Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

LI. EGYPT. CONTINUED.

435. Moses and Aaron being appointed as the instruments of the people's deliverance, were, in proof of their divine mission, miraculously empowered to change their rod into a serpent. Can you describe this miracle, and point out in what manner these servants of the true God were shewn to be superior to the magicians of Egypt ?- Exodus.

436. When, notwithstanding this striking miracle, the Egyptian king refused to let the people go, God was constrained to inflict those ten direful plagues which eventually forced the monarch to obedience. Can you mention the names of the first five of these plagues ?- Exodus.

437.—Can you further state the five remaining plagues? -Exodus.

438. After the infliction of these awful plagues, the Egyptians, with their king, still persisted in their determined disobedience, and pursued the Israelites even into the Red Sea, by which means they brought upon themselves a yet more complete punishment of their presumption. Can you describe this transaction ?- Exodus.

439. The Israelites, as we have seen, greatly increased during their sojourning in Egypt. Can you tell their number when God delivered them out of the hands of the Egyp. tians, i.e. the amount of their men, not including either Inflamed with the hollands I had drunk, I knocked him their children or the mixed multitude which went up with them ?_Exodus.

440. The time of their continuance in Egypt was exactly 430 years; for on that self-same day the Lord brought them out. Can you point out the passage which asserts this ?- Exodus.

441. From many assertions in Scripture, we may easily perceive that during the whole course of Old Testament history Egypt maintained its natural importance. But though it continued for many ages so justly celebrated, it is now completely fallen from its former grandeur. Can you point out a very striking chapter in which its downfall is minutely predicted ?- Ezekiel.

CHURCH CALENDAR. June 9 .- Second Sunday after Trinity. 11.—St. Barnabas the Apostle. 16.—Third Sunday after Trinity. 23 .- Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

THE SMUGGLER.*

"When to the heart untamed will cling The memory of an evil thing, In life's departing hour."—Neele.

It was a very dark and tempestuous night, towards the end of November, that I was called upon to visit a poor man, who was represented as at the point of death; and who was suffering dreadfully from some wounds which he had a few hours before received. My parish was in a southern county, on the sea-coast. The inhabitants were a lawless and abandoned race, notoriously addicted to smuggling; and if perchance any vessels were wrecked in the neighbourhood, it was regarded quite as a fortunate circumstance; for plunder was, to a certain extent, almost regularly obtained. I in vain sought to bring them to a better acquaintance with their duty: spirits were cheap and plentiful, and drunkenness prevailed to a fearful extent. I had hailed with delight the establishment of a station for the preventive service: still, smuggling was carried on; contraband goods were almost nightly secreted in the parish, though where, it was most difficult to discover. There was a darkly linked band, the proceedings of which it was impossible to fathom; and the officer on duty has more than once told me that he had never been baffled before, but that now he could not discover by what means the illicit trade was carried on. There is probably no species of crime which has such a tendency to brutalize the character as that of smuggling; a crime which it is to be feared is indirectly patronized by not a few.

The person who waited upon me with the request that I should visit his comrade was a hard weather-beaten seaman. His manner was exceedingly courteous for a man of his rough stamp. He carried a dark-lantern and a huge oak staff; and when I hesitated to comply with his request, for I confess at first I felt afraid, he at once acquiesced, and said, "Perhaps you will come in the morning; but I assure you, sir, you have nothing to fear." The hour was not late. My man-servant was a brave and faithful fellow, and as he accompanied us with a large watch-dog, I really felt but little alarm. There was a hut upon the beach, the common property of the fishermen of the village, and to this I was conducted. Here, laid upon a truss of straw, I found a miserable creature stretched, almost starved with cold, and writhing with agony, though entirely in his senses. The marks of blood were upon his clothes; and, as I some of the coast-guard, from whom he had escaped owing to a dense fog, and had taken shelter as night advanced, in this miserable hovel, though its exposed situation rendered it almost certain that he would be captured. His wound was in fact, mortal, though from some mismanagement he had been allowed to escape. The wind was blowing a complete hurricane, and the dash of the waves on the neighbouring cliffs added much to the solemnity of the scene.

