

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXXI. BETHEL.—CONTINUED.

260. What happened to this idolatrous king when he stood by the altar in Bethel, to burn incense, and was about to lay violent hands on the man of God who prophesied against the altar, and foretold the evils which would eventually overtake the worshippers?—(1 Kings.)

261. What happened to the man of God just mentioned, on his return from Bethel, after having declared this remarkable prophecy?—(1 Kings.)

262. Where do you find a circumstantial account of the completion of this prophecy respecting the altars &c. of Bethel?—(2 Kings.)

XXXII. BETHLEHEM.

263. On what occasion was the prophet Samuel commissioned to go to Bethlehem, when we are informed that its elders trembled at his appearance.—(1 Samuel.)

264. When this city was for a short time in the hands of the Philistines, who was it that exclaimed, "O that one would give me of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate?" and when the water was obtained by him, what did he do with it?—(2 Samuel.)

265. Bethlehem was the residence of the ancestors of David.—How do you prove this with respect to Jesse, David's father, and Boaz his great grandfather?—(1 Samuel, and Ruth.)

266. There is some reason for supposing that David himself was born in Bethlehem.—Can you assign this?—(1 Samuel.)

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

July 15.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.  
22.—Sixth do do  
25.—St. James the Apostle.  
29.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

## To the Editor of the Church.

REV. SIR,—If you consider that the following plain, unvarnished narrative of facts, would afford aught of interest or gratification to your readers, it is at your service. It was principally written several years ago, soon after the events occurred to which it relates. In recording the short, but bright career of a youthful parishioner, whose unaffected piety exemplified patience under severe sufferings, and painful but most triumphant death, deeply affected myself, as well as many others, I have not sought the adventitious aid of ornament in order to create effect, but have simply related circumstances as they actually occurred.

UNUS.

## LYDIA.

CHAPTER I.—"Religion! what treasures untold,  
Reside in that heavenly world:  
More precious than silver or gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford."

The sentiments expressed by the Poet in the above quotation, will find a ready assent and testimony to their truth, in the experience of the sincere Christian. His soul, rejoicing in that peace of God which passeth all understanding, will attest the justness of these sentiments; and in the beautiful language of inspiration will declare of Religion, that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." This divine gift vouchsafed to the children of men by their heavenly father, while it assures them of the unspeakable glories reserved for the faithful in a future world, affords them also manifold blessings in this present life. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It is the source of the purest enjoyment that earth contains; it imparts to the devoted follower of the Lord Jesus the richest consolations; it fills the believing soul with "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Great are its advantages in every condition of human life. In prosperity it teaches meekness, represses pride, and fills the heart with grateful joy and thanksgivings to the Giver of all good. In adversity it inspires patience and resignation; enables the Christian to kiss the rod, even while it smiteth; and comforts the mind with the believing consolation, that "all things shall eventually work together for good unto them that love God." In sickness its divine comforts come with powerful efficacy to the heart of the distressed sufferer; it imparts the balm more precious than that of Gilead; it confers the unction of heavenly love, so that "tho' the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." And at that hour, most trying to the sons of men, when the spirit is ready to depart from the tabernacle of the flesh, the religion of the Gospel lends its friendly and effectual aid, to prepare the dying believer for his mortal conflict with the king of terrors. Through the clouds of pain and trouble, it points to the glorious morning of the resurrection; it uplifts the veil that separates time from eternity, and comforts the believer with a sigh of the ravishing glories of the world of spirits; it reveals the Lord Jesus strengthening his confiding disciple, and the dying Christian is enabled to exclaim, "thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Many of the above remarks will be illustrated in the course of the following simple narrative, which I am induced to commit to paper, chiefly for the satisfaction of my own mind, as a "sweet remembrance of the just," and not without hope, that its perusal may be rendered profitable, if not to others, at least to some of those, on the tablet of whose hearts the name of Lydia C— is still deeply engraved, connected with many fond and endearing recollections.

