

Youth's Department.

ANSWERS TO
SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

For four weeks in advance.

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|---|--|
| 71. 2 Kings xvi. 1, 2. | 87. 2 Chron. xiv. 9—15. |
| 72. 2 Kings xvi. 2, 3. | 88. 2 Chron. xv. 8, 9. |
| 73. 2 Kings xx. 8—11. | 89. 2 Chron. xv. 12—15. |
| 74. Isaiah i. 1. Hosea i. 1.
Micah i. 1. | 90. 2 Chron. xv. 16. |
| 75. Acts v. 1—5. | 91. 2 Chron. xvi. 7—9. |
| 76. Acts ix. 10—18. | 92. 2 Chron. xvi. 10. |
| 77. Acts xxiii. 2. | 93. 2 Chron. xvi. 12. |
| 78. John i. 40, 42, 44. | 94. This is said, no doubt, of his
conduct with regard to idola-
try. His heart was in this
respect perfect all his days:
in this he did that which was
right in the eyes of the Lord |
| 79. John i. 41, 42. | 95. 1 Samuel xxii. 20—23. |
| 80. Mark i. 29—31. | 96. Deuteronomy xvi. 1. |
| 81. Acts xviii. 2, 3. | 97. 1 Samuel xxv. 3, 42. |
| 82. Acts xviii. 1, 2. | 98. Exodus vi. 23. Levit. x. 1, 2. |
| 83. Acts xviii. 26, 27. | |
| 84. Romans xvi. 3. | |
| 85. 2 Chronicles xiv. 1. | |
| 86. 2 Chron. xiv. 2—5. | |

CHURCH CALENDAR.

SEP. 10.—16th Sunday after Trinity.
17.—17th do. do.
21.—St. Matthew's Day.
24.—18th Sunday after Trinity.
29.—St. Michael's Day.

To the Editor of the Church.

July 9th, 1837.

REV. SIR:—In my occasional visits to one of those blessed institutions erected by the liberality of the rich for the benefit of the poor, I was privileged to meet with rather an interesting case,—an imperfect account of which I submit to you for the benefit of your readers, if you deem it fit for the columns of your paper. It was the case of a young man,—a native of England. His parents had belonged to the more respectable class of tradesmen. They had not neglected their duty, for they had brought him up to a trade, and bestowed upon him a religious education. But, like too many of his fellow immigrants, he seemed to have forgotten that there is the same God to be served in America,—as demanded his worship in England. The house of Prayer had been seldom entered;—the Holy Scriptures more seldom perused:—the company of the servants of God had been exchanged for that of the servants of Satan. The exchange had not been without its consequences. Evil communications had corrupted good manners. The tongue that had been taught to lisp the praises of God, had been not unfrequently employed in blaspheming his Holy name. From an active, robust young man he had become a mere shadow of his former self. Disease, induced by his evil ways, had brought him to the hospital. It he had entered, in profession an Unitarian, but in reality a Deist.

It, however, was so ordered by the good providence of God, that the hospital, at that time, was blessed with the visits of a "devout Cornelius." H. L. was not overlooked. He, who cared for the souls of the poor patients; sat by his bed-side, and spoke to him the words of kindness and of Christian love; he read to him from the divine oracles; and told him of that blessed Jesus, who "died the just for the unjust that he might bring them unto God." But no attentive ear was lent. All was sullenness and dislike. The rules of the institution alone restrained him from rudeness: else his kind instructor would have been plainly told that his services were not desired. So inimical was H. L. to God, that, when his kind friend was reading or speaking to the other patients in the ward, he invariably covered his head over with the bed clothes and even closed his ears with his fingers; and as soon as his formentor had shut to the door of the ward, he vented his enmity in language that made the blood of hardened sinners run cold. So far did Satan drive him, that he begged the matron of the Hospital to ask the Captain to pass him by. Thus was he anxious to "reject the counsel of God against his own soul." But that christian woman knew her duty and his soul's worth too well, to grant him his petition.—He continued, therefore, to be regularly visited.—By degrees his heart became less obdurate. The disinterested kindness of his instructor appeared to gain some hold on his affections. His message was consequently better received. He continued instant in his labour of love. Satan's thralldom became each visit less powerful, till at last, through divine grace, the bond was broken, and H. L. became the Lord's freed man. And now when he thought of Christ, and his astonishing condescension, and recurred to his own blasphemies, he would cry for very anguish of spirit. It smote him to the heart to reflect upon his requital of the Saviour's infinite love. "Oh! is this the Saviour whom I have so shamefully treated? Is this the blessed Jesus whose name I have so often blasphemed?" Unable from weakness to read himself, he was particularly anxious that others should read to him. The devoted Matron of the Hospital; whose services are recorded in the book of God's remembrance, frequently selected to read to him such works as she thought suited to his case. But invariably he asked her to read to him from the Bible, remarking: "Your books are doubtless good; but, as I have only a short time to live, I am anxious to hear as much as possible of God's own word." *Much had been forgiven, and he loved much. Whenever the reader mentioned the name of Jesus, he would stop him, and for a time appear lost in adoration.*