On entering the hut, I found in a corner the wretched sufferer, laid upon a bed of straw; and by the dim light of the fate of him who, having almost reached the shore, when the faggots which burned in the chimney, I could discern the hard-worn and furrowed cheeks of an old seaman. He was obviously in great agony; still he was calm and collected, and expressed a great wish to have conversation with me. I approached his bed-side-if bed it could be called-and he waved his hand, in token of his wish that those present might depart. The signal was attended tothe rough seaman who had conducted me to the place, a young lad who was there when I entered, and my own servant immediately retired; I was thus left alone with the dying man-for such he was-and I exhorted him to unbosom to me his griefs, and to tell me if any particular sin pressed heavily on his conscience. He did not scruple to bridled licentiousness in early youth-a hoary sinner, whose great and bitter cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is whole life has been spent in crime. I was the pride of a father's, the joy of a mother's heart; they sought to inculcate good principles in my mind. I was born in the county of Durham, and had a good education at school; and my parents wished to bring me up as a minister of the Church; but I would not listen to their expostulation, for I had form-

* From the Church of England Magazine.

ed an intimate acquaintance with some most licentious lads. I ran away from home, and embarked on board of a vessel at Whithy; and I joined a band of smugglers during the war, and at length became their captain; and since that time, nearly forty years, I have led a lawless and outlaw life. God knows," he continued, groaning at times from the agony which he suffered, and perhaps in some measure from the wounds of conscience, "I have pursued a most abandoned career. No notion can be formed of the hardships of a smuggler's life, and of the ferocity of his character. He regards the life of a fellow-creature as utterly valucless; he is always ready-armed for an assault. But there is one crime, I recollect, that hangs heavy on my heart, and yet it was committed nearly thirty years ago. O God! I shall never be forgiven! O that I could find mercy! that I could blot out that deed of guilt!"

"What was that crime?" I asked. "Murder -foul murder! We had on board the lugger a lad about fifteen years of age, the son of an old smuggler who was dead. He was a quiet, inoffensive, gentle boy, not fit for his rough employment; but he had no friends to go to, and the crew were unwilling to part with him, lest he might tell tales. It was a dark, foggy night, about this season of the year, that we had brought a cargo of hollands from the Dutch coast, and the rest of the company had gone on shore in the boat, to land a portion of it in a creek on the Cornish coast; the boy remained with me and gave me what I thought a saucy answer to a question put to him. heard it even amidst the licentious roar of drunken compa. centre. The firm earth on which we tread; the dark wanions! In dreams and visions of the night, I see that ters, whose depths no human eye has ever fathomed; and the poor murdered boy. I have started at the screech of the eternity I am myself now about to enter. Oh, can there be mercy for such a wretch as me! No-no!"

No language can describe the look of this agonized being, in whose heart and conscience the arrows of Divine displeasure did indeed stick fast. He was obviously a person above the rank of a common sailor, and many of his expressions proved that he was an educated man.

"How," I asked, "did you conceal the murder from

"By declaring that the lad fell overboard, owing to the darkness of the night. Suspicions, I dare say, existed; linked in crime for these suspicions to be told to others .-The boy was soon forgotten by them, and he had no friends, present to my mind."

I was about to question the miserable man more fully, and to seek to lead him to deep repentance of soul, not only for this, but for all the crimes of a life of infamy, -his hands, in other respects, had not been pure from a fellow-creature's blood, though that was in defence of his own life against the revenue officers, -when two of the coast-guard entered the hut, and with them a navy surgeon. The latter immediately pronounced him to be dying, and told the seamen it was useless to take him into custody. No palliatives could be administered, and they left the hut, at my desire, for a short time; for I was anxious, if possible, to speak some word of comfort to the miserable soul.

