

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XII. ANDREW.

78. Whose son was Andrew? how did he stand related to Simon Peter? and which was his native place?—(John.)

79. Whom was Andrew the means of introducing to the Saviour.—(John.)

80. What miracle in the early part of our Lord's ministry, took place in the house of Andrew?—(Mark.)

XIII. AQUILA.

81. Who was Aquila? where was he born? and what was his occupation.—(Acts.)

82. What was the reason of Aquila's leaving Rome, and proceeding to Corinth?—(Acts.)

83. What offices of kindness did Aquila, in conjunction with his wife Priscilla, shew to Apollos, while at Corinth?—(Acts.)

84. Where does St. Paul speak of Aquila and Priscilla as his helpers in Christ Jesus.—(Romans.)

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

Sep. 21.—St. Matthew's Day.

24.—18th Sunday after Trinity.

29.—St. Michael's Day.

From the New-York Churchman.

## POPULARITY.—A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Enter Presbyterian.

Lawyer.—Good morning Mr. P. take a seat, sir. I attended your meeting yesterday. I was highly gratified with your new preacher. I admire the warm and powerful style your clergymen are of late adopting. It is certainly calculated to awaken the thoughtless. If you settle Mr. S. in your society, you may consider me as a subscriber. It is true I am not attached to any order of Christians, but I believe the great bulwark of our national liberties must be the diffusion of knowledge; and I have always observed that your people are patronizing and sustaining our seminaries, and institutions of learning. By the bye this reminds me that our election is at hand. I hope Mr. P. we have the pleasure of numbering you with our friends in the approaching contest.

Presbyterian.—I will think of it.

(Exit.)

Enter Baptist.

Lawyer.—Good morning Mr. B., I am glad you have called. Well I went down to the river yesterday noon, to witness the immersion, and I must say that it is a beautiful ordinance; and it seems to me that mode of administering it is the most simple and primitive. To see a little group stand upon the banks of a flowing stream, unite their voices in that beautiful hymn, "Oh how happy are they," while the candidate goes down into the water, brings forcibly to one's mind the scenes of Jordan and Judea. Besides your clergyman Elder M. is a very interesting man. Your church government I have always admired, it is so republican. It was Elder L. I believe of your order who carried the great Cheshire cheese to Jefferson. He has been a faithful old patriot. Ah, this puts me in mind that the Jeffersonian principles are again to be contested this fall, and I hope I shall find you, Mr. B. as firm a patriot as Elder L. has been.

(Exit.)

Enter Episcopalian.

Lawyer.—Your most obedient servant, Mr. E., happy to see you, Sir. Well, I was in New-York last week and I walked four miles in the morning to hear Bishop H. He is a truly elegant and eloquent man, and there is so much in your mode of worship that is systematic, and so much in accordance with decency and order, and so much the opposite to that wild ranting kind of worship, that I have fallen in love with it.—You see here that I have purchased me a Common Prayer Book. The organ and choir in Bishop H's Church, are superior to any I have ever heard. I called on the Bishop the next morning and obtained an introduction to him. He does not, of course, take any part in politics, yet he gave me to understand, in the course of our conversation, that his feelings were on the right side.

(Exit.)

Enter Methodist.

Lawyer.—How do you do brother M. I call you brother, because my parents were Methodists; and when I was a child the preachers used to visit our house, and I used to call them all brother, from hearing my father and mother call them so. It is singular how strong the impressions of childhood are. Though I do not profess religion, yet I always feel more at home in a Methodist meeting than in any other. And yet I do not know whether this arises so much from the force of early impressions, as from that simplicity peculiar to your worship, and which is so congenial to my taste. I was riding through G. the other day, and as I came opposite a piece of wood, I heard the sound of singing. I immediately discovered there was a camp meeting in the neighbourhood, and notwithstanding my business was very urgent, I could not resist my inclination to attend. So I tied my beast to a tree, and after walking a mile I came to the ground. The first object that met my eye was the presiding Elder, Brother G., appealing in the most evangelical manner to the people, who were seated beneath shading branches of the surrounding forest. How forcibly it brings to my mind the Mount of Olives. I am considerably acquainted with Mr. G., and though he takes no part in the political contest of the day, yet in feelings he and I have always coincided.

(Exit.)

Enter Universalist.

