

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

NEVER MIND!

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Soul, be strong, & have'er better,
God himself is guard and guide—
With my Father at my side,
Never mind!

Clouds and darkness hover near,
Men's hearts labouring them for fear,
But be thou of right good cheer,
Never mind!

Come what may, some work is done,
Praise the Father through the Son,
Goals are gained and prizes won,
Never mind!

And if now the skies look black,
All the past behind my back
Is a bright and blessed track;
Never mind!

Stand in patient courage still,
Working out thy Master's will,
Compass good, and conquer ill;
Never mind!

Fight, for all their bullying boast,
Dark temptation's evil host,
This is thy predestined post,
Never mind!

Be then tranquil as a dove;
Through these thunder clouds above
Shines afar the heaven of love;
Never mind!

Miscellany.

A TRIFLED WITH CONVICTION.

"Thou art the man," 2 Sam. xii. 7.

There is a young, intelligent, and amiable female, who, for a number of years, has been fully convinced that her soul is unsafe for eternity. One Sabbath afternoon the pastor of the chapel where she usually attends was peculiarly solemn in his address. The truth of God was poured out by him with arresting majesty, and the arrows of conviction went home, for the first time, with great power to her heart. Long had she listened within these walls, but now for the first time she had heard a message which seemed to be intended for herself. That day, ere she left the place of worship, the resolution was half formed to begin in earnest to attend to her soul's interests. What will a man give in exchange for his soul? was a question she had often heard repeated, but now she really felt in some measure that it had meaning in which she was concerned. Conscience said to her, you must become religious; and she responded in harmony with its decision. A voice seemed to whisper in her ear, your soul must not remain any longer beneath the curse of an angry God; and she felt it was indeed time to awake out of her dream. On that evening she retired sooner than usual to her own apartment, read the Bible with unusual interest, and prayed with uncommon earnestness and sincerity. Ere she had closed her eyes to sleep, she had formed a determination to become thoroughly devout, to be devoted to God, to resist the very attractive influences of company and dear associates, whatever might be the consequences. "What," said she, "are the pleasures that I am so fond of in comparison with my soul's salvation?—Better even to be laughed at by them (and she named her best-beloved friends) than to be banished into misery at last." Did ever one appear to promise so fairly? A conception of her spirits with some to have burst upon her. She seems to have realised the thought that, though now in rebellion and danger, she may yet recline in safety on Immanuel's bosom.—But in a few days thereafter, would you believe it?—Mary is found among the gay, dancing with the utmost zest and hilarity, still unsaved? Amongst the worldly and the gay, she is as sprightly and as thoughtless as if, on the preceding Sabbath evening, she had found out, with unerring certainty that the judgment-seat was a bugbear, and hell a nightmare dream. See how intent she is, even more than usual, on enjoyment! Why, she seems to be making an effort to look more joyous than ever before the company, just as if they had witnessed her on the recent evening and were now assembled to exult with her at her deliverance from that fit of religious mania that so suddenly took possession of her merry heart. But she cannot feel so happy now, however she may appear. An element of bitterness has been cast in her soul, and it mingles more or less in all

the current of her thoughts and emotions.—There is a gloom over her heart—a woe gnawing slowly at the root of her gaiety and gladness. The idea forces itself upon her view that she is living on the brink of endless woe, the question ever and anon recurs, "What will a man give in exchange for his soul?" But, week after week, and year after year, she stifles the rising, muttering convictions, she cannot expel them from the hall of conscience, but she tries to forget them, or to drown their accents in the daily routines of domestic activity in which she takes a part, in the pleasures of music, of which she is unusually fond, or in the frivolous discourse of beloved associates, as giddy and godless as herself. Well does she see what would be the result of embracing the gospel, and as she prefers the pleasures of company to the approbation of God and of her own conscience, it is her care to avoid that truth which breaks the enchantment of earthly attractions, and blunts the appetite for godless enjoyment. Could she only comprehend the real felicity of a life devoted to God, and spent in the beams of his love, we doubt not she would quickly prefer it to the mingled existence of misery and pleasure she now spends, but ignorance, and unbelief, and worldly influences hinder her from forming a right estimate of the difference. She lives self-condemned, and one hour of happiness, such as it is, comes merely to be followed with a longer period of insipidity and uneasiness. Were you to watch her countenance when listening to a serious discourse, you could tell that there was a power within acknowledging the wisdom of piety, and the blessedness of the saved; you could guess that there is a war within that breast; and the conflict is at times so strong, as for a moment to cast a tinge of anguish over that gentle countenance. It is painful to see the struggle. She is now leaning towards God, and then back to the arms of earthly felicity. O what enchantment this world exercises! Never did syren sing and lure with more artful and awful success. When Mary reads the Bible now she unconsciously avoids those passages that have formerly given her distress, and she is beginning to learn the art of rushing off in thought when any serious passage in a discourse threatens to annoy her as of old. Her case is very alarming. She is a wonderful instance of the Holy Spirit's love in striving with the lost. What human being would have spent a tith of the effort, or borne a tith of the insult, which the blessed Comforter has endured at her hand! But He sees her case—He knows that she is rapidly advancing to eternal gloom, and the last exertion shall not be untried. By night and by day he whispers to her, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." I see her at this moment, with my mind's eye contending with her God, who is so anxious to save her deathless spirit. I fear lest the thread of her life be suddenly broken; and her soul sent to eternity to deplore its madness in time!

