

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXI. BARNABAS,—CONTINUED.

197. Where did the Church at Jerusalem commission Barnabas to go? and what were the feelings of this good man when he arrived at the appointed city?—(Acts.)

198. When Barnabas perceived that he needed an assistant in the extensive field of labour in which he was engaged, whom did he fix upon as his associate?—(Acts.)

199. For what purpose, and by whose command, were Paul and Barnabas separated from their fellow-disciples, while at Antioch?—(Acts.)

200. What gave rise to the lamentable contention which on one occasion took place between Paul and Barnabas?—(Acts.)

201. From what subsequent expression on the part of St. Paul may we gather that the favourable opinion entertained by Barnabas respecting John Mark was not without foundation?—(2 Timothy.)

XXII. BARZILLAI.

202. Where did Barzillai the Gileadite reside? and what kindness did he shew to David and his men when fleeing from Absalom?—(2 Samuel.)

203. Where do you find any thing asserted respecting the advanced age and extensive property of this kind and princely man?—(2 Samuel.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

March 11.—Second Sunday in Lent.  
18.—Third do. do.  
25.—Fourth do. do.  
—Annunciation of Virgin Mary.

"DRINK, AND BE HAPPY!"

Such is the exclamation which is constantly bandied about in the convivial party and over the cheerful cup; such is the advice which is frequently given to the unhappy subjects of calamity and distress; such is the maxim which is received and obeyed by an immense proportion of the population of this country—"Drink and be happy!"

The happiness of drinking, then, is the subject of the ensuing observations.

"DRINK, AND BE HAPPY!"—the happiness of an empty pocket. Drink is a delectable master indeed, when rags are its livery, starvation its wages, crime its employment, and despair its end. Drink is the most expensive thing in the world; it exhausts the earnings of the operative, it destroys the property and credit of the tradesman, it casts a deadly blight upon the prosperity of the merchant, and it has reduced many a man who has lived in the high places of the earth, to the workhouse, to beggary, and to the grave. A few months ago, an unhappy man, in a state of beastly intoxication, was picked out of the kennel of one of the greatest thoroughfares in the city of London; his body was so emaciated by want and disease, that it was found necessary to convey him to the hospital, where the "last enemy claimed him for his own." That man once rode in his carriage, revelled in luxury, owned his estates, associated with nobility, excited general observation by the splendour of his appearance—became intemperate, became prodigal, became impoverished, became ruined, became a corpse! O the happiness of drink!

"DRINK, AND BE HAPPY!"—the happiness of unmitigated domestic misery. "When poverty comes in at the doors, love flies out at the windows;" and upon this just principle it may well be inquired, when was there over a family which was not wretched, when its pecuniary supplies were squandered away in the gin-shop or the tap-room? Only let the demon of drink enter into any household whatever—only let it reduce the husband, or the wife, or the children to its slavery—and happiness withers; hope expires; affection disappears; infuriated passions, like those of infernal beings, are let loose; curses, blasphemies, crimes (sometimes suicides and murders), haunt the dismal scene—the resemblance and the prelude of everlasting woe. Take a domestic scene in connexion with drink. A year since last January, in the town of Hull, a widow, once respectable, had three children; one six, another five, and another three years old. She had become addicted to the "happiness" of intemperance. One morning her shutters were closed; smoke was seen to issue from the chamber-window; no answer was returned to the applications of her neighbours; the door was broken open; the mother and children were dead. In a state of intoxication, she had set her bed on fire; she was incapable of assisting herself; and she and her offspring were suffocated by the smouldering conflagration.

"DRINK, AND BE HAPPY!"—the happiness of a ruined mind. Even "moderate" drinking often enfeebles the faculties and debases the intellect. But only let the habit of intemperance once be contracted; only let a taste of its "happiness" once be established, and the mind will speedily be blighted; the clear light of the understanding will be exchanged for the momentary flashes of a frenzied excitement; the voice of reason will be overwhelmed amidst the clamour of the passions; the power of useful mental exertion will speedily be annihilated; the catastrophe of intellectual wreck will ultimately be accomplished; and folly, or paralysis, or delirium, or idiocy, or madness will terminate the scene. O, the happiness of drink!

"DRINK, AND BE HAPPY!"—the happiness of a dishonoured name. Infamy and intemperance are inseparable companions. The drunkard has no friend. He is alone in the world. When the habit is formed, the reputation is tarnished for ever, and the miserable victim is shunned with alarm and disgust, or is regarded with the look of unbounded loathing, or is pointed at by the finger of universal scorn. O, the happiness of drink!

"DRINK AND BE HAPPY!"—the happiness of everlasting ruin. It is computed that by the agency of intemperance, sixty thousand accountable and immortal beings are annually hurried into the eternal world. And what are the feelings which must thrill through the mind in advertising to so tremendous a fact as this, when it is known that "no drunkard can inherit the king-

dom of God?" If this drinking had been the means of accomplishing the perdition of but one soul, it would have accomplished an infinitely greater amount of ruin, than though an empire had been torn up by the ploughshare of desolation, or a sun had been extinguished, or a system had been erased from the universe of being. For when all material existence shall have passed away, the soul, with all its sensibilities and faculties as acute and as powerful as ever, will be rapidly advancing along its indefinite career of torment or happiness, of blasphemy or praise. But THOUSANDS—MILLIONS OF SOULS LOST, AS THE CONSEQUENCE OF DRINKING! It is impossible to proceed; the very spirit is overwhelmed with dismay.

