

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

LI. EGYPT, CONTINUED.

428. The papyrus, or paper-reed, as it is termed in Scripture, grew abundantly in the shallows and brooks connected with the River Nile. Where do you find any mention made of this celebrated plant?—*Isaiah*.

429. The waters of the Nile have been deservedly celebrated as superior to most if not all in Europe, possessing a peculiar flavour, and uniting all the properties both of spring and soft water. On what occasion is it stated that the Egyptians should loath to drink of these their far-famed waters?—*Exodus*.

430. Egypt, with all its fertility, is far from being salubrious. Ophthalmia and other diseases of the eyes so prevail there, that out of a hundred persons whom M. Volney met, twenty were completely blind. It has also many other diseases peculiar to itself. Do you recollect where God threatens to bring these collected diseases upon the Israelites, in case of their disobedience?—*Deuteronomy*.

431. "The botch of Egypt," is particularly mentioned in another part of the same chapter, as one of these evil diseases; this was a cutaneous eruption, exceedingly painful, and making its appearance at the time of the overflowing of the Nile, and supposed to arise from the change of its waters. Can you refer to the passage alluded to?—*Deuteronomy*.

432. Egypt, however, is chiefly remarkable in Scripture, as being "the house of bondage" to the Israelites. They first went there in the life-time of Jacob, when only seventy in number, but under the most favourable circumstances. Can you give an account of their journey and subsequent introduction to Pharaoh?—*Genesis*.

433. In consequence of the fostering care of Joseph, and the attendant blessing of their God, the people "increased abundantly, waxed exceedingly mighty, and filled the land." This excited the jealousy of the Egyptian king, and gave rise to the most determined and cruel oppressions. Can you state the several particulars?—*Exodus*.

434. When the Children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage, and their cry came up before God—what are the terms in which his gracious and compassionate feelings are described?—*Exodus*.

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

June 2.—First Sunday after Trinity.  
9.—Second Sunday after Trinity.  
11.—St. Barnabas the Apostle.  
16.—Third Sunday after Trinity.

## PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

## No. XXII.—SLIEVE DONARD.

In the county Down, where the magnificent range known as the Mourne mountains terminates on the coast, there rises what may well be called the king of that giant group. Slieve Donard is nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea at its base, abrupt in its ascent, and presenting at the highest point a dome-like elevation of extraordinary grandeur. Immediately beneath this towering summit lies the exquisitely beautiful demesne of Lord Roden, Tollymore Park; but on that side the mountain is wholly inaccessible: a circuit of some miles must be made to reach the only track by which the ascent can be gained, and that, after a short space, disappears, leaving the traveller to his own choice in the four hours' hard labour by which he may expect to reach the pinnacle of his ambition. And little of a traveller's soul can he possess who does not consider that attainment an abundant recompense for his toil.

Viewing Slieve Donard's height from the demesne, I had remarked what appeared an object about as large as an ordinary milestone, topping its crest; and, although making all reasonable allowance for the deception that so vast an altitude might occasion as to size, I was amazed to find myself within a heap of stones, the irregular outline of which might probably enclose as much ground as a moderate-sized dwelling-house stands upon. In some places the wall thus formed was several feet in thickness, and between seven and eight in height; at other points only a few scattered stones marked the boundary of the principal heap, within which was a well of excellent water, and close beside it a large slab of dark grey stone, supported by heaps of various dimensions, and formerly used as a Romish altar.

Amid the exultation that naturally followed the success of our arduous undertaking, and the enjoyment of plentiful good cheer, rendered delicious by the sharp edge that fatigue and our elevated position, with the help of a rough sea-breeze, had imparted to our appetites; in spite, too, of the overpowering extent of our magnificent view, embracing England and Scotland in its range, I felt oppressed at heart, and could have stolen away—in truth, I did steal away from the merry group—to indulge the sadness that I could not dispel. What extent of effort was requisite to bring an active, unencumbered frame to that spot, I had sensible experience of in every limb and sinew; yet the stones that by hundreds and thousands lay heaped about me, many of which I could not, by any exertion, have lifted from the earth, had all been brought from the plain below by the hands of devotes to the blinding and destroying system of popery.

