

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXVII. BENHADAD.—CONTINUED.

239. How do you distinguish between this Benhadad and another Syrian king of the same name, who is afterwards mentioned?—(2 Kings)

240. In what part of Jeremiah's prophecy concerning Damascus (the capital of Syria) is it foretold that the palaces of this latter Benhadad which were erected there should be destroyed by fire?—(Jeremiah.)

241. In what part also of the prophecy of Amos is the same event foretold?—(Amos)

XXVIII. BENJAMIN.

242. Who were the parents of Benjamin?—(Genesis.)

243. The name Benjamin was given to him by his father, and signifies, "The son of my right hand." But another name was given to him by his mother, signifying, "The son of my sorrow." What was this latter name?—(Genesis)

244. From what part of the affecting speech of Judah before Joseph, does it appear that Benjamin was peculiarly endeared to his aged father?—(Genesis.)

245. Though Benjamin is termed a lad in this address of Judah, what do you suppose his age to have been at this time? and on what passage of Scripture is your opinion grounded?—taking it for granted, as is generally supposed, that Joseph was about thirteen years older than Benjamin, and that ten years had transpired since his introduction to Pharaoh?—(Genesis)

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

May 27.—Sunday after Ascension-Day.  
June 8.—Whitsunday.  
4.—Monday in Whitsun-week.  
5.—Tuesday in do.

## THE PRAYING MOTHER.

SAMUEL, who became a Prophet and a Judge in Israel, was early brought to the Sanctuary, and dedicated to the special service of God, by a *Praying Mother*.

TIMOTHY, who was an eminent minister of the New Testament, and exceedingly dear to Paul, and who from a child had known the holy Scriptures; was blest with both a *Praying Mother* and *Praying Grandmother*.

JOHN THE BAPTIST, who was filled with the Holy Ghost even from his very birth, and a greater than whom had never been born of woman, was the son of a *Praying Mother*.

The pious and excellent DOMINIC had, long before he could read, enduring impressions made upon his heart by means of some scripture prints on the tiles in the chimney, which were pointed out and explained to him by a *Praying Mother*.

The Rev. JOHN NEWTON, who, besides all the other good he accomplished, was instrumental in the conversion of those eminently useful men, the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, and the Rev. Thomas Scott, was himself brought to Christ by means of truth which had been taught him in early life by a *Praying Mother*.

I recently read of a *whole family of Children in America*, who were all in a remarkable manner brought under the influence of the Gospel and of the Holy Spirit. But these children had received the caresses, and been brought up under the care and instruction, of a *Praying Mother*.

A few years ago, the Students of a Theological Seminary felt interested in the inquiry, what proportion of their number had been favoured with godly parents. And it was ascertained, that out of one hundred and twenty students, who were preparing for the sacred ministry, more than a hundred were the offspring of *Praying Mothers*.

And—to mention but one instance more—St. AUGUSTINE, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century, was till his 28th year only "a bitterness to her that bore him." From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience, broke away from all moral restraints, and spent his youth amidst scenes of baseness and corruption. But, in all his wanderings, that depraved young man was followed by a *Weeping, Praying Mother*. Her tears on his account watered the earth, and her prayers went up as incense before God. "It is not possible," said a certain Bishop, in reply to her importunity, that he would endeavour to reclaim her son,—"Good woman, it is not possible, that a child of such tears should perish." And at length the son himself carried to his *Praying Mother* the news of his conversion, and she received "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Not long after, as they were journeying together, she said, "My Son, what have I to do here any longer? The only object for which I wished to live, was your conversion; and this the Lord has now granted me in an abundant manner." Five days after, she was seized with a fever; and on the ninth her tears were forever wiped away. And wherever the name and writings of Augustine, the gifted Bishop of Hippo, have been known, there also has been "told for a memorial of her" the story of the *Praying Mother*.

A word, then, to you, who are *mothers*.

It is not likely, that you will leave your children large estates, or great titles; but it is in your power to leave them what is infinitely more to be desired, viz. *The rich legacy of a mother's prayers*. Your children are born under the curse of a broken covenant; and they must be born again, or they can never belong to Christ's blessed kingdom. You cannot bear the thought, that one of those little ones, whom you so tenderly love, should be "the hold of every foul spirit," and never become the "habitation of God through the Spirit"—the *Holy Spirit*. Go, then, to the Messiah, that Almighty Redeemer, and tell him of their state. Go, like the woman of Canaan; and like her, plead in humility and faith, and with an importunity which can take no denial. Go, and you will find, as she did, that the Lord "is rich unto all, that call upon him." Though, like her, ye be poor,

and feeble, and obscure; yet, like her, ye may exert an influence which shall "spoil principalities and powers," and save the soul of your child.

