

# The Watchman.

"I HAVE SEEN WATCHMEN UPON THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM THAT SHALL NEVER HOLD THEIR PLACE, DAY NOR NIGHT."

VOL. I.

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## Prose.

### GOD MADE THE MIND TO BE FREE.

Free is the eagle's wing  
As it leav's the sun's warm ray;  
Free is the mountain spring  
As it rushes forth to day;  
But freer far the soul—  
Priceless its liberty;  
No hand must dare to bind!  
God made it to be free.

You may fetter the eagle's wing,  
No more through clouds to soar;  
You may seal the mountain spring,  
That it leap to light no more;  
But the mind let none dare chain;  
Better it cease to be!

Born, not to serve, but reign!  
God made it to be free.

Free is the summer's breeze  
Floating from airy height;  
Free are the flowing seas;  
And free heaven's golden light;  
But freer than light, or air,  
Or the ever-rolling sea,  
Is the mind, beyond compare!  
God made it to be free.

Guard well the gift Divine,  
Than gems and gold more rare;  
Keep watch o'er the sacred shrine,  
No foe must enter there.

Oh, let not error bind,  
Nor passion rule o'er thee!  
Keep the freedom of the mind!  
God made it to be free.

## Miscellany.

### INFIDELITY AND CHRISTIANITY COMPARED IN THEIR PRINCIPLES.

Continued from page 169.

2. The principles of infidelity are corrupt and degrading, the doctrines of Christianity are pure and elevating.

Lord Herbert declares, that lust and passion are no more blame worthy than thirst or hunger. Hobbes maintains, that right and wrong are mere quibbles of man's imagination, and that there is no real distinction between them. Lord Bolingbroke asserts, that the chief end of man is to gratify his lusts and passions, that he is so made, and, when he gratifies these, he gets his greatest happiness. Hume says, that self-denial and humility are positive vices, and that adultery rather elevates than degrades the human character. Rousseau affirms, that whatever man feels is right. Voltaire advocates the very depth of the lowest possible sensuality. Owen the socialist, denounces marriage as a system of moral evil, a horrid sacrifice of the happiness of human life, blasphemy, if anything is blasphemy, against the laws of nature, the origin of all prostitution, of more dehumanization, crime, and misery, than any other single cause, with the exception of religion and private property, and these three together, he adds, form the great trinity of causes of crime and immorality among mankind. Such ethics need no comment, to read is to repudiate them. What are the morals of Christianity? As pure and elevating as the other are corrupt and brutalizing, in comparison with which the purest maxims of ancient moralists and philosophers are in dignity a toy, in reality a bauble. Infidels themselves have conceded this in one part of their writings, but denied it in another. The fact is, no man in his proper senses can inveigh against the morality of the New Testament, and to say that morality is too strict, is vain as the school boy complaining of his master, because the latter insists on his learning his lesson.

3. The principles of infidelity are wretched and destructive, the doctrines of Christianity are happy and saving.

Only read the biography of infidels and Christians, and you have a full confirmation of the truth of this statement. Compare, for example, Voltaire, and Paine, and Rousseau, with the evangelists, the apostles, or with Philip Carey, Oliver Heywood, and William Howland, and what a contrast meets the eyes! In the former you have envy, malice, intemperance, avarice, the vilest sensuality—almost everything bad; in the other, love, meekness, patience, fidelity, generosity, chastity—almost everything good. We should by no means fear a comparison between modern infidels and Christians, persuaded as we are that the moral difference would turn out vastly in their favor. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good

fruit." But what have infidels and Christians been in tribulation, sickness, death? While, in the one case, there have been perturbation, wretchedness, horror—the deepest possible agony; in the other there have been patience, serenity, resignation—the most undisturbed peace and felicity. Ah, well might the silent wish escape even the false prophet's lips, as it has escaped the lips of thousands since, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges." No! if rock, indeed, it be, it is only as the salt rock, which melts before a rainy day, it cannot stand the ordeal of affliction, much less of death itself, for, "at the last, a biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

### SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"All the brave offerings of the holy things, which the children of Israel offer unto the Lord, have I given thee, and thy sons and thy daughters with thee, by a statute for ever: it is a covenant of salt for ever before the Lord unto thee and to thy seed with thee."—Num. xviii. 19.

