

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXXIV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN B.—CONTINUED.
 281. Where was *Bethabara*? how was John the Baptist employed while there? and what remarkable conversation did he there hold with the Jewish Priests and Levites?—(John.)
 282. Can you tell the name of a celebrated Scriptural character who was buried over against *Beth-Feor*?—(Deut.)
 283. Who was *Bezaleel*? and to whom was he indebted for his extraordinary skill in workmanship?—(Exodus.)
 284. When the tribes of Judah and Simeon went up against the remaining Canaanites, and slew 10,000 in *Bezek*, who was its king at that time? and what punishment was inflicted on him?—(Judges.)
 285. Who was the son of *Bichri*? what was his general character? and against whom did he take up arms?—(2 Samuel.)
 286. In what city did this man, when closely pursued by Joab and his men, take refuge? and under what circumstances did he meet with his death?—(2 Samuel.)
 287. Who was *Bidkar*? and on what occasion is he introduced?—(2 Kings.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Aug. 12.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
 19.—Tenth do.
 24.—St. Bartholomew's Day.
 26.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

THE MARTYR'S FIELD, AT CANTERBURY.

It was on a calm evening in May that I took my first walk about the old city of Canterbury. We had climbed the singular and steep mound called the *Dane John*, and were looking with interest on a scene very new to us. The wide hop-grounds, the lath-and-plaster farm-houses, the beautifully cultivated and fertile—but, to our minds, used to our own rugged hills and banks, not picturesque—country, reminded us on every side that we were far from home. But there was no absence of the picturesque in our close neighbourhood: here were the old city walls and its beautiful towers; and here, at every step, was some name that awoke ancient associations—some place connected in our minds with the most interesting passages in the history of our country. We were travellers, and in the few last hours had seen the memorable places of which we had heard all our lives, and of which our children's children will be taught to tell. For the first time, on the evening before, I had seen the sun light up the purple towers of Windsor, dear to many an English heart as the favourite abode of her good king—the place of his long seclusion, and of his last rest. I will own that, as I saw the flag stream out against the setting sun to indicate to the surrounding country that the king was himself there, I felt the tears in my eyes as the Church's prayer rose to my lips, "O Lord, save the king!" "Send peace on our time, O Lord; for there is none that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God!" Early in the morning I had had one glance at the old tower, "by many a dark and midnight murder fed," and stood on the very spot where the seven noble bishops had landed on their way to their prison, whilst the crowding spectators, and the very soldiers who guarded them, knelt to ask their blessing. In the course of that busy day, too, I had seen the beautiful hospital at Greenwich—that monument of a fallen woman's humanity—built by Charles II., at the solicitation of his favourite, Eleanor Gwynn, at which one looks with the more interest, because Bishop Burnet tells us that she died, according to his belief, a humble penitent. I had passed Tilbury Fort also, and had again fancied that I saw the roly troops of soldiers, and listened with them, and shouted with them, in answer to the noble declaration of their Protestant queen, "I am come amongst you all, not as for my recreation and sport, but as being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle, to live and die amongst you; I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and a king of England to—and can lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust." All these places of deep interest, in so few hours, I had seen; yet the remembrance of all vanished as one narrow boundary at the south-west side of the city was pointed out to me—"Do you see that singularly shaped field, here beneath us, with low hawthorn hedges? There are a few sheep lying round the shallow pond in the bottom of it. That is the Martyr's Field—tradition calls it so—and there is every reason to believe that the martyrs, who sealed their profession of faith with their blood in Canterbury, were really burned in that very spot. This steep mound would afford convenient room for the spectators of the awful tragedy; and that strange hollow—it is dry—in the summer—was certainly a work of art, and made—or, if not made, used—for the very executions." And so I was come to the end of my pilgrimage, and to a place of much note; for, during the Marian persecution, more suffered in Kent, I believe, for their religion than in any other county in England; and of those the large proportion in Canterbury. And the very last martyr-fires that, scoured England, and that within six days of its deliverance, blazed on this very memorable spot. Memorable! yet how little it is remembered. It is called the Martyr's Field; yet the shepherd thinks nothing probably of the meaning of the words as he passes to and fro with his few sheep. The children play here, and in the dry summer run races up and down this hollow; and the grown boys try strength in leaping across it, and little care that once it streamed with blood instead of water—the blood of those of whom "the world was not worthy;" and so the little ones can reach the fair maythorn-boughs from the hedge, and find daisies and dandelions enough for their chain—few care to teach them how every flower and herb there was withered once with hotter fire than the midsummer sun's heat that flashed and sparkled here as it bore the living sacrifice up to God. Ought these things to be so forgotten? Are we, then, so degenerate, so unworthy of our forefathers, that a senator has dared to speak of martyrs' records as "old almanac stories?" "They are old almanac stories," it was well answered; "but they are red-letter stories—they are written in blood." Come, then, let me do my part; let me express my feelings of gratitude to God for the grace bestowed on these blessed servants of his; and let me own the veneration with which I trod this ground. It may be that even I may awaken some like feeling; it may be, that one who has as yet thought but little of the mighty debt due to our blessed martyrs, may in these latter days thank God, and take courage to follow their good example, at least in sincerity of intention. It may be that some young