The tie which binds mothers to their children, is inexpressibly tender; and compared with it most others are feeble. There is something, too, in the relation you sustain with them, which is more interesting and solemn, than words can adequately express; for it is something, which takes fast hold on *eternity itself*.—From you they receive their first impressions; and, by you, are their first thoughts, desires, actions, and motions, regulated. Ordinarily, you are the first, to whom they learn to make known their wants; you are the first, towards whom they stretch forth their little hands; your name is the first they learn to speak; your countenance and voice the first they learn to recognize; and your smiles and frowns, your feelings and passions, the first in which they feel a sympathy. It is to you, that their first inquiries are generally directed, it is from your lips, that their first ideas of God and Christ and Heaven are generally gained; and it is in your ear, as you bend over their lovely forms, and smooth their little pillows for the night, that they lip their first accents of prayer to "*Our Father who art in Heaven*." Your lessons are, or should be, the first that they ever learn; your cradle hymns, the first that rock them to sleep; your spirit the first, that they imbibe; your influence the first, that they feel; and your image the first, that is stamped upon them. Indeed it is not too much to say, that to your hands, more than to those of any other human being, is committed the momentous work of moulding their intellect and heart in the *very earliest stage of rational existence*; and that it is from you, *pre eminently*, they receive the *first and grand outlines of their future character*.

O what spot is there on earth, which, for training up little children for heaven, is to be at all compared to the home—the "*Sweet Home*"—of the *Praying Mother*! Where in the whole universe does piety begin to burn so early and so brightly in little children, as it does around the altar, where they have worshipped with their *Praying Mother*! Who, like her, has the power of fixing a grasp upon them, which neither the wiles of infidelity, nor the headstrong passions of youth may ever be able to throw off! Who, like her can entwine about their spirits such fine cords of truth and affection, as God's blessed Spirit can make use of in binding them to Messiah's throne and kingdom forever!

To your hands, then, ye mothers, is the everlasting happiness of your precious babes confided, as it is confided to no other hands on earth. When you would give them to feel the refreshings of cleanliness, you can (like the good mother of that family of children in America just mentioned) raise your heart to God for those effusions of the Spirit, which shall cleanse and gladden their souls forever. When you put on their clothes in the morning, you can ask your Heavenly Father to grant unto them to "be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white," which "is the righteousness of Saints." When you prepare their daily food, you can pray, that they may have a heart to come to that feast, to which they are especially invited; and may gladly avail themselves of those abundant provisions, which Heaven has made for their everlasting felicity. As you lead them to the Sanctuary, you can lift up a prayer, that they may so go to the Upper Sanctuary, and "dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Should they leave you to go to school, you can still follow their infant footsteps with a prayer, that their path through life may be like that of the "just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And, as you lay them down on their little couch, you can kneel down before Him, who seeth in secret, and let the silent breathings of your heart go up to heaven for a blessing on your sleeping babes. Your infant daughter may be a "mother in Israel," when you are dead. Your little son, who now prattles on your knee, and begins to ask about his soul and about his Saviour, may tell the story of redeeming love, amidst the frosts of Lapland, or on the burning sands of Africa. Ten thousand hearts may welcome the glad tidings; and twice ten thousand blessings be poured upon the head of your son. Amen.—(Southern Churchman.)

