

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.

For the Watchman.

THE MURDERED WIFE: A VICTIM OF INTemperance.

BY REV. J. CASWELL.

I saw her first, in ruddy youth unfolding
A bud of beauty, lovelier than the rose;
One of the fairest forms of nature's moulding,
That ever yet on our Terrene arose.
She seemed as gentle, innocent, and fair,
As if designed to live, where beautiful angels are.

I saw her in the height of loveliness:
Time had matured each captivating grace,
And oh! methinks, who saw her must confess,
They ne'er beheld so beautiful a face,
Or form—and yet no pride was seen
In her bewitching smile, or fascinating mien.

I saw her when the silvery moon was shedding
Her softened light upon the face of earth,
With a tall form the forest pathway treading,
Towards the sacred spot that gave her birth;
It was her lover, vowing with ardent breath,
To love, defend, and cherish her till death.

I saw her on the Bridal morn, when blushes
Enhanced the witchery of her winning cheeks,
That flush of maiden-modesty that rushes
To instant view, and innocence bespeaks;
Her hand in his, her eye was fixed above—
And spoke the fervent prayer, and eloquence of love.

I saw her next: a beautiful infant pressing
To her soft bosom, with maternal pride;
It smiled responsive to her fond caressing,
She kissed it once again, and deeply sighed!
What fiend has risen thought! to damp her joy,
Or dim the prospect of her cherub boy!

I saw the tear-drop from her eyelid stealing,
Her bosom heaved, with strong internal strife;
She made an effort to suppress her feeling,—
A noble effort—worthy of a wife:
I feared the worst, and trembled even to think,
Her cruel husband loved her less than drink!

I saw her once again, the snow was falling,
Wild winter rag'd terrific in a storm.
But oh! the sight of her, was most appalling!
I never shall forget her wasted form!
Want! cruel want! had fixed his talons there!
And on her frigid features, sat despair!

"William," she cried, "oh dear! my heart is breaking!
My child! my child!" then on the snow she sank!
"My child! my child!" she uttered, wildly shrieking!
"My child is dead!"—life's bitterest dregs are drunk!
My cruel husband drove us from his door!—
My heart is broke!"—she cried, then all was o'er!

Whitechurch, April 13, 1850.

Miscellany.

For the Watchman.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The last annual Report of the National Division, exhibits an increase of more than *One Hundred and Eleven Thousand members*, during the year; and demonstrates the prosperity of the financial department, by reporting more than *Three Hundred and Thirty six Thousand Dollars* Cash on hand. In Canada West, the Divisions have increased in number from five to Ninety-five since May last, and the rate of progression is still steadily increasing. In the Home District, Divisions have been established in Oshawa, Whitby, Brooklin, Prince Albert, Stouffville, Markham, Sparta, Toronto, Yorkville, York Mills, Thorn Hill, Richmond Hill, Weston, Lampton, Mimico, Springfield, Port Credit, Streetsville, Meadowvale, Churchville & Brampton; and a number more will soon be opened. The results of these organizations have been of the most pleasing, animating and satisfactory character; as in all other Districts which have enjoyed the healthful influences of these Institutions, so remarkably adapted to improve the Social, intellectual and moral condition of our race. So remarkably adapted, that they receive, with confidence, from the most hopeless depths of inebriation, and retain with almost unerring certainty, by an obligation of Honor alone. Hundreds and Thousands of men universally pronounced utterly destitute of the principle; thus proving, that the condition of our fallen brothers has been wholly misunderstood; and hence it is that the means hereto-

