

# 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.

### PRESS ON!

"Whatsoever thou findest to do, do it with thy might."

Press on! the Master needeth  
Thine arm of youthful strength,  
For mighty ones are falling,  
All powerless, at length:  
For mighty heads are bowing;  
And souls that never quail'd  
With fear, at peril knowing,  
In feebleness have fail'd.  
Arise! girl on their armour;  
Their fallen weapons raise;  
And, in the love of Heaven,  
Go forth—His name to praise.

Darkens thy path before thee?  
Press on still, undismay'd;  
Heaven shines resplendent o'er thee,  
Though earth is wrapp'd in shade;  
And He thy Trust, hath given,  
With word from spurning free,  
The angels of high heaven  
A charge concerning thee—

That though thy feet may falter,  
E'en in thy being's morn,  
And from Hope's burning altar  
Thy light may seem withdrawn,  
Thou yet shalt bless, in sorrow,  
The chastenings of the rod—  
Providing thy sure adoption  
As the beloved of God.

For from thy self-prostration  
Thou shalt awake in power,  
From tears and lamentation,  
'To conquest every hour,  
Strong in thy perfect weakness,  
Thy strength shall never fail;  
Mighty in holy meekness,  
'Thine arm shall e'er prevail.

From Pisgah's lofty summit,  
Behold the promised throne;  
Press on till thou hast won it,  
With its rejoicing crown.  
Press on! though earth allure thee,  
Till all its brightness gone,  
It may by pain inure thee,  
'There's rest in heaven"—press on!

God bless thy youth's bright promise.  
God grant that on thy head  
Gifts glorious and enduring  
May evermore be shed.  
God be thy succour given,  
Thy soul from gloom to raise,  
Till earth shall liken heaven,  
In holy works and ways—  
Till, with seraphic feeling,  
Thy path, in weakness trod,  
Should view its close revealing  
The paradise of God!

## Miscellany.

### OBITUARY.

BY THE REV. W. ROBINSON.

"To die is gain."—Yes, bless the Lord, however startling it may be to the worldling, however mysterious it may appear to the natural man, and however much it may come in collision with the views and feelings of the proud, the fashionable, and the gay, it is all clear gain to die, only let us be in the Lord: for "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." It is true that the nature and extent of heavenly bliss are subjects too deep for mortal investigation, and far beyond the limits of human scan—for "now we know only in part, and prophecy in part, and see through a glass darkly." Nevertheless, it is an immeasurable source of consolation to the christian to reflect that, when that which is perfect is come, "he shall see face to face, and know even as also he is known, then he shall be like God, for he shall see him as He is."—Millions of blood-washed, happy spirits have already gone to their reward, among whom are some of our dearest friends;—the everlasting doors have lifted up their heads, and unfolded their massive golden leaves to admit them to the estatic bliss; where they cast their crowns before Him, in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there is pleasure for evermore.

"We a little longer wait;  
But how little—none can know."

MARGARET ROBINSON, the subject of this brief notice, second daughter of Thos. Robinson, of the Township of Manvers, was a member of the

Canadian Wesleyan Methodist New Connexion Church. She was naturally of a calm and prepossessing disposition; nothing, however, appeared in her religious character until about eighteen months since, when the Revs. John Simpson, and Thomas Brown held a protracted service in the house of her grandfather, Mr George Wilson, where the Lord was pleased to shew tokens for good, in the awakening and conversion of many precious souls. It was at that meeting that Margaret found redemption in the blood of the Lamb, being justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. She rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory that it was at that meeting she was numbered with the trophies of divine grace; and, it was there and then she received the witness of her acceptance in the beloved. At the close of the meeting she united with the Church, and from that time, until she exchanged mortality for life, her christian deportment, her well ordered conversation, her unfeigned piety, and her meek and obliging manner, together with her constant attendance on the public and private means of grace, furnished irrefragable evidence of the genuineness of that change which she had experienced, and the vitality of that religion which she possessed. She evidently retained the divine approbation, and attained a degree of divine conformity, which is seldom found in the experience of a few months. She secured the esteem, and enlisted the affections of the pious, and received from all who knew her, the most endearing encomiums. Of her it may be said, with great propriety, that—

"Walking in all his ways, she found  
Her heaven on earth begun."

A few months since, she was seized with a violent pain in her head and neck, which greatly excited the fears of her friends. Medical aid was obtained, but to no purpose—the disease increased daily in virulence, making rapid conquests over her delicate frame,—a second physician was called in, but the mystic messenger, Disease, seemed to smile at their best directed efforts, and insisted that the hour was come when this heir of the kingdom must—

"Lay her armour by,  
And be with Christ at home."

