy falsely, saying, "peace, peace, when there is no peace," men who preach not Christ but themselves, or another gospel which is not another. When it is so, and we consider the value of the interests at stake, that souls pass into eternity cheated into the belief that all is well, who inevitably all is lost, it seems as if all creation might become vocal as one passes into the sacred desk to utter his inanities, and drive him from it with the loudly reiterated question, "What doest thou here?"

The Bible is full of questions, but perhaps in practical bearing few go beyond this one.—While applied to the conscience it will keep us at work when other retire to the cave and say, "I pray thee have me excused." The question seems to imply that there is a place for every one, and can never come amiss to him who is always at it. It is recorded of one that he "by transgressing felt that he might go to his own place." The Saviour to his sorrowing disciples said, "I go to prepare a place for you." How widely apart the two places.

Art thou in thy place? Is there no need of a "What doest thou here?" If thou art yet a worldling, following the path of the children of disobedience, which leads further and further astray, oh listen, as in tones of love and mercy the still small voice presses on you the question, "What doest thou here?"

Art thou a christian, yet a wanderer, a straggler, following afar off? Art thou amongst the unruly who need to be warned: Will ye also go away?

F. F. B.

THE PAST.

O, my friends I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those "merrier days," not the "pleasant days of hope," which I have so often and so fondly regretted, but the day of a mother's fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back for one day on my knees to ask her pardon for all these little asperities of temper which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come when there will be time enough for kind offices of love if

Heaven's eternal years be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me.

O, my friend, cultivate liberal feelings; let no man think himself released from the kind "charities" of relationship—these are one of the best foundations for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear by certain channels that you, my friend, are reconciled with all your relations. 'Tis the most kind and natural species of love, and we have all an associated train of early feelings to secure its strength and perpetuity.—*Lamb.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"Gath."—1 Sam. xxi. 10.

This was one of the five principalities of the Philistines. No trace of it now remains, and even its site has been matter of controversy. Calmet, and others after him, conjecture that Ekron and Gath were at the opposite extremities of the land of the Philistines—the former to the north, and the latter to the south. This conclusion is chiefly founded on a construction of the texts, 1 Sam. v. 8, 10, and xxvii. 52, to which we see no occasion to subscribe; and it is thought to be supported by the mention which Jerome makes of a Gath between Eleutheropolis and Gaza. But even this would not make Gath the southernmost city of the Philistines. Besides, Jerome says that there were different Gaths in the neighborhood; for, speaking of Janah's birth-place, he says it was called Gath-Opher, to distinguish it from other places of the same name near Eleutheropolis and Diospolis; and which of these he understood as the Philistine city is clear from his conjectures, in his comment on Jer. xxv. 20, that as Gath is not mentioned with the other Philistines states, it was probably at that time incorporated with Ashdod. He therefore understood Gath to be nearer to Ashdod than any other of the Philistine cities; and therefore he points to the same place as Eusebius, who says that Gaza was four miles from Eleutheropolis, on the road to Lybda. This was in the tribe of Dan, and therefore has the support of Josephus, who distinctly says that Gath was in the tribe of Dan. This is the position usually given in maps, and we apprehend that none could be found more in unison with the general bearing of the Scriptures. Let us take the instance of the migrations of the ark while in the hands of the Philistines. It was first taken to Ashdod, and was from thence carried to Gath, which this account makes the nearest to Ashdod of all the Philistine towns; and its removal to the nearest town is certainly more probable than that it was taken to the most distant town of all, which Calmet's account supposes Gath to have been, without touching at the intermediate towns of Askalon and Gaza on its way. Then, again, the ark was removed from Gath to Ekron, which the common account makes to have been the nearest town, except Ashdod, to Gath; whereas the other account absolutely makes the ark in this removal traverse the whole length of the Philistines' country, from Gath, the most southern town, to Ekron on the most northern, with the same silence as before concerning the intermediate towns. For these, and other reasons, we subscribe to the opinion which places Gath at no great distance from Ashdod.—Four miles from Eleutheropolis, on the road to Diospolis, of course makes Gath more inland—more towards the frontier of Israel than any other Philistine town, and was perhaps about twenty-five miles west of Jerusalem.—*Pictorial Bible.*

