

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXXVII. CORNELIUS.

302. Who was Cornelius? where did he reside? and what description is given of his character and conduct.—(Acts.)

303. Which of the apostles was sent to Cornelius? and what were the means employed by God to remove his prejudices against entering the house of the Gentile?—(Acts.)

304. What event took place in consequence of the apostle's discourse to Cornelius and those assembled with him.—(Acts.)

XXXVIII. CARMEL.

305. Carmel is the name of a high mountain in the Holy Land, near to the Mediterranean, and forms one of the most conspicuous headlands on the whole coast. Do you recollect the transaction which took place on this mountain between Elijah and the prophets of Baal?—(1 Kings.)

306. After this transaction Elijah went up to the very top of Carmel.—What further circumstance is related to have there taken place?—(1 Kings.)

307. Elijah is supposed to have had his residence on this mountain, and to have dwelt there in a cave. It was here probably that Azariah, king of Israel sent to take him, when the prophet called down fire from heaven.—Can you relate the whole circumstances?—(2 Kings.)

308. Elisha, the successor of Elijah, seems to have dwelt occasionally in the same place, together with his servant Gehazi.—On what distressing occasion did the woman of Shunem wait there on this man of God? and what was the result of her application?—(2 Kings.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Sept. 21.—St. Matthew's Day.
23.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
29.—St. Michael and all Angels.
30.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

BRITAIN'S FIRST MARTYR.

It was during the last and most rigorous of the persecutions under the Roman emperors, the first which extended to Britain, that a Christian priest, pursued on account of his religion, and wandering destitute in the neighbourhood of Verulamium, attracted the attention of an inhabitant named Alban. Alban was a pagan, but he was naturally humane; and the interesting appearance, the mild manners, and exhausted state of the Christian, excited his compassion. He offered him shelter, and took him to his own house. The more he saw of the refugee, the more he admired him. He compared his resigned fortitude with the ostentatious apathy of the stoic; the code of pure and unselfish morality he inculcated, with the perverted doctrines of the followers of Epicurus. He saw the immortality to which his soul had so ardently aspired, and of which the best and most enlightened philosophy gave but a glimmering of hope rather than of assurance, clearly revealed; the resurrection to a brighter and more glorious world forming the very basis, the very life of Christianity; and he became a Christian.

"You are by birth a Roman?" said Alban to his guest, as they sat together engaged in one of those instructive conversations which were daily more and more firmly establishing his faith; "were you brought up a Christian? or are you, like myself, a convert from idolatry?"

"I was brought up a Christian," answered Amphibalus, and yet I may call myself a convert, too. If you will listen to my history, it will explain the seeming contradiction. I was born of a noble house in Rome, and lost an orphan, with one sister, at an early age. We were under the care of a maternal uncle, the Bishop Caius, and educated in the Christian religion. To you, who, after having for years sought in vain any thing like certainty in the wild inventions and errors of paganism, have been suddenly brought into the pure light of the Gospel, it must appear incredible that there should be souls capable of standing in the full blaze of that light, and still remain in darkness. Yet was that my case. I was nominally a Christian; I had been baptized in to the Church of Christ. The leading doctrines of the faith had, by dint of repetition, become fixed in my memory, but they sank no deeper. In mere externals alone I differed from my pagan companions. I offered no outward homage at the shrines of the false deities; I had not been taught or accustomed to do so; but my heart was a slave to the still more engrossing idols of worldly ambition and pleasure.—Persecution is the refiner of the church, the furnace which separates the dross from the gold, the kindling breath which, if there be but one sleeping spark of true religion in the soul, will fan it into a flame of devotion; except for that, I had, in all probability, been still grovelling, unmindful of my high destiny. I was present when a legion, containing upwards of six thousand soldiers, refusing to assist at a sacrifice, or to take the required oath for the extirpation of Christianity in Gaul, was decimated at the order of Maximian.—Still they persisted, professing themselves in the most dutiful terms, ready to obey the emperor next to their God, but not before him; and again every tenth man was put to the sword. This second severity produced no effect; and the whole body, true to their allegiance, even while compelled by conscience to disobey, quietly submitted to the death to which they were consigned. I was unacquainted with their tenets; I had disliked them for their singularity, but I could not but admire their calm determination. I felt that the faith which strengthened them must be something more than a name. To the propagation of that faith, I determined to devote the remainder of my life. I was ordained by my uncle, and the good old man gave me his parting benediction with tears. 'Amphibalus,' he said, 'I know your disposition. You have spent your youth in carelessness of all religion; and in the ardour of a first conviction you would glory in being allowed to endure torments, and death, for the sake of Christ; but remember that martyrdom is to be suffered, not sought—suffered, indeed, joyfully, but not sought presumptuously: frequently do I exhort my flock to be prepared for the former; you, I would rather warn against the latter. You are now a minister of the Gospel; to stand against the temptations of the world—to go forth, and in preaching that Gospel steadfastly, year after year, to encounter the daily hardships of a laborious, and as far as earthly distinction goes, a lowly avocation, will give a far higher proof of the depth of your devotion than any fortitude under immediate persecution could evince. I charge you to give this proof; and as long as you can preserve life without a compromise of your faith, to preserve it for a continual offering and a sacrifice unto God. Go! and may his Holy Spirit be with your efforts for the enlightening and salvation of

