

# The Watchman.

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

VOL. I.

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## Poetry.

### MY MOTHER DEAR

BY J. C. W.

The early dawn of this sad life,  
Shone brightly round my head,  
T'was sweetened by a mother's care,  
A mother's smile, a mother's prayer;  
But now she rests—say memory where?  
She stumbers with the dead.

The hastened recollections steal,  
Upon the pensive soul,  
Like music o'er the placid wave,  
Like echoes in the ocean cave,  
Like zephyr's round the solemn grave,  
In deep and ceaseless roll.

Her whispering words of Comfort kind,  
Still ring upon my ears;  
Her eye so bright in guileless mirth,  
Her deep affection—sterling worth,  
Too quiet for the cares of earth,  
This pilgrimage of tears.

Her happy soul escaped to bliss  
Whilst I still linger here,  
Years bright and sad have passed away,  
Hopes sweet have bloomed but to decay,  
Dear friends have smiled, but spirits say,  
Why falls the tuckling tear?

Those friends are gone, those joys are fled,  
Earth tis a desert drear to me,  
Faith whispers peace—points upward high,  
"Weep not—have not the bitter sigh,  
Beyond yon brilliant starlit sky,  
There's rest, sweet rest for thee."

O joyous hope—beyond the grave,  
Beyond the valley's shade;  
In the bright land to which I go,  
Refreshing streamlets gently flow,  
Through vales where sweet affections glow,  
Where joys shall never fade.

Though on this weary journey home,  
May frequent start the tear,  
Yet when all earthly toil is past,  
My crown at Jesus' feet I'll cast,  
And greet in heav'n bright heaven at last,  
My sainted mother dear!

Trafalgar.

## Miscellany.

### Original.

For the Watchman.

### BRIEF MEMOIR OF JAMES SIMMERMAN OF CLINTON, NIAGARA DISTRICT, C. W.

BY REV. W. BOTHWELL.

One of the most useful articles handed down to the Christian world in the *Watchman*, is the biographical accounts given of the holy and useful lives and of the peaceful and triumphant deaths of those of our brethren and Sisters in Christ, who have finished their course, and finished well. These although dead yet speak in example and say, follow us as we have followed Christ. In this view alone I send you the following brief memoir of the late James Simmerman, who for the space of 40 years, ornamented his profession as a member of Society. Brother Simmerman was born in the State of New Jersey, January 25th 1780. From what I can learn, although favoured with the precepts and example of pious Parents. Our departed Brother stood aloof from the people of God, and for many years of his life he lived in a comparatively total neglect of the salvation which the adorable Redeemer died to procure, indulging himself in those sinful pleasures—in which young men uninfluenced by the saving grace of God, are prone to delight. But he could not enjoy them feeling that remorse which is the inseparable companion of an enlightened and guilty conscience. That spirit which had striven with him from an early period, and which had been so frequently grieved and insulted, did not take its flight as it justly might have done. But continued to strive with him.

In 1794 Brother Simmerman emigrated to Canada, and settled in the Township of Clinton, where he terminated his mortal career.

In the year 1803 he was married to Miss Mary Smith. Shortly after his marriage it pleased God to send the late pious and venerable Elder Ryan to preach in that neighborhood. Brother Simmerman with many others went to

hear him—the word came with power, and under that discourse he saw himself to be a guilty sinner. He now became deeply concerned on account of his sins, and the burden of them became intolerable; for he beheld them in their true deformity and malignity, and was humbled for them before the throne of God. But that God who comforts the distressed and who hath no pleasure in prolonging the sighs of the penitent or the tears of the mourner, graciously relieved the mind of his servant by shedding abroad his love in his heart.

When the Rev. H. Ryan was about to organize a class at the thirty. Brother Simmerman and his surviving relict were the first who united with the Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Church, of which Brother Simmerman till he exchanged mortality for life, remained a consistent and devotedly attached member.

About the latter end of January 1849 he became seriously indisposed so that he was rendered incapable of attending to his business afterwards. Brother Simmerman endured his affliction with Christian fortitude and patience, for he knew the rod and who appointed it, and was favored with all that support which was necessary. He made use of those means for recovery of his health which a kind Providence had afforded him.

Brother Simmerman did not use those means because he was afraid to die, but because it was his imperative duty to do so and leave the result to his Heavenly Father whom he served and who he knew was too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. For some time his friends were continually agitated betwixt conflicting hope and fear—their hopes revived with his recoveries, their fears were renewed by his relapses, till at length the latter preponderated and they were led to conclude that it was the design of God to take him from the evil to come. Yet, amidst these continual changes he preserved an evenness of mind, and a soul patiently resigned to the will of God whether for life or death.

The day previous to Br. Simmerman's departure, I called to see him; his mind was still calm and serene. I read a portion of God's word and then we united in prayer and while commending the soul of our departed Brother to God it was truly a solemn time. At the close my mind was deeply impressed with the truth of that fine sentiment expressed by Dr. Young.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
Is privileged beyond the common walks  
Of virtuous life quite in the verge of heaven.

After our departed Brother had taken his last solemn farewell of his partner in life, children and friends, who stood weeping round his dying couch, I said you find the Redeemer faithful to his promise he has said "when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee and through the floods they shall not overflow thee." He answered "Christ is with me I fear no evil." Again I said the victory will soon be achieved. O! yes he whispered with his dying breath, the victory will soon be gained—his strength failed and he could add no more. The period of his dissolution arrived and he closed his eyes in death, on the morning of the 14th of August 1849, aged 69 years 6 months and 14 days in the glorious hope of a blissful eternity, amid the unceasing glories of heaven—

"He is gone to the grave but we will not deplore him,  
For God was his ransom, his guardian, and guide,  
He gave him, he took him, and he will restore him,  
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died."