What, then, is the result of the whole? Is the senseless and pestiferous maxim, so often alluded to in the preceding observations, any longer to be endured in any department, or among any class of society? No! let it be scouted with the contempt and abhorrence it deserves; and in the place of its odious and delusive falsehood, let another motto be espoused by every reader throughout all the population of the country;—

"DRINK NO MORE, AND BE HAPPY!"

—(Church of England Magazine from the Temperance Penny Magazine.)

DIFFICULTIES OF A FAITHFUL PREACHER.

It is not by any means invariably the pastor's fault that his services are not valued, his exhortations attended to, and his advice received. He is often called upon to sow the seed in an ungenial soil, and to combat the worst passions and prejudices of the human heart. It is his lot to be exposed to the annoying interference of busy-bodies, ready to give advice, and offended if it be not followed; to the scandal of tattlers, always eager to spread abroad statements to his disadvantage; to the rancorous opposition of the enemies of the truth, who rejoice to find out, and too often to invent, some plausible tale to throw discredit on his character, and to weaken his ministry. The faithful preacher of the doctrines of the cross will have many trials peculiarly his own. He will have to endeavour to root out erroneous opinions; to combat long-cherished notions; to break in upon the spiritual slumber of those "that are at ease in Zion;" to undermine the sandy foundation of the self-righteous; to tell the fancied whole that they need a physician; to warn the sensualist and the profigate that they shall not inherit the kingdom of God. From this no very pleasing task he must not shrink, if he would be enabled conscientiously to appeal to his flock; "I am free from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God."—(Rev. T. Bissland.)

LOVE OF THE WORLD.

Here is a more particular word for merchants, tradesmen, and all such as are much engaged in the affairs of this world: That they would take diligent heed that the world do not insinuate and wind itself into their hearts. O! I beseech you, keep your hearts far from the walls of this pest-house, this love-polluting world. Let not your hearts smell of the smoke of this lower house, but of heaven. Beware that your love do not make its nest in this world. Let this idol-world be nothing to you, but God be all in all. Take heed that the multiplicity of world-affairs choke not the sense of God: remember, your best riches consist in the poverty of your desires. Make use of prosperity to prepare you for affliction. Know, the dearest things must be parted with when God-calls for them; and therefore, keep your hearts loose to them. Bring your natural desires into a narrow compass, but let your hearts be enlarged towards God. Amuse not your hearts, as children, at the glistening outside of things, but fear a snare in every comfort. Feed much on spiritual delights, and that will kill carnal pleasures. Let your hearts be as the mother-pearl, which, they say, receives no water but what comes from heaven. Let your hearts be open towards heaven, but shut against the world. Let not this idol enter into God's temple.—(Sermon by Gale, 1674.)

THE SAILOR'S BIBLE.

While making a short voyage, I happened to listen to the conversation of one of the ship's crew with several passengers.—After talking a good deal on politics, they came to the subject of religion. The sailor spoke in terms so unworthy of the Lord, that I could not contain myself, and yet I felt too weak to reply to him. Having, however, asked courage of my God to confess him before men, I approached the group of talkers, with some religious tracts in my hand. Addressing the sailor, I inquired if he could read. He said he could. Then, handing him the tract entitled "The Sailor's Bible," "Will you," I said, "be so good as to read us this little book?" He agreed, and sat down, all the company surrounding him. When he had got through about three-fourths of the tract, he burst into tears; and not being able to go on, he hid himself in the hold, and continued there nearly an hour. I took advantage of this interval to distribute tracts to all the passengers. For half an hour there was a deep silence, each one being employed in perusing the tract I had given him. At last, one of them came to me, and gave me two sous (a penny) for his tract. I said that I had given it to him. "That is true," replied he, "and I accepted your gift: take, however, my offering that you may be able to continue these good distributions." Following his example, each of the other passengers brought me two sous. Some time afterwards I had an opportunity of seeing the sailor again. His way of speaking was totally changed. I gave him a New Testament, which he received with the liveliest joy, and said, "I am teaching a young orphan cabin-boy to read: I promise you that I will never let him read in any other book."—(From the correspondence of the Evangelical Society of France.)

CHRISTIAN SECURITY.

"Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to winnow thee as wheat;" here is our toil: "but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not;" this is our safety. No man's condition is so sure as ours. The prayer of Christ is more than sufficient both to strengthen us, be we never so weak; and to overthrow all adversary power,

be it never so strong and potent. His prayer must not exclude our labour: their thoughts are vain who think that their watching can preserve the city which God himself is not willing to keep. And are not those as vain who think that God will keep the city for which they themselves are not careful to watch? The husbandman may not, therefore, burn his plough, nor the merchant forsake his trade, because God hath promised, "I will not forsake thee." And do the promises of God concerning our stability, think you, make it a matter indifferent for us to use, or not to use the means? to pray, or not to pray, "that we fall not into temptation?" Surely, if we look to stand in the faith of the Son of God, we must hourly, continually, be providing and setting ourselves to strive. It was not the meaning of our Lord and Saviour in saying, "Father, keep in thy name," that we should be careless to keep ourselves. To our own safety, our own sedulity is required.—(Hooker.)

EXCERPTA.

I once heard an antinomian say, the law was no rule of life to believers, and silenced him by asking, which of the commandments he wanted to get rid of.

I can only know whether I am the choice of God, by God's being my choice, and by having the mark of my election in my regeneration, and the proof of my regeneration in the uprightness of my conduct. I do not desire to search into the divine decrees, but I want to see that the Saviour's image is engraven on the tablet of my renewed mind, in characters indelible as eternity.

He who thinks himself come to perfection is a fool, but he who does not aim at it, is a greater.

We must take care of strong expressions, when we cannot have the scriptures to confirm them.

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