

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.

HEAVEN.

We speak of the realms of the blest
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there.

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care—
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there.

We speak of its service of love—
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there.

Do then Lord, amidst pleasure or woe—
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Miscellany.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF EARLY HOURS.

If every morning it rained gold, many would rise early to collect it. Yet he who is early at his work receives his gold at the right time.—By frequent digging, men at length discover the vein of precious metal. Labor rests on a golden ground. But what advantage do you reap from much wealth? It is given in this life, and taken away in the same. It comes from the earth and returns to it again. Here it is found, and here it is lost. But let us trace riches to their true source. They come from God, if I have God, I have wealth enough. His blessing maketh rich. If I have God, I have that which is better than gold. When wealth takes to its wings, and flies away, God remains. Gold is always a dumb idol. It can neither counsel nor comfort, when counsel and comfort is needed. God draws near me with counsel, when all is dark and confused around me; he speaks to me in comfort, when the water goeth even over my soul. Wealth lays on me a burden of care; God enables me to cast my care on him, seeing he careth for me. You may covet wealth, I will delight in God. To him under the old testament, the firstlings of their cattle, and of the first fruits of the ground. I present to him the first fruits of my days. God thinketh of me early, and his goodness is renewed every morning offer unto him the "claves of my lips," even thanksgivings unto his name. He hath protected me in the night-watches when I have laid me down and slept. He hath kept me in safety, as under the shadows of his wings, and no enemy has come nigh me, no misfortune has befallen me. Therefore I present unto him my morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. It is my daily earnest supplication that he would direct me by his spirit, that he would keep me from sin and evil, that he would bless by labor, and help be to bear my cross, should he send no temporal success, yet He still remains, and having him I possess all things. When I am hungry he supports, when oppressed, he comforts me; when sorrowful he gives me joy. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." Psa. lxxiii, 26. My happiness is in God, let yours be in him also.—*Maler.*

THE SHORTNESS OF ACTIVE LIFE.

The world, and the customs of the world, never cease to levy taxes upon our time—that is true, and so far the blame is not ours—but the particular degree in which we suffer by this robbery depends much upon the weakness with which we ourselves become parties to the wrong, or the energy with which we resist it. Resisting or not, however, we are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of time is brought home with keenness to our hearts. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep to find her magnificent robes of pearl necklace by some accident detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down into the water, and pearl after pearl slipping for ever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case. That particular pearl, which at the very moment is rolling off into the unsearchable deeps, carries its own separate reproach to the lady's heart. But it is more deeply reproachful as the representative of so many others, uncounted pearls, that have already been swallowed up irrecoverably whilst she was yet sleeping, and of many beside that must follow, before any remedy can be applied

to what we may call this jewelly latomage. A constant hemorrhage of the same kind is wasting our jewelly hours. A day has perished from our brief calendar of days—and that we could endure—but this day is no more than the repetition of many other days, days counted by thousands, that have perished to the same extent and by the same unhappy means, viz. the evil usages of the world made effectual and ratified by our own *lack*; Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor—"My friend, you make very free with your days. pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental, as regards the total harvest of days. when this life is likely to yield? Let us consider. Threescore and ten produce a total sum of 25,550 days, to say nothing of some seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a bonus on account of leap years. Now, out of this total, one third must be deducted at a blow for a single item, viz. sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect, also, that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life—viz. above 7,000 days—before you can have attained any skill or system, or any definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item which, amongst the Roman armies, was indicated by the technical phrase "*corpus curare*," tendance on the animal necessities—viz. eating, drinking, washing, bathing and exercise—deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety; and, upon summoning up all these appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture. Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred fortunes—this is, according to the tax-Hebrew method of indicating six weeks for the phrase of "forty days," you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor. A solid block of about eleven-and-a-half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After that, the night comes when no man can work—brain and arm will be alike unserviceable powers—will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THINK FOR ONE HOUR.

