

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.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND AND ITS SLAVERY GRIM.

There is a land of immortal—
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands:
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And Death the sentry grim;
The Lord therefore has given
The opening keys to him;
And ransom'd spirits sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Pass through the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage,
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

The sighs are lost in singing;
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seeming,
"We welcome thee!" they cry;
Their face with glory gleaming,
'Tis life for them to die.

Miscellany.

THE HAND OF GOD IN RECENT EVENTS.

BY THE REV. P. J. WRIGHT.

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Ponder the dealings of God with guilty nations. On looking over the records of human history, we find that, from the earliest ages, God has entered into judgment with nations given to iniquity. When the cup of Egypt's transgressions was full, Jehovah visited the land with desolating plagues, cut off the first-born in every house, and drowned the tyrant monarch with his war-host in the depths of the sea. When the Canaanites had filled up the measure of their iniquities, the Almighty destroyed them with stones from heaven, and with the sword of the victorious Israelites. When the Jews had sinned away their day of grace, Jehovah brought the Roman armies against them, to pour out their blood like water to burn their beautiful temple with fire, and to scatter them among all nations. When Babylon was full of idolatry and wickedness, the Most High delivered it into the hands of the Persians, changed its glory into dunce, crumbled its magnificent buildings into ruins, and made it a heap of desolation. When EJoim reached the point where forbearance changes into retribution, God made it utterly desolate, stretched over it the line of confusion, covered it with the stones of emptiness, and left its city of rock without inhabitants. When the Roman empire had filled the earth with violence and blood, the Almighty smote it with a rod of iron broke it in pieces like a potter's vessel, and scattered it like chaff before the whirlwind. When Spain, thirsting for gold, had committed horrible atrocities in South America, Jehovah reduced it to poverty, and made it base among the kingdoms of the earth. When France had become fiercely atheistic, God made it groan beneath a reign of terror, and strewed the plains of Russia with the bones of its armed hosts. It is obvious, therefore, that the calamities which have recently come upon various nations bring forward until now the judgments inflicted by Jehovah on sinful kingdoms, from the beginning.

Ponder the suddenness of the calamities. Human sagacity has seldom been able to point out the nearness of any of the great changes which have taken place among mankind. Who among the Jewish zealots and Gentile philosophers anticipated the sudden rise and rapid progress of Christianity? Who among the statesmen and priests of the time of Luther foresaw the outburst of that wonderful event—the reformation? Who expected the swift ascent to power and the astonishing achievements of that scourge of Europe—Napoleon Bonapart? Who imagined that the heary monarch Louis Philippe, while he war securing thrones for his children, and when he had girdled Paris with fortifications, would lose his crown, and become an exile in great Britain? Who prognosticat-

ed the successive revolutions which have occurred on the Continent? Who supposed that republican Rome would be put down, and the most hateful despotism that ever cursed the human race be restored, by republican France? We sometimes say, "Coming events cast their shadows before them," but who saw the shadows of recent events? No one. They came most unexpectedly. They came as suddenly as the rush of the avalanche from snow-crowded heights at the hour of midnight, on the sleeping villages, smothering all its inhabitants. They came as suddenly as the shock of the earthquake beneath the noble city glittering in the sunlight, making it a scene of ruin, wailing, and death. It is evident that these events have been produced by the unseen and upheaving hand of the Almighty.

Ponder the suitableness of the calamities. Jehovah is a just God. Hence the enquiry, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" He will do right. He suits the chastisement to the nature and enormity of the sins committed by the offending nations. France had delighted in war, and had recklessly shed the blood of the saints; and she had blood to drink, for she is worthy. Austria had been a military empire, had studied the art of war and employed the sword on a large scale, and the edge of the sword has come upon her with keen and destructive force. Rome had prohibited the Bible, thrust hard at Protestantism, and nourished the serpents of infidelity; and lo, the brood of vipers within and about her have been made to give her deadly wounds, and to destroy one another. England had been proud of her trade, and lifted up with self-sufficiency; and she has been visited with commercial embarrassment, partial death, and pestilence; while in India where she had long used the sword, she has had to suffer from the sword. True and righteous are the judgments of the Lord our God.