The subject of the present brief memoir, was a young woman about seventeen years old, and whom I may justly call one of the first fruits of my ministerial labours. She was indeed a bright bud of spiritual promise, just expanding into the open blossom, when the chilling frost of death touched her,—and she withered; but she left behind her a pleasing hope that the Lord of the vineyard had transplanted her from this cold earth, to flourish in the more congenial climate of heaven. Lydia C— was the daughter of one of the first settlers in the township wherein my lot is cast. Her father was in what may be termed comfortable circumstances for a new country; but owing to his having resided many years in such a country, which in its infant state of improvement afforded few facilities or opportunities of obtaining an education, none of his children possessed much learning: Lydia however was the youngest of the family, and the only one remaining at home with her parents, had, from this cause, possessed more advantages than the rest; and she evinced a great desire to improve in knowledge, by reading such books as she could obtain. It was owing to this predilection for reading, that I was first induced to take any particular notice of her—

In one of my parochial visits to her father's house, her mother asked if I would lend her daughter a book, as she was very fond of reading, but there were so few books in the neighbourhood, that she could not often procure them. I readily complied with her request; and having at different periods, lent her religious and instructive books, I found by conversing with her on their contents, that her mind was better informed than under the circumstances of her previous life could have been expected; and what was still more gratifying to the Christian minister, that she was also the subject of serious religious impressions. Indeed the change which about this time became visible in her conduct, shewed evidently that God had been merciful unto her soul; that she was renewed in the spirit of her mind; and was guided in all her actions by Christian principles. She ceased to participate in those vanities, which are generally so fascinating to youth. She no longer sought for happiness from the follies or the pleasures of the world; she had learned to seek and to expect it from a purer source. Her delight was in the ways and works of righteousness, in the ordinances of religion, in the perusal of pious books, in the services of the sanctuary, and in communion with her God. In the courts of the Lord's house, her devotion was particularly apparent. Though so young, and surrounded by many acquaintances who entertained strong prejudices against the services of the Church and her incomparable Liturgy, and who were at no pains to conceal their sentiments, she on the contrary delighted in them, and confessed that she derived great comfort from them. Often, when not another female voice could be distinguished in the whole assembly, hers might be distinctly heard, repeating in an audible voice, the solemn responses of our beautiful and truly spiritual service. And when the psalms of praise were sung; when the voice was tuned to celebrate the glory and goodness of God, she always joined heartily in this sweet part of devotion, and united in swelling the glad anthem of praise and thanksgiving.

After I had been several months in my mission, I procured the attendance of a neighbouring clergyman to administer for me the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Upon this occasion I had, in compliance with the Rubric, requested that such as desired to receive the holy communion, should signify their intention some time previously. Among the number of applicants was Lydia C—.

As this was the first time she had ever offered herself as a partaker of this holy ordinance, I conversed much with her upon the nature, design, and benefits of that divine institution. I failed not to direct the young believer to the cross of Christ, and to the atonement which he there effected, as the sole foundation of the penitent sinner's hope. I pointed out the necessity of self-examination; of sincere unfeigned sorrow for past offences; of firm faith in the merits of our illustrious Redeemer; and of holy resolutions, in reliance upon divine aid, to live for the future more closely with her God. The result of these conversations was so satisfactory, affording such pleasing evidences of a softened heart, which God's Holy Spirit was gradually moulding and fashioning according to the standard of the Gospel, that I very gladly encouraged her to avail herself of the additional means of grace, vouchsafed in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

CHAR. II.—"Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food."

It has often been to me a matter of great surprise, that so many who call themselves Christians, should be so carelessly, so culpably indifferent to the means of grace afforded us in the supper of the Lord. Surely if ever the mind is impressed with solemn serious thoughts upon the things belonging to its everlasting peace; if ever sentiments of fervent love and gratitude glow in the enraptured heart; if ever we enjoyed a sweet foretaste of the happiness of immortality, these emotions must have been most powerfully excited, while in the act of commemorating the matchless love of a crucified, a glorified Saviour. The more frequently we communicate in a proper frame of mind,—the more frequently shall we be employed in meditating upon the great atonement, the more frequently shall we be engaged in true repentance, in firm purposes of amendment, and in effectual, because fervent, prayers for divine grace and spiritual blessings. No institution of our holy faith is better adapted to excite holy desires, devout prayers for divine aid, and deep heartfelt sentiments of love and gratitude towards our adorable Redeemer. Cold, indeed, and hardened must that heart be, dead to every sentiment of gratitude, and utterly destitute of all the finer feelings of the renewed heart must he be, who all unmoved can bend before the altar of love, and partake of the precious symbols of a Saviour's body broken, of a Saviour's blood poured forth. Yet highly valued as this sacred ordinance ought to be by all who bear the name of Christ, it is too frequently a subject of deep regret to the Christian minister to see it so lightly regarded by many of those under his charge, who profess themselves followers of the Lord Jesus.

