

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

DEATH AT SEA.

BY MRS. ARDY.

Slowly we gazed on the deck—what letter tears we shed,
As we sorrowed for the mate who was numbered with the dead;
We could not like the landsman—his cheeked grave-stone we saw—
No vestige marked his resting-place beneath the heavy dew.

When "mourning" was about the streets," when funerals
banes were wailed.

When dewy dews are scattered on the green and quiet grave,
The mind may cling to outward signs—there may not
cannot lie.

The sense of total vacancy attending Death at Sea.

No change of and nature: no "there cheer the languid view,
No face supplies the well-known one deprived from our crew;
We miss him at the night-watch, at the time of social mirth,
And sigh, when on the fore-castle we pass his vacant berth.

Yet, From these hours of dreariness may lasting good arise;
We are drawn to one another by more kind and friendly ties.

Often we speak on holy themes, light parting is suppressed—
Death still among us seems to stand, a day and awful guest.

And when the cry of "land" is heard, when grief and gloom are o'er,
And friends and kindred gladly though to greet us on the shore,
Let not the sailor's heart forget, 'mid scenes of fatal gloom
The time of deep and solemn thought—the time of Death at Sea.

Miscellany.

From the *Circular of Leo and an Journal*—
OLD ENGLISH PROVERBS.

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."
"He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea,
let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."
The meaning of this proverb is but seldom perceived, though it is not applied less so often. It might be, and covers both nature and man's reproof. So long as the world contains their less boys who have the means and are of spiritless industry, rather than the strictness of persevering industry, and honest labor—so long as the Church fails to mourn over apostates whose first symptoms of apostasy are a protestation to be tested about my every word of doctrine, this proverb will not lose its force, but may be applied so as to bring conviction, and a direct lead to inquiry and reform.

The burial service declares that "man never continueth in one stay." So true is this that we need not wait for the silence of the grave to proclaim it: he scarcely ever passes but it may be reiterated with a significant that cannot fail to be a warning. See that young man—a year or two ago he commenced business—True; he had but little capital, yet character and friends gave him a credit of which he was justly proud. He opened a store. For the first few months he found full employment in executing the orders that would not upon him; but there came, as he might have expected, a season of less activity; his friends not having expanded their supplies, made smaller purchases, and he, instead of being patiently and generously plodding on, began to think that his place of business was not as advantageously situated as it might have been. His hours of what he regards a more eligible site, and enter upon it at must. True, his means are not adequate, but he flatters himself that the increase of his profits will soon enable him to rise superior to temporary embarrassment; he runs the risk—his embarrassments increase instead of diminishing—his profits his honor—his friends forsake him, and, to complete his disgrace, he is declared bankrupt. Allow us to trace his history a little further. He is not irretrievably ruined; he had not thus fallen and risen to misery and worth again. One, who has stood by him through all his misfortune, suggests that he should seek a "subordinate post" for the establishment of some more successful firm; and at last; he prefers a dangerous independence, and thinks he secures it when he accepts some

paltry travelling agency for mechanics or looks out for some trade, but his mistake and this of that. Perhaps he has saved a trifle from the general wreck, and he embarks as partner in a sort of daguerotype business village, and here we leave him wandering I can only to village, forming habits of dissipation that will unavailingly for life, and expose him to eternal ruin—What a pity that he would not point by the road who endeavor to dissuade him from his first change by whispering, "a rolling stone gathers no moss!"

How many are there who, though they may be in remarkable circumstances, gaining a respectable livelihood, and even in some cases laying by, year by year a little gain for support in sickness and age who lose their all, and have to drag through years of penury and toil, by suffering themselves to be allured from the comfortable little work that from ten years' industry they had collected home, by some tide of change, some emigration scheme, which, like a prevailing epidemic, distorts the entire neighborhood, and then makes victims of those who thought the most secure. The Spaniards are not the only nation who reel in bad luck, and who brave fortune and danger to gain imaginary Eldorado. A large portion of the human family, like an unwieldy army, are on a march. Countenance has driven them from the exhausted and worn southern lands of the east, to the extensive and untried grain-bearing soil of the west. The current that has thus set in, seems almost irresistible, and if the world, or rather, we are to leave a productive farm or abandon a flourishing business, and throw himself and his into the very centre of the current, without any wise design, or even a definite aim, we wish to remind him, that an acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in India, and that a "rolling stone gathers no moss."

