

Youth's Department.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

For six weeks in advance.

- 372. 1 Chron. xxi. 7, 14. 387. 2 Kings v. 12.
373. 1 Chron. xxi. 3, 6. 388. Jeremiah xlix. 27.
374. 1 Chron. xxi. 1. Amos i. 4.
375. 1 Chron. xxi. 11-13. 389. Ezekiel xxvii. 18.
376. 1 Chron. xxi. 16, 17. 390. 2 Sam. viii. 5, 6.
377. 1 Chron. xxi. 20. 391. Isaiah xvii. 1-3.
378. 1 Chron. xxi. 23, 24. Amos i. 3-6.
379. 2 Chron. iii. 1. 392. Acts ix. 1-9.
380. 1 Chron. xxii. 14. 393. Genesis xxxv. 8.-Judges iv. 4.
381. 1 Chron. xxviii. 12, 19. 394. Genesis xxxv. 8.
382. 1 Chron. xxviii. 9. 395. Judges iv. 4, 5.
383. 1 Chron. xxviii. 20, 21. 396. Judges iv. 6-9, 14.
384. 1 Chron. xxix. 27. 397. Judges v. 6, 7.
385. Some people suppose he was a man after God's own heart with regard to his general integrity and consistency of conduct; others imagine that the expression refers to his peculiarly devotional spirit, by which he was enabled to walk so closely with his God; while others suppose that it refers chiefly to his steady adherence to the worship of the true God as contradistinguished from idols.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- Feb. 10.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
13.—Ash Wednesday.
17.—First Sunday in Lent.
24.—Second Sunday in Lent.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.

THE INFIDEL.—FIRST VISIT.

"We shan't have Mr. L. at the vestry on Tuesday," said the Clerk to me, as I was leaving the Church on the afternoon of Easter-Sunday. "Poor man, I hear he is very sadly—the doctors think he can't get over it. He always made noise enough when he did come to meetings; and he never entered the church at any other time."

Mr. L. was a retired solicitor, who had amassed a small fortune, not in a very fair way, it was surmised. He was a bachelor, and had been resident in the parish for a few years; and from the moment of his entrance into it, he had apparently laboured to do as much harm as could well be imagined. He was resolutely opposed to all the rector's plans for the spiritual and temporal good of the people. He delighted, in private, as in public, to denounce the Established Church as the greatest curse of the country; war, famine, pestilence, whatever afflictive dispensation it might have pleased God to visit us with—all would have been referred by him to the Church. It was difficult to know what were Mr. L.'s real opinions on the subject of religion. He used formerly, once or twice a year, to visit a dissenting meeting-house some miles off, where the great saving doctrines of the Gospel were impugned; but even from this place he now wholly absented himself. Frigid as was the character of the service, it was at length too warm for him; and he never joined in worship of any kind. The fact can scarcely be doubted that he was a downright infidel. Socinianism has been well represented as "a half-way house between Christianity and infidelity." Mr. L. did not long stay there. He rapidly proceeded on his headlong course. In politics he was an avowed democrat. Such characters as Mr. L. are not unfrequently to be met with—men who are extremely troublesome by their interference, extremely dangerous by their derision of all that is religious, and extremely injurious to the neighbourhood in which they dwell by their bad example. I had never had any intercourse with this unhappy man. He had not called on me, as might be supposed; he had not attended at any of the meetings held for devising plans for the relief of the poor, at that time suffering greatly from the dearth of provisions; he systematically refused contributing one farthing to their support.

I was deeply affected by the Clerk's statement, and was at a loss how to act. I felt that Mr. L. might be in a dangerous state. I was young and inexperienced—on many points I had yet much to learn. My views of divine truth as before stated by me, were by no means so clear as I trust they now are. After an hour's deliberation, however, I summoned courage to knock at Mr. L.'s door.