A GORGE IN THE TRACK OF THE ISRAELITES.

Wady Useit was the first ravine we had entered as yet in the wilderness. Figure a narrow bed of sand, sometimes but wide enough to admit a camel or two abreast, and in places expanding a little, serpentine between two walls of limestone, many hundred feet high, of the most dazzling whiteness, which, occasionally meeting beneath, scarcely admitted a difficult passage through its terrific jaws. Not a patch of verdure, but here and there a bright green caper plant with its beautiful flower, starting from a fissure of the crags, not a breath of air stirring, the sun poured down its beams vertically into this gulph, casting, at wide intervals, from some overhanging projection, a little patch of shadow, which seemed the only refuge from being smothered by the reflected heat and fiery glare concenterated upon our devoted caravan. The groans of the distressed camels echoed fearfully among the solitary cliffs, the Arabs suffered severely, but, as usual, in silence; and for myself, gasping and exhausted, I seemed to feel as if my only chance of life depended on a speedy escape from the depths of this chasm. Fancy the crowded host of the Israelites wading their way through such a spot. Never did I watch more impatiently for anything than for the end of this gorge.—*Forty Days in the Desert.*

APPARENT MOVEMENTS OF THE SUN.

The movements of the Sun appear very different at different seasons of the year, and in different regions of the globe. In describing these apparent motions, we shall suppose ourselves, in the first instance, in the latitude of fifty-two degrees north, which is nearly the latitude of London and several other large towns in England. The sun's apparent motion in this latitude will be nearly the same as when he is viewed in Holland, Denmark, Scotland, Nova Scotia, Canada, and the northern states of America. Suppose we begin our observations in winter, about the 21st December, when the days in our northern hemisphere are shortest. In this case, turning our eyes to the south-east quarter of the sky, a little after eight o'clock in the morning, we shall see the sun rising nearly on the south-eastern point of the compass, and gradually ascending the celestial vault. In about four hours, he comes to the meridian, or due south, the highest point of his elevation at that season; after which he gradually descends towards the west, and sets in the south-western part of the heavens, about four in the afternoon, having described a comparatively small arc of a circle about the horizon. At this time, when he arrives at the meridian, or the highest point of his diurnal course, he is only about fourteen degrees above the horizon. If, after this period, the point at which the sun rises be observed, it will be found a little to the northward, every day, from the point at which he rose before. On the 21st of March, the sun rises due east, about 45 degrees to the north of the point at which he rose on the 21st of December. The time of his rising is exactly six in the morning; six hours afterwards, he passes the meridian, at an elevation of thirty-eight degrees; and sets due west at six o'clock in the evening. At this time, the day and night are of an equal length, namely, twelve hours each. If, again, we view the rising sun on the 21st of June, we shall find that he rises near the north-east, forty-five degrees farther to the northward than on the 21st of March. At this period, the sun describes a large circuit around the heavens; rising five minutes before four in the morning, and advancing to an elevation of more than sixty degrees at noon day, after which he declines towards the west, and sets near the north-west quarter of the heavens, about a quarter past eight in the evening. The length of the day at this time, is about sixteen and a half hours; and as his course during the night is not far below the horizon, there is no absolute darkness during the absence of the sun; and his course may be traced by observing the motion of the twilight, or the aurora, gradually proceeding to the northern point of the heavens, and from that point to the north-east, where the solar orb again emerges from the horizon. After this period, the sun begins, every succeeding day, to rise in points nearer the south, and to take less extensive circuits round the heavens. On the 23d of September, when he again rises on the eastern point of the horizon, and sets in the west, which is the time of the autumnal equinox, when day and night are equal. From this period the sun gradually verges to points of the horizon south of the east at the time of his rising, and the days rapidly shorten, till he again arrives near the south-eastern quarter of the heavens, where he is seen to rise on the 21st of December. Such are some of the apparent motions of the sun, in our quarter of the globe, throughout the different seasons of the year, and every one who resides in the country has an opportunity, every clear day, of observing these diversified motions.—*The Solar System, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

CLOSET QUESTIONS.

