



From the Christian Watchman.

TRUTH.

Extract from a manuscript Poem on the pleasure resulting from the discovery and contemplation of Truth.

REVELATIONS, vi. 12—17.

There's bliss in Truth, though oft its peaceful form,  
Twines round her brow the whirlwind and the storm;  
Though at her feet the lightnings hurtle by,  
Yet, beams of mercy light her heaven born eye.

Stand ye amid the future and behold,  
The scenes terrific oft by Heaven foretold;  
When yonder moon its circling course hath run,  
And rob'd in blackness, fades the blazing sun!  
Majestic vision! wake each slumbering soul,  
View yonder Herveyas like the binding scroll  
Enwrap! clouds on clouds in gathering darkness rise,  
The thunders mutter and the lightning flies!

From fields of flame, the liquid fire is driven!  
The mountains melt! the rocks firm base is riven!  
From rolling heavens the blazing stars are whirled  
In wild confusion round a quaking world.  
Whose fires internal, like the ocean roar;  
When foaming billows lash the rock-bound shore.  
Earth's caverns burst! the mad'ning flames arise  
From fiery deeps toward the rending skies!  
The leaping clouds in lurid crimson glow!  
And molten rocks in burning torrents flow!

'Mid flaming suns creation's Judge descends!  
On burning clouds, ten thousand saints attend!  
The trump of Gabriel echoing through the gloom,  
Wakes the long dead, and rents the silent tomb:  
The thundering peal descends to ocean's bed,  
Where coral tombs enclose their countless dead,  
From yawning deeps their shrouded forms arise,  
And meet their Judge descending from the skies!

As the dread trump its thrilling strains prolong,  
In anguish dire, view yonder frenzied throng!  
The priest and lord, the monarch and the slave,  
Alike for shelter seek the crumbling cave.

But is this bliss, a scene of cold despair?  
Or see ye aught that tells of glory there?  
Look upward far, a brighter vision cheers,  
Enrob'd in light, the sign of love appears,  
As on the sailor, when by storms he's driven,  
Beams through the clouds the polar star of heaven,  
So to the saints appears the Cross above!  
The source of hope—the mercy star of love!

VARIETIES.

**FOOLISH WAYS.**—Some fifteen years since I said to an old negro belonging to a relative of the family in which I lived, "Well, Sam, you have a mighty good dog here, have you not?" "Yes, master," said Sam, "he mighty good dog, only he got some mighty foolish ways." Thousands of times I have since thought of old Sam's words; and in a thousand instances I have felt that they had a far more extended application than at first sight might appear.

When I have seen a man in all the vigor of life, the father of a family, possessed of a comfortable establishment, the husband of a kind confiding wife, a good neighbor and citizen, and yet spending much time and money at the tavern for ardent spirits—poor man I have said, "he has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen an industrious, money-making mechanic, forsaking his business, and disappointing his customers, for the sake of spending his time at the store, whistling sticks, pitching quoits, running foot-races, and drinking grog—poor man, I have said, "he has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen a young man, a frequent visiter at the tavern or store, swapping horses or watches, tossing coppers, playing cards and drinking whiskey, that man I have thought, "has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen a man get up long after the sun, and yawning, call Dick to go and get some mint for a morning julep, poor man, I have said, "he has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen ministers of the gospel and professors of religion oppose temperance societies, and defend ardent spirits as a good creature of God—calling members of temperance societies fanatics, enthusiasts, hypocrites, &c., poor men, I have said, "they have some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen a mother giving her children the remains of a sweetened rum, a little mint julep, or a little toddy—thus teaching them the first rudiments of intemperance—poor woman, said I, "she has some mighty foolish ways."

In short, if we all strictly scrutinize our conduct, we shall find, as old Sam said about his dog, we have got, "some mighty foolish ways."

**BENEVOLENCE.**—"Not for ourselves, but others," is the law inscribed by God's hand on every part of the creation. Not for itself, but others, does the sun dispense his beams: not for themselves, but others, do the clouds distil their showers; not for herself, but others, does the earth unlock her treasures; not for themselves, but others, do the trees produce their fruits, or the flowers diffuse their fragrance, and display their various hues. Whenever, therefore, instead of diffusing his blessings around him, man devotes them exclusively to his own gratification and shuts himself up in the dark and stony caverns of selfishness, he transgresses the great law of the creation, and cuts himself off from a participation in the benevolent sympathies of the universe and its Author.

**INFIDELITY.**—What should you say of a man who should throw away his compass, because he could not tell why it points to the north? or reject an accurate chart, because it did not delineate coasts with which he had no concern? What would you say of a man, who should reject all the best astronomical treatises because they do not describe the inhabitants of the moon, and of the planets? And what would you say of a man, who when sick of a mortal disease, should refuse an infallible remedy, because the physician would not first tell by what secret laws the

remedy would take effect? Now, this precisely the case of those who neglect to Bible, because it does not reveal the secret things which belong to God.

**TEST OF PIETY.**—Suppose a number of children playing together, and that you have no knowledge of their parents or their home. If one of them receive an injury, or get into trouble, you will at once, learn who are his parents, for he will immediately run to them for relief. Thus, the Christian and the man of the world, pursue the same employments, and you cannot, at once, distinguish them. But let affliction come upon them, and you are no longer at a loss. The man of the world seeks relief in earthly comforts, while the Christian flies for refuge to his heavenly Father, and his compassionate Redeemer.

**SACRED TRUTHS.**—The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy: but scripture precepts, like unfading plants of Paradise, become, as we are accustomed to them, still more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours to be emitted, & new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

**TEMPER.**—If we consider how much the comfort and uneasiness of all round us depends on the state of our temper we would surely endeavor to render it sweet and accommodating.

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