souls.' I obeyed him, for conscience told me he had spoken truth. I left Rome, and, pursuing the path he pointed out, have wandered to Britain; but the arm of Diocletian is extended even here for the destruction of Christianity; orders for its suppression have arrived, and I was flying from his officers, when found and sheltered by you."

Not many days after this, Amphibalus was traced to his retreat.

"Amphibalus," said Alban, "I can conceal you no longer; but I can assist your escape. Change garments with me; before the mistake is discovered, you will have had time to get out of danger; save yourself for the sake of those who, like me, may have cause to bless your ministry."

Alban hastily arrayed Amphibalus in his own habit, and throwing over himself the hair cassock of the priest, was seized by the officers, and carried before the governor. His disguise was soon penetrated; but Amphibalus had already left the house; and Alban was scourged and threatened in vain; he would give no information.

"Alban," said the governor, "were it to shield an old comrade, that you were thus obstinate, I could almost forgive you, for the sake of the motive; but to persist in suffering for a Christian."

"Noble governor," answered Alban, "for him especially I am bound to suffer, since to him I owe more than life can repay—I am a Christian." "A Christian!" was the general exclamation, and those who had pressed round in friendly endeavours to extract from him the secret, which they thought only kept out of a sense of honour not to betray a guest, shrank back at the ominous sound. "A Christian!" repeated the governor; "nay, if you avow yourself a Christian, you may even take the place of him you conceal. Lead him to the altar."

The alternative of burning incense, or of death, was offered. "I have renounced idolatry," said Alban; "God forgive me for the length of time I ignorantly preached it."

It was to a beautiful spot just without side the town that Alban was conducted for execution. A large concourse followed; for he was much loved and respected, and many a poor man felt that he was about to lose his kindest benefactor. He mounted the platform, the block was set ready, and the executioner stood beside it.

"My friends," said Alban, "you are doubtless surprised at my situation: in the countenances of not a few I read sorrow at seeing me so placed; but I call upon you rather to rejoice. I, as you all know, worshipped the deities of the Romans; I bowed down before idols of wood and stone, of silver and gold; but my spirit revolted at the idea, and I said, 'How can they, who cannot help themselves, help me?' I consulted the ignorant: he made use of reason when he cultivated his land, or followed his trade; but I spoke to him of the impotence of his gods, and he said, 'Let the learned see to that.' I turned to the learned—to many I appealed in vain; they were too deeply engaged, each in his favourite subject, to spare a thought upon that: at last one answered, 'We worship not the images, but those they represent.' Then I sought to find who those were: I opened the page of the poet, prepared to reverence those rulers of the world; I closed it in disgust, and I cried, 'Better to adore the senseless block with the multitude.' I gazed upon the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and I could have knelt to them; but I saw the sun still walking his daily path, and the moon her stated orbit. Nightly the stars, ranged in the same order, beamed upon me from the same quarter of the heavens; and I felt that some superior hand had placed them there.—I examined the earth, the inanimate stone, the living but unconscious plant; I traced still onwards, till from the worm I arrived at man, and man stood pre-eminent and alone.—Did he make the world? Did he call forth this beautiful universe, and give the first impulse to creation? 'There is a God!' I exclaimed; and my soul bowed before him.