What use have I this day made of my talents? of my life and health? my religious opportunities? my influence? my property? What has been my temper? Has it been Christ-like? that is kind, merciful, considerate, cheerful, meek, and affectionate?

How have I spent my time? Have I rejoiced in it from unnecessary sleep? from useless visits? from indolence and vanity?

How did I spend my time in the closet? in family prayer? in the discharge of relative duties? in company? at my meals?

Upon what have I chiefly fixed my thoughts? Have I thought upon my peculiar temptations? of the promised grace of God? of the love of Christ? of the example of Christ? of the will of God? of the glory of God? of the purity and joys of heaven?

How have I this day governed my tongue? Have I spoken what was true? what was useful? what was kind?

Have I remembered the presence of God? Have I rejoiced in the will of God?

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCES.

The doctrine of a particular Providence is a doctrine fraught with the greatest consolation to mankind, who are born to sorrow. Nor only is it that nothing can happen but what God permits—nothing can happen but what God enjoins. The notion of God should not be, that he has lit up the sun, and given the winds power to roam through the world; but that his glance is in every beam, and his breath in every breeze. The idea should not be entertained, that after having given life to men, God concerns himself no more with his creatures; but rather that through his special providence is it that breath follows breath, and pulse succeeds pulse, so that in every trouble and in every joy—in every hope which rises to cheer, and in every doubt which darkens, the hand of God may be discerned, producing out of a thousand seeming ills, and a thousand apparent discrepancies, not only a general but an individual good.

And how much of consolation is there to a heart when deeply stricken with sorrow, to be able to feel that all afflictions are sent for a wise purpose, and that there is a bright kingdom hereafter, where pain shall have no entrance! It would go far to dry a mother's tears, which the death of her child has caused to flow, if she could be thus persuaded to regard the dealings of God. It would be to take half the bitterness from sorrow, if she could be made to feel that in allowing death to take her child, God has been dealing both kindly and gently, in that he has removed it from the world when the heart was innocent, and pain and sorrow scarcely known.—*Dr. Gregory.*

MEN AND WOMEN—MOUNTAINS AND WATERFALLS.

Men enjoy mountains; women enjoy waterfalls. There is no saying why it is; but the fact is positive. Perhaps it may be that men toil up the rugged steep with greater ease, and therefore enjoy themselves more when they get to the top. Perhaps it is that there is something grand and bold, and rough and dangerous in the very nature of a mountain, which the masculine mind is alone capable of understanding. In waterfalls there is all the beauty of firm, and light, and graceful motion, and harmonious sound, and cooling freshness, and ever charming variety that women love; and there ever-shading trees, and an escape from the noon-tide sun, and the hum of insect life, and moss-grown stones, and grassy banks. Waterfalls and their adjuncts have a kind of mystic influence upon them that acts with all positive energy on the female mind—Hearts, like stones, are worn down by their action, and the swain has often been indebted to the natural for the granting of his prayer.—*Blackwood.*

COST AND CLEVERNESS OF PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.

About as much as would drain and ventilate the whole city of London, including its Thames, about as much as would colicise the finest Australian settlement, nearly as much as would bring the national revenue to a level with the expenditure, quite as much as would educate the thickest masses of our ignorant population, and more than would make Manchester independent of America for its supply of cotton, is annually spent, according to the most plausible statistics, in supporting professional beggars in a career of idleness, intemperance, and vice.—The extent to which the innocent and deserving applicants for aid are thus made to suffer has been often a subject of remark; but what should not be forgotten is the advantage which is necessarily gained by this systematic exercise of the calling. It is almost impossible but that alms-givers should be deceived. The furnished and shame-stricken novice could not compete with the disciplined veteran of mendicancy than a mob can stand against trained soldiers. Excepting the country labourer, we believe there is no character which a professional beggar would not personate better than the individual to whom it really belonged. Since the most distinguished members of the profession are already well known to the police, it is to be hoped that some prompt measures may be devised for suppressing a practice which, if not soon extinguished itself, must end by extinguishing all sentiments of charity between one man and another.—*Times.*

Never be idle. Our years are but few, and every minute of indolence shortens our span. Life is but a day. The river of time rolls by without ceasing, and on its bosom we are hastening to the great ocean of eternity.