

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XIV. ASA, CONTINUED.

92. What did Asa do to the seer Hanani in his wrath against him for his faithful declarations? and what did Asa, further, do to the people at large?—(2nd Chron.)

93. When Asa was diseased in his feet, whom did he disregard? and to whom did he exclusively apply for relief?—(2nd Chron.)

94. When these acts of personal sin are recorded against Asa, what do you conjecture is to be understood when it is said that Asa did right in the eyes of the Lord, and that his heart was perfect all his days?

XV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

(On A.)

95. What was the name of the priest who attached himself to David, while in the wilderness? and what was the occasion of his joining David?—(1 Sam.)

96. Why was the month *Abib* to be so peculiarly observed among the Jews?—(Deut.)

97. Who was *Abigail*? and whose wife did she eventually become?—(1 Sam.)

98. Who was *Abihu*? and what kind of death did he die?—(Exod. Levit.)

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

October 8.—20th Sunday after Trinity.

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.

## PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. IV.

## BOWING AT THE NAME OF JESUS.

Among the innovations that are perpetually creeping in, changing the customs, and invading the institutions of our forefathers, who, after all, were perhaps, a little wiser than their descendants, I am often grieved to witness the growing neglect of a most seemly and reverential observance,—bowing at the name of Jesus, when reciting the Creeds of our Church. One might naturally expect, that, in days when infidelity rears its brazen front with impudence unparalleled, when blasphemies abound, and scoffers walk on every side insensible to rebuke, the people of Christ would wax more jealous—would become more tenacious of every badge distinguishing them as the worshippers of an insulted Lord. New light, however, seems to have broken in upon some of them, which I do not believe to have come from heaven, whencesoever else it may have emanated; teaching them that now is the time to relax in those points—the season to rob the Lord of those outward demonstrations of respect, which his enemies (who have no idea of spiritual service) delight to see withdrawn from him. "It is too popish," say some of these defaulters; "it is a mere bodily exercise, which profiteth little." Craving your pardon, my good friends, it is not popish. Popery yields little honour to Jesus: his name is not referred to in her services nearly so often as those of other mediators; his work is undervalued—his glory tarnished. He is not even once mentioned either in the confession or the absolution of that unhappy Church. It is true, his image, and that of his cross, are exhibited as objects of idolatrous worship, and that to them a genuflection is performed; but we, when by doing reverence at the mention of his adorable name, as Jesus Christ, the Father's only Son, and our Lord, we enter a solemn public protest against the blasphemies of Socinianism, no more approximate to popish superstition, than we do when verbally acknowledging the grand doctrine of the triune Jehovah, which the Church of Rome has never renounced. Popery is Christianity, corrupted, defiled, and rendered void by men's traditions and commandments. Protestantism is Christianity, rescued and REFORMED upon the perfect model of Scripture. Our beautiful Liturgy is no other than the Romish prayer-book, purged of all that the craft or subtlety of the devil, or man, had introduced to pollute so pure a worship; and those who object to the beautiful symbol of the liquid cross marked on the brow of the baptized, "in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end;"—they who stiffen the neck and knee, when an assembled congregation presses as it were, into the participation of what, either as a privilege or a menace, is proclaimed to the whole universe, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,—are in some peril of losing a substance, in their eager grasp after a shadowy spirituality.

Our rubric enjoins kneeling during the supplicatory portions of the service; and fast and far are our congregations departing from that command. Yet no man can have the face to assert that the bodily exercise of kneeling is not enjoined or implied as a duty throughout the New Testament; enforced, too, by the example of the Lord Jesus Christ himself. I do not know, because I have never tried, and I trust in God I shall never be induced to try, what degree of devotional feeling accompanies a sitting position, during the worship of my heavenly King; but I very much question the advantages of such demeanor. While we remain in the body, we cannot discover the intimate connexion subsisting between the outward act and inward thought; and it does appear an odd way of obeying the apostolic exhortation, "glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are his," to attempt such disjunction of mind and matter, just where we are admonished specially to unite them in the service, and surely in the worship of God. To deny, or indeed to curtail, the homage of the body, in order to exalt that of the soul, is going against universal experience, and against the tenor of His injunctions, who knows better what is in man than man himself does.