On inquiring after his health, the servant informed me he was very far from well. The apothecary on the preceding day had called in the aid of a physician, who expressed his doubt as to the patient's recovery; medicines had been prescribed, the effects of which could not be ascertained.—"Shall I tell master you are here?" continued the servant. "You may, if you please," I replied; "say I am anxious to know how he is; and that, if he has no objection, I will see him."

"I don't think it likely master will see you," said the servant; "but I will tell him."

She returned after some minutes: the time which elapsed shewed there was some hesitation on the poor man's part. She informed me, however, that her master would see me in a short time, and legged me to walk into the parlour until he was ready.

I confess, at this moment I felt extremely nervous—perhaps it was through a sinful fear of man; but I had heard so much of Mr. L.'s violence of temper, and hatred of every thing religious, that I trembled at the anticipation of the interview. The parlour was a neat room: on the sofa there lay a newspaper of avowed democratic principles; a gardener's calendar, a volume of Voltaire's works, and three or four infidel tracts, one by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, formed the library. There was a cheerlessness about the whole, notwithstanding its neatness, that quite damped my spirits.

Twenty minutes or more had elapsed before the servant summoned me to the bed-room, on entering which I found the sick man seated by the fire in a dressing-gown. He was

*From the Church of England Magazine.

evidently very much emaciated, and appeared to have had a paralytic stroke.

"This visit is very civil," was his first remark, "I hardly expected it from one of your cloth; but I suppose you heard I was dying, though I may cheat the doctors yet." His remarks, it may be observed, were usually accompanied by oaths, which it would be improper to repeat, but which added to the horror excited by many of his expressed sentiments.

"I certainly did hear, sir," I replied, "that you were very ill, and I felt it my duty to call upon you."

"Duty! what do you mean by duty?" was his reply.—"Oh, I suppose you want to convert me, as you call it; you think my soul is in as much danger as Taylor, the doctor, thinks my body is; but I shall cheat you both yet, I'm sure I shall. I daresay the old parson wishes I were dead—I know he hates me."

"Why, sir," I continued, "I really did call upon you for a religious purpose, otherwise I should not have called this evening; for I make it a rule never to make a common call on a Sunday."

"Why, what's the difference between Sunday and any other day? I suppose the sun shines on Sunday, and the rain falls on Sunday, and the world goes on, as on other days on Sunday; and we must eat and drink what we can get, as on other days. I have got rid of all that nonsense long ago. But come, sir, won't you drink my better health? have some hot brandy and water."

"No, I thank you, sir," was my answer. "You are apparently weak, and I must not sit long with you; but, before I go, I really wish—"

Here my voice faltered, and I could not proceed—I felt quite overcome.

"Wish to talk to me about my soul, eh? Can't I take care of my own soul, do ye think. What good can you do my soul—eh?"

"Why, sir, I really do conceive it my duty to say, that I fear you do not feel as you ought the solemn importance of religion."

"Duty, sir! why a parson's duty appears to me to be to eat and drink, and pick people's pockets, and to grind the poor. I tell you what, religion's all a farce, and you know it as well as I; but its your trade to keep it up; you live by it—I don't blame you, young man. You have your part to act, as well as other folks; if you manage to cheat them, the more fools they."

There was a coarse vulgarity in the language he employed which quite shocked me, and which appears inseparable from such persons. I continued as follows:—

"How, sir, can you in common honesty make such a statement? You must know better."

"Why, sir," said he, rather fiercely, "look at our own parish. See the exorbitant sum that is paid the incumbent for tithes. See how the poor are starved; and all this to support the priestcraft. But there will soon be an end of all that. We'll soon have no church. The world's becoming too enlightened, sir."

"Well, sir," I replied, "let us look at our own parish.—The value of the living is not £400 a year. Will any man say that such a sum is exorbitant for the support of a family at a time when every thing is most expensive; and as for the poor, sir, I can assure you that the rector gives to the utmost of his power for their relief. I know, sir, that he never allows wine to be put on his table, or luxuries of any kind, that he may give to the poor. I know that he has not purchased a book for the last two years, that he may give to the poor. There is a regular supply of food for the most destitute of the parishioners at the rectory every morning; and Saturday's post brought an order upon his banker for £50, to be distributed this Easter: and this at a time when he has many extra expenses. I cannot see how it can be said that the rector grinds the poor. Putting the spiritual blessings of a resident minister out of the question, even the temporal benefit to a parish is very great."