While the physicians and this malignant disease contended about the body of this young and devoted saint of God, she seemed to have a clear presentiment of her approaching dissolution, and would sometimes say to her mother, "don't mourn for me, I'll be much better off, by and by, than I am, or ever could be, in this world; don't send for the Doctor any more, you know I cannot live; I don't want, I don't wish to live." She had a desire to "depart, and be with Christ, which is far better." Her strength diminished daily, but her mind was tranquil; she was strong in the Lord: her prospect of heaven and glory was clear; her evidence of the Divine favour was most distinct; and, her path shone brighter and brighter, until the last moment of her life.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 3rd, 1850, after one of those hard struggles, to which she was subject, she said, and the words were embalmed with the sweet patience and eager resignation of a saint—"this face of mine will soon swell no more;" and, in a few moments, her Lord came, and found her watching and said—"Well and faithfully done: enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne." And the silver cord was loosed, and a band of ministering spirits kissed her innocent and spotless soul; and, into their triumphal car, with songs of deliverance, hailed this new accession to their heavenly ranks, and bore away the purchase of the Saviour's blood. Thus died this child of God, in her 17th year.

Cavan, 1850.

Reader, when and where has God assured you of the morrow? "To-morrow is in another world," and lest your soul should be there before the sun sets again, flee, oh, flee to the cross of Jesus NOW!

For life in general there is but one decree: youth a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.

## Uncle Ben's New Year's Gift;

OR

WHAT A NEWSPAPER CAN DO.

Continued from page 345.

In many things pertaining to agriculture and stock raising, was Peter's mind enlightened during the Spring and Summer through the columns of the 'Gazette.' The value of lime on lands of a certain character he never fully understood, until he saw it clearly set forth in an extract from 'The American Farmer,' and became aware that, by a proper application of the article, at a small expense far below that to which he had long been subjected. Here Peter obtained a first glimpse into the mysteries of agricultural chemistry, without a knowledge of which no farmer can work his ground to the best advantage.

Harvest time came around at last and Peter Miller had rather more than an average of root and grain crops. He had six hundred bushels of wheat, five hundred bushels of corn, and two hundred bushels of potatoes, to sell, besides hay, oats, rye, etc., sufficient to winter his stock. Moreover—whether from the particular treatment of his vineyard, as suggested by the writer in the 'Gazette,' or not we will not venture to say—his vintage, which he sold to a manufacturer, brought him one hundred and sixty dollars.

Since the time his fields of golden grain nodded ripe for the harvest, Peter had examined, weekly, with much interest, the quotations of prices in the produce market, as regularly given in the 'Gazette'; and when, at last, he called on Gray & Elder to know what they were going to pay him for his wheat and corn, he knew the highest selling rate to a cent. Before offering his produce he obtained his store bills, and found that they were nearly four hundred dollars. The fact was, he had started the year with scarcely a dollar to live on, and was thence compelled to go on trust for everything until another crop could be taken from the ground. This bill, added to his mortgage, made a debt of eight hundred dollars. At the prices quoted in the 'Gazette,' all his wheat, corn, and potatoes would be absorbed, and still over two hundred dollars of debt remain. Here was a very important improvement on last year. Peter had started some four hundred dollars in debt, and now would owe only two hundred after the sale of his crops. And this more favorable state of his affairs was traced in his mind to the New Year's gift of Uncle Ben, which, when received, had so deeply incensed him against the old gentleman that even yet he was not fully forgiven.

"What are you paying for wheat?" asked Peter, on calling at the store of Gray & Elder, for the purpose of selling his crop.

"Sixty-five cents," was answered.

"Is that the highest?" said Peter.

"Yes."

Peter shook his head, and replied—

"Wheat is quoted in Cincinnati at seventy-five."

"Indeed!" Mr Gray looked surprised. He did not feel so, for he knew the price quite as well as the farmer.

"Yes," said Peter. "it is quoted at seventy-five to eighty in my last number of the 'Gazette.'"

"It costs something to get the wheat to market," remarked Mr Gray.

"I know it does; but not ten cents a bushel. What are you paying for corn?"

"Mr Gray thought for some moments, and then replied—

"Twenty-two cents."

"Too far below the Cincinnati price," said Peter.

"Ah! What is the price there?"

"Thirty cents."

"We can't give that."