To me, I confess, it is a very delightful moment of realization,

in regard to the privileges of Church-membership, when brethren and sisters, with one accord, do outward homage to the name of HIM who, in taking their nature upon him, never ceased to be God over all, blessed for ever. It is very meet, that flesh which he designed to take into communion with Deity, should, with lowly and external reverence, hail God manifest in the flesh. "Jesus Christ, our Lord," are words of mighty, of immeasurable import. The Saviour, the Anointed, our Saviour, our God, the Captain of our Salvation, the Head of his body, the Church, which body (at least in profession) are we. It was he who wore our form, who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows; who walked our earth, a persecuted, afflicted man; who hung on the cross to atone for our sins; descended into the grave, that it might become the gate of life to us; and now in the majesty of his eternal glory, visits our temples, and hearkens to our prayers. Let those who can, deny him the poor tribute of grateful reverence; so long as I have power to bend a muscle, my knee shall bow, in deep and willing adoration, at the glorious and beloved NAME OF JESUS CHRIST MY LORD.

## TIME.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

YESTERDAY.—Alas, my friends, in the annals of time, how many yesterdays have run their course, and have been entombed in their respective nights, never more to appear to any of us—Witnessing these familiar companions dissolve and vanish into space, and being aware that these periodical portions of our sojourn on earth, will, one day, rise in judgment for or against us, it seriously behoves us henceforth to ask ourselves a few interesting and important questions, which may, in future, by the grace of God, add much happiness to the creditor side of our Christian account. How do matters stand with us on looking back on the past? What were we sent into this world for? How old were we on our last birth day? Have we been good stewards over the talents committed to our trust? Since we have so frequently been spared by the providential forbearance of a most merciful God, who can tell how few moments are in reserve for us to get oil in our vessels with our lamps, and to have them trimmed before the door closes on its fatal hinge, when the final die of our existence shall be cast, and all our future hopes shall be blighted, and every chance of working out our salvation shall be lost for ever; when the soul shall quit its earthly prison, and rest until the final judgment, to be rewarded or punished for the good or evil yesterdays, which were improved or disregarded by us?

TO-DAY.—Having taken a brief survey as to the yesterdays of life, may it please God to enable me to suggest a few salutary hints to my fellow pilgrims, which, I hope, will prove a beacon to light and direct them to that strait gate which so many have missed, and have passed through the wide gate, and have travelled on the broad way of destruction instead of it. This error has been owing to the dimness of their sight, and to the inefficiency of the light within them which they have too vainly trusted to. Atoms of earth we are, which once formed the mighty chaos, and are gradually transformed into our primordial state; dust we are, and unto dust we must return! Our clayey tabernacles contain precious souls, as their inmates, unitedly forming chrysalises, that are soon destined to burst their mysterious repositories, and then flutter with transcendent splendour in a glorious world of spirits! The exact time of their being liberated from their incarceration is known only to the Almighty! As the time of our dissolution is so very uncertain, let each of us resolve to pray like Hezekiah, and set our houses in order, each day of our transient lives. May our first and last thought be daily fixed on a crucified Saviour, who freely suffered and bled for us, and wore a crown of thorns here, that we might wear with him hereafter, a crown of glory and honor. Let us not lean on the arm of flesh, but that of God, as our support, our redeemer, our comforter, and friend, whether in prosperity or adversity. O, may we not only know what is good, but practice what we know, from the rising to the setting sun. "May we exhort one another daily, while it is called to day, lest any of us be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin."