person (for there were those who had the fair prospect of long and prosperous life before them—I speak from the authority of living witnesses—who here gave themselves unblemished offerings to God) may feel their energy, and their activity, and their warmth of heart, all worthy to be consecrated to the Almighty Giver. It may be that some delicate woman—for I can tell of the weak and fragile lifting themselves up in the hour of trial to show how strength is made perfect in weakness—may learn from my record to look in faith to Him who, to them that have no might, increaseth strength. "In the beginning," Fox tells us, "of the persecution, there were lying in the castle,—there, yonder, within those very walls,—fifteen godly and innocent martyrs, of whom not one escaped with their lives;" and this is the remarkable observation he makes, "Though certain sinned a little in the number of sacraments—some more, and some less—yet in the principal matter, the doctrine of salvation for faith to stay upon, and in disagreeing from the dreaming determinations of the popish church, they most agreed." O wise should we be, if in the principal matter, the doctrine of salvation for faith to stay upon, once again we could all agree. I was much struck with the variety of character which I met with in the account of those martyrs concerning whom I had opportunity to consult Fox's history; and it is truly beautiful to observe how the religion of the Gospel supplies every want; how it gives strength to the weak, calmness to the irritable, nay, supplies even natural deficiencies. Concerning one of the martyrs, Fox remarks, "This good woman was somewhat thick of hearing, but yet quick of understanding in the Lord's matters; his name therefore be praised." Of another, the account is very touching from its extreme simplicity. Perhaps it particularly affected my mind, because I knew more than one for whom the character might pass; yet it is not such a character perhaps that fancy would grace with the energy of a martyr; but He "shall give strength and power unto his people"—yes, even to his feeble handmaidens: blessed be God. "She was a simple woman to see," says the old martyrologist, "as any might behold: she had a lively cheerful countenance: most patient in her words and answers; sober in apparel, meat, and drink, and would never be idle; a great comfort to as many as would talk to her; good to the poor; and, in her trouble, money, she said, she would take none; 'for,' she said; 'I am going to a city where money bears no praising; whilst I am here the Lord provideth for me.'" And it was from this very spot, I thought again, as I looked round the narrow boundary, that the last English martyrs ascended to God: here that the bold Cornford, with almost the feeling, and all the firmness of a prophet, denounced the wrath that was preparing for a persecuting and upstart Church. My fancy pictured his manly countenance, and his lofty bearing, as he stood there, just in view of the thousands who thronged this steep hill-side; and I felt how many a heart amidst that multitude (for it was not only enemies who came together on such occasions, but many a true and faithful, though perhaps secret, friend, was there whispering, "Be strong in the Lord," to the sufferers, and encouraging them in their last extremity by word and sign)—I felt how many a heart bounded almost to bursting at his words, as he hurried back the impious sentence of excommunication pronounced against him and his blessed companions, and ended with a prayer, "That, by thy just judgments, O most mighty God, against thine adversaries, thy true religion may be known, to thy great glory and our comfort, and to the edifying of all our nation." And did not the words come back to many a heart with an awful feeling that the prophecy was fulfilled, when the unhappy queen died within six days after; and with her as the historian observes, the tyranny of all English papists? But there stood one in this field, on that same day, very different indeed from the undaunted Cornford, though in faith, and hope, and patience, the same. There was a weak, aged woman, who had learned from her own son the saving doctrines of the Gospel, and that it is idolatry to creep to the cross, St. John saying, "Beware of images;" and to confess that "we should not pray to our lady," nor to the other saints, for they be not omnipotent." What but the power of divine grace could have supported so weak and failing a frame to such extremity! and what varied feeling of grief and triumph must have agitated that son's mind, who, having been the means of bringing an aged parent to the confession of the truth as it is in Jesus, saw her "take hold of the Gospel, and grow more and more in zeal and love thereof, and so continue unto her martyrdom." And yet there was one more that I must name among that last band of the noble army of English martyrs—young, perhaps fair and admired, perhaps educated, certainly with all the energy of youth,—and oh! with how much fortitude, with how much courage, that hero, and the mighty man of this world, could never have shown! Alice made no complaint—she felt herself a sinner. It was not for her to denounce the coming vengeance of God upon others. Alice humbly looked to others for instruction, and questioned whether she was right herself. Yet, being come to that deadly extremity, strength sufficient for her need was given—strength was, once again made perfect in weakness. As she stood at the stake, she requested to see her godfathers and godmothers. No wonder they trembled and hesitated to come; they must have thought on the hour of joy when they bore the fair infant, in her white robes, to the font. Yet if it was fear that made them shudder to own their holy relationship to the condemned one, surely their child's courage must have shamed them, when they at last yielded to the repeated summons. She asked them what they had promised for her in her baptism; and, repeating the commandments, asked if she was bound to do—and the creed, if they had engaged on her behalf that she should believe—more than this. They answered that they had not. "Then," said she, "I die a Christian woman; bear witness of me." And have we dared to trifles with these holy memorials? Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Let us no longer allow ourselves to believe that it is a little matter to slight the mercy of God in the establishment of a pure Church in our country. We have been cold-hearted long enough. A time may come, sooner than we expect, when we shall look with more of fellow-feeling on these bitter troubles. In the mean time, I will end my chapter with Fox's somewhat quaint, but beautiful remark and prayer. Speaking of another company of the English martyrs, he says: "Thus ended all these glorious souls, that day, their happy lives unto the Lord, whose ages all did grow to the sum of 406 years, or thereabouts. The Lord grant we may well spend our years and days likewise to his glory."—*Poor Churchman's Quarterly Magazine.*