During a season of some religious interest in C—, there was a class of young persons who were in the careless and unconcerned about their souls salvation. At a prayer meeting which many of them attended, they were exhorted solemnly to consider their ways and be wise.—When about to leave the place of prayer, which was solemn as the house of death, those young persons were kindly asked to go home and think for one hour concerning their soul's salvation. One thoughtless and profane young man resolved there, that he would go home and consider for one hour. After reflecting for an hour, by himself alone, of God's mercy to him, and of his own lost condition without Christ, he began to pray for pardon. As you might expect, he did not stop thinking and praying when his hour closed; but he continued for two or three hours, even until midnight, to think and to pray earnestly for the forgiveness of God;—nor did he give any sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids, until he submitted his heart to God and found joy and peace in believing in Jesus.

On the next day this young man, who had been so careless and thoughtless, came to my study, to tell the joyful news of his conversion. At first I thought it was too good news to be true, for it seemed like a resurrection from the dead, but on conversing with him I found (as far as I could judge) that it was even so. He said to me—"I went home from the meeting last night, and thought, as you requested, for one hour, about seeking the salvation of my soul; and I did not rest till I gave my heart to the Saviour, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus." The news of his conversion soon spread like wildfire through the village and town, and some of his thoughtless associates were influenced by his example to seek and serve the Lord.

Then I was led to inquire, Why is it that so many of our youth live in impenitence in this Christian land? From the remarkable conversion of this ringleader in wickedness, I am forced to believe that it is because they do not consider. Our impenitent youth will not think for one hour of their depravity and ruined state, nor of what the Lord Jesus has done to save them from eternal misery. The sin of *inconsideration* is the great and crying sin of the youth of our land. In view of it, I cannot help exclaiming, "O that they were wise, that they

understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" O that they would think for one hour!—*Cor. of Puritan Recorder.*

WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR.

I conceive of no reason why he should, but ten reasons why he should not.

1 It is *mean*. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon scold a sheep as swear.

2 It is *vulgar*; altogether too low for a decent man.

3 It is *cowardly*; implying a fear of either of not being believed or obeyed.

4 It is *ungentlemanly*. A gentleman according to Webster, is a *gentle* man. Well bred, refined. Such an one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a loafer.

5 It is *indecorous*; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6 It is *foolish*. "Want of decency is want of sense."—*Pope.*

7 It is *absurd*—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utter it, and to the person to whom it is aimed.

8 It is *venomous*; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

9 It is *contemptible*; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10 It is *wicked*; violating the divine law provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

A HEAVY HEART.

Well, that is no strange thing in this world. The causes of this affliction are so numerous that it is a matter of surprise it is not more prevalent than it is. How many parents have heavy hearts! An intemperate son. A disobedient child.—A wilful and ruined daughter. Children living in impenitence.

How many wives have heavy hearts! An unkind husband. A drunken husband. A faithless husband. An impenitent husband. Some husbands have heavy hearts. A peevish and fretful wife. A slack and careless wife. A vain and extravagant wife. A—wife. Many Christians have heavy hearts. The Church is asleep. Some brethren are excessively worldly and covetous. Others are at variance.—Some sisters are foremost in fashionable dress, fashionable parties and amusements—or in relating the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood, and are vain and trifling in conversation and conduct.

Many Ministers have hearts. A consciousness of their own unfaithfulness and sinfulness. The prevalent stupidity of the Church. Church meetings thinly attended. Prayer meetings thinly attended, or wholly neglected.—A fault-finding spirit in the Church, and a restiveness under reproof. Impenitent sinners exceedingly hardened and perverse.

I cannot begin to number the various sources of heart-heaviness. Is there any remedy? Not in the pleasures of sense. They may supply; but they will not cure. Not in worldly possessions. They make the heart proud and selfish, but they then aggravate its maladies. Not in resolutions and promises to abandon sinful courses. These may delude, and serve a temporary purpose, but they soon pass away. There is, however, one unfailing remedy. Apply to the Physician who says, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He can cure all heart-diseases by the appellation of his blood. Will you apply to him?—*Rel. Recorder.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

DAMASCUS.