This homely adage may be employed to reprove Reubenitic Christians. Influenced in all their acts by an Athenian curiosity, and not by enlightened principles, they justly merit the personal application of Dryden's satire, "Every thing by turns and nothing long." We can scarcely enter a neighborhood which does not contain many who have sunk every part in those discords which schismatics and ultramontane have ever delighted to inflict upon the Church of Christ. To such it matters not how wild or unorthodox the strain may be. If it only new, it must be orthodox, and judging from their reverence, you would suppose that heaven depended upon the zeal with which they spread it abroad. These Gospel empirics, not content with making innocents of themselves by their extraneous, never their ever-changing, buttle cry to such grotesque, startling, and random strains, that the wavering and but partially instructed soul is often bewildered and turned aside thereby—Christian, remember that it is the "rolling stone"—the stone has no hold—but floods or even winds can move, that is here to day and gone where else to-morrow—that "gathers no moss"—that never receives the least addition, and which if it does not suffer positive loss, for ever remains bare and beautiful. The Church is made up of stones, and its stability and glory depend upon their being "living stones." Yet they are cemented to a foundation—a foundation elect precious and sound. No rolling stone can rest upon this foundation; every movement that is made without the consent of the wise Master Builder, or without his positive command is virtually an abandonment of the oceans of grace—a separation from Christ—movement toward hell. Christian, before thou shalt dare to leave thy present fold for an ill-earned one, it may be, a dangerous one, ponder well those words of James which we have perused to these hasty thoughts, and let them reach you low, in a spiritual sense, "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

YOUNG REYNARD.

Plymouth Hollow, Conn.

ROYAL REPROOF.

George III. ordered Mr S—, a tradesman of some eminence in London, to wait upon him at Windsor Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning of a day appointed. Mr S— was half an hour behind the time, and, upon being announced, his Majesty said, "Desire him to come at eight o'clock to-morrow morning." Mr S— appeared the next day again after the time, and received the same command. The third day he contrived to be punctual. Upon his entrance, the king said, "Oh! the great Mr S—! What sleep do you take, Mr S—?" "Why, please your Majesty, I am a man of regular habits; I usually take eight hours." "Too much, too much," said the king; "six hours sleep is enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool—right for a fool, Mr S—."

THREE GOLDEN RULES.

1. Be careful for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God. 2. Be careful in all things, being obedient to the Lord. 3. Be careful in all things, being obedient to the Lord. 3. Be careful for nothing.

1. Be careful for nothing. In this counsel it is not implied that believers are to be careless about everything and utterly indifferent, but only that they should not be over-troubled, even anxious and troubled about the "anxious things" that befall them. Whatever be their trials and difficulties, whatever their hardships and losses, they are to be calm and composed, and even sweetly pleased that, come what may, all must come well to them. Now why are they to be thus peaceful and calm—careful for nothing? There is one infinitely sufficient reason for this, and that is, their God and Father careth for them—My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

Others who, anxious though not about spiritual things. "He who spendeth not his own soul, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Mark the words, "He spared not his Son" (though he spared the son), but gave him up to death to suffer and to die: And for whom? Just among others, for those leaving, doubting believers. And when was this done? Not before they were reconciled and changed, but after—even when they were enemies. Oh! if believers would but think of this, they might well blush and be ashamed of their unworthy fears, and banishing all unbelief away, learn to be careful for nothing."

2. Be careful for everything. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—absolute essential to his very spiritual being. This is generally admitted, but it is not generally realized, even by Christians, that it is their duty and privilege to carry everything to a throne of grace. While many admit the propriety of mentioning great and important things to God, they object to the carrying of little things—such as little cares, little crosses, little difficulties, little temptations, and little burdens—to a throne of grace. But, blessed be God, he himself says, "Casting all your care on him, for he careth for you." Yes, all your cares—great cares and small cares, temporal cares and spiritual cares—cares for time and eternity—cast them all on him. In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, we are to make our requests known unto God.

3. Be thankful for everything. We deserve nothing at God's hands, and should, therefore, be thankful for anything; yes, even for the very smallest mercies for the least un-merited. We cannot claim as much as a cup of cold water, or a breath of fresh air, as in any way due to us. The very commonest blessing of Providence are the fruits of Divine mercy, and not the purchase of human merit. We should "thank him, too, even in the greatest depths;" for whatever be the depths into which we may have descended, we might have been in greater depths still—greater depths of sin, of sorrow, of afflictions. We might have been in the very depths of hell; and, therefore anything short of this demands our gratitude. Nay, not only should we be thankful in, but even for, these very depths. Often have believers there experienced the sweetest tokens of God's love. Their most fervent prayers have generally come from the depths; and it is by the depths of adversity they are graciously prepared for the heights of prosperity and glory that yet await them.

To be holy, happy, and useful, believers must be careful for nothing, grateful for everything, and thankful for anything.—Rev. R. Macdonald.