"Thus far the light of reason and of nature led me; thus far has it led many before me, and will lead all who seek its guidance. But I was not yet satisfied; I longed to know God more perfectly, to know how to please him. Then came the Christian: he taught me how God made man in his own image, but he by transgression fell; thus were the wickedness and misery of the world accounted for. He told me how the Son of God came down from heaven, and by his death redeemed us from the eternal punishment we had incurred; and I rejoiced; for the offended God, before whom I had trembled, was become a reconciled Father. O how beautiful then did all creation appear! Methought the sun shone with still brighter beams, for my own heart was glowing with gratitude and love. The gladdest lark mounted as before into the cloudless sky, but to me his song thrilled with redoubled sweetness, for my heart arose with him in praise to our great Creator. Better than ever do I love my life—it is his gift; more than ever do I love the earth—it is his work; yet I stand before you condemned to part with both; and I am happy, most happy, for I know that death is but the gate of entrance to a higher state of being; I know that I am leaving this fair world only to dwell for ever in one still fairer. My friends, my fellow-townsmen, let not prejudice close your eyes to the truth: I entreat you to search for yourselves; listen to the teachers of Christianity, and then decide between them and the priests of your idols. Of my own sincere belief in the crucified Lord of the Christians, I am about to give you the last and most decisive proof." He knelt down, and, commending his soul to Jesus, laid his head upon the block. The executioner was raising his hand to strike, when his resolution appeared to fail, and it dropped powerless at his side. Again the signal was given, and he seemed preparing to obey, but the axe which should have descended upon the neck of Alban, was cast to the ground, and the executioner fell upon his knees beside him: "Holy man," he said, "your God be mine; I am ready to die for you, or with you: pray for me, that I may be accepted by Him."

A murmur rose in the assembled crowd. "Pardon, pardon!" began to be distinguished. "Ah," exclaimed the officer, "we have done wrong to let the Christian speak." He looked round at his soldiers; one of them came forward and took the axe. "Death to them both!" and the weapon, yet stained with the blood of Alban, drank that of his new convert.

To the memory of the first British martyr a magnificent church was erected about the time of Constantine the Great. This edifice, destroyed in the Saxon wars, was rebuilt by Offa, king of Mercia; and the town in Hertfordshire, formerly Verulamium, is still, in honour of the same circumstance, known by the name of St. Alban's.—*Tales of the Martyrs.*

WICKLIFF ALIVE AGAIN.

When the celebrated Wickliff was attacked by an alarming sickness, brought on by his incessant labour and anxiety

in defence of the truth, his adversaries thought it a favourable opportunity to endeavour to wring from his supposed weakness, that which they knew it to be impossible to extort from him in his more calm and collected hours.

An embassy of the mendicant order, begging friars, were deputed to intrude themselves into his chamber, and some of the authorities of the day lent their countenances and their presence to this ungenerous attempt, to bully and intimidate the man, whose last moments they hoped were approaching. They found him stretched upon his bed, faint and in anguish. They surrounded his bed; some preached, some threatened, and all invoked him by the powers of earth and hell, to recant all that he had said or written against them, inasmuch as he had but a short time to live. Wickliff, stretched on his bed of sickness, heard them in silence, until they had uttered all they had to say; he then requested to be laid up on his pillows, and gathering up his strength, exclaimed with a loud voice, "I shall not die but live, and again declare the works of the Lord, and protest against your evil deeds."