There is no city, with the exception of Jerusalem, so interesting as this. It is now an object of notice to the Christian world, on account of the Jewish persecutions. It is the oldest city upon earth, and stands a solitary, stately monument, in the midst of decay. Babylon and Thebes were its cotemporaries, but the former has passed away without leaving a trace of its magnificence, and the latter is represented only by its startling ruins. Still, Damascus remains, and now, with the exception of Constantinople, is the largest city in the East. Damascus is beautifully situated in an extensive and pleasant plain, a few miles to the east of Antilibanus, where the chain begins to turn off south-east, under the name of Carmel.

Here are "Abana and Parpar, rivers of Damascus," again calling up the thrilling story of the Syrian Leper and the Hebrew Prophet. Hither Saul, with his relentless persecutions, followed the early Christians, and near its walls, "the voice from Heaven" and the "light above the brightness of the sun," arrested his footsteps.

The identity of the spot has been preserved to

this day—the Christians of the city using it as a burial-place.

The traveller can still walk through the "street called straight," and his shown by the credulous monk, the very house occupied by Judas, where Paul passed his hours of blindness, and where, at the command of Ananias, the scales dropped from his eyes.

So rich is this country in fruits and flowers, that it has been called in all ages, "the garden of the world." It is related in Mahomed, that when, after crossing the desert, he saw this luxuriant valley, he exclaimed that he desired but one paradise, and therefore would not enter here, for fear of forfeiting his interest in the paradise he anticipated after death, but turned aside without a close inspection of this tempting scene.

Damascus has a peculiar importance in connection with the progress of christianity in these parts. It has already been visited by the agents of the Bible and Missionary Society. Being the great market where eastern and western merchandise is changed; the general rendezvous of Islam caravans from the north and east, in progress to Mecca; and rendered comparatively a safe residence by the efficiency of Mehomet Ali, it opens one of the most important and extensive fields of missionary labor.

Another Paul may yet preach Christ in Damascus, and the moral aspect of this delightful country may present as cheering an aspect as the rich displays of its natural scenery.—*Boston Recorder.*

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.—Richard Baxter had the true missionary spirit. How his soul yearned over the perishing heathen, appears from the following extract:—"There is nothing in the world that lieth so heavy upon my heart, as the thought of the miserable nations of the earth. It is the most astonishing part of all God's providence to me, that he so forsaketh almost all the world, and confineth his special favor to so few; that so small a part of the world hath the profession of Christianity, in comparison of heathens, Mahometans, and other infidels; that among the professed Christians there are so few that are saved from gross delusions, and have any competent knowledge; and that among those, there are so few that are seriously religious, and who truly set their hearts on heaven. I cannot be affected so much with the calamities of my own relations, or the land of my nativity, as with the case of the heathen, Mahometan, and ignorant nations of the earth. No part of my prayers are so deeply serious as that for the conversion of the infidel and ingodly world, that God's name on earth as it is in heaven. Nor was I ever before so sensible what a plague the deviation of language is, which hindereth our speaking to them for their conversion. Nor what a great sin tyranny is, which keepeth out the gospel from most nations of the world. Could we but go among Tartars, Turks, and heathens, and speak their language, I should be but little troubled for the silencing of eighteen hundred ministers in England, nor for all the rest that were cast out here, and in Scotland and Ireland, there being no employment in the world so desirable in my eyes as to labor for the winning of such miserable souls, which maketh me honor Mr. John Elliot, the apostle of the Indians in New-England, and whoever else have labored in such work."

TRUE GREATNESS.

Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise with poultry in one hand vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man from the North, who had removed to Richmond, was complaining violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey.

Marshall stepped up, and asking him where he lived, said, on being told, "That is on my way, and I will take it for you." When he came to the house, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?" "Oh, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "you are welcome, it was on my way and not of any trouble."

"Who was that polite old man that brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the young man of a by-stander. "That is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." "Why did he bring home my turkey?" "To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

True greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful, but especially, the truly great man will never feel above helping himself. His own independence of character depends on his being able to help himself. Dr. Franklin, when he first established himself in business in Philadelphia, wheeled home the paper which he purchased for the printing office, upon a wheelbarrow, with his own hands.