But to return to our narrative:—on the Sunday when the holy Sacrament was administered, I was gratified in beholding Lydia C— amid the little band who, on that interesting occasion, knelt before the altar of divine love, and partook of that "sacred feast, which Jesus makes rich banquet of his flesh and blood."—Though probably possessed of as ardent a desire of glorifying God in Christ and participating in the means of grace dispensed on that occasion as any individual present, yet I could not but notice the natural timidity of youth, or perhaps more justly, the deep humility, of the sincere Christian, which prevented this young person from pressing forward with the first of those who communicated, but led her to kneel down the last, as perhaps, with true lowliness of soul, esteeming herself the least worthy member of the little flock, who at that time placed themselves under the guidance of their Almighty Shepherd.

The subject of this memoir, when she thus presented herself at the table of the Lord, for the first, and as it afterwards proved for the last time, although the youngest, was yet the only one of her father's family who at that time commemorated a Saviour's love to man; and she was at that time almost the only member of the family who exhibited much anxiety about things spiritual and eternal.

Yet she had a father and mother, she had sisters many, and brothers many, of whom more than one have since openly professed their faith in Christ crucified by partaking of the memorials of his dying love. But at that time, she alone stepped forward into the ranks of her Redeemer, enrolled herself under the banners of the cross, commenced the good fight of faith, and "continued Christ's faithful soldier and servant, unto her life's end."

Her father, though generally esteemed as an excellent neighbor, ever ready to oblige, and honest and upright in his dealings, was yet a stranger to the power of godliness, and was too much addicted to that dreadful vice, intemperance. This sinful habit was a source of much grief to his family

and friends; but to none more so than to his amiable daughter, who often blushed for his conduct, and with many tears and supplications prayed for his reformation. Her mother, with far stronger desires after holiness, was yet apt to be too much influenced by her husband's opinions, and appeared backward in seeking the welfare of her immortal soul. From her parents, therefore, Lydia, although she met with little opposition, could not derive much assistance in her spiritual warfare. They indeed encouraged her in her attendance at Church, and in procuring for her religious books, but at this time, neither of them could enter into the feelings of a soul convinced of sin, and earnestly seeking peace through the prevailing efficacy of the great atonement. Lydia, therefore, was obliged to depend more upon her God, and he imparted unto her of the riches of his grace abundantly.

After receiving the sacrament as narrated above, she continued to walk as became a Christian; yet meek and unobtrusive in her manners, the brief remainder of her life, while she was blessed with health, afforded few incidents which possess interest enough to a general reader to render it necessary to record them. Still I cannot but bear witness to her constant anxiety to render herself useful in advancing the interests of the cause to which she belonged. In the Sunday School which I had established about this time, she was a regular and diligent teacher, never neglecting her class, but weekly instructing them to the best of her abilities, to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth." I have already alluded to the comfort she experienced from the prayers of the Church, and the audible manner in which she made the responses. This is a part of the solemn services of the sanctuary too often viewed with culpable indifference by many professed members of our communion. How seldom, alas! do we see a congregation, the majority of whom lift up their voices in public prayer unto God in that scriptural form of sound words which our Church justly glories in possessing! And yet I can scarcely imagine any earthly sight more pleasing to a pious minister, or to the angels in heaven, than to behold a whole congregation offering up fervently, and with united hearts and voices, their common prayers to their Almighty parent. It is a sight at once pleasing, solemn, and affecting; and I wish that all our churches oftener resounded with the united and audible responses of the whole congregation, praising God, and offering their common supplications before his throne of grace.

"Lord how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee;  
At once they sing, at once they pray,  
They hear of heaven and learn the way."