His brother called to see him some time before his dissolution and tried to bring him back to his former views! With almost supernatural energy he rebuked him and plainly told him, that he, his own brother, had been the cause of his miserable career.—"You found me," said he, "happy in the service of my God, strong in body, and sound in mind." You poisoned me with "your principles. I became a companion of fools." I have reaped the reward of my sinfulness. I am going to an early grave. But I go trusting in the redeeming blood of Jesus. "That blessed Being, whom I so cruelly denied, will bear me up. Even on this bed of sickness I find more comfort, more happiness, than I ever knew in the days of health and prosper-

ity. And will you rob me of this? No! rather go yourself, and seek, through the merits of Christ, pardon for your past sins, and find in believing, a peace you have never known; and may God grant you his grace." This was too much for the sceptical brother. His weapons fell powerless from his hands, and, conscience-struck and speechless, he left the happy sufferer. H. L. gradually wasted away, evidencing in his tranquil and calm submission to his heavenly Father's will (so unlike his former accusations of the Deity, when he complained that he did not see why he was so severely treated) that he had new comforts and new consolations—even such as come from God alone. He found great satisfaction in partaking of the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

His death was happy and peaceful. He quietly slept in Jesus. And his spirit doubtless winged its way to the mansions of eternal rest.—From this case two lessons should be learned:—the first that the young especially should beware how they allow themselves to be seduced from their principles by the vicious and sceptical—and the second, that Jesus is the only refuge for such, if they wish to recover, and obtain peace and comfort.

B. F. T.

From the Christian Witness.

THE BAPTISM.

In the discharge of my pastoral duties, in visiting the souls committed, in the providence of God, to my care, I have just had the satisfaction of receiving into the Church of the living God, by the administration of the holy sacrament of Baptism, one far advanced in life, and in a state of bodily weakness of long standing. She had filled up her three score years without an experimental knowledge of her God and Saviour, and, suffering from the palsy, had for years been confined to her house and bed, debarred the privileges of those public means of grace which by her in former times had been too little improved. Her poverty and sickness brought the benevolent and pious to visit, converse with, read to and pray for her, as well as minister to her wants. By this instrumentality God has been pleased to open her heart to receive the word of the Gospel of his Son.—The first visit I made her after learning her desire to receive the Sacrament of Baptism, will not soon be forgotten. It was a cold and cheerless day, early in the present month. She was sitting employed at the little work she was able to do, chilled and enfeebled as she was from her complaint, without fire, fuel, or means to procure it. She was, however, relieved from funds no way ample, raised as from offerings like the widow's mite. I had until her desire to be baptized was made known, supposed hers to be but a common case of poverty and sickness, calling indeed for the alms, the exhortations, the sympathies and kindnesses of the Christian, especially of the Christian minister,—but still only a common case where we should sow the good seed, but scarce any, and perhaps too little hope ourselves to be the reapers. In the present case, I had happily, in a measure, entered into the pious labors of others, and found that the good seed of the Word had not been planted and watered in vain. It became a duty to make myself better acquainted with her character from others, before admitting her to visible membership in Christ's mystical body. My inquiries resulted satisfactorily, shewing that her professions were to be relied on. But however sober, industrious, and well conducted, she had always been, it was to her no ground of hope for acceptance with God. It was alone on his mercy in Christ that she relied, and only doubted if it might reach her. But she found peace in believing, and was this day admitted into the household of faith, baptized into Christ's death. I shall not attempt to describe,—it would but mar the scene, and do violence to feelings which only the scene itself could awaken. She is now sixty-one, and though in poverty, and infirm in body, rejoices in spirit and in humble hope of the glory of God.