It cannot be doubted, that my feeling, in the first instance, was one of deepest compassion for my deluded fellow-sinners, and increased abhorrence of that crafty device, which, by making merchandise of their souls, maintains itself in supreme power, and holds them in abject bondage. The prevailing impression, however, was of a more personal nature. I read a rebuke in every object before me. Calculating the ponderosity of the burden, the length and extreme laboriousness of the way, and considering the debility probably induced alike by the privations of poverty, and the imposed exercise of fasting, how could I look upon the evidences of what a false religion could stimulate its votaries to achieve, without being struck to the heart by a consciousness of my own fearful lack of zeal and devotion in what I know to be the truth? Many poor, emaciated creatures had, "for the glory of God," as they term and consider it, borne those burdens up to the spot where I found them; how often had I, for the glory of God, encountered as large an amount of labour, suffering, and privation? Many a diseased creature had dragged his feeble, perhaps crippled limbs and exhausted frame to the top of Slieve Donard, to plunge them in the so-called holy well, hoping to find a healing power in its spring. Alas for my careless, lagging, reluctant steps, over smooth, and even flowery paths, to

bring my death-stricken soul within reach of the waters of eternal life!

The error of the poor Irish devotee consisted in attaching a notion of merit to his difficult service, and in supposing that thereby he made God his debtor to a certain amount.—My sin lay in the habitual neglect of far easier duties, by the performance of which I might before men manifest somewhat of gratitude for the free gift of what the poor papist blindly toiled to purchase, and toiled to the last in vain. The conviction that struck me so deeply was this: I confess daily that it is my bounden duty to yield myself a living sacrifice to the Lord, and to love Him with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength. Now here is an evidence of what may be accomplished when those faculties are really and in earnest devoted to an object and an end; and what have I ever done, or attempted, even with the offered strength of Omnipotence to aid me, equal to the carrying of one of these stones from the beach yonder, to this elevated spot? Bodily exercise, I know, profiteth little; and I might bring the church of Newcastle, lying far below, to the crown of Slieve Donard, and be further from the kingdom of God at the close than at the commencement of such a task; but have I ever put forth my energies, to serve God in the Gospel of his Son, with the honesty wherewith these poor people have exerted themselves to serve them which be no gods? From the depths of self-abasement, I even ventured then to cast a thought beyond myself, and asked, Are Protestants, enlightened, unfettered, spiritually-instructed Protestants, as much in earnest in Christ's cause as these their degraded fellow-subjects are in that of anti-christ? I fear we are not so willing to act and to suffer according to the will of God, as they ignorantly are to strain every nerve in violating that will. A thousand instances in my own experience, where a little extra self-denial, a little more determined energy and perseverance in an unpleasant task, might have greatly redounded to the glory of God and the good of his people, arose to my remembrance, filling my eyes with tears, and my heart with remorse. And often, when tempted to flag in some work and labour of love, I do hope that I shall, by the Lord's blessing, find a powerful stimulus in the recollection of that broken heap of stones on the lofty summit of Slieve Donard.