Lydia, in this respect, set the female part of my congregation an example, which too few of them have sought to emulate. In her attendance upon divine service she was extremely regular and punctual; and during its continuance, particularly attentive. She heard with gladness "that faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" she listened "with a greedy ear" to the precious promises of the Gospel, and full well did her dying hours attest the unspeakable advantages she had derived from her attendance upon the public worship of the Almighty. Her whole deportment evinced, that like her namesake of old, (Acts xvi. 14) she was one "whose heart the Lord had opened to attend to the things of God." So all absorbing was the interest she felt in the ordinances of God, that she often appeared to be insensible to external circumstances, while listening to the promulgation of divine truths. Upon one occasion during the winter, as she retired from the Church, a female friend remarked, that she was so cold in Church that she derived little pleasure from the service. "How can you say so?" replied Lydia, "for my part I was so deeply interested, that I never felt the cold at all." Such was her devotion in the house of God. If there were but more of such a spirit amongst professed Christians, how would our churches be crowded every Sabbath! They would no more complain of the length or dullness of the service; the day of the Lord would no longer be a weariness; but the hearts of the faithful worshippers would hail with gladness its return, while the delightful remembrance of its hallowed employments would constrain them to say, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yes, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Then would "the power and the glory" of the Lord be seen in the sanctuary, and the blessed effects of the Sunday's engagements would be visible during the remainder of the week.

But the time was rapidly approaching when the mortal existence of my youthful parishioner was to terminate, and her pure spirit having relinquished its tabernacle of clay, was to wing its happy flight into the presence of its Maker and its God. Between five and six months after the administration of the sacrament above alluded to, she was absent from home three days, having accompanied a sister (who was leaving the country) one day's journey to the town of P—. On the third day she returned home, apparently in perfect health, and utterly unconscious that this was but a deceitful calm,—fatal precursor of the dreadful storm so soon about to rage. How true is that admonitory passage in our sublime and beautiful office for the burial of the dead, "In the midst of life we are in death!" How needful then to mortals, the warning of the Saviour, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch!" How necessary that we should pray and strive for habitual preparation, that our loins may be girt and our lights brightly burning, and ourselves ready to obey with alacrity the summons that calls us from time into eternity! Lord, teach us all "so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE CONSCIENTIOUS BARBER.

A barber, who lived at Bath, passing a place of worship one Sunday, peeped in just as the minister was giving out his text, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly in the habit of breaking the laws of God and man, by shaving and dressing his customers on Sunday. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sunday task. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to the minister, who advised him to give up Sunday dressing, and worship God. He replied, beggary would be the consequence; he had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night, spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast his care upon God; as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent. He discontinued Sunday dressing; went constantly and early to church; and soon enjoyed that self-gratulation which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and in due time that "peace of God which the world can neither give nor take away." The consequences he foresaw, actually followed; his genteel customers left him, as he was nicknamed *Puritan* or *Methodist*. He was obliged to give up his fashionable

shop; and, from various gradations in life, he became so reduced as to take a cellar under the old market house, and shave the farmers! One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hestler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate the Sabbath! This was touching the poor barber on a tender chord: he burst into tears, asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced, before he could make such a request. When shaved, he said, "There must be some thing extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you; when I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?" "William Reed." "William Reed!" echoed the stranger, "William Reed! by your dialect you are from the west."—"Yes, Sir, from Kingston, near Taunton." "William Reed, from Kingston, near Taunton! What was your father's name?" "Thomas." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, Sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we suppose him to be dead." "Come along, follow me," said the stranger; "I am going to see a person, who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed he whom you say you are, I have glorious news for you: your uncle is dead, and has left you an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed." They went by the coach, saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity; and told him, he had advertised him in vain. Providence, however, had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had much pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property.

Though all who make sacrifices for conscience' sake are not to expect outward advantages such as these, nor the interposition of so remarkable a Providence, yet we may boldly ask, who, in the general result, ever were the losers for Christ and a good conscience? Temporary difficulties may ensue from giving up unlawful callings, but he who opens rivers in dry places, has shown afterwards, that to such as "trust in the Lord and do good," he has fulfilled his own promise; "verily thou shalt be fed!" Should this meet the eye of any one placed in similar difficulties to the poor barber, let him rely on the following words of Christ: "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."—(Matt. xix. 29.)—*Churchill's Anecdotes.*

## The Garner.

CHARITY.

Proportion thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion that estate to the weakness of thy charity; let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gift, lest in seeking applause, thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a close mouth.—*Quarles.*

LUKEWARMNESS.

Upon the Church there never yet fell tempestuous storm, the vapours whereof were not first noted to rise from coldness in affection, and from backwardness in duties of service towards God.—*Hooker.*

Forget not in thy youth to be mindful of thy end: for tho' the old man cannot live long, yet the young man may die quickly.—*Lord Burleigh.*

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