

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.

MEMORY.

The past she ruleth. At her touch
Its temple-valves unfold,
And from their gorgeous shrine descend
The mighty men of old;
At her deep voice the dead reply,
Dry bones are clothed and live,—
Long parched garlands bloom anew,
And buried joys revive.

When o'er the future many a shade
Of saddening twilight veils,
Or the dimm'd present to the soul
Its emptiness reveals—
She opens her casket, and a cloud
Of cheering perfume streams,
Till with a lifted heart we tread
The pleasant land of dreams.

Make friends of potent memory,
Oh! young man, in thy prime,
And with her jewels bright and rare,
Enrich the board of Time;
Yet if thou mockest her with weeds,
A trifle 'mid her bowers,
She'll send a poison thro' thy veins,
In life's disastrous hours.

Make friends of potent memory,
Oh! maiden, in thy bloom,
And bind her to thine inmost heart,
Before the days of gloom;
For sorrow softeneth into joy
Beneath her wand sublime,
And she immortal robes can weave
From the frail threads of Time.

Miscellany.

TRACES AND INDICATIONS OF THE SABBATH IN THE INSTITUTIONS AND OBSERVANCES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

BY REV. JOHN JORDAN, VICAR OF ENSTONE, OXON.
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The first direct inference we deduce from this is, that the sabbath was not, as some pretend a mere judicial rite which has passed into desuetude with the other ordinances of the Mosaic dispensation; but that it was, and is, part and parcel of that divine and awful code—that "holy, just, and good law"—that immutable and inflexible charter which God spake with his own voice, and wrote with his own fingers upon the two tables of stone; and, further, that it belongs not to one nation, people, or language, but has been liberally bestowed by him upon all, who receive and honor this his holy institution, and who will assuredly learn thereby, that "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him."

And what is it that has thus been conferred upon mankind? It is a noble boon, a most gracious grant, whereby, in the midst of man's toilsome life, throughout its whole span, and beshrew even the curse, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground," his Maker has mercifully secured to him one seventh portion of his whole life, to be enjoyed by him, one day in every seven. whereon he may rest his wearied body and refresh his wearied soul, and, separating himself from the present life, its labours, troubles, trials, and temptations, may be, "in the world, but not of the world," turning his thoughts to holy and heavenly contemplations; exercising his mind and hopes in eternal aspirations; hallowing, by his thoughts, engagements, and devotions, the day which God has hallowed to himself; and thus by doing the will of God, so learning that the doctrine is of God—that he himself becomes sanctified in remembering the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

This grant is not, as some esteem it, a mere formal observance—a burden heavy to be borne: but it is a PRIVILEGE—a common right of man. Like all other testaments of God it is liable to misconception and abuse; and those who understand not its enjoyment, misrepresent its nature. Being carnally minded themselves, they cannot comprehend a blessing which is only to be discerned spiritually. But this alters not its character, nor may depreciate its value. God has ordained it, and man cannot annul it. "He hath blessed, and who shall reverse it?" "Yea, let God be true, and every man a liar." And though all should reject, despise, and forget it, yet it endures irrevocable except by God himself.

The great EXCELLENCY of the grant is not as many seem to imagine, a mere bodily blessing, designed for the rest and refreshment of

man's fainting frame—for this is but a secondary object—and this observance of the sabbath is not its main use and purpose, but it is only preparatory to its great and primary design. This design is the sanctification of man, who experimentally grows in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour, by doing God's law, and keeping holy the sabbath-day. As a means of grace towards man's sanctification, none, under the blessing of God, is more effectual than the sabbath. It is a sign between God and man, and has the full assurance of this promise, "those that honor me I will honor;" while the observance of the Lord's day as the sabbath fulfils another promise or commandment, that "all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father." And thus, by using the sabbath spiritually, and worshipping "God who is a Spirit, in Spirit and truth," and seeking the sanctification of the Holy Spirit, and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, we recognise and rejoice in our Triune God, and worship Father, Son, and Spirit, one God everlasting.

This hallowing the sabbath is its most blessed and vital principle, and is one which we ought to make practical to our own souls, and in our own self-examination, as a TEST, "a sure and safe one," of our individual sanctification and renewal. If we find the sabbath "a delight holy of the Lord and honorable"—if "we are glad when it is said to us, Let us go into the house of the Lord"—if the sabbath chimes, summoning us to the earthly courts of the living God, are grateful to our ears—if we know the pleasure of public prayer and communion with our fellow-worshippers—if we can enjoy the song of praise—if we can in the chamber and in the family find pleasure in prolonging our intercourse with God—if, like Isaac, we can go forth into the field to meditate, and there gladden our feelings with the peculiar sound of silence, that seems to vibrate the live-long sabbath-day—if these and such like thoughts and enjoyments are ours, we may lay it comfortably to heart, that we are preparing for that eternal rest which remaineth for the people of God.