"You can do better than twenty-two cents, however; if not, I must find a market in Cincinnati, for both my wheat and corn."

"How much do you want?" asked Mr Gray.

"I want as near the Cincinnati price as possible. Say Seventy-two for my wheat, and twenty-seven or eight for my corn."

"We can't pay prices like those, Mr Miller. We'd better give up business."

"Let me know the best you will do;" said Peter.

The two partners held a long consultation, and finally agreed to offer twenty-five for the corn.—Peter reflected this for some time, and then said—

"I'll take to-night to think over the matter."

With this resolution he went away. That evening the man who held the mortgage on Peter Miller's farm, came over to say that he wanted his money.

"I'll pay you half," said Peter, "as soon as I sell my wheat and corn. But to settle the whole will be impossible this year."

But, the man said he must have the whole.—Finally, however, he agreed to take half, if it were paid to him immediately.

Fretted by this application, Peter made up his mind to let Gray & Elder have his wheat and corn at their offer, provided they would cash the amount over and above their bills against him. So, on the next morning, he started for their store. On his way he stopped at the Post Office and got his number of the 'Gazette,' which he put into his pocket without unfolding, and continued on his way to Gray & Elder's. Neither of the men happened to be in, and while waiting for them, Peter took out his newspaper and commenced reading. Almost the first paragraph that met his eyes was the following:

"Important Rise in Wheat.—The news by the last steamer from Europe, which reports a probable failure in the crops, sent wheat suddenly up from seventy-five cents to a dollar. And even at the advanced rates, holders seem little inclined to sell."

The farmer waited no longer for the grain merchants, but refolding his paper, thrust it into his pocket and went home. He had not been there over fifteen minutes when a messenger came from Gray & Elder to know if he were going to accept their offer.

"Tell them," replied Peter, "that I cannot take less than a dollar a bushel for my wheat."

The messengers went back, but did not return again. This was as Peter had supposed it would be. During the day, the man who held the mortgage called again. Peter told him of the rise in wheat, and said that if he sold at the advanced rates, he would pay off the whole debt.

During the following week Gray & Elder advanced their offer to ninety cents. But, the farmer would not sell. The 'Gazette' arrived, and showed a continued firmness in the market for wheat, and an advance for corn. Peter also, in glancing hopefully over the broad pages of the paper, cast his eyes upon the advertising columns, and in them saw the names of a number of millers and merchants advertising for wheat and corn, and offering to "pay the highest market price in cash."

"Now," said Peter Miller to the storekeepers, "if you will take my wheat at a dollar, and my corn at thirty-eight, I'll sell. If not, I'll hold on a little longer."

Gray & Elder, after demurring a little closed the bargain. So, with the wheat and other crops, the store bill was settled, the mortgage paid off, and a balance, left with which to begin the new year.

"So much for a newspaper!" said Peter, speaking to himself, as he walked homeward, with the cancelled mortgage in his pocket, after paying off the debt which had been hanging over. "So much for a newspaper! I do believe, if I'd been taking a paper ten or a dozen years ago, I'd been a rich man to day. Yes—Uncle Ben was right. I didn't know my business, proud as I was of being thought a good farmer."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAMILY OF LEIGH RICHMOND.—Mr Richmond's first object was to make home the happiest place to his children; to render them independent of foreign alliances, in their pursuits and friendships; and so to interest them in domestic enjoyment, as to preclude the feeling, too common in young people, of restlessness and longing to leave their own firesides, and wander abroad in search of pleasure and employment. In this attempt to satisfy his family, and engage their compliance with his wishes, he so completely succeeded, that every member of it left home with regret, even on an occasional visit, and returned to Turvey with fond anticipation, as to the place of their treasure.

STAMMERING PECULIAR TO THE MALE SEX.—There is one curious fact with regard to stammering, which I do not think has been before noticed—namely, that women very rarely stammer. In a family of my acquaintance, this defect of the speech has been hereditary among the males for three generations, but the females have in no single instance been affected.—Dr. Graves' Clinical Lectures on the Practice of Medicine.

PLANTING TREES.—A very poor and aged man, busied in planting apple trees, was rudely asked, "Why do you plant trees who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and leaning on his spade, replied, "some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

GLUTTONS.—The heaven of such men's imaginations consists of tables well covered with smoking viands—the poetry of their hearts is the bleating of the animal destined for the morrow's feast—and the music of their souls is the whetting of knives and the sounding of plates. To a glutton the stillness of a sow at her wash is a matter of far more interest than the silence of Archimedes in his study.—Anonymous.