JOSEPH THE SECOND.

It is well known that Joseph II. disliked parade and ostentation, and indulged his taste for simple and private habits. One day, when riding out in a small calèche, which he drove himself, and attended only by one servant, he was overtaken by heavy rain, and returned to Warsaw. He was yet at some distance, when a person on foot, who was also going that direction, hearing the noise, turned and made a sign to the driver to stop. Joseph stopped his horse. "Sir," said the traveller, who was a sergeant, "if it be not too great a liberty, I should be glad of a lift; you have room enough, and I should save my uniform, which I put on new this morning." "Let us save the uniform, my bravo follow," said Joseph, "please yourself here. Where do you come from just now?" "Ah, ah, where do I come from? I come from the house of a gamekeeper, one of my friends, who has given me a famous black Mast." "What had you then?" "Guess!"

"Nay, how can I guess—deed? soup?" "Well done, yes, soup, and better than that." "Some chicken?" "The sergeant chuckled, and replied, "Better than that."—"A broast of real, then?"—"No, better than that."—"Well, then," said the fastidious sovereign, "I can guess no longer, I must give it up."—"Why, then, a pheasant, my worthy; a pheasant killed on the preserve of his Majesty. What do you think of that, ay?" cried the sergeant, slapping his unknown companion warmly upon the shoulder. "Ah! indeed?" replied he, "killed on the Emperor's preserve! it must have been all the better for that. I'll answer for it." As they approached the city, and the rain continued to fall, Joseph asked him where he wished to be set down. The sergeant made his excuses. "No, no," said Joseph; "your street;" and at length the sergeant informed his Majesty where he lodged, and begged to know to whom he was indebted for so many civilities. "It is now your turn," said Joseph; "Quest—" "A military unit, I believe, say, a lieutenant?" "Better than that," said the monarch. "A captain, then?" "Better than that." He began to open his eyes. "Perhaps a Major still?" "What?" said the poor sergeant, shrinking into a corner of the calèche, "can you be Field Marshal?" He signified a grave voice, and said, "something better still." Ah! it is the Emperor!" "Himself!" said Joseph, unbuttoning his plain coat, and showing his decorations. There was no room for kneeling in the calèche, and the poor fellow, in an agony, intended the emperor to let him alight. "No, no, no, no," said Joseph, "after having set my pheasant you will be too lucky if you got rid of me so easily; I shall certainly see you to your quarters;" and thus continuing to tease himself, he drove him to them, after promising him to forgive him, or having made a poaching meal at his expense.

THE SCRIPTURES.

The inspired Scriptures derived their singular unity not only from all the doctrines forming upon a true and ever-during system of truth, but from all the rays of heavenly light covering upon one glorious and Divine Person, who is the sun and the center of the whole dispensation. "To Him give all the prophets witness;" Whatever may be their theme in the first instance, it terminates and rests at last upon the advent of the promised Deliverer. Whether they sing of judgment or of mercy, they are carried forward to the great King, who shall break in pieces his enemies with a rod of iron, but who shall rule over his subjects with the sceptre of righteousness and peace. To Him give all the apostles witness. Their lives were spent in proclaiming His salvation; "their blood shed in confirmation of his faithfulness and truth." To Him give all his disciples witness in all ages to the world. To Him the true Church gives witness, acknowledging his omnipotence, to foreshow the trials that were to befall believers, and his almightiness to rescue them from all dangers, confessing that he is the First and the Last, that in his hand are the keys of life and death.—Douglas.

THE MEANNESS OF PRIDE.

Sir Lambeth Blackwell and the Duke of St. Albans arose which could outshine the other in parade and splendour. On one occasion, the Duke being engaged to give with the Knight, and his dress in a most superb brocade of Lyons manufacture. Shortly afterwards, the Knight returned the visit, and the Duke had taken care to provide a suit of clothes of the same costly materials for the servant who waited behind his chair. On this subject, there is a good anecdote reported of Diogenes. Being over at Olympia, he perceived at that celebrated festival, some young men of Rhodes arrayed most magnificently. Smiling he exclaimed, "This is pride!" Afterwards meeting with some Lacedaemonians in new and splendid dress, he said "And this also is pride!" Diogenes, nevertheless, went not without his fable on the same vanity. Visiting Plato at his villa, and perceiving that the floors were beautifully sprinkled with carpets of the richest wool and finest dye, stamping his foot with sardonic scorn, he exclaimed, "Thus do I tread on the pride of Plato!"—With greater pride mildly replied the discerning Plato.

Pain brings the rich man down to feel the brotherly compassion for the poor man in the same misfortune, raises the poor man to the level with the most trifling but well-timed acts of kindness.