Lawyer.—How d'do Squire? Well I attended your meeting in the school house, the other evening, and was well satisfied with the sermon. Your preachers, whether right or wrong, are certainly men of great talent. Mr. S. used most splendid imagery in his sermon, and his arguments, admitting the premises, were certainly irresistible. I should have been pleased to have invited him home with me, but my wife was rather out of health that evening. I cannot see for my part, why people should be so prejudiced against your sentiments. They are certainly misrepresented. There is one thing people say about your doctrine, which is true; and that is "it is extremely captivating;" and as for its influence, I can say that many of our best citizens are Universalists. Let me see, I believe Squire, that you have been

always a firm politician, and on the right side. Well the approaching contest requires our unanimous exertions.

(Exit.)

Enter Quaker.

Lawyer.—Well, Thomas, how is thy health, I am glad that thee have taken the trouble to call.

Quaker.—I do not trouble gentlemen of thy profession very often; but I have called this afternoon to pay some money to thee. As we Friends do not believe in training men in the art of killing men systematically, they oblige us to pay for the enjoyment of our principles; and I understand there is the—I forget what military people call it—the man who receives the constitution money—

Lawyer.—Yes, and I wish I could get off so well as you do; whereas it costs me ten times the sum, besides eight or ten days drilling every year. But what renders the task more unpleasant is the reflection that always arises when I see the banners flying, and hear the drums beating around me, that the object of all this preparation is to train us in the art of destroying each other, and then I always think of the peaceful settlement of Pennsylvania by Penn. My Grandfather was a Quaker, and I have always admired their plainness of dress, their simplicity of manner, and their pacific sentiments. In short, Thomas, I have often thought if we were all Quakers, society would resemble the state of our first parents in Eden.

Quaker.—We shall never be all Quakers so long as so many of us are hypocrites, and so long as hypocrites have so much influence. If thy Grandfather was a Quaker, I am sorry thee has so degenerated from thy ancestors. The scruples thee professes about military duty condemn thee, for thee must be deluded by the devil, to violate thy conscience at so great expense. Thee speaks our language flippantly, and admires our dress: thy ordinary dialect, and thy fashionable blue coat, figured ves and gaudy watch embellishments are incontestible proofs of thy sincerity. Thee eulogizes Penn.—I have heard thee eulogize Napoleon as highly. I have observed the duplicity thee uses for popularity. Thee reads a sermon for the Presbyterians in the morning when they have no preaching. Thee goes in the afternoon and leads singing for the Churchmen. In the evening thee goes to the Universalist meeting. Thee admires the immersion of the Baptist, the camp meeting of the Methodist, and the plain dress and language of the Friends. I will tell thee, friend, thee strongly reminds me of my brown horse; I once employed an honest Irishman to labor for me. I sent Patrick out in the morning to catch my brown horse. Now the brown horse ran in a pasture, in the middle of which was a large pond. Patrick was gone a long time, and at length returned with the beast, after having chased him several times round the pond. "Well Patrick," said I, "on which side of the pond did you find the horse?" "Troth," said Patrick, "and I found him on all sides."

## PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

## No. III.—THE CAPTIVE.

During a day's visit to the great metropolis, I had occasion to pass through one of the narrow streets of Bloomsbury; and there, suspended from a nail, below a dirty ground-floor window, I saw a cage of very small dimensions, in which was a full-grown lark. Painful as it is at all times, and under any circumstances, to behold any of God's creatures in captivity, there is something peculiarly revolting to every humane feeling when the prisoner is a British bird, formed to rejoice and revel in our own free atmosphere. But in this case, something more touching was superadded. Just on the top of the opposite house fell a ray of brilliant sunshine: while a casual opening between some roofs presented the most inviting track of azure sky: and, to complete the picture, several sparrows were fluttering and twittering upon the tiles. The poor lark, with back depressed, beak pointing upwards, and wings half lifted from his sides, stood close to the front of his cage, as in the very act to spring, and rise to the spot on which his eyes were intently fixed. But alas! the prison-bars were around him; and, taught by sad experience, he forebore the efforts which would have but bruised and lacerated his tender frame. I walked on under feelings of indignant sympathy, almost regretting that the laws of property forbade my opening the cage door and setting the captive free.

