

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.

OH! SCORN NOT THE PLOUGH.

Oh! scorn not the plough, which for ages has been
The staff of this Isle of the free;
And forages to come, when our tombstones are green
Our posterity's staff let it be!
Our cottons and silks we might give to the moth,
Nor be much the worse off, you'll allow;
For the loom, after all, can but furnish his cloth,
The man is sustained by the plough!

'Twas well with our sires, when their wives spun the
flax,
Which at church or at market they wore;
When the loom, still domestic, was clicking in place
On the flags of the cottage's floor,
Our manners have changed, but let worse come to worst,
We could live as they lived, even now,
For garb is but second, food ever is first,
And our food is produced by the plough.

When England waged war—as again she may do,
And conquered—as conquerors will,
Whence came the brave bands that on famed Waterloo
Kept their soil the free soil it is still?
All fresh from the country—not pale from the towns,
They march'd, as they still would, I trow,
The fine healthy men of the dales and the downs,
The broad-shouldered sons of the plough!

Miscellany.

WILLIAM CAREY.

This distinguished Christian Missionary was born in 1761, at the village of Paulersbury, near Northampton, where his father was the parish clerk. The humble circumstances of the father prevented him from bestowing a liberal education on his children; and the subject of the present brief sketch appears to have received a very limited education, except that he acquired the rudiments of the Latin tongue, at the grammar school, in his native village.

He appears to have been led by divine grace to see the importance of the salvation of his soul, and the love of a dying Saviour, in early life, and was baptized by Dr. Ryland, in the river Nen, at Northampton, in 1783. When about twenty-one years of age, he was invited to reside at Moulton, near Northampton, where he was settled over a small congregation of Baptists, and received, as a remuneration for his services, a salary of not more than £15 per annum. To eke out a scanty livelihood for himself, and his wife, and a rising family, he worked at his own trade as a shoemaker, and his sign-board, as follows, is now in the library of Stepney College:—

BOOTS AND SHOES.

MADE AND MENDED HERE BY
W. CAREY.

He made shoes, it is true, but could never make a pair of two of shoes alike. The late Dr. Ryland, when living at Northampton, is said to have ordered a pair of him, which, being too long, were returned, and the rustic artisan cut off the toes, and sewed them up again! While thus engaged, he was so intent on learning Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he forgot, it appears, to fit the shoes to the last, and used always to sit at his work with a book before him. The bench was his seat of literature, and the shoemaker's stall, where the voice of a tutor was never heard, the hall in which he acquired nearly all his learning. A friend who had frequent contracts with the government for supplying the army with shoes, as a matter of friendship, employed Mr. Carey in the manufacture of some of these articles, which did not require so much nicety as those which were intended for home consumption. Once in a fortnight or three weeks, Carey might be seen walking eight or ten miles, with a wallet full of shoes upon his shoulder, and then returning home the same day with a fresh supply of leather to fulfil his future engagements.

All this drudgery was not sufficient to provide for the wants of his family; he therefore undertook an evening school. He might have had thoughts about the Mission before, for he was often seen in deep musing; but he now bought an old copy of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, which is supposed to have directed his attention and sympathy to the "poor heathen."

In the course of a few years he was invited, through the recommendation of the late Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, father of the celebrated Robert Hall, of the Baptist Church meeting in Harvey Lane, Leicester. Being at this time, in reduced circumstances, several benevolent friends presented him with new clothing; and as his hair was lank and unseemly, he was likewise furnished with a wig to add to the respectability of his appearance.

man at Leicester; many were added to the church over which, in a short time, he was ordained.

A few years previously to his settlement at Leicester, his mind had been deeply impressed with the perishing condition of the heathen world; and after various meetings with his brethren on the subject, Providence opened the way for his undertaking a foreign mission, and in the company of Mr. John Thomas, he embarked for the East Indies in the year 1793. Carey would not accompany his husband; and it was not until they had been refused a passage in a British vessel, and had engaged to go out in a Danish East Indiaman, that she consented to go with him. Carey's first design was to go to the South Sea, but Providence directed him to his proper station.

The following extracts from the Minute Book of the Baptist Church in Harvey Lane, Leicester, have reference to his removal and settlement in India:—

"January, 1793.—Our pastor gave us notice that he should leave us in March, having engaged to go on a mission to Bengal, in the East Indies.

"March 24, 1793.—Mr. Carey, our minister, left Leicester to go on a mission to the East Indies; to take and propagate the gospel among those idolatrous and superstitious heathens. This is inserted to show his love to his poor miserable fellow-creatures; in this we concurred with him, though it is at the expense of losing one whom we love as our own souls.