TO-MORROW.—Though to-morrow may never come to some of us, yet, in a sense, many to-morrows have passed away like the morning cloud! O, my Christian friends, may the to-morrows which have fled, have borne witness to many well digested motives—to many sound and matured thoughts—and to more kind and charitable actions! May the fruits of the spirit have been our constant practice, as they were practised daily by the great exemplar! O, may we all have quenched our thirsts amply at the wells of salvation, where the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles drank before us. Should a most merciful God permit to-morrow's sun to shine again upon this planet, so favourably fixed in the midst of the solar system, with all its manifold blessings, let us hail it as a high privilege and great mercy, to have another chance to bless God for his great love to us—to have another opportunity of repenting of all our sins—to have the permission again to live happy with our families and friends—to pass through this vale of tears peaceably with our neighbours—and to be able to return good for evil to our enemies, and to those who may try our tempers in the daily walk of life.—May the grace of God give us all strength and support under the various trials of the world, the flesh, and the devil. I will, in conclusion, my dear friends, leave you a text to meditate upon, I am convinced that the miseries of human life would be much curtailed. "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." [Selected by a Lady.]

CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for July.)

As one who at noonday should close the windows and doors of his house, and stop every crevice to keep out the light that it may not dim the shining of his candles, and should then strike a spark in this corner and that, and rejoice in seeing here a match and there a taper, and think how much nobler it is to enjoy this illumination of his own than to owe ought to the sun—so is he who shuts himself in the chambers of his self will, and darkens

himself against the radiance of truth. Poor man, he knows not in the pride of his independence that even his weak and meagre glimmer is a witness to some higher source of light than himself, whose effulgence he did not create but only appropriate and obscure.

To the eye of Faith, and of Science too, which without faith is but a catalogue of names, every grain of dust is surrounded with its own colored and life-sustaining atmosphere, and turns on the poles of a principle, that is, of a life governed by a law.

A man with knowledge but without energy is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy but no knowledge, a house dwelt in but unfurnished.

(From the London Standard.)

SIR,—Perhaps the following anecdote, illustrative of the amiable character which from first to last distinguished our late beloved Sovereign, may be acceptable to your readers. If so, it is at your service, and I can vouch for its perfect authenticity. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A READER.

In the year 1779, when our late Sovereign was fourteen years of age, being then a midshipman, he was boarded for some time at Portsmouth, in the family of the late Viscount Duncan, the hero of Camperdown, then Admiral Duncan. In the gallant Admiral's absence, the young Prince was left to the care of his lady, and she has assured me that she never had under her roof a gentler or more obliging guest. As a proof of the latter quality in him, she mentioned, that regularly every afternoon, he went to the Post Office, to fetch her letters. This continued for some time: but at length the Admiral returned home, and over-hearing his lady say one afternoon to her guest, "Princess, it is time for you to go for the letters," he became alarmed at such familiarity, and instantly put a stop to the practice, and, as she assured me, to the prince's great regret. And full 50 years after, when William IV. ascended the throne, he shewed that he had not forgotten the friends of his boyhood, for on that lady's second son, the late Sir Henry Duncan, being presented at court, soon after his accession, he said to him in the kindest manner—"Is your mother still alive? Pray, remember me to her, and say, that I have not yet forgotten the time when I used to run to the Post Office for her letters."

ABSENCE OF MEANS OF GRACE.

In order to obtain the Divine blessing, it is necessary that we should wait upon God in all the ordinances of his appointment. Yet God has not so restricted his favours, but that we may expect the communication of them to our souls wherever we be, provided our neglect of his instituted means proceed from imperious necessity, and not from an indifference to his commands. St. John was banished to the isle of Patmos, where he had no opportunity of assembling with the Church of Christ, and of sanctifying the Sabbath in the way to which he had been accustomed. But he sought the Lord in secret, and "was in the spirit," that is, in a holy heavenly frame, "on the Lord's day;" and what was wanting to him in respect of external advantages was abundantly compensated by an extraordinary vision of the Lord and Saviour.—Rev. C. Simeon.

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