But if we have not attained to this excellent spirit, and are doing our own pleasure, and following the Sabbath thereby, let us well beware how we forget, and so tempt the Lord our God. If he as he declares himself to be, is a jealous God, let us learn to be jealous of his honor and his appointments. Since he has hallowed the sabbath, and designed it for our use, that we may become hallowed by sanctifying it, let us try ourselves according to his holy standard, and according to the spirit of the sabbath. If we would take our own pleasure thereon, let us ask, Will our pleasure sanctify the day, for if not, it is contrary to God's holy will? If we would journey thereon, let us ask, Is it, no more than a sabbath-day's journey to the house of God and back, so that we sanctify the day by it. If otherwise, we dishonor the law of God, and God himself thereby. In a word, whatever we would do, let this be the test of its fitness, will it sanctify the sabbath-day? Whatever act, pleasure, employment, or plan, (always excepting, of course, what Scripture excepts works of charity or necessity) answers not this condition, and tends not to the hallowing the sabbath, that thing is sin, because it is contrary to that perfect law which says, "Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

A Florist will tell you that if you paint the flower-pot that contains a favorite, beautiful fragrant flower, the plant will wither, and perhaps its blossoms will die. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the earth to the roots, and your paint itself is poisonous. Just so, mere external cultivation, superficial worldly accomplishments, or a too exclusive anxiety and regard for that injures the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower, it must die. And there are kinds of ornamental accomplishments, the very process of which is as deleterious to the soul, as the paint upon the flower-pot is pernicious to its atmosphere during your very process of rendering the exterior more tasteful but the whole earth is dried and devoid of nourishment. Nature never paints, but all her forms of loveliness are growth, a native character, possession, and development, from the beginning. If the sun can ever be called a painter, it is only because the plants absorb his rays, and receive them in the very texture and life of the vegetation. So, whatever is real knowledge, wisdom principle and life in education, is a process of the absorption and development of truth, and is not mere painting.—Rev. Dr. Cheever's Plea for Children.

EDMUND BURKE.

This celebrated man was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1730, and died in 1797, at the age of sixty-seven years. He was one of the greatest intellectual prodigies of Europe—the first of orators and of writers of any age or country.—He had a brother Richard—a man of great ability scarcely inferior to Edmund; but, like many others, a gay, gossiping, pleasure loving youth—who grew up into a brilliant, but special man. Prior, in his life of Burke, thus mentions him:—"Richard Burke being found in revery, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in the House of Commons by his brother Edmund, and questioned by Mr Malone as to the cause, replied, I have been wondering how Ned had contrived to monopolise all the talent of the family; but then I remember when we were at play he was always at work."

Mr Burke had to contend, at the outset of life, with unusual difficulties, but he triumphed over them all; and, therefore, at thirty years of age, he bounded with one spring to the very summit of fame, leaving behind him the whole aristocracy, and all his other more advantageously situated competitors, finely exemplifying his own expressions. "He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper."

It is a fact that, at the university, Burke did not carry off a single prize, although he was incomparably the first man in the College of Dublin. He exemplified, as one of his biographers has finely expressed it, the lofty spirit of Alexander, who refused to run in the Olympic games, on the ground that racers were not sovereign; proudly saying, "were kings competitors Alexander would run." While the other students—and many of them sprightly ones, too—were fighting for prizes, Burke was satisfied with simply a respectable appearance in the classes, but devoted every moment to replenishing his capacious undertaking with all manner of human knowledge; and hence, when the first prize-men were forgotten, lost in night, Burke shone as the sun in the firmament of political and moral wisdom.

THE ALCHEMISTS.

The golden color with which the pupæ of many butterflies are adorned, was eagerly seized upon by the alchemists as an argument in favor of the transmutation of metals; but Reaumur discovered, that it is owing simply to the shining white membrane immediately below the outer skin, which, being of a transparent yellow, gives a golden tinge to the former, whilst Lister imitated the gilding of chrysalises by putting a small piece of a black gall in a strong decoction of nettles. This produced a scum, which, when left on cap paper, will exquisitely gild it without the application of the real metal. Reaumur also mentions, that for producing this appearance, it is essential that the inner membrane be moist, whence may be explained the disappearance of the gilding so soon as the fluids within the pupæ have been absorbed by the formation of the limbs of the butterfly.