"March 18, 1798.—By a letter from Mr. William Carey, (our former worthy pastor, and who we have resigned to the mission in Hindostan, in Asia,) we were informed, that a small Church was formed at Mudnabuty; and he wished a dismission from us to it, that he might become a member and also have an opportunity of becoming its pastor. We therefore, agreed not only to send his dismission, but to insert it at large in our Church book, to preserve to posterity the memory of an event so pleasing and important, the planting of a Gospel Church in Asia:—

"The Church of Christ meeting in Harvey Lane, Leicester, England, in Europe, to the Church of Christ of the same faith and order, meeting in Mudnabuty, Hindostan, in Asia, sendeth Christian salutation:—

"Dear Brethren,

"As our Brother William Carey, formerly our beloved pastor, requests a dismission from us to you as a member, we comply.

"We earnestly desire that he may be very useful among you, both as a member and as a minister. Though few in number, may you be as a handful of genuine Corn in Hindostan, which may fill all Asia with Evangelical fruit.

"The Lord has already done great things for you, whereof you have cause to be glad. We hope you will make it your great concern to prize and conform to the glorious gospel, and its holy institutions. That ye may be filled with spiritual light, and life, and joy, and abound in the practice of all the fruits of righteousness, is the ardent prayer of your affectionate brethren in Jesus Christ."

Like many other great and good men, he met with numerous obstacles; but was at length permanently fixed at Serampore, a small settlement under the protection of the King of Denmark, the East India Company having refused their sanction to the mission.

Here he pursued his favorite employment—the translation of the Scriptures into the languages of the East, in which sacred engagement he succeeded in an astonishing manner, having been engaged in the translation of the Scriptures into more than thirty different languages; some of which, the most difficult in the world, are spoken by hundreds of millions of human beings.

In 1801, Mr. Carey was appointed by the Marquis Wellesley, then Governor-General of India, Professor of Bengali and Sanscrit in the College of Fort William, Calcutta.

Like Fuller at home, Carey had but little time for recreation. His only relaxation from labour appears to have been in the cultivation of flowers and plants, of which he had a choice variety. Of the manner in which this industrious missionary employed his time and talents, the following extract from one of his own letters to a friend, apologizing for not writing, will show:—

"I rose this morning at a quarter before six, read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and spent the time till seven in private addresses to God. I then attended family prayer with the servants in Bengali. While tea was getting ready, I read a little Persian with a Moonshee, who was waiting when I left my bedroom; read also, before breakfast, a portion of the Scripture in Hindustani. The moment breakfast was over, sat down to the translation of the Rajayana from Sanscrit, with a pundit who was also waiting, and continued this translation till ten o'clock, at which hour I went to college, and attended the duties there till be-

tween one and two o'clock. When I returned home, I examined a proof sheet of the Bengali translation of Jeremiah, which took till dinner time. After dinner, translated, with the assistance of the chief pundit of the college, the greater part of the eighth chapter of Matthew into Sanscrit. This employed me till six o'clock. After six, sat down with a Telinga pundit, (who is translating from the Sanscrit into the language of his country,) to learn that language. At seven I began to collect a few previous thoughts into the form of a sermon, and preached in English at half-past seven. About forty persons present, and among them one of the puisne judges of the Sudder Dewany's dewanat. After sermon I got a subscription from him of five hundred, towards erecting our new place of worship: he is an exceedingly friendly man. Preaching was over, and the congregation gone by nine o'clock. I then sat down, and translated the eleventh chapter of Ezekiel into Bengali, and this lasted till near eleven; and now I sit down to write to you. After this, I conclude the evening by reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, commending myself to God. I have never more time in the day than this, though the exercises vary."

Thus, for more than forty years, did this faithful servant of Christ labour in his high vocation. He died in peace, though not without previous personal suffering, June 9th, 1834. His last will and testament is characteristic of the man. He first utterly disclaims all right or title to the Serampore Mission premises, or to the property of his wife, Grace Carey. He then bequeaths his museum, and certain learned works, to the college; and having provided for his wife and children with equal justice, desires that his lawful debts be first paid; that his funeral be as plain as possible; and that the following inscription, and nothing more, be placed on his tomb:—

WILLIAM CAREY,

Born August 17th, 1761; Died—

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

To Carey, his colleagues always referred the honour of originating the India Mission. Fuller said, "The origin of the Society will be found in the workings of Brother Carey's mind." Ryland said, "I believe God himself infused into the mind of Carey that solicitude for the salvation of the heathen." Look, then, young reader, at the career of this extraordinary man! See him as he sat on his seat in his little shop; or as he wended his way on foot, o'er hill and dale, to attend the meetings of his brethren, filled with strange thoughts of men in foreign lands, and restless till he could reach them, and put into their hands the word of God! See him again, after exertions almost unparalleled, reaping the rich reward of his labours—honoured of God and man. The Marquis Wellesley promoted him, and the Marquis of Hastings and his lady paid him a visit. What a scene! the once humble village shoemaker of Moulton rising from his seat, surrounded by learned pundits, to receive the Governor-General of India! But higher honours await him in "that day."