I could not forget the poor lark: alike in the broad, busy street, in the narrow, cheerless lane, and in the spacious square, thickly set with trees, and flowering shrubs, did the image of the pining prisoner haunt me. I believe it was the attitude of the bird, rather than the mere fact of his captivity, that moved me so much. It was that he evidently felt his doom—that he saw his way to happier scenes; and yet, from utter hopelessness of success, refrained from trying the wires, of which he knew but too well the unyielding strength. A lark! a creature made to soar and sing at a height whereto the eye of man cannot follow him, though the ear may catch those powerful tones of free and fearless melody! A lark! to whom the highest tree-top is an insignificant exaltation, and the circuit of a hundred fields too narrow for his ken! A lark to be shut in, where, literally, he had no space to stretch his aching wings, and where no enlivening sunbeam, no gush of pleasant air, could reach him, where the windings of a dirty lane bounded his prospects, and the discordant din of annoying sounds alone fell on his ear. Poor bird! where in this world shall I find a suitable comparison for thee?

Perhaps in him, who, having once felt that he was originally created to inhabit a higher sphere, and that his true field of enjoyment lies far, far beyond the wretched vanities of earth, is yet so tied and bound with the chain of his sins, that he cannot break away. He has tried it in his own strength, and has been cast down wounded. He looks at the children of God in the world, and sees that they have a sunbeam shed upon them which never visits him: they can rise towards heaven, and pour wide the songs of praise which his heavy heart refuses to utter. He feels himself a captive—he longs to be free—he gazes upwards, and stands, as it were, prepared to start away; but still he moves not a step towards the accomplishment of his desire; for his

prison-door is fast, and open it he cannot by any skill or power of his own. He hates his dungeon; he hates all that surrounds him of sight and sound, so uncongenial to the new nature that he begins to feel. His soul is prepared for liberty, but it is yet heavy within him; and his secret cry is,—"I am so fast in prison, I cannot get loose."

Happy mourner! escape is nigh. No fellow of thine, no created being, is permitted to loose the bonds that enchain thee; but the pitifulness of His great mercy, who has purchased thee at the price of his own blood, and whose property, therefore, thou art,—will surely do so. It is He, who has directed thine upturned gaze to those regions after which thou pantest; and He, ere long, will stretch the liberating hand, and withdraw the mysterious bolt, and make thee free indeed. Then, up and away to the loftiest heights of unfettered contemplation, where the eye of carnal reason cannot pursue thee, and bid the concave echo to thy song. And then, again, like the descending lark, shut close thy pinions to thy breast in shrinking self-abasement, and fall, low as the dust of the earth, to wonder at the height thou hast attained. Nestle among kindred sods of the field, until the Sun of Righteousness, casting another of his glowing beams upon thy soul, shall once more call thee heavenward, to rise, and rejoice, and make melody, in an atmosphere all thine own.

## THE BLESSED EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE.

If the mass of a nation, privileged with the Bible, have their portion at last with the unbelieving, it must not be forgotten, that there is in every age a remnant, who trust in the Saviour whom that Bible reveals. The blessings which result from the possession of the scriptures are not to be computed from what appears on the surface of society. There is a quiet under-current of happiness, which is generally unobserved, but which greatly swells the amount of good to be traced to the Bible. You must go into families, and see how burdens are lightened, and afflictions mitigated, by the promises of holy writ. You must follow men into their retirements, and learn how they gather strength from the study of the sacred volume, for discharging the various duties of life. You must be with them in their struggles with poverty, and observe how contentment is engendered by the prospect of riches which cannot fade away. You must be with them on their death-beds, and mark how the gloom of the opening grave is scattered by the hope which is "full of immortality." And you must be with them, if indeed the spirit could be accompanied in its heavenly flight, as they enter the divine presence, and prove, by taking possession of the inheritance which the Bible offers to believers, that they "have not followed a cunningly devised fable." The sum of happiness conferred by revelation can never be known until God shall have laid open all secrets at the judgment. We must have access to the history of every individual, from his childhood up to his entering his everlasting rest, before we have the elements from which to compute what Christianity hath done for those who receive it into the heart. And if but one or two were gathered out from a people, as a result of conveying to that people the records of revelation, there would be, we may not doubt, such an amount of conferred benefit, as would sufficiently prove the advantage of possessing the oracles of God.—Rev. H. Melvill.

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