

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XIV. ASA.

85. Whose son was Asa? Was he king of Israel, or of Judah?—(2 Chron.)
86. What was the general character of Asa? and what proofs did he give of his attachment to the Lord his God?—(2 Chron.)
87. When Zera, the Ethiopian, came against Judah, with 1,000,000 of men, what was the conduct of Asa? and what was the consequent issue of the battle?—(2 Chron.)
88. When Obed the seer prophesied for the encouragement of Asa, what further effect did it produce on his mind and conduct?—(2 Chron.)
89. What was the covenant into which the strangers of Israel and the inhabitants of Judah entered, in the days of Asa? and what proof is given of the sincerity of the people on this occasion?—(2 Chron.)
90. Why did Asa degrade Maachah, his mother, from being queen?—(2 Chron.)
91. What did Hanani the seer say to Asa when, instead of relying, as before, on the Lord his God, he formed a league with Benhadad, king of Syria?—(2 Chron.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

October 1.—19th Sunday after Trinity.
8.—20th do. do.
15.—21st do. do.
18.—St. Luke's Day.
22.—22d Sunday after Trinity.
28.—St. Simon and St. Jude's Day.
29.—23d Sunday after Trinity.

For the Church.

THE ANGRY CHILD.

The following affecting tale is from the "Infant Annual," and ought to be read by the young to shew them the dreadful effects of giving way to anger. See, young reader, to what anger sometimes leads, if you indulge it. It is possible you may not occasion the death of a brother or a friend; but remember that God will not, on that account, forget your sin.

A. E. Y.

Little Harriett M., was between four and five years old. She was in many respects a very good little girl; she was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper: when any thing teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day as her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within and her little Harriett's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was in a passion; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriett with her little face swelled and inflamed with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with her feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out "I don't love you, Mary, I don't love you, I hate you." She stopped when she saw her mamma;— "What is the meaning of all this, said Mrs. M., to the servant? It is just this ma'm, said Mary, that Miss Harriett kept throwing water about the room out of her little new jug, and when I forbade her, she threw the water in my face, and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, she flew at me, and struck me as you have seen. Mrs. M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriett in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had quite gone. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice desired her to repeat after her the following words:—"Oh my Heavenly Father! look down with pardoning mercy on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such bad feelings, as only the spirit of all evil could put into it.—Oh my Heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon the evil I have done this day for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Harriett trembled exceedingly, but she repeated the words after her mamma, and as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap and asked if her rage was gone. Harriett answered in a soft voice,—not quite mamma, but it is better.—Very well, said Mrs. M., till it is quite gone, I will tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check, (my poor child,) your bad and furious temper:

Lord and Lady — were very great and rich people; they had only one child and it was a daughter, they were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively and merry and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful, but like you Harriett, she had a naughty temper; like you, she got into transports of rage when any thing vexed her; and like you, would turn and strike whoever provoked her; and like you after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again, but the next temptation, all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever.—When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son, a sweet, sweet little tender baby; her papa and mamma were very glad, and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her by telling her that her papa and mamma would not care for her now, all their love and pleasure would be in this little Brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears and cried bitterly, you are a wicked woman to say so, mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, and she darted out of the nursery and flew to her mother's room. The servant called after her, "come come, Miss, you need not go to your mamma's room, she won't see you now." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a strange woman she had never seen before. My dear, said this woman, you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now; she was going to say more,—she would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma was, because she was very sick and

must not be disturbed, but Eveline was too angry to listen, she screamed and kicked at the woman, who finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and carrying her into the nursery, put her down and said to the servant there as she was going away, that she must be prevented coming into her mamma's room. Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage, and then this wicked woman burst out a laughing and said, "I told you that, Miss, you see your mamma does not love you now." The poor child became mad with fury, she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new born baby, the maid whose duty it was to watch over it, was lying asleep upon her chair;—and Oh Harriett, Harriett, like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it with all her force on the little tender head. It gave one little struggle and breathed no more.—Why, mamma, mamma, cried Harriett, bursting into tears, why did it breathe no more? It was dead, killed by its own sister. Oh mamma, mamma, what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh mamma, I am not so wicked, I never killed a little baby, sobbed Harriett, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck. My dear child, said Mrs. M. solemnly, how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? you are more wicked, and but for the goodness of God to you might have been at this moment more miserable. Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little child—you would have killed her; it was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so;—and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed she gave you none,—you were wrong, and she was right,—whereas no one can wonder that Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid: yet you may observe that had she not got into such an ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love, that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to her bed. And, mamma, what did Eveline's mamma say to her for killing her little baby? Eveline never saw her dear and beautiful young mamma again:—she died that night with grief and horror at hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered,—and by whom. Oh dear, Oh dear mamma, was Eveline sorry? My love, how can you ask such a question? But mamma, I mean how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough? Indeed, Harriett, it is not easy to know how she could be sorry enough; all I know is, that she lived to be a great Lady; she lived to be a mother herself, and in her whole life, no one ever saw her smile. And, mamma, was it quite a true story? it is so dreadful, mamma. Yes, my child, it is quite true;—that unfortunate child was the great grandmother of the present Earl of E—. My dearest mamma, said Harriett, once more bursting into tears, let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become miserable. Yes, my love, pray to him for that end; he will hear and bless you;—but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage.