His words were prophetic. His health was restored; and Wickliff was spared many years to uphold the sacred cause of which he was the champion; to denounce the lies and idolatries of popery, to tear the mask from hypocrisy and infidelity, and to fix upon a still stronger foundation, the principles of true Protestantism.

Even so will that Church, of which Wickliff was one of the earliest fathers, rally now in the days of her jeopardy. Though she is sorely distressed by the force assaults which are made upon her, and though she is surrounded by enemies of every description, yet will she muster firmness and resolution, and uplift herself in the strength of her Almighty Protector.—*Bristol Job Nott.*

The Garner.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YOUR YEARS OF SUNDAYS.

Let me remind you, how bountiful your heavenly Father has been to you, in ordaining that every Sunday should be a day of rest, on which you should have no other labour, no other employment, than that of learning to do his will.—Think what rich, what abundant opportunities, for that purpose, the holy rest of the Sabbath gives you. One often hears people complaining that they have no time to make themselves acquainted with God? Assuredly that must be their own fault, for God has given them time enough. My brethren, did you ever call to mind that a seventh part of your whole lives is made up of Sundays? One week in every seven is a week of Sundays. One year in every seven is a year of Sundays. And shall any one dare to plead that he has not time to learn the will of God? "Not time enough!" (the Judge will answer,) what have you done then with your years of Sundays? Let us take a man in the prime of life, say at six or seven and thirty, cut off and summoned into the presence of Christ. What opportunities, what time, think you, has that man had for learning his duty to his Maker! Without counting infancy and early childhood, he has had four good years of Sundays,—four years, during which it ought to have been his special business to listen to God's word read and preached; to pray to God in the great congregation, and then, in the quiet of his home, to think over what he has heard, what he has asked for, and what he has promised. So plentifully has God provided for the nurture of our souls in godliness: he hath set apart ten years out of the age of man, during which we are commanded to abstain from every other work, that we may give ourselves wholly to the most important of all works, that of learning the way to Heaven.—*Rev. A. W. Hare.*

LIFE LIKE A BROOK.

I wish I were like this little stream of water.—It takes its first rise nearly a mile off; yet it has done good even in that short course. It has passed by several cottages in its way, and afforded life and health to the inhabitants—it has watered their little gardens as it flows, and enriched the meadows near its banks. It has satisfied the thirst of the flocks that are feeding aloft on the hills, and perhaps refreshed the shepherd's boy who sits watching his master's sheep hard by. It then quietly finishes its current in this secluded dell, and, agreeably to the design of its Creator, quickly vanishes in the ocean.

May my course be like unto thine, thou little rivulet!—Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow-sinners, as I travel onwards! Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many! Like this stream may I prove 'the poor man's friend' by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life, wherever I meet them! And, if it please thee, Oh my God! let me in my latter end be like this brook. It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not unusefully tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Saviour, till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity.—*Leigh Richmond.*

HONOUR GOD'S MINISTERS.

Take heed of that, for then God is dishonoured, when any thing is the more despised by how much it relates nearer unto God. No religion ever did despise their chiefest ministers; and the Christian religion gives them the greatest honour. For honourable priesthood is like a shower from heaven, it causes blessings everywhere: but a pitiful, a disheartened, a discouraged clergy, waters the ground like a waterpot; here and there a little good, and for a little while, but every evil man can destroy all that work whenever he pleases. Take heed;—in the world there is not a greater misery can happen to any man, than to be an enemy to God's Church. All histories of Christendom and the whole book of God have sad records, and sad threatenings, and sad stories of Korah, and Dreg, and Balaam, and Jeroboam, and Uzzah, and Ananias, and Sapphira, and Julian, and of heretics and schismatics, and sacrilegious; and after all, these men could not prevent finally, but paid for the mischief they did, and ended their days in dishonour, and left nothing behind them but the memory of their sin, and the record of their curse.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