## WILBERFORCE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

While contemplating the moral and intellectual physiognomy of Wilberforce, the eye continually glances at the eminent individuals who surround him in the foreground of the historical picture. It is a salutary, not less than an agreeable occupation, to meditate in these Portrait Galleries when the fever and excitement of the exhibition are over, and the music of adulation has played itself out. No longer lighted up with the sunny blaze of their reputation, the student lingers thoughtfully over the features upon which the finger of time is beginning to operate; now that the varnish is rubbing off, every trait of character, every indication of passion, becomes apparent to his scrutiny; flattery can no longer decorate their ugliness with a costly frame, nor soften their asperities by a mellowed light; criticism lets in upon them the full lustre of truth; nothing is mitigated, nothing is hidden. Here may the patriot and the statesman come to meditate. "The school of example," says Bolingbroke, "is the world; and the masters of this school are history and experience." These are the wings upon which Genius must learn to elevate itself. Without them it will only be, in the words of that unhappy and gifted writer whom we have quoted, a blazing meteor, irregular in its course, and dangerous in its approach, useless to all systems, and destructive of all. But while we muse upon these delineations of the mighty or the good, who are passed away from the tumult of life, into a sadder, or a holier existence; a reflection upon the vanity of worldly distinction passes gloomily over the mind. Those eyes, once kindled with mirthful raillery, are closed and dim; those lips, once burning with invective, are cold and silent; those hands, once wielding the sceptre of the fierce democracy, hang weak and nerveless. Even the records of their eloquence moulder with their ashes. What is remembered of the witty, the sophisticated, the brilliant Bolingbroke, a single specimen of whose senatorial composition Lord Grenville would have preferred to any relic of antiquity? Who can revive the spell of Walpole? Who can recal the majestic patriotism of Chatham?

Time will not permit us to protract our review of Wilberforce and his contemporaries, although we have advanced only a little way in the Portrait Gallery: many a thoughtful hour, "from morn to dewy eve, a summer day," might be passed in this employment. But as the student in the chambers consecrated to the works of genius, after wandering from picture to picture of mailed warrior, or emined noble, or purple conqueror, turns to take a farewell glance at some gentle countenance of poet or philosopher, which had haunted him during his survey; so we, after gazing upon the stern features of the statesman, or the commanding dignity of the orator, linger again, but for a moment, before the milder lineaments of Wilberforce. In him was beheld for the first, if not for the last time, the spectacle of a single individual, without patronage or office, to whom parliament listened with respect, and the country with reverence; having no friends but the good, no side but virtue. As a Christian, he will live in the memory of national piety; as a politician, in the memory of national patriotism. If Shakespeare was naturally learned, Wilberforce was naturally eloquent. Never charming the soul with the magic of fancy, like Burke; or confusing it with the glittering sophistries of Pitt; or trampling upon it with the thundering declamation of Fox; if he enchanted the hearer, it was in the circle of the affections; if he dazzled the eyes, it was with the moral beauty of his sentiments; if he subdued the feelings, it was with the language of the heart. His wit might sparkle round an opponent, but it was a harmless lightning. With greater propriety may we affirm of him, than of Sheridan, that

"His humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
Play'd round every object, and shone as it play'd;  
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."  
*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

## The Garner.

CHRIST'S AMBASSADORS.

Any man may read the Scriptures, or make an oration to the people, but it is not that which the Scriptures call preaching the word of God, unless he be sent by God to do it.—*For how can they preach except they be sent.* Rom. x. 15. A butcher might kill an ox or a lamb, as well as the high-priest; but it was no sacrifice to God, unless one of his

priests did it. *And no man taketh this honour to himself but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.* Heb. v. 4.—Any man may treat of public affairs as well as an ambassador; but he cannot do it to any purpose, without a commission from his prince. As suppose a foreign nation should set up one among themselves to make a league with England what would that signify when he is not authorized by the king to do it? And yet this is the case of many among us, who, as the Apostle foretold, cannot endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, 2 Tim. iv. 3. But such teachers as men thus heap to themselves, howsoever they may tickle their itching ears, they can never touch their hearts: for that can be done only by the power of God, accompanying and assisting his own institution and commission. Inasmuch that if I did not think, or rather was not fully assured, that I had such a commission to be an ambassador for Christ, and to act in his name, I should never think it worth the while to preach or execute any ministerial office; for I am sure that all I did would be null and void of itself, according to God's ordinary way of working; and we have no ground to expect miracles. But, blessed be God, we in our church, by a successive imposition of hands, continued all along from the apostles themselves, receive the same Spirit that was conferred upon them for the administration of the word and sacraments ordained by our Lord and Master, and therefore may do it as effectually to the salvation of mankind as they did. For as they were, so are we, ambassadors for Christ.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