"Oh, can there be mercy," said the wretch, convulsed in every joint, and staring wildly-" mercy for such a sin-The body is going down-down-down. Hark! destruction-misery-hell-hell!" I turned to answer, for I had covered my face with my hands, and stood by the dying which even now makes me shudder, and which can never ing him, directed his attention to the Saviour.

God: and from one false step he went onwards to a life of from serving God by it, he is an idolater in the sight o barbarity and crime. Such were the dying moments of one heaven .- Rev. A. W. Hare. whose life had been spent in the gross violation of his country's laws, and in avowed rebellion against the majesty of heaven. Surely there is no agony like that of a wo conscience: "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." The troubled sea, o'er which he had so often sailed in prosecution of his illegal traffic, and the loud dash of which, as I have said, added to the solemnity of the scene, was a fit emblem of the turbulence which raged in his bosom. It were presumptuous as it were vain, to speculate as to his eternal destiny. He certainly gave no eviafterwards found, he had been that morning engaged with dence in his last earthly moments that he had, found peace and pardon through the blood of the cross; and at all events, in his wretched end we discover the hand of a sin-avenging God, who has pronounced of the workers of iniquity, that they shall be destroyed at the last.

The Garner.

ALMOST A CHRISTIAN.

If there would be more than common commiseration for his comrades had been engulphed in the deep, should be borne back to destruction, or cast lifeless on the beach by the last receding wave-or for him who, when the fight had been won, and the enemy put to flight, should be laid prostrate on the battle-plain by the last volley of the retiring foe-or for him who, having successfully sought fame and fortune in other lands, should set his foot upon his native shore only to languish and to die,-what are any or all of these in comparison of the fearful destiny of those unhappy persons, who are surprised by their last enemy while their preparation for his coming is yet only in intention, not in act; who behold the shadows closing around them before they have even entered on their allotted task; and who vent do so. "You see here," said he, "the sad victim of un- the anguish of the late-awakened soul in that exceeding ended, and we are not saved." O! what reflection more agonising to a dying sinner than to feel that he has been out "almost persuaded to be a Christian," when the conciousness of being made altogether such by grace is the only thing which can enable him to confront the last enemy, Holy Scriptures are a light, by night, to those who have to obtain the mastery over death, and out of encompassing eyes to see; while they are darkness, even by day, to those light .- Rev. T. Dale.

LONGING AFTER IMMORTALITY

There is in man, a restlessness of ambition; an interminable longing after nobler and higher things, which nought but immortality and the greatness of immortality can satiate; a dissatisfaction with the present, which never is appeased by all that the world has to offer; an impatience and distaste with the felt littleness of all that he finds, and an unsated appetency for something larger and better, which he fancies in the perspective before him-to all which there is nothing like, among any of the inferior animals, with whom, there is a certain squareness of adjustment, if we may so term it, between each desire and its correspondent gratification. The one is evenly met by the other; and there is a fulness and definiteness of enjoyment, up to the capacity of enjoyment. Not so with man, who, both from the vastness of his propensities and the vastness of his powers, feels himself straitened and beset in a field too narrow for him. He alone labours under the discomfort of an incongruity between his circumstances and his powers; and, unless there be new circumstances awaiting him in a more advanced state of being, he, the noblest of Nature's products here below, would turn out to be the greatest of her failures .- Dr. Chalmers.

THE CHANGEABLENESS OF THE WORLD.

All is changing that is created, animate and inanimate. The bright sun above us, and all the starry worlds which form our system, not only to the astronomer betray senseless on the deck with a hatchet that was at hand, and the same mutability in their very substance, exhibiting spots then, O Gracious Mercy! I rolled him into the sea. O, the which vary in their dimensions and character, but they seem sound of the waters has never been out of my ears! I have to be all moving onwards to the same unseen and distant massive rocks, which, unscarred, have borne the lapse of sea-bird, and thought it was a voice from the deep. I sent ages, to the natural philosopher manifest the same character. him without a moment's warning into eternity,-that awful The action of volcanic fires, their contact with heterogeneous substances, contribute to effect a change by no means slight -crumbling some into decay, and forming new combina tions with such perfect fusion, as, till tested by the discoveries of science, to give them the appearance of elements.