What is there necessary for man to know which the Psalms are not able to teach? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction; a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before; a strong confirmation to the most perfect amongst others. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of the world which is to come, all good

necessarily to be either known, or done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident to the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not in this treasure-house a present comfortable remedy at all times ready to be found.—*Hocker.*

Understand the sacred import of the name of Jesus.—Frame a perfect idea of his office in the world, and in you. You, too, must call his name Jesus from your own experience. Consider yourself as a guilty, helpless creature, perishing in sin, and then every word he spoke, and every miracle he wrought, will draw you to him for the salvation you want, and can have only in and from him.—*Rev. Thomas Adam.*

Look narrowly at the words and actions of Christ, to know what the Holy Ghost must and will be in you, miracles excepted. Aiming at this likeness in the power of a true faith, in being a Christian; all else is unprofitable.—*Rev. Thomas Adam.*

Advertisements.

TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

OFFICE OF KING'S COLLEGE,

Lot-Street, Toronto,

Opposite the College Avenue.

SEPARATE Sealed Tenders, for the undermentioned Buildings of the intended University of KING'S COLLEGE, Toronto Upper Canada, will be received by the Bursar of the University, on or before the first day of November next, viz:

No. 1. The South-East Building, containing the Students' Apartments, &c.

No. 2. The South side of the Quadrangle, containing the Chapel, Library, Museum, Lecture Rooms, &c.

No. 3. The South-West Building, containing the Hall, (pro tem.) Proctor's Apartments, Steward's Rooms, &c.

The Drawings, Specifications, &c of the several Buildings, may be seen at the Office of Mr. Thos. Young, Architect, No 98, Newgate Street, between the hours of Ten and Four, from the 20th of September to the 1st of November, 1838.

Each Contractor to provide two good and sufficient Sureties for the due performance of his Contract or Contracts, and the envelope of each Contract to be numbered and directed as above described.

The Council reserve to themselves the right of deciding whether any of the tenders are such as they will accept and they do not bind themselves to take the lowest Tender, unless they are satisfied of the competency of the person tendering to perform his undertaking in a workmanlike manner.

By order of the Council of the University of King's College, bearing date this Fifth day of September, 1838.

JOSEPH WELLS,
Registrar & Bursar.

4w13

INFORMATION WANTED

OF CHARLES ALEXANDER STEILL, (formerly of Hampton Court, Middlesex, England) who came to Canada on board H. M. ship *Active* about the year 1819, and was employed in the ships in Ordinary at Kingston, whence he was discharged.

The last that was heard of him was in June 1828, when he was supposed to be working on the Welland Canal in the Township of Thorold. If living, he is entitled by the death of his mother to a small sum of money.

Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by the Rev. R. D. Cartwright or J. S. Cartwright Esq. Kingston.

The Clergy in the Niagara, Gore, Western and London Districts are requested to examine their Registers whether there be any record of the death of a person of the above name. 13—8w

WANTED, to superintend the education of several young children, belonging to two families, in the country; A MIDDLE AGED LADY, qualified to teach singing and music in addition to the ordinary branches of education. It is required that she should be a Member of the Church of England. Application (post paid) may be made to the Rev. H. J. Grassett, Asst. Minister of St. James's Church, Toronto. 11.6w

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A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, residing in a central and healthy part of Upper Canada, has a vacancy in his family for another pupil. Application may be made (if by letter, post-paid,) to the Editor of "The Church." 10.6w

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Toronto, July, 1838. 7.4f.

The Church

WILL for the present be published at the Star Office, Cubourg, every Saturday.

TERMS.

To Subscribers resident in the immediate neighborhood of the place of publication, TEN SHILLINGS per annum; To Subscribers receiving their papers by mail, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, postage included. Payment is expected yearly, or at least half-yearly in advance.

No subscription received for less than six months; nor the paper discontinued to any subscriber until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.