"Oh, that's all stuff, sir; the poor don't deserve to be fed, sir—they ought to have their rights; they'll never have them till the parsons are done away with: but it will be all right soon."

"Pardon me," I continued, "if I state that I have heard that you make it a rule never to give to the poor. Certainly you don't subscribe to our clothing fund, or the fund for selling flour at half price—to both of which the rector is a most liberal subscriber. Don't you think that they are the true friends of the lower orders who seek to minister to their wants, and not they who seek to excite them to rebellion?"

"I do not give to the poor, and never will," was his reply. "It's all a pack of nonsense; it's all a trick to keep the people down in thralldom, in bondage; but they'll see through it soon. I have just been reading the newspaper: all is going on as it should, sir; we shall soon have a revolution, and then what will Pitt's head be worth, or Pitt's master's—eh? Come, now, don't be a spy, and convict one of treason. But perhaps you came to get me to subscribe to some of your charities, as you call them, to cheat me of my cash, because I am ill; but you'll miss your mark, my lad. But, come, won't you have something? Pray do; I wish to treat every one civilly—I have no spite against you—I hear you do what good you can."

I assured the wretched man that nothing was further from my thoughts than to ask him for money, and that I did not wish refreshment of any kind; that my sole object in calling upon him was to have some religious conversation. I said what I could to induce him to believe that both the rector and myself were sincerely anxious for his welfare. But his frame of mind was such as to preclude the hope that I could do any good. I made the attempt, however, again, and simply asked him what his views were on the subject of religion?

"Religion, young man!" he answered hurriedly; "what are my views on religion? why, what business is that of yours, or of any man, parson or no parson? My views are my own—my conscience is my own—my belief is my own, and I'll keep them to myself; and let me advise you not to meddle in other folks' matters. It won't do you any good, and may gain you much ill-will."

"But, sir," I went on, not a little agitated, "do you ever think about death, and judgment, and eternity?"

"Why, what's that to you? Betty," he cried out, ringing the bell as furiously as his weakness would permit; "here, bring this gentleman something to drink, for I wish to be civil; and it's time for me to have one of those draughts. Taylor's as bad as you—quacks both of you.—As for death, we must all die, I suppose; other folks have died, and so must we. As for judgment and eternity, what can you or I know about them? How do you know there is an eternity?"

"Why, sir, the Bible tells—"

"Pooh, pack of stuff! we'll soon have an end of all that. We'll soon have no Bibles—fit only for old women. All's going on well, sir. The age of reason will soon be here, and then we'll have no poor, and no Bibles, and, best of all, no parsons. I tell you what, sir, I'm getting tired, and you won't have any thing to drink, and suppose we say good night. I'm obliged to you for your call. I'm only sorry I can't get out on Tuesday to the vestry, to vote against any money being given to the support of the Sunday-school and such priestcraft. Why cram the young with the Bible? But there will soon be an end of that. Good night, young man. I'm obliged to you: but won't you have something before you go?"

I saw it was utterly in vain to remain any longer in the room, and thought it prudent to withdraw. Conversation, I felt, might excite him, and render the medicines he was taking inefficacious. I therefore left the room—I was, in fact, not sorry to do so. I had never before come in contact with such a character, and seldom have since, I returned home despirited, and yet glad I had called upon the wretched man. But as I sat meditating on what had occurred, I found that nothing had been done by me to arouse the poor sinner to a sense of his guilt and danger. I resolved therefore to see him again; and for this purpose to despatch a note the following morning, to say that, if convenient, I would call once more. I determined, also, to ride over to the parish of a neighbour, a man of deep experience, and to obtain his advice how to act; and I trust that I felt the need of that Divine guidance for which I prayed, that I might be the instrument of saving "a soul from death."