## THE TREE OF LIFE.

To whom, blessed Lord Jesus, should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Thou art the true tree of life, in the midst of the Paradise of God. For us men, and for our salvation, thou didst condescend to be planted, in a lowly form, upon the earth. But thy head soon reached to heaven, and thy branches to the ends of the earth. Thy head is covered with glory, and thy branches are the branches of honour and grace. Medicinal are thy leaves to heal every malady, and thy fruits are all the blessings of immortality. It is our hope, our support, our comfort, and all our joy, to reflect, that, wearied with the labours, and worn out with the cares and sorrows of a fallen world, we shall sit down under thy shadow with great delight, and thy fruit shall be sweet to our taste.—*Bishop Horne.*

## GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

Though God's judgments may be secret, yet they cannot be unjust; like the great deep, indeed, an abyss unfathomable; but, though we have no plumb-line of reason that can reach it, our faith assures us, there is justice at the bottom. Clouds and darkness are round about him, saith the Psalmist; but, as it follows, Righteousness and Judgment are the habitation of his throne: so much we may easily discern through all the veils and curtains that envelope him, that justice stands always fast by his judgment-seat.—*Archbishop Sancroft.*

## MY BELOVED SON.

In this word lies all the comfort of a Christian. No pleasingness, no acceptance indeed of him; but in him, all acceptance of all that are in him. Nothing delights the Father but in this view; all the world [is] as nothing in his eye, and all men hateful and abominable by sin. Thou with all thy good nature and good breeding, and good carriage, vile and detestable of Christ. But if thou get under the robe of Jesus, thou and all thy guiltiness, and vileness, then art thou lovely in the Father's eye. Oh! that we could absolutely take up in him, whatsoever we are, yet shrouded under him. Constant, fixed, believing is all. Let not the Father then see us but in the Son, and all is well.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

## ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! O word of a vast comprehension, how doth this world, and the duration of all things therein, vanish and disappear at the very naming of thee! It is impossible to use exact propriety of speech in discoursing of this matter: and therefore we must express ourselves as well as we can. Before we were, there was an infinite space of time, which no finite understanding can reach; and when we die, and shall be no more in this world, an endless eternity of time (if I may so speak) succeeds and follows, in which infinite duration our poor life on earth intervenes, or comes in as a handbreath, the space of a few minutes, as a small isthmus, or creek of land, between two boundless oceans. In short, our life in this world is but a little point of time, interposed between an eternity past and an eternity to come.—*Bishop Bull.*

## CHARITY A DOUBLE BLESSING.

There is no virtue in being relieved; a poor man is not a better man for the charity he receives; it brings with it an increase of duty, and calls upon him for a more sure trust on God, for greater thankfulness to him; and some obligations it lays him under, with respect to his benefactors here. And it may happen, that the charity, which is his present relief, may be a burden upon his future account; and will be so, if he misapplies the gift. But the giver has a better prospect before him; charity is the discharge of a duty, and has the general promises of obedience; it is a virtue likewise distinguished from the rest, and has its own reward; the blessings of the life which is, and of that which is to come; it is a debt which God will own at the last day; it is a treasure transferred to heaven, and will be repaid in never failing riches. To conclude, charity is a double maintenance; it gives temporal life to the poor, and spiritual life to the rich; it bestows the comforts of the world on the receiver, and the glories of immortality on the giver.—*Bishop Sherlock.*

## TRUE WORTH.

Whatever external advantages a man may have, yet if he be not endowed with virtuous qualities, he is far from having any true worth or excellence, and consequently cannot be a fit object of our praise and esteem; because he wants that which should make him perfect and good in his kind. For it is not a comely personage, or a long race of famous ancestors, or a large revenue, or a multitude of servants, or many swelling titles, or any other things without a man, that speaks him a complete man, or makes him to be what he should be: But the right use of his reason, the employing his liberty and choice to the best purposes, the exercising his powers and faculties about the fittest objects, and in the most due measures; these are the things that make him excellent. Now none can be said to do this, but only he that is virtuous.—*Sharp, Archbishop of York.*

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