The writer and a large and respectable cortege accompanied the mortal remains of our departed Brother to the thirty Chapel, where the Rev. T. Goldsmith delivered a most interesting and appropriate discourse from the words, "I would not live away," Job vii. 16.

After which his remains were followed from the Chapel to the place of interment where the body sleeps in the dust in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

May we and the reader improve the season of health that we (like him) may be prepared for the day of suffering and death.

Burton March, 4th 1850.

## CAUSES OF DROWNING.

Dr. Arnott, in his popular *Elements of Physics*, states the following reasons why, in ordinary accident, so many persons are drowned who might easily be saved:—1. Their believing that the body is heavier than water, and therefore that continued exertion is necessary to keep them swimming, and hence their generally assuming the position of a swimmer, in which the face is downwards, and the whole head has to be kept out of water to allow of breathing. Now, as a man cannot retain this position without continued exertion, he is soon exhausted, even if a swimmer; and if not, the unskilful attempt will scarcely secure for him even a few respirations—The body raised for a moment by exertion above the natural level, sinks as far below it when the exertion ceases; and the plunge, by appearing the commencement of a permanent sinking, terrifies the unpractised individual, and renders him an easier victim to his fate. 2. From a fear that water by entering the ears may drown, as if it entered by the nose or mouth, a wasteful exertion of strength is made to prevent; the truth being, however that it can only fill the outer ear, or as far as the membrane of the drum, and is therefore of no consequence. Every diver and swimmer has his ears filled with water, and with impunity. 3. Persons unaccustomed to the water and in danger of being drowned, generally attempt in their struggle to keep their hands above the surface, from feeling as if their hands were tied while held below; but this act is most hurtful, because any part of the body kept out of the water in addition to the face, which must be out, requires an effort to support it, which the individual is supposed at the time incompetent to afford. 4. The not having reflected that when a log of wood, or a human body, is floating upright, with a small portion above the surface, in rough weather, as at sea, every wave in passing must cover the head for a little time; but will again leave it projecting in the interval. The practised swimmer chooses this interval for breathing. 5. Not knowing the importance of keeping the chest as full of air as possible, the doing of which has nearly the same effect as tying a bladder of air to the neck, and without effort will cause nearly the whole head to remain above the water. If the chest be once emptied, while from the face being under water the person cannot inhale, again, the body remains specifically heavier than water, and will sink.

## GRANDEUR OF NATURE.

Ever attentive to her interests, Nature replaces in one spot what she has displaced in another. Ever attentive to beauty, and desirous of resolving all things into their original dependence on herself, she permits moss to creep over the prostrate column, and ivy to wave upon the time-worn battlement. Time, with its gradual, but incessant touch, withers the ivy, and pulverises the battlement. But Nature, ever magnificent in her designs!—who conceives and executes in one and the same moment;—whose veil no one has been able to uplift; whose progress is more swift than time, and more subtle than motion; and whose theatre is an orbit of incalculable diameter, and of effect so instantaneous, as to annihilate all idea of gradation; jealous of prerogative, and studious of her creations,—expands as it were with one hand what she compresses with another. Always diligent—she loses nothing. For were any particle of matter absolutely to become lost, bodies would lose their connexion with each other, and a link in the grand chain be dropt. Besides, so delicately is this globe balanced, that annihilation of the smallest particle would throw it totally out of its sphere in the universe. From the beginning of time, not one atom, in the infinite divisibility of matter, has been lost; not the minutest particle of what we denominate element; nor one deed, word, or thought, of any of his creations have ever once escaped the memory of the Eternal Mind—that exalted and electric mind which knows no past, and calculates no future!—*Sublimities of nature*

## THE MOTHER AND CHILD; OR, THE FIRE-FLY.

On the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps; and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber, as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the half-open window, together with the grape-vine

which adorned it, upon the nicely-sanded floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window-frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful or two of their supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was also greatly disturbed, but did not speak, because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful; having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he had laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the worthiest men in the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from incumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees, which had already borne the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her because she was known as the most pious, industrious, and well-behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happily together; typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she was attacked with it, after his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them much behindhand; but now she must even part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long laboured for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him 300 crowns to purchase this cottage, with the ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns, yearly, twenty-five in money, and twenty-five in labour. Until the year that he was taken sick her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns; Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and daughter-in-law, found the note for 300 crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, calling Heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole except fifty crowns. But all this was of no avail: the young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided that the whole claim against her was valid.—The heirs insisted upon payment; and as the poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand had prayed with her—both wept, but all was in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work: a neighbour had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

It was for this reason that she now sat so sorrowful by the open window, glancing now upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily upon the floor. There was a sad silence.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to day, then raked the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums which I picked this morning for Ferdinand are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him. Yes; this may be the last night we may spend beneath this roof. By this time to-morrow this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once. Heaven alone knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow—Perhaps under the open heaven." She began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said, "Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there, on that bed? 'Do not weep so,' he said, 'God is a Father to the poor widows and orphans. Call upon him in thy distress, and He will aid thee.' This is what he said; and is it not true, then?"

TO BE CONTINUED.