The same holds good with those objects which meet us in our daily path. Time passes not unheeded by; the track and the wind shivers the decaying trunk, and, in a little but there was no proof against me, and we were too much time, the noble tree, on which our ancestors have looked with wonder, is reduced to the fragments which crumble to the touch. And if this be so with external nature, there is no as I have said, to inquire after him; but his image is always essential difference in all that belongs to man. The institutions which he has formed with most deliberate wisdom and the shrewdest prudence wear out by decay, or progress still the usual branches of an English education. forward to some better end. Empires and dynasties appear in their turn, and then are remembered on the page of history alone; and even that itself has passed away, and left no record of the events of kingdoms, and the ambition of conquerors .- Rev. Geo. Kennard.

IDOLATRY.

There are divers ways of breaking the first and second commandments, beside worshipping Baal, as wicked Ahab did, and bowing down to stocks and stones. Many a man has set up his idols in his heart, who never dreamt of worshipping a graven image. The root and essence of idolatry, as St. Paul teaches us, is the worshipping and serving God's ner as I am! Hark! do you hear the gurgling of the waves? creatures more than God himself. Whoever then serves any one of God's creatures more than he serves God,-whoever loves any one of God's creatures more than he loves God .whoever makes any one of God's creatures more an object embers; but the spirit was gone, and the flickering flame of his thoughts, and allows it to fill a greater space in his just served to show the corpse with its clenched fists and mind than God fills,-that man is guilty of idolatry, in the staring eyes, presenting a spectacle, the recollection of spiritual and christian sense of the word. When I say God's creatures, I mean not living creatures merely, but creatures be effaced from my mind. I was little aware that death of every kind, -every thing which God has made for us, was so near, or I should have at once, instead of question- or enabled us to make for ourselves, -all the sweet and relishing things we can enjoy in this world,-pleasures, ho-And such was the end of one, destined in early life to nours, riches, comforts of every kind. Therefore if any man fill the honourable and responsible situation of a minister of is foolish and wicked enough to give up his heart to any one Christ. But evil companions induced him to forget his of these creatures, and suffers himself to be drawn away

DECEITFULNESS OF THE HEART.

The heart very often makes use of the bodily constitutions of men, to impose upon them. Many give themselves credit for being humble and sober, because the constitution, being naturally sedate, has no tendency to lead them into excesse to which ardent tempers are prone. Others impetuously carry all before them, and despise the rest for want of zeal; whereas their own zeal is no more than the heat of their blood. If we would take the measure of our progress in those tempers to which our natural constitutions are most averse, we should more justly appreciate our real character. It is by pursuing the opposite method, that we fall into mistakes .- Rev. Henry Martyn.

FATAL STUPIDITY.

The lesson of our mortality divine Providence doth every day, yea every hour and minute, press and inculcate on us. and as it were beat into us. The funeral bell ever and anon rings in our ears, and we daily tread upon the graves of others. Many of us already find the harbingers of death within us, we all see the triumphs of death without us, and (as our Church expresseth it) "in the midst of life we are in death." Alas! that among so many remembrancers, wherewith Providence hath surrounded us, we should, with that monarch in story, need yet another monitor to tell us every day, "Remember that thou art mortal." Yet this is our case. What fatal stupidity is it that hath seized upon us? Hath the frequency of these admonitions made them to lose their force and virtue on us? are we become like sextons or gravediggers, that by living as it were in the charnel-house, and daily conversing with the bones and skulls of dead men, at last become hardened, and of all mortals are the least apprehensive of their mortality? Or rather are we affectedly ignorant, and do we wilfully put the evil day far from us? Whatever the cause be, the effect is sadly visible.—Bishop

Like the cloud between the hosts of Israel and Egypt, the and advancing darkness behold life and immortality rise to who are enemies to the truths which they contain .-- Bishop Griswold.

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