* The Virgin Mary.

INSTANCES OF DILIGENCE IN READING THE SCRIPTURES.

"Read and revere the sacred page; a page Which not the whole creation could produce, Which not the conflagration shall destroy."—*Young.*

JOSEPHUS testifies of his countrymen, that if asked concerning the laws of Moses, they could answer as readily as to their own names. The BEREANS were commended for searching the Scriptures. TIMOTHY knew the Scriptures from a child. ACAQUILLA and PRISCILLA were so well acquainted with them, that they were able to instruct the eloquent Apollos, and "expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly."

ERASMUS, speaking of JEROME, says, "Who ever learned by heart the whole Scriptures, or imbibed and meditated upon them as he did?"

TERTULLIAN, after his conversion, was engaged night and day in reading the Scriptures, and got most of them by heart. The Emperor THEODOSIUS wrote out the whole New Testament, with his own hand, and read some part of it every day.

THEODOSIUS II. dedicated a great part of the night to the study of the Scriptures. GEORGE, prince of Transylvania, read over the Bible twenty-seven times.

ALPHONSO, king of Arragon, read the Scriptures over, together with a large commentary, fourteen times.

The venerable BEDE is said to have been a great reader of the Bible, and that with such affection, he often wept over it. BONAVENTURE wrote out the Scriptures twice, and learned most of them by heart. ZWINGLIUS wrote out St. Paul's epistles and committed them to memory.

CROMWELL, Earl of Essex, in his journey to and from Rome, learned all the New Testament by heart. Bishop RIDLEY thus attests his own practice, and the happy fruit of it; "the walls and trees would bear witness that there I learned by heart almost all the epistles; of which study, although in time a greater part was lost, yet the sweet savour thereof I trust I shall carry with me to heaven."

DR. GOUGE used to read fifteen chapters of the Scriptures every day, five in the morning, five after dinner, and five before he went to bed. MR. JEREMIAH WHITTAKER usually read all the epistles in the Greek Testament twice every fortnight.

JOSHUA BARNES is said to have read a pocket Bible he usually carried about with him, a hundred and twenty times over. MR. ROGER COTTON read the Bible through twelve times in a year. The celebrated VIRSIUS was able to recite almost any passage in Scripture in its proper language, together with its context, and the criticisms of the best commentators.

The learned FATHER PAUL read over the Greek Testament with so much exactness, that having accustomed himself to mark every word after he had fully weighed the import of it, he, by often going over it, and observing what he had passed by at a former reading, grew up to such a ripeness, that every word in the New Testament was marked.

SIR HENRY WOTLEN, after his customary public devotions, used to retire to his study, and there spend some hours in reading the Bible.

The excellent SIR JOHN HARTOP, in like manner, amid his other vocations, made the book of God so much his study, that it lay before him night and day. JAMES BONNELL, Esq. made the Holy Scriptures his constant and daily study; he read them, he meditated upon them, he prayed over them.—M. DE KENTY, a French nobleman, used to read daily three chapters in his Bible, with his head uncovered and on his bended knees.