fore employed for their restoration, have tended rather to sink them in despair. The Sons have proved that those who fall through wine, are, in most instances, highly endowed by nature, with the noble sentiments of Benevolence, Generosity and Honor; and discovered, that the sordid, avaricious narrow-minded victim of selfishness, cannot become a drunkard through his own conduct—fall into the condition of the Drunkard, he cannot,—being already far below him, in the constitution of his soul. Satisfied, therefore, that while the Drunkard lives, he is in possession of a soul, which is, generally, of a truly noble and highly sensitive character, though strangled, suffocated and almost entombed under the most revolting accumulations of the filth and pollutions of Bacchus; the Sons, constantly endeavor to reach him through sympathy and brotherly kindness, and thus actually succeed in saving thousands of those whom the world tramples under-foot. In our own District of Home, scores if not Hundreds of such, already attest the truthfulness of the above positions, in evidence of which, we can refer with unflinching confidence, not only to the members of the different Divisions, but also to the wives and children of a host of now happy men, whose generous and high-born souls, thro' once more with the lofty emotions of the worthy and honored husband—of the affectionate and revered father. Testimony of this description is so abundant, that its influence is now felt over nearly the whole of Canada, awakening a deep, and constantly increasing interest, in the rapid progress of the Sons of Temperance. In Toronto the Sons are now enjoying a full tide of prosperity. The reforming influence—the healthful moral power of their movements must soon be felt in every department of Society, as from every class the Sons are constantly receiving important accessions. The "Cadets of Temperance," the younger brothers of the Order, will also soon be in the field, an application for a Charter is already executed, and the "Section" will be duly opened as soon as the Books of instruction can be forwarded. The Ladies of our City are also coming up to the rescue—a "Union" of the "Daughters of Temperance" will soon encourage the hearts, and strengthen the hands of the Sons and Cadets; and complete the organization of our Grand Scheme, which shall, with the blessing of God, perfect the redemption of our noble City from the debasing thralldom of that smiling, yet fiendishly malignant power, which while carressed by us as a friend, has turned our waters into blood, and in every house left one dead, and diffused among the thousands of our population, who still live, the poison and malaria of physical and moral death. To counteract these deadly influences, constitutes the first and great work of the Sons, Daughters and Cadets of Temperance. Their second object, is, to secure constant progression, in the intellectual, social and moral improvement of the whole community, and their third aim is to secure to each, necessary assistance in the hour of affliction. That these are our objects, and that they are promoted by appropriate means, our success fully demonstrates; and in proof that we have nothing to fear from the closest investigation, we freely invite the most suspicious to become associated with us. In proof that money is no obstacle, a youth may become a "Cadet" for 1s. 3d., a Gentleman may become a "Son" for 10s., and a Lady may become a "Daughter" for 7s. 6d., no Oath of obligation is imposed in either Case, nor under any circumstances is a Candidate or member, called upon to appeal to a higher principle than that of honor. These three organizations, then, being so very accessible, requiring as conditions of membership, neither large sums of money, nor oaths of secrecy—extending the hand of welcome to the most sceptical, and to the most suspicious, prove, in the most satisfactory manner, that the integrity of their principles, and the morality of their movements are above suspicion.

ROBERT DICK.

April, 13th, 1850 Deputy of the "Sons."

THE SAVIOUR'S AGONY IN GETHSEMANE: ITS NATURE AND CAUSE.

Continued from Page 97.

Secondly; Now endeavour we to trace, somewhat more particularly, the cause of this deep agony of Jesus in Gethsemane.

From his present standing point, as well as all along, our Lord had a full view, a perfect knowledge, of all that was before him. He knew full well the mockery and the scourging which he was to be subjected in the palace of Caiaphas, and the praetorium of Pilate. He knew of the burden that he was to carry from the judgment-hall to Calvary and that there he was ultimately to die by crucifixion. Still, I cannot persuade myself that his knowledge of that constituted any prominent part of the cause of his agony,—except, indeed, in so far as it manifested the notorious wickedness of those that took a part in it—for many a martyr endured all that with the greatest composure and calmness. His knowledge of the ingratitude, the sin, the deep criminality of those around him, and of the terrible judgments that were soon to overtake the Jews, might form a part of the cause of this agony; but certainly only a very subordinate part.

Will you now turn with me to Isa. liii. 6?—This was written 750 years before the time of the Saviour's agony. We take the words as a prediction of the events of that occasion, viewed in one particular aspect: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Margin: 'The Lord hath made the iniquities of us all to meet on him.'" More literally still: the Lord hath caused to rush upon him the iniquities of us all. Our sins are here represented as beasts of prey: Jesus is 'their victim.' From the commencement of his public ministry, but more especially from his agony in Gethsemane, to his expiring on the cross, these were gathering in from various quarters, to rush upon him, to tear his body, and to suck his life's blood. From this, terrible array, by which the Saviour was assailed on this occasion, and which caused his bloody agony, we can only particularize three.

First and foremost amongst the assailants stands the great originator of the human apostasy. Scarce had Jesus entered on his work, when he was accosted by his arch fiend. You are familiar with the temptation he threw in the Saviour's way, and how signally he failed in it. After giving a narrative of this temptation, Luke says, "He departed from him for a season;" significantly intimating that he meant to return again, at some future period, to carry on his foul work. A little before Jesus entered into Gethsemane, he said, "The prince of this world cometh," and not very many minutes after his bloody agony was over, he said, "This is your hour and the power of darkness." It is scarcely possible to explain these statements except on supposition that Satan was at that time busily at work, and renewing, with redoubled energy, his fiery trials. He would aggravate, as far as he could, the bitterness of the cup of which the Saviour had to drink; and depreciate, as far as he could, the value of the final result. Then the contest predicted in Eden was about to be decided; in which the heel of the seed of the woman was to be attacked and stung; but in which, ultimately, the head of the old serpent was to be crushed. At that moment the enemy of God and man would feel like one about to be deprived of his prey; and aroused himself and his coadjutors to make a desperate effort in the end. It was in vain Jesus conquered; and conquered by means of his DEATH. Still, however, the machinations of Satan constituted no small part of the cause of the Saviour's agony in Gethsemane.