It is generally agreed that this denotes a perpetual and incorruptible covenant, with a particular allusion to the preserving properties of salt, which has, in different countries, been very commonly held, on that account, as an emblem of incorruptibility and permanence, of fidelity and friendship. It also seems that there is a particular reference here to some use of salt in the act of contracting the covenant; and what this use was, is rather variously understood.—Some think, that, as with all sacrifices salt was offered, a covenant of salt means one confirmed by solemn sacrifices. Others are of opinion, that it contains an allusion to the fact that covenants were generally confirmed by the parties eating together—an act to which the use of salt was a necessary appendage. We are inclined to combine both ideas, and to say that the phrase alludes generally to such a custom as is in common use, and more particularly to the specific covenant in view, in which we may safely, from general analogy, understand, that salt was offered on the altar with the Lord's portion, and that the other contracting party ate the remainder with salt. Thus both parties ate the salt of the covenant, for whatever was offered on the altar was, in a certain sense, considered as the Lord's meat. We deduce this interpretation from the fact that in the East it is the act of eating salt together which constitutes the inviolability of an engagement. And this selection of salt is, in our apprehension, not exclusively or principally with a reference to its peculiar properties, but because salt, being generally mixed with all kinds of food, does practically constitute a fair representation of the whole act of eating. Hence a man will say he has eaten salt with you, when he has partaken of any kind of food, and he will also say that he has eaten with you, when haste or any other circumstance prevents him from doing any more than tasting salt. We have been the more desirous to explain this matter, because travellers have generally stated the oriental practice in such a way as to convey the impression that the eating of salt as a pledge or token of engagement, was something different from, and more solemn than, the act of eating in a general way together. But the principle is really the same in both, or rather, salt is the part, colloquially, or practically, taken for the whole. Thus understood, the act of "eating salt" is considered to imply, even without any explanation to that effect, that the parties will be faithful to each other and will not act to each other's prejudice. This is strictly incumbent on the person who eats the salt of another. In peculiar cases and emergencies this "covenant of salt" is entered into with a distinct understanding and declaration of its intention. Among the Desert Arabs and other uncivilized people, a covenant thus ratified is rendered, by usage and the sentiment of honor, far more inviolable than those engagements, to which they have been solemnly sworn, and to such an extent does this feeling operate that the unintentional eating with, or what belonged to a person against whom aggressive designs were entertained, is quite sufficient not only to secure him from offensive measures, but to ensure him protection from those who otherwise would have plundered or slain him without pity.—*Pictorial Bible.*

### A CHRISTIAN DEATH.

A Stockholm scene is enacting which includes a proclamation of the vanity of all the merely formal honors of the world. The great chemist, Cornelius is dying, and dying like a Christian philosopher. That the King sends every day, as newspapers report, to ask the stages of decay, and that six hundred names are inscribed daily in his visiting book, are vain and empty things to him whose part in the pa-

geantry of life is at an end. But the picture of the philosopher, with the whole of the lower part of his body finally delivered up to paralysis, calmly dictating to his secretary the conclusion of an unfinished work, and directing the experiments made for a parting contribution to science, beside his death-bed, represents an appropriate crowning to a philosophic life.—*Athenaeum.*

### SALLY LYON'S FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE ALE-HOUSE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

When Sally Lester gave her hand in marriage to Ralph Lyon, she was a delicate, timid girl of eighteen, who had passed the spring-time of life happily beneath her father's roof. To her care, anxiety and trouble were yet strangers.—The first few years of her married life passed happily—for Ralph was one of the kindest of husbands, and suffered his wife to lean upon him so steadily, that the native strength of her own character remained undeveloped.

Ralph Lyon was an industrious mechanic, who always had steady work and good wages. Still he did not seem to get ahead as some others did, notwithstanding Sally was a frugal wife, and did all her own work, instead of putting him to the expense of help in the family.—Of course this being the case it was evident that there was a leak somewhere, but where it was neither Ralph nor his wife could tell.

"Thomas Jones has bought the piece of ground next to his cottage," said Ralph one day to Sally, "and says that next year he hopes to be able to put up a small frame house, big enough for them to live in. He paid sixty dollars for the lot, and it is at least a quarter of an acre. He is going to put it all in garden this spring, and says he will raise enough to give him potatoes, and other vegetables for a year to come. It puzzles me to know how he saves money. He doesn't get any better wages than I do, and his family is quite as large."

"I am sure," returned Sally, who felt that there was something like a reflection upon her in what her husband said, "that Nancy Jones doesn't spend her husband's earnings more frugally than I do mine. Every week she has a woman to help her to wash, and I do it all myself."

"I am sure it isn't your fault—at least I don't think it is," replied Ralph, "but something is wrong somewhere. I don't spend anything at all, except for a glass or two every day, and a little tobacco, and this, of course, couldn't make the difference."

Sally said nothing. A few glasses a-day and tobacco, she knew must cost something, though, like her husband, she did not believe it would make the difference of buying a quarter of an acre of ground, and building a snug cottage in the course of a few years.