This we believe is perfectly true, the unfortunate angry child was Anne, Countess of Crawford and Livingstone, and in her right her son succeeded to the Earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing iron which, in her paroxysm of rage, she snatched up, and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family, and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed she had committed, and which was the means of her having attained to so many honors. She was amiable and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young she was married to the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded in 1746;—who, whatever might have been the motive for his loyalty to his King, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent and unhappy Lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is well known.

THIS DAY WEEK.

How familiar is the phrase—of what constant occurrence in our review of the past, in our schemes for the future; and how indifferent the tone in which we utter it; how slight the reflections it brings!

Pause a little longer, reader, on these few simple words.—Many, methinks, there must be amongst the thousand readers of this little work, who cannot see them with indifference. Are you one of these? What has occurred to you since this day week? In that little space, have your riches vanished, has your health been shattered, your prospects clouded, or your circle broken?

If so, reader, turn not therefore away; look steadily, though with tearful eyes on the dealings of God towards you since this day week; bitter the chastisement may have been, unexpected, unprepared for; but if it has humbled you,—if it has led you to the Saviour—if it has shown you the vanity of all things earthly, and the deep, the awful necessity, of making your peace with God; then may you look back with thankfulness, and exultingly, though with tears perchance, exclaim, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But, am I touching a chord which vibrates not? am I speaking of comfort to the tearless, the lighthearted? to one, perhaps, who has measured the past week, not by its trials, but its joys? Do you reckon among your treasures, a friend, a wife, a child, that you possessed not this day week? Rejoice, but rejoice with trembling; look to the Author and Giver of all good things, and search, diligently search out, whether he have the first place in your hearts. And come abroad, ye happy, and at leisure, come to the fields and gardens of our God, and mark what a short week has been doing there. How many a blade of grass has sprung, how many an ear of corn has ripened, how many a fruit been filled with grateful juice, how many a flower given forth its fragrance for you!

Since this day week, how many a bird has gone singing up to heaven, how many an insect burst its tomb and soared away into the sunshine!

All nature has been busy; and what, reader, have you done? Have you been doing the work which God has appointed for you? have you studied the book he sent? have you, in his strength, mastered one evil temper; have you resisted one temptation? have you made the widow's heart to sing for joy? have you cheered the spirit of the fatherless? have you visited your master sick or in prison? have you instructed the ignorant, or soothed the broken-hearted? above all, have you, day by day, sought the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit, and placed all your hopes of salvation on the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world?

Christian reader, these are solemn questions that affect us all, and on the answer which your conscience gives, and on the use you may be enabled to make of your remaining days, depend your unending happiness or misery, when weeks, and months, and years, shall be no more for ever.—(Sunday Reader.)

THE BIBLE.

LORD BACON.—"There never was found in any age of the world either philosopher, or sect, or law, or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good as the Christian faith."

JOHN SELDEN, (called by Grotius, the glory of England).—"There is no book upon which we can rest, in a dying moment, but the Bible."

JOHN MILTON, the immortal poet.—"There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the Prophets, no politics like those which the Scriptures teach."

SIR MATTHEW HALE.—"There is no book like the Bible, for excellent wisdom, learning, and use."

HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE.—"It is a matchless volume; it is impossible we can study it too much, or esteem it too highly."

JOHN LOCKE.—To a person who asked this profound thinker which was the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain to the true knowledge of the Christian religion in the full and just extent of it; he replied, "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament; therein are contained the words of eternal life. It hath God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

SIR WILLIAM JONES.—"I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

READER!—Oppose these DELIBERATE and DISINTERESTED opinions of some of the greatest men that ever lived, to the flippant sarcasm of free-thinkers, or rather, non-thinkers.—Clasp the Bible to your heart, believe its holy truths, obey its sacred commands, regulate your lives by its precepts, and die resting on that Saviour, whom the Scriptures reveal as having "brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Kilkenny Moderator.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

The following Books have been left with the Editor of 'The Church' for Sale, to whom application (post paid) may be made.

Whitby's Annotations, 2 vols. 4to. bound 25s.; Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, 4 vols. 8vo. bound 40s.; Butler's Analogy, 8vo. bound 6s.; Locke's Essay, 2 vols. 8vo. bound 12s. Cruden's Concordance, 4 to. bds. 15s. 1/15

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