Further: the Lord at this time, no doubt, had a clear conception of the evil of sin, and its tremendous desert. He realized most fully the position that he himself occupied: that he stood as the substitute of guilty men: that he was to die in his stead, and to bear the terrible curse that was his due. The bolt of Justice, that would have laid man prostrate, was about to be hurled at him. The words, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow; . . . smite the shepherd,"—which he understood in all their depth of meaning,—were about to be uttered. The dreadful deed was about to be done. This sword was about to take effect. In view of this, the spotless humanity of the Saviour shrunk; and no doubt it, too, entered as an important element into the cause of his bloody sweat.

We take notice of but one other element in connection with the cause of the Saviour's agony; but we believe it to have been the chief. I refer to the sons of God's protection, friendship, and communion being partially withdrawn from him. That this was the case at an early hour on the following day is clear from his own statement: "My God, my God, why hast thou

forsaken me?" and I am sure that we are not warranted in drawing any nice distinction between the two occasions. What took place afterwards may be viewed as having taken place, so far as any rate, also in the garden. Now, even to a saint, who has experienced what it is to hold fellowship with God, there is nothing more trying than the withdrawal of the light of his countenance. See how David felt under such circumstances, Psa lxxviii. 14—16, "Lord why castest thou off my soul? Why hidest thou thy face from me? I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up; while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted. Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off." When a saved sinner feels thus on God's forsaking him, O how unspeakably more must the immaculate Jesus have done so! God had forsaken him, not, of course, on account of any desertion on his part, but because he stood there as the substitute of man, and was bearing the curse in his stead; so that thus he might express his disapproval of man's course, and the estimate in which sin was held by him. In the world of spirits, the withdrawal of God's presence from a soul is enough to constitute a hell. This forms no small part of the punishment that awaits the finally impenitent. This, or the looking forward to this, and that only partially, and but for a moment, threw Jesus into agony, and caused him to sweat great drops of blood.

Thirdly. In the close, look we now at this subject in a somewhat more practical way.—When the anticipation of the endurance of sin's punishment threw Jesus into such an agony, how may the heart of every impenitent man meditate terror! Depend upon it, his estimate of its amount and bitterness was not overdrawn. And though we are well aware that the amount of the Saviour's sufferings cannot be reckoned up by us, as certainly do we know that some ingredients will be put into the cup which the finally impenitent must drink, which formed no part of the cup which Jesus drank to its dregs. And these will be intolerably bitter.—In his case there was, there could be, no remorse. But in the case of every finally impenitent sinner there will. There will be self-condemnation, from a consciousness of personal guilt; and there will be self-accusation, from the recollection of trifling with and setting at nought proffered mercy. In his case the element of eternity did not enter into his sufferings; they were unspeakably severe, but of short duration. To the sufferings of the finally impenitent no end will come. And in his sufferings the ingredient of despair had no existence. He was not at once relieved; but he was relieved. The home of the finally impenitent will be one into which not one ray of hope will ever enter!—Oh! fellow-traveller to eternity, think of this in time, whilst as yet the calamity may be averted.

And now, pause and consider the relation in which Jesus stood in Gethsemane and on the cross. What brought him there? Sin. Whose substitute stood he there? Man's. What effected he there? Atonement. How did God regard that atonement? He was satisfied with it: "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake." "Acquaint now, therefore, thyself with him, and be at peace." Y. E.

THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

Remorse is the worm of death that never dies. The needle that is divinely touched ever after trembles towards its pole, and rests not but in its meridian.

The knowledge of evil may help to good, and assist us in the measure of its value; every new idea should be to us as a new feather in the wings that bear us upward. All creatures in their utmost sum, beginning from least, and going onward from first to last, are but shadings, jots, and titles of the one good; that is so beautiful, so great, so good; that nothing else can be so, but in the proportion of its likeness to it.

No beauty strikes so deep, or leaves such work done, as that of the mind and heart. It delights not more than it improves us, and the more it is gazed on, the more shall we be drawn to it, and become as one with it.

It is reported of the wife of Louis XVI of France, that, while walking forth with her ladies in the evening, "she saw one of the king's chaplains, a silly, old, hard-favoured man, fast asleep, and kissed him;" and, on turning and seeing the young ladies laugh at her, she replied, "that it was not his person that she did embrace, but the Divine beauty of his soul." There is a magnet in good things, drawing them to one centre at last, and that centre is the power that vitalizes all good within us.