The reasons of the infliction of these retributive evils claim our attention. Jehovah does not act in an arbitrary manner. Concerning his dealings the inquiry may be put, "Is there not a cause?" Unquestionably there is. One reason is, infidelity. Many think lightly of infidelity; we think fearfully of it. Infidelity is not a harmless speculation, it is a damning sin. When we contemplate the overwhelming and constantly increasing evidences of the truth of Christianity, the conviction is forced upon us, that infidelity does not result from incompleteness of proof, but from an evil heart of unbelief. "This is the condemnation, that light has come into the world and men love darkness rather than light, lest their deeds should be reproved." That infidelity has greatly increased of late years in Europe is undeniable. In England, the foul sediment deposited by Socialism in the minds of the masses has made itself manifest, in prejudice against the ministers of Jesus Christ, cavils at the Bible, derision of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and neglect of the ordinances of religion. The undisguised atheism of France has been notorious. The scepticism of Rome and Italy, though not so well-known, has not been less real. The so-called rationalism of Germany is infidelity, and it prevails to an alarming extent. Perhaps it is little suspected by the churches of Christ in England, that such stanzas as the following are sung with applause in the convivial meetings of Germany.

— Curse on the Godhead, the blind and the deaf,
To which heretofore we have pledged our faith;
On whom we have hoped, and have waited in vain;
He hath trick'd us, and mocked us, and laugh'd at our pain."

TO BE CONTINUED

ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

All who have had experience of life on the ocean know the value of an anchor. It is indispensable to the safety of life and property amid the perils of the deep. No wise or prudent mariner would venture to loosen his vessel from her moorings without a well appointed anchor, ready for use in any emergency. The skies may be bright and sunny to-day, and favoring breezes waft the vessel rapidly onward in her course. But in one short hour the slumbering winds may rise, and sweep with the fury of the tempest along the great pathway of nations. Suddenly and unexpectedly the seaman may find his ship driving towards the rock-bound coast of a lee shore. Then it is that nothing but the sturdy anchor can arrest her progress and save her from the wreck and ruin of all her treasures.

Within a few short months the elements have made fearful exhibitions of their power. The value and importance of anchors in such times of peril have been signally enforced and impressed on the public mind. Now if the body and

the treasures of earth thus need protection in times of peril, not the less, but infinitely more, does the soul and the treasures which belong to it need all the safeguards which Heaven has provided. And it would almost seem as if Providence designed especially to teach a most impressive lesson to all the living promptly and without delay to provide each an anchor for his soul against the time of need. The skies of life may be bright and sunny to-day, and no cloud or tempest appear in the distance, but the times of trial and peril will come, the skies will be overcast, tempests will rise and rage in their fury, and the frail bark of every poor sinner who has no anchor for his soul will be fearfully tossed, and be in the greatest danger of eternal wreck and ruin.

Not so with the Christian. His hope of heaven is the anchor to his soul, sure and steadfast. He is safe amid the perils and storms of life.— When a vessel is at anchor, the sea may be very boisterous, the wind may blow, the tempest howl, and the waves beat fiercely; but if the ship be seaworthy, and the cable strong, and the anchor struck deep in tenacious soil beneath, though she may be buffeted and tossed by the winds and waves, yet she will ride out the storm in safety. So it is with the Christian. While in this world he encounters dangers, conflicts, and trials. He is "tossed with tempests," as the apostle describes it, on the uncertain, changeful ocean of life. But amidst all his troubles and tribulations a good hope of heaven, which is an anchor to his soul, holds him in safety and in peace. His bark is still on the ocean. He is not in the harbor. He has not reached the eternal shore. He has not entered into rest, but his hope takes hold of that which is within the veil, and when the last trial shall come, his hope will be like an anchor, sure and steadfast.

Uncle Ben's New Year's Gift;

WHAT A NEWSPAPER CAN DO.

"I think," said old Benjamin Hicks, a comfortable farmer, residing some fifty miles from Cincinnati, "that I'll take a little trip over to S—, and see how Peter is coming on."

"I wish you would," replied the farmer's wife, a fine, hearty-looking old woman, with a pleasant, intelligent countenance. "I wish you would, Benjamin. There's not much to do at home, and you can go away for a week, as well as not. It will be a good opportunity to see the family, and judge of things a little from your own observation. Hannah makes a dreadful sour mouth whenever she writes."

"I know she does, and that's the reason why I thought of going over. There's something wrong, depend on't. Something wrong. Than Peter, there isn't a harder working or more industrious man any where, I'll give him credit for that. He ought to get along comfortably and lay up money. No one in the state has a finer piece of farm land; nor one that, properly treated, ought to turn out more to the acre."

"And I can speak for Hannah," said the old lady. "I raised her, and I know that she has 'at a lazy bone in her body."