GATEWAY TO ETERNITY.

There is a solemn mystery which hurls like an impenetrable cloud around the dread entrance to eternity. We travel with our friends, neighbours and fellow-men, up to this mysterious spot and there the immortal spirit dislodged from its frail tenement of clay, is ushered in a moment through this iron gate-way—but we cannot follow them. Our intensest vision cannot penetrate one inch beyond this adamant wall, which conceals the spirit-land and its wonderful mysteries from our view. But our time will come to pass this iron gateway. We shall enter it alone. Each man for himself, in his own dread experience, must pass the solemn boundary. He knows not—he cannot know the hour till it arrives. And yet how unconcerned—how negligent, how careless of all preparation for this dread hour, are the multitudes which crowd and flutter for a day on life's brief stage. Angels have no death to undergo. There is no such affair of unnatural violence between them and their final destiny. It is for man, and for aught that it appears, it is for man alone to fetch from the other side of a material panorama that hems and encloses him the great and abiding realities with which he has everlastingly to do. It is for him, so locked fast in imprisoned clay and with no other loopholes of communication between himself and all that is around him, than the eye and the ear,—it is for him to light up in his bosom a lively and realizing sense of things which eye hath never seen, and ear hath never heard. It is for man and perhaps for man alone, to travel in thought, over the ruins of a mighty desolation; add beyond the wreck of that present world by which he is encompassed, to conceive that future world in which he is to expiate forever.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE FACED BOY.

"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale blue eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure, at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin. "I shall be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me, yesterday?" said the pale boy on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer. "I was busy, but I will to-day."

"God help my poor mother," murmured the boy as he gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentleman's coat at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and the mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, three meals!—and it won't take three minutes to run home and share it with you."

The morning came and the poor boy's voice trembled with eagerness, as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place.

"Not yet," said the man of leisure, but there is time enough yet."

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late," said Mr. Inklin. "Not a soul here to brush my coat."

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, but the place in Mr. C—'s store was taken up yesterday.

The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears.

"I don't care now," said he, sobbing, "We may as well starve. Mother is dead."

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar.

A PASTORAL REMINISCENCE, AND A LESSON—RELIGIOUS GAMBLING.

Not long ago, in a time of revival, a good man, the father of an interesting family, requested me to converse with his son, who had unfortunately become addicted to the vice of gambling. This young man was tenderly loved, and to his parents an object of anxious solicitude. I called upon the son, and was received in a kind and amiable spirit. Frankly my object was stated, and enforced by all the arguments familiar to my own mind. I urged the debasing influence of the vice; its tendency to lead to all forms of dishonesty; the wrong which was done to the loser, and the manifest injustice of thus receiving money which might be needed by the family of another. The young man heard me through in respectful silence, seeming to admit the justice of all that had been presented. I supposed I had secured my object, and was about to leave with the prayer that God would bless my advice to his reformation and conversion, when he requested me to be seated a moment, while he made a brief statement. "Three years ago," said he "the H— church held a fair and festival. These splendidly bound books you see on the table were set up at a lottery. After much persuasion on the part of a young female friend, a member of your church, I consented against my inclination, to purchase two tickets. The prize fell on me, and I was so elated with my good success, to gamble on a larger scale; and since then have lost and won hundreds of dollars. But for that lottery under the patronage of a Christian church, I never should have become a gambler. The reader may imagine my feelings as I found that the inconsistency of professing Christians had made an armor for this young man through which none of my arguments could penetrate. I turned away from him with sickness of heart, resolving never to encourage as pastor, the religious gambling which is carried on by some of our churches on occasions of fairs and festivals.

CHARITY.—Pisistratus, the Grecian general, walking through some of the fields, several persons implored his charity. "If you want beasts to plow your land," said he, "I will lend you some; if you want land, I will lend it; if you want seed to sow your land, I will give you some; but I will encourage none in idleness." By this conduct, in a short time, there was not a beggar in his dominions.

The good man feels no injustice so strongly, as that done to others; that committed against himself he sees not so clearly; the bad man feels only injury to himself.

* This distinguished nobleman died Sept. 26, 1842.