GOODELL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Montgomery won his laurels amidst a crowd of competitors: the Muses were holding their carnival. Campbell had delighted all, in whose ears the melody of our Augustan age still lingered, with the masculine music of the "*Pleasures of Hope*." Rogers won the heart with a tenderer tune, a more plaintive note, and a more polished versification—the very luxury of sound. Southey entranced us with the gardens of eastern fiction, Wordsworth recalled our steps to the sylvan haunts, the glimmering lanes, the rustic springs, the bye-way flowers, and all the thousand fountains of sensibility and nature. Coleridge, too, had called the children from their play, and the old men from the chimney-corner, to listen to the mysterious adventures of "*The Ancient Mariner*," and the blood rushed to the maiden's cheek at the gentle tale of the affectionate Genevieve. Crabbe held up the mirror to the harsh features of the most biting penury, and unlocked the sympathies of the bosom with his simple "*Annals of the Poor*." At such a season as this, and when the sky was on fire with the glare of Byron's reputation, Mr. Montgomery solicited the suffrages of the public, and obtained them slowly but certainly. His was a species of poetry which steals gradually over the heart with a sober and soothing influence. He tempted the painter with no story of Arcadian valley, illumined by antique pageantry; nor seduced the enthusiast with a legend of vengeance or of passion; he brought nothing but what Purity might have written, nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse. "What may become of his name or his writings," is the remark of the poet in the preface to his collected works, "it is not for him to anticipate here; he has honestly endeavoured to serve his own generation; and, on the whole, has been careful to leave nothing behind him to make the world worse for his having existed in it." Never will it be known, said Cowper, till the day of judgment, what he has done who has written a book. That amiable writer felt that the author was treasuring up a life within a life, condensing and distilling his intellectual spirit for the benefit or the destruction of future ages. Mr. Montgomery has directed his compositions mainly to the delight and the improvement of

the young, employing the golden chains of a graceful and cultivated fancy to draw up their contemplations above the clouds of sense. He has met with his reward even here, in the admiration and esteem of the wise and the good. It is not therefore, to adopt the imagery of his beautiful tribute to Burns, upon his literary talents alone that we love to dwell; whether we compare him to the humming-bird gliding over flowers; or the eagle, with thunder in its train; or the woodlark filling the heavens with music; or the nightingale melting our hearts with love; for none of these faculties in particular do we dwell upon his character; it is rather for his noble advocacy of virtue and detestation of vice that devotion delights to hail her "*Bird of Paradise*."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

VALUE OF THE LITURGY.

All I see abroad raises my esteem of our English Liturgy—The foreign churches, in their ardour to recede as far as possible from the Church of Rome, seem to me to have too little consulted the interests of devotion, and to have attended too exclusively to public preaching. We are always in danger of extremes. The primitive Church was in nothing more remarkable than in the spirit of contrition, meekness, and humility, which pervaded it. The hidden life of the Christian was the main source of divine principles and practice. The Church of England, when her true spirit is imbibed—her doctrines and her devotional forms—her evangelical instructions and her prayers—perhaps comes the nearest of all the reformed communities to the practice of the first Christians, and is best adapted to such a creature as man—*Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta*.

LAW.

Whoever goes to law, goes into a glass house, where he understands little or nothing of what he is doing; where he sees a small matter blown up into fifty times the size of its intrinsic contents, and through which, if he can perceive any other objects, he perceives them all discoloured and distorted; where every thing is too brittle to bear handling; where, as in an element of fire, he frets, fumes, and is drained at every pore; and where, whatever he buys, he buys out of the fire, and pays for according to its fictitious bulk. It had perhaps been better for him to have been contented with an earthen vessel—*Skelton*.

VALUE OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

There is perhaps no consideration which more beautifully illustrates the benevolent character of the angels of God, than their rejoicing over the repentance of one sinner, or which more powerfully sets forth the incalculable value of a human soul; except, indeed, the amazing condescension of the Lord of glory, in descending from the throne of his sanctuary "to seek and to save that which was lost."—*Rev. Thomas Bissland*.

"Who is the most miserable man upon earth? and whither shall we seek him? Not to the tavern! not to the theatre!—but to the Church! That man who has sat sabbath after sabbath under the awakening and affecting calls of the Gospel, and has hardened his heart against these calls, he is the man whose condition is the most desperate of all others: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shall be thrust down to hell."—*Cecil*.

"What the world calls the best company, is such as a pious mechanic would not condescend to keep: he would rather say, 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.'"—*Ibid*.

## PRIVATE TUITION.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and whose Rectory is situated in one of the healthiest parts of Upper Canada, is desirous of receiving into his house four young gentlemen as pupils, who should be treated in every respect as members of his own family, and whom he would undertake to prepare for the intended University of King's College,—or, if preferred, give such a general education as should qualify them for mercantile or other pursuits. The strictest attention should be paid to their morals and manners, and it would be the endeavour of the advertiser to instil into the minds of his pupils those sound religious principles, which form the only safeguard in the path of life. Testimonials as to the character and qualifications of the advertiser will be shewn, to any persons who may wish to avail themselves of this advertisement, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Hon. & Ven. the Archdeacon of York, the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg, the Rev. H. J. Grasset, Toronto, and the Rev. J. G. Geddes, Hamilton. 32-1f.

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