"It isn't want of industry on either side," remarked Benjamin Hicks. "The defect lies somewhere in a want of management; or in the profitable disposition of what they make— Handwork is all very well, but it is often like rowing with one oar; there must be a head work to make the boat shoot lightly forward.— Yes—yes, I must see them."

It was towards the latter part of December, a few days before Christmas, that the brief conversation, here given, took place between Benjamin Hicks and his wife. On Christmas day, the old gentleman, true to his purpose, arrived by the stage in S—. Soon afterwards he entered the farm house of Peter Miller, which, neither within nor without, presented an air of thrift or comfort.

A hearty welcome did Uncle Ben receive from Peter and Hannah; and also from their children. Of the latter, there were four living—three had died? The oldest of these was Ellen, a girl in her sixteenth year, Henry, just fourteen, came next. Between him and Hannah, a bright restless, noisy creature, seven years old, there had been a brother and sister; but, two small hillocks in the graveyard near by, marked the spot where the dust was mingling with its kindred dust. A baby, nearly two years old, completed the household treasures of Peter and Hannah Miller.

For a few hours after the old gentleman's arrival, the pleasure felt at his coming beamed from every countenance. Peter was talkative and cheerful, and Hannah's face was lit up with a constant succession of smiles. After supper, however, when all the children but

Ellen were in bed—she sat up to help her mother with the sewing of the family—and he quiet of the evening made the thoughts sober, Peter grew silent, and Hannah, as she sat at her work, now and then sighed involuntarily.

"How are you getting on now, Peter?" asked Mr Hicks, breaking in upon a silence of several minutes.

"Not so well as I could wish, 'Uncle Ben," replied Peter. He tried to affect a cheerful air, but the real despondency that was in his heart could not be disguised.

"I'm sorry to hear you say that," returned the old gentleman. "You were always honest and industrious, and in the country, industry should rise by its own inherent buoyancy."

"Peter works hard enough, dear knows!" spoke up Hannah. "We ought to get along. If he goes on as he has been going for the last few years, he will break himself down."

"That's bad," said Uncle Ben, "very bad work, even hard work is better for the health than idleness. Rust destroys more than friction.— But over work is not good."

"That I already begin to feel," said Peter. "I give out much quicker than I did some years ago."

"Bad, bad!" returned Uncle Ben, shaking his head. "You're just in the prime of life, Peter. At your age I could go through any work without fatigue, than at any time before."

"And what is worst of all," sighed Peter, "I don't seem to get in the least beforehand. In fact, for the last three or four years, I have found it impossible to make both ends meet."

"Yes, that is worst of all, Peter. I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Last winter," resumed Peter, "I lost twenty sheep, and two of the finest cows in the neighborhood."

"We've been very unlucky, Uncle Ben," said Hannah, pausing in her work, and looking with moistened eyes in the old gentleman's face. "Very unlucky; and we're downright discouraged. I don't know what is going to come of us. Peter had to mortgage the farm this year."

"Mortgage! mortgage!" The old man shook his head and looked serious.

"There was no help for it, uncle," said Peter.

"It was mortgage or be sued."

"How came you to get in debt?"

"Well, I bought from a neighbor a waggon and a pair of horses for a hundred and sixty dollars, promising to pay for the after harvest. But crops were short, and my bills at the store a great deal higher than I expected. In fact, there had been no settlement for a year, and it took my five hundred bushels of wheat and three hundred bushels of corn to make all square."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the old man.— "And so nothing remained to live on until next harvest?"

"Nothing."

Uncle Ben shook his head, compressed his lips and was silent for some moments.

"What did you get for your wheat?" he at length asked.

"Fifty-eight cents," replied Peter.

"Sixty-eight!"

"No, fifty-eight."

"You didn't sell your crop for that surely?"

"Yes. It was all Gray and Elder would allow me for it."

"Fifty-eight cents! Well, that beats all! And did you sell your whole five hundred bush-

els at that price?"

"Yes."

"While I received sixty-eight cents for all mine!"

"You did?"

"Certainly I did. So you lost just fifty dollars on your wheat crop by not getting the market price!"

"Fifty dollars! How many comforts fifty dollars would buy!" said Hannah, letting her work fall in her lap with a gesture of despondency.

"And what price did you get for your corn?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Twenty-five cents," replied Peter.

"From Gray & Elder?"

"Yes."

"Mine brought thirty-two. Just seven cents a bushel difference. How many bushels had you?"

"I sold three hundred bushels."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FIT MONUMENT TO BUNYAN.—A large and elegant church has been erected on the site of the "barn of John Ruffhead," which was the theatre of Bunyan's ministrations after his liberation from the Bedford jail.