Let us see how this is. Perhaps we can find out the leak that wasted the substance of Ralph Lyon. He never drank less than three glasses a-day and sometimes four, and his tobacco cost for smoking and chewing, just twelve and a half cents a week. Now, how much would all this amount to? Why, to just sixty five dollars a year, provided but three glasses a day were taken, and nothing was spent in treating a friend. But the limit was not always observed, and the consequence was, that, take the year through, at least eighty dollars were spent in drinking, smoking and chewing. Under standing this, the thing is very plain. In four years, eighty dollars saved in each year would give the handsome sum of three hundred and twenty dollars. Thomas Jones neither drank, smoked, nor chewed, and consequently, not only saved money enough in a few years to build himself a snug little house, but could afford, during the time, to let his wife have a washerwoman to help her every week, and to dress, much more comfortably than Sally Lyon had been able to do.

The difference in the condition of the two families set Mrs Lyon to thinking very seriously about the matter, and thinking and calculating soon made the cause quite plain to her.—It was the drinking and smoking. But with a discovery of the evil did not come a cheering conscience of its easy removal. How could she ask Ralph to give up his glass and his tobacco, to both of which he seemed so strongly wedded. He worked hard for his money, and if he chose to enjoy it in that way, she had no heart to interfere with him. But from the time that Ralph discovered how well his neighbor Jones was getting along, while he like a horse in a mill, had been toiling and sweating for years, and yet stood in the same place, he became dissatisfied, and often expressed this dis-

\* This story is founded upon a brief narrative which met the author's eye in an English newspaper.

satisfaction in Sally, at the same time declaring his inability, to tell where all the money he earned went to.

At length Sally ventured to hint at the truth. But Ralph met it with—

"Pooh! nonsense! Don't tell me that a glass of liquor, now, and then, and a bit of tobacco, are going to make all that difference. It isn't reasonable. Besides, I work very hard, and I ought to have a little comfort with it. When I'm tired a glass warms me up, and makes me bright again I am sure I couldn't do without my pipe."

"I don't ask you Ralph," replied Sally. "I only said what I did, that you see why we couldn't have money like our neighbor Jones. I am sure I am very careful in our expenses, and I haven't bought myself a new gown for a long time, although I am very bare of clothes."

The way in which Ralph replied to his wife's suggestion of the cause of the evil complained of, determined her to say no more, and as he felt some convictions on the subject, which he was not willing to admit, he was ever afterward silent about the unaccountable way in which his money went.

In about the same ratio that the external condition of Thomas Jones improved, did that of Ralph Lyon grow worse. From not being able to save anything, he gradually began to fall in debt. When quarter-day came round, there was generally several dollars wanting to make up the rent; and their landlord, with much grumbling on his part, was compelled to wait for the balance some two or three weeks beyond the due-day. At length the quarter day found Ralph with nothing laid by for his rent. Somehow or other, he was not able to earn as much from sickness and days lost from other causes, and what he did earn appeared to melt away like the snow in the sunshine.

Poor Mrs Lyon felt very miserable at the aspect of things; more especially, as in addition to the money squandered at the ale-house by her husband, he often came home intoxicated. The grief was more severe, from the fact that she loved Ralph tenderly, notwithstanding his errors. When he came home in liquor, she did not chide him, nor did she say anything to him about it when he was sober; for then he seemed so ashamed and cut down, that she could not find it in her heart to utter a single word.

One day she was alarmed by a message from Ralph that he had been arrested, while at his work, for debt, by his landlord, who was going to throw her husband in jail. They now owed him over twenty dollars. The idea of her husband being thrown into a jail was terrible to Mrs Lyon. She asked a kind neighbor to take care of her children for her, and then putting on her bonnet, she almost flew to the magistrate's office. There was Ralph, with an officer by his side ready to remove him to prison.

"You shan't take my husband to jail," she said, wildly, when she saw the real aspect of things, clinging fast hold of Ralph. "Nobody shall take him to jail."

"I am sorry, my good woman," said the magistrate, "to do so, but it can't be helped.—The debt must be paid, or your husband will have to go to jail. I have no discretion in the matter. Can you find means to pay the debt? If not, perhaps you had better go and see your landlord, you may prevail on him to wait a little longer for his money, and not send your husband to jail."

"Yes, Sally, do go and see him," said Ralph; "I am sure he will relent when he sees you."

Mrs Lyon let go the arm of her husband and, darting from the office, ran at full speed to the house of their landlord.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "you cannot, you will not send my husband to jail."

"I both can and will was the gruff reply.—"A man who drinks up his earnings as he does, and then when quarter-day comes, can't pay his rent, deserves to go to jail."

"But, sir, consider—"

"Don't talk to me, woman! If you have the money for the rent, I will take it, and let your husband go free; if not, the quicker you leave here the better."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### DEATH OR LIFE.

As for my death, I bless God I feel and find so much inward joy and comfort to my soul, that if it were put to my choice whether I would die or live, I would a thousand times rather choose death than life, if it may stand with the only will of God.—*Edward Dering.*