McB.

May 20.

A TALE THAT IS TRUE.

A short time since I was invited by a friend to accompany me to — Hospital to witness an operation which was to be performed that day. I consented, not that I wished to look upon a suffering man, but rather that I might have an opportunity of seeing how operations were conducted in these dwellings of the afflicted. I seated myself by the side of my friend, while my eye wandered about the room, tarrying on knives, saws, and other instruments, which lay upon the table before me, painting to my imagination the scenes of anguish which these walls had witnessed, and exciting in my heart pity for those poor sufferers who were from day to day extended on the sheeted table. As I was meditating upon the "many ills which flesh is heir to," the door opened, and upon a board was brought a man exhausted with disease and worn out with pain. He was laid upon the table and the instruments of amputation readily prepared. The bloodless face and trembling form told us that the sufferer was conscious of his situation, and dreaded the pain he was about to endure. Perhaps, thought I, as I looked upon the mortified and deadened limb, perhaps that man is a father, who has a wife and children to mourn over his misfortunes, and friends to minister to his wants—but now none are with him, he is to bear his pains alone. The saw followed the knife, and soon the limb was taken off. As the surgeon was taking up the arteries, curiosity led me to enquire the cause of the disease, and my feelings were indescribable when I was told—"while in a state of intoxication, for want of a better shelter he slept in a barn and froze his feet!" I was faint and sick with the sight and rose to leave the room. The hand of my friend held me by the shoulder, while he asked if I did not intend to see the whole operation? "Is it not already done?" I enquired. "No, the other is to be taken off!" I hastened from the spot, again to be in the open air, and relieve my ear and heart from the cries of the unfortunate man.

If I have listened unmoved to temperance lecturers and temperance addresses, the eloquence of that place converted me.

But the man who provided him with the rum! I would that he were there, and if the groans of that suffering man could not reform him, a voice from the tomb would fail to do it.—*Olive Branch, as quoted in the Episcopal Recorder.*

THE POWER OF THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his friends or connexions. A minister, with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him; and when conducted into his room, he said, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you," said the Bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said he did not know him. Another friend came who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner—"Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?"—"Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bedside, and asked him if he knew her. "Who are you?" said he. Being told she was his wife, he said he did not know her. "Well," said one of them, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ!" said he, reviving, as if the name had produced in him the influence of a charm, "O! yes, I have known him these forty years; precious Saviour; he is my only hope!"

A COURTEOUS REPROOF.—Two gentlemen having called at a coffee-house and drank together, when about to part both insisted on paying. One put a seven shilling piece on the table, and swore dreadfully that his friend should be at no expense.—The other jocularly said "that seven-shilling piece is a bad one." on which he swore still more. The master of the house hearing what passed, came forward and said, if they would allow him to examine the money he would tell them whether or not it was good. Returning soon after, he, in the most polite manner, laid the piece before them on a card printed as follows:—

It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme,
Rudely appeal'd to on each trifling theme.
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
You would not swear upon a bed of death:
Reflect!—your Maker now could stop your breath."

The gentlemen read it, and he who had sworn acknowledged that he was justly and properly reproved, and promised that in future he would be more guarded in his speech.

SIMPLICITY OF WORSHIP.—At the end of Lent comes Holy Week, in the ceremonies of which I took no interest. The music is fine, but I saw none of the effects said to be produced by it, such as tears, &c. The illumination of the exterior of the dome of St. Peter's, (Rome) which is effected almost instantaneously, is very striking, and the fireworks are more magnificent than any I ever saw, but I was dreadfully tired of the whole business.—The simplicity of our service, performed every Sunday in three small rooms in a private house; to a congregation of remarkable propriety of appearance and behaviour, was much more to my taste than any of the ceremonies of St. Peter's.—*Walker's Original.*

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

A Clergyman of the Church of England, who is about to leave Canada, offers for Sale the following books:—

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