REAL PRESENCE

We know from whence the Lord Jesus Christ took his flesh, even of the Virgin Mary. He being and infant, was fed with her milk, he was nourished, he grew, he came to man's age, he suffered persecution of the Jews, he was hanged on the tree, he was buried, he rose again the third day;—And what time it pleased him he ascended into heaven, he lifted up his body thither, from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead; there he is now sitting on the right hand of God. How then is the bread his body, and the cup, or that is within the cup, how is it his blood? These things, brethren, are therefore called Sacraments, because one thing is seen in them, and another is understood. That which is seen hath a bodily form; but that which is understood hath a spiritual fruit.—Augustine.

THE CLOUD ON THE SAINTS' DEATH BED.

The last hours of some men, eminent in piety and usefulness, as they were in talents and labors through life, have been overcast with gloom that prevented bystanders from recognizing the glories of their departure. But the orb setting behind a bank of dense black clouds is himself beyond their reach. They affect not his brightness, but merely our view of it. While to us he seems to sink in darkness that extinguishes his beams, he is really rising in other skies, gladdening the sight of other observers, and clothed in splendors as if the Almighty had afresh, for the first time, robbed him in the reflection of his own divine effulgence. "We walk by faith, not by sight;" and when a man's life has testified that his heart is right with Christ, we know that his safety for glorification is in Christ's hands, though his enemies be in malice, loading him with anathemas; or he, by

morbid influence from what is animal or what is mental, be writing volumes of bitter things against himself, at the crisis of his leaving the body.—Dr. Urwick.

PRIVATE THOUGHTS.

Whoever thinks he can acquit himself to God, has wrong notions of God, of himself, of duty, of sin. Either he considers God only under the single idea of mercy, or he knows nothing of his own great corruption, or contracts duty into a narrow compass, or fixes the guilt of sin at a low rate.

The happiest and most envied life, taken from childhood to old age, will not bear a review.—There is not a year perhaps not a month, perhaps not an hour of it, which a wise man would choose to live over again.

All our happiness, as mere men, consists in forgetting ourselves. If we think, we are miserable.

We are as vain as if we were in full possession of our original perfection; and our being vain is a certain proof that we are not.

An impatient desire to know, and have more than is proper for us in our present state, often hinders us from using what we have, and knowing what we might: and is to many a source of great delusion.

The heart of man pants everlastingly after distinction; and our pride only changes its appearance. Mine, I find, is grown to a goodly size under the shew of humility.

God may say to every self-righteous man, as he did in the case of Sodom, shew me ten; yea, one perfect good action, and for the sake of it I will not destroy.—Adam.

DIE IN YOUR SINS.

Die in your sins—that is, in their guilt. Oh! it is better to die an outcast—to die in rags—to die in a ditch—to die in a dungeon—to die of the plague—a thousand times better die in all the concentrated agonies of every human death, than to die in our sins. For if we die in our sins, we shall rise from our grave in our sins, and stand before the judgment seat of Christ in our sins. If we die in our sins will be shrouded with us in our coffins and carried with us to the cemetery, and interred with us, and rise with us at the sound of the archangel's trump, and then we shall be thrust down to hell with them, to dwell with them forever and ever. True believers send their sins to the grave before they go themselves. They are dead to sin, while they live. But the sins of unbelievers go into the grave with them, and follow after them, and gather upon them, and lie upon them to all eternity. Rejoice, then, fellow-sinner, this is not the day of judgment, but the day of mercy. Now Jesus yearns over you to do you good. He waits to be gracious. Fly to him. He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." "And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast him out."

MAXIMS OF MONEY.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependant upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore, money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man, is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like the best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling decision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him, that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditure in order to pass the time.—Taylor's Notes from Life.

TIME LOST.—One of the sands in the hour glass of time is, beyond comparison, more precious than gold. In nothing is waste more ruinous, or more sure to bring unavailing regrets.—Better to throw away money than moments; for time is much more than money. As we lose our days, we incur an increasing risk of losing our own souls. "The life-blood of the soul runs out in wasted time." The years which have winged their flight, have gone to the recording angels; and what is the "report they have borne to heaven?" Will the record testify for or against us, when the throne of the Son of man shall be set, and the books shall be opened.