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

In a discourse delivered in Brooklyn, on Thanksgiving day, by the Rev Henry Ward Beecher, will be found the following bold and admirable sentiments.—"It is not in the discovery of new and before unsuspected religious truths, that we expect progress; but in very unexpected practical applications of the long known and simplest truths of the Bible. The world is able to hear the doctrine of Christ; but nothing would convulse it so soon, or so profoundly, at this day, as to insist upon the utmost practical fulfillment of that doctrine. It is sufficiently difficult to inspire men with the idea of high spiritual truth; but this is much easier than to procure their practical assent to the golden rule. The most radical book on earth is the Bible. Let the absolute requirements of the New Testament be peremptorily laid upon business, pleasure, social usage, political economy, and the whole of public procedure and it would be like the letting loose of tornadoes in the forest.

Let an angel of God come down to measure the ways of men, and to change all that disagreed with the golden rule, in the family, in the shop, in the ways of commerce, in so-

cial and political life, and the clangor of resistance would fill the heavens! What has been the occasion of all the heat and fury which has gone forth on the Slavery question, but the simple endeavor to procure for a despised class the simplest element of justice? Yet our ears are annually vexed with redundant arguments or eulogies of Fourth-of-July justice. The whole mighty fermentation of England—the irrepressible throes of Italy, are but the result of the simplest truths of the New Testament. Let rulers who love absolute authority cast the Bible out of their dominions. It is as full of revolutions as heaven is of stars. Little by little it leavens the lump. Each encroachment upon embodied and organic selfishness brings on a battle. Behold, indeed, the axe is now laid at the root; and every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down and cast into the fire.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"Bring ropes to that city," &c.—2 Samuel xvii. 13.

The exaggerated, hyperbolic style which Hushai, here and elsewhere, judges to be calculated to win upon Absalom, shows that he perfectly understood the sort of man with whom he had to deal. In the present instance it is possible that there was some exaggerated reference to a mode actually adopted in the siege of towns. Hooks or cranes were thrown upon the walls or battlements, with which by means of attached ropes, they were sometimes pulled down piecemeal into the surrounding trench or ditch. The language of Hushai is of stronger import than this, and seems intended to convey the idea, that with such vast power as Absalom could command, the mere manual force of his troops would sweep the strongest town from the face of the earth. It is in fact a true Oriental style of speaking of or to a prince. Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," has a passage which, as he states illustrates this. In describing the manner in which the choppers or heralds proclaimed the titles of Fuzly Singh, the Maharatta chief, as they marched before him, when he visited the British camp at Brodera, he says:—"One of the most insignificant looking men I ever saw, then became the destroyer of nations, the leveller of mountains, the exhauster of the ocean. After commanding every inferior mortal to make way for this exalted prince, the heralds called aloud to the animal creation, 'Retire, ye serpents; fly, ye locusts; approach not, guanas, lizards and reptiles, while your lord and master condescends to set his foot upon the earth.' Arrogant as this language may appear, it is less so than that of Oriental pageantry in general. The sacred writings afford many examples of such hyperbole. None more so than Hushai's speech to Absalom." Indeed, Hushai's speeches to him furnish a choice collection of such Orientalisms. Absalom is to collect an army "as the sand that is by the sea for multitude;" which army is to light upon David and the faithful few "as the dew falleth on the ground;" and is to pull towns with ropes into rivers "until there be not one small stone found there."—*Pictorial Bible.*

EXEMPLARY PATIENCE.

At a session of the court, Judge Olin was violently attacked by a young and very important attorney. To the manifest surprise of everybody present, the Judge, heard him quite through, as though unconscious of what was said, and made no reply. After the adjournment for the day, and when all had assembled at the inn where the judge and many of the court folks had their lodging, one of the company, referring to the scene at the court, asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow. "Permit me," said the judge, loud enough to call the attention of all the company, among which was "the fellow" in question, "permit me to tell you a story. My father when we lived down in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together. Here the judge paused as if he had done with the story. "Well well what of it?" exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once. "Oh, nothing—nothing whatever! The moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened."

DYING SAINTS.—"Let him only fear death who must pass from this death to the second death."—*Cyprian.*

"I am not afraid to look death in the face: I can say, 'Death, where is thy sting?'—Death cannot hurt me."—*John Dodd.*