The night which I passed was a most restless one. The wretched infidel, for such I was convinced he was, was ever present to my thoughts. In the morning I arose, despatched my messenger with the note; to which I received the reply, that the sick man would see me on Tuesday evening.

THE DISCOVERER OF STEAM POWER.

It is now, we believe, admitted by men of science, though the world in general either overlooks or is ignorant of the fact, that the Marquess of Worcester, an English nobleman of Charles II.'s time, an ancestor of the existing ducal family of Beaufort, was the person who first discovered and revealed to mankind the mechanical capabilities of steam—that power which, in our own age, is working out effects so vast and magnificent. In presence of His Maker he was humble.—The following passage from a prayer of the Marquess, while it shows him elevated with the consciousness of being the depository of a stupendous discovery, also exhibits a mind imbued with humility and noble feeling:—"Oh, infinitely omnipotent God! whose mercies are fathomless, and whose knowledge is immense and inexhaustible: next to my creation and redemption, I render thee most humble thanks from the very bottom of my heart, for thy vouchsafing me (the meanest in understanding) an insight into so great a secret of nature, beneficial to all mankind, as this water-commanding engine. Suffer me not to be puffed up with the knowledge of it, but humble my haughty heart by thy true knowledge of my own ignorance!" Such language as this, used by one whose genius discovered the steam-engine, reminds us of Newton's comparison of himself to a child picking up shells on the ocean of truth.—Cottage Magazine.

The Garner.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Imagination delights in that beautiful picture of piety which would be presented by the world, were all men spiritually united in one church, hearing and following ministers of the same true doctrine, and eating the bread of life with one heart and one soul. Were indeed all men hearers of the truth and worshippers in one true church, the ministers would have only to edify the adult and educate the young. Such a state of optimism could be conceived that ministers might be altogether dispensed with; and that every man should know the Lord from the least to the greatest. This would be a reign of Christ on earth. I here neither assert nor deny, that such a consummation is to be expected. In familiar language, there are many degrees of excellence. It would be a great improvement on the present state of the world, if all who professed Christianity were united in society, truth and love, and were endeavouring to bring others to the same agreement. Certainly it is impossible for Christ's religion to be practised as it ought till such a change is produced. Nor is it for any one to say, if provision is made for unity in the word of God, to what success rightly directed endeavours might conduce. Most undoubtedly, the nearer we approach to either of the states of union, the nearer we approach to Christ; and the more remote that object, the farther we stray from him. And if it is, as it appears, the design of the Almighty, that all men should be one in Christ, it is an end proposed to man which challenges emulation, as the grandest achievement of his spiritual exertion.—Rev. E. C. Kemp.

DEATH BEDS.

Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns!" Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but cheerful, in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber, without a wish that "my last end might be like theirs."—Sir Henry Hallford.

A RELIGIOUS SOVEREIGN.

When virtue shines from the throne, it warms the hearts of all below it, and the advantage of the station gives it an influence not to be resisted; religion in the height of greatness is an amiable sight, and the people will insensibly learn to imitate what they cannot help admiring. Would it not teach the haughtiest mind humility, to see majesty itself lie prostrate at the altar, imploring the divine assistance with such a sense of its dependence, as is but rarely found in the lowest fortune? Must it not shame us into mutual kindness and benevolence, when we see with how uncommon a love the Princess embraces all her subjects, even the worst deserving; imitating the example of divine mercy, which makes the sun to rise both on the just and on the unjust? Can the people refuse submission to such a prince? Can they scruple to follow the law as the rule of their obedience, which they see their Princess submitting to as the rule of her government.—Bishop Sherlock.

Advertisements.

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THIS School, agreeably to a previous announcement, will be re-opened on Thursday, the 10th instant, in the District School house, in this City, under the superintendance of MARCUS C. CROMBIE.

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Toronto, July, 1838.

The Church

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