LADY FRANCIS HOBART read the Psalms over twelve times every year, the New Testament thrice, and the other parts of the Old Testament once. SUSANNAH, Countess of Suffolk, for the last seven years of her life, read the whole Bible over twice annually. The celebrated JOHN LOCKE, for fourteen or fifteen years, applied himself closely to the study of the Scriptures, and employed the last period of his life in scarcely any thing else. He was never weary of admiring the grand views of that sacred book, and the just relation of all its parts. He every day made discoveries in it, which gave him fresh cause of admiration. And so earnest was he for the comfort of his friends, and the diffusion of sacred knowledge amongst them, that even the day before he died, he particularly exhorted all about him to read the Holy Scriptures. His well known recommendation to a person who asked him which was the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain to the true knowledge of the Christian religion, in the full and just extent of it, he replied: "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It hath God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter?"

The REV. WILLIAM ROMAINE studied nothing but the Bible for the last thirty or forty years of his life. A poor prisoner being confined in a dark dungeon, was never indulged with a light except a short time when his food was brought to him; he used to take his Bible and read a chapter, saying, he could find his mouth in the dark, when he could not read. HENRY WILLIS, farmer, aged eighty one, devoted almost every hour that could be spared from his labour, during the course of so long a life, to the devout and serious perusal of the Holy Scriptures. He had read with the most minute attention, all the books of the Old and New Testaments, eight times over, and had proceeded as far as the book of Job in his ninth reading, when his meditations were terminated by death.

It has been the regret of several eminent men at the close of life, that they have not studied the Scriptures with greater assiduity. SALMAIUS, who was one of the most consummate scholars of his time, saw cause to complain bitterly against himself. "Oh," said he "I have lost a world of time! time the most precious thing in the world! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in perusing David's Psalms, and Paul's epistles. Oh, Sirs," said he to those about him, "mind the world less, and God more."—*New York Churchman.*

The Garner.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

Perhaps the distance at which imagination sets the prospect of future punishment, may have a more general influence in diminishing the effect of God's merciful warnings, than any sceptical doubt about the intensity or duration of the sufferings of the wicked. The Spirit of God means to awaken us from this delusion when he tells us, by the apostles and holy men of old, "that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." He means by these declarations to remind every man, that his particular doom is near: for whatever may be the season appointed in the secret councils of God, for "that great and terrible day, when the heavens and the earth shall

fall from the face of him who shall be seated upon the throne, and their place shall be no more found,"—whatever may be the destined time of this public catastrophe, the end of the world, with respect to every individual, takes place at the conclusion of his own life. In the grave there will be no repentance; no virtues can be acquired—no evil characters thrown off. With that character, whether of virtue or of vice, with which a man leaves the world, with that he must appear before the judgment seat of Christ. In that moment, therefore, in which his present life ends, every man's future condition becomes irreversibly determined.—*Bishop Horsley.*

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge is a brave thing. I am a plain, ignorant, untaught man, and know my ignorance. But it is a brave thing when we lood around us in this wonderful world to understand something of what we see: to know something of the earth on which we move, the air which we breathe, and the elements whereof we are made: to comprehend the motions of the moon and stars, and measure the distances between them, and compute times and seasons; to observe the laws which sustain the universe by keeping all things in their courses: to search into the mysteries of nature, and discover the hidden virtue of plants and stones, and read the signs and tokens which are shewn us, and make out the meaning of hidden things, and apply all this to the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

Wisdom and knowledge make the difference between man and man, and that between man and beast is hardly greater. These things do not always go together. There may be wisdom without knowledge, and there may be knowledge without wisdom. A man without knowledge, if he walk humbly with his God, and live in charity with his neighbours, may be wise unto salvation. A man without wisdom may not find his knowledge avail him quite so well. But it is he who possesses both that is the true philosopher. The more he knows, the more he is desirous of knowing; and yet the further he advances in knowledge the better he understands how little he can attain, and the more deeply he feels that God alone can satisfy the infinite desires of an immortal soul. To understand this is the height and perfection of Philosophy.—*The Doctor (Southey).*

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

Do not say your influence is confined to a narrow sphere? Your little taper is not a sun; yet observe how bright it shines, how far it spreads its rays in the dark night! Hide not then your light, whatever it be, under a bushel; nor keep your talent, because it is a single one, wrapped up in a napkin. Of this I can assure you, that if you adorn the Gospel by a holy conversation, you will give light to some that sit in darkness, and prove a blessing to your relations, friends, and neighbours. You will preach to the eyes what we preach to the ears. You will be living epistles, known and read of all men. And can you hesitate to plead His cause before men, who is ever pleading yours before his Father in heaven? Can you continue silent when you see so many profaning his day, slighting his word, forsaking his house, and blaspheming that holy name whereby you are called? Can you remain at ease, when numbers round you are blindly straying in the paths of the destroyer, and approaching that precipice from which, if they fall, they fall to rise no more?—*Rev. E. Ward.*

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth; but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.—*Anselm.*

To bring misery on those who have not deserved it, is part of the aggregated guilt of rebellion.—*S. Johnson.*

All vices wax old by age: covetousness alone groweth young.—*S. Augustin.*

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