

Poetry.

FAITH.

Faith, like a simple unsuspecting child
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon her God,
Sleeps on his bosom and expects no harm:

Receives with joy the promises He makes,
Nor questions of his purpose or his power,
She does not doubting ask, "can this be so?"
The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

However deep be the mysterious word,
However dark, she disbelieves it not;
Where Reason would *examine*, Faith *obeys*,
And "It is written" answers every doubt.

In vain, with rude and overwhelming force,
Conscience repeats her tale of misery;
And powers infernal, wakeful to destroy,
Urge the worn spirit to despair and die;

As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers round,
So Faith, unmoved amidst surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

Caroline Fry.

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN A.—CONTINUED.

134. For what was Ahithophel the Gilonite peculiarly distinguished?—(2 Sam.)

135. What was the prayer of David respecting Ahithophel when he joined the conspiracy under Absalom?—(2 Sam.)

136. When the pride of Ahithophel was mortified in consequence of his counsel not being followed, what did he do?—(2 Sam.)

137. What striking circumstance happened connected with the valley of Ajalon?—(Josh.)

138. Who was Amalek, from whom the Amalekites were descended?—(Gen.)

139. On what occasion did the Lord declare that he would have war with Amalek from generation to generation, till he should put out the remembrance of them from under heaven?—(Exod.)

140. What further allusion does Moses make to this offence and punishment of the Amalekites?—(Deut.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Dec. 3.—First Sunday in Advent.
10.—Second do. do.
17.—Third do. do.
21.—St. Thomas's Day.
24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
25.—CHRISTMAS DAY.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.
No. VI.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

One of several things that are "too hard for me," and which I cannot by any means comprehend, is the passion thus designated in Scripture, with the awful character superadded, that it is "the root of all evil." I can readily conceive that money, as a means of procuring other gratifications, may be coveted, almost beyond bounds. He who has a full purse may cast his eyes over every stall in Vanity-Fair, and select whatever pleases there. He may command all that tends to fulfil "the desires of the flesh and of the mind," in the worst sense of their corrupt cravings; he may take a nobler range, and minister out of his substance to the temporal necessities of his poorer brethren; or he may ascend yet higher ground, and, the love of Christ constraining him, scatter the bread of life in the way of famishing souls. That the possession of money, therefore, should appear to men of all characters a desirable good, so far as to render a cautionary injunction needful even to the holiest of God's people, is natural enough. But there is a form sometimes taken by this money-loving principle that equally amazes and disgusts, even when found among those who profess more than nominal Christianity; while, in all cases, it is unspeakably contemptible and revolting to common sense. I mean the passion for hoarding money.

When a person lays by a sum, without any intention of spending it, and without any defined object of future usefulness to other individuals, is it, can it be of more value to him than an equal quantity of the dust that lies upon the earth's surface? or of pebbles that glitter in the brook? "Thou fool!" is the recognized title of him who lays up much goods for many years, in order to take his fill, to eat, drink, and be merry. Thou knave! may he safely superadded, when the wretched being grasps at gold, that it may lie by and canker, and the rust thereof be a witness against him, while the poor cry unto the Lord for lack of what he hoards in darkness. Still, the miser exercises a species of self-denial—preposterous and wicked indeed, but self-denial nevertheless—and that is a thing not voluntarily submitted to by many. Such characters do cross my path, and I gaze after them and marvel; but the number is fearfully great of those who come within the meaning of the text, and whose love of money, though they hoard it not, is a prolific root of evil, sprouting forth on all sides.

When I see a child, with a penny in his hand or pocket, carelessly glance at the half-naked figure and wan countenance of another child, crying for bread, while he retains his penny, in the cherished prospect of the cake or toy shop, where he hopes to barter it for some superfluous indulgence, I behold the unfolding germ of what will become a very evil tree.

When I mark a purchaser striving to beat down the humble dealer, who, perhaps, consents to be robbed rather than lose a customer, I find the tree in blossom—and what blossoms! Often have I witnessed a scene that crimson my cheek with the blush of shame and indignation: some poor, industrious creature offer-

ing for sale a few baskets, or some other little work of ingenuity, the pale face and gaunt figure bearing witness how important the trifle at which the article is priced must be to the seller; while the buyer, who would not miss thrice the sum, stands chaffering and "beating down" the distressed vender, until she carries off the article at half its value, and glories in her disgraceful "bargain." This does not always result from the love of money; for I have seen the pence so unfeelingly withheld from an industrious artisan, carelessly flung, within a few minutes afterwards, to some sturdy vagrant, who roared out his appeal to the very questionable charity of the donor. A scene in a stage coach I never can forget; we were waiting for the moment of starting, when a poor woman, evidently in the last stage of consumption, offered some fine oranges at the door for sale. One of the passengers commenced bargaining (I hate the very word,) and succeeded in tantalizing the distressed creature until she emptied her whole store into his lap, with a despairing look, for what I, who had often filled a basket for such perishing outcasts, well knew to be far beneath the prime cost of the fruit; and as, while replacing his weighty purse, he chuckled and bragged over his capital bargain, I could hardly refrain from telling him that, by withholding the little profit in her stock, he had left that almost dying woman destitute of the means of replenishing it; and had, perhaps, wrested the morsel from the lips of a starving family. Oh, the love of money, taking this shape, slays many a victim among the honest poor; driving many more to crime and irretrievable ruin.

The love of money, under a very specious form, sometimes creeps into even our best religious societies, inducing their managers to put the tempting idol in the place of God, where their funds are concerned. "Let us secure ample means, and God will bless our labours" is the, perhaps unconscious, error of those who ought rather to say, "Let us seek God's blessing, and the means will be given." For this we have distinct warrant in Scripture; and it is lamentable to observe how little is looked for in simple faith, how much laboured for with confidence in fleshly wisdom and might, where we should expect the very reverse of this rule. If we could but get our minds fully impressed with the conviction, that the love of money is the root of all evil, we should detect and baffle the enemy at many points where he now carries on successful assaults, which we shall only discover by their consequences, when, perhaps, it is too late.

THE DISCOVERIES OF THE
TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE,
IN CONTRAST.

It was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put infidelity in possession of its specious argument, that, amidst such a multitude of worlds, it is not probable that God would pay such attention to one single globe, or make such wonderful provisions for its benefit, as are announced to us in the Christian revelation. But, about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a field no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery which serves to neutralize the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one leads me to see a system in every star: the other introduces me to a world in every atom. The one taught me, that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity: the other teaches me, that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon: the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life as numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe: the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded—a universe within the compass of a point so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory.

Now, mark how all this may be made to meet the argument of our infidel astronomer. By the telescope, we have discovered that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity: but by the microscope we have also discovered, that no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of his regard. Every addition to the powers of the one instrument extends the limit of his visible dominions: but by every addition to the powers of the other instrument we see each part of them more crowded than before with the wonders of his unwearying hand. The one is constantly widening the circle of his territory: the other is as constantly filling up its separate portions with all that is rich, and various, and exquisite. In a word, by the one I am told, that the Almighty is now at work in regions more distant than geometry has ever measured, and among worlds more manifold than numbers have ever reached: but by the other I am also told, that, with a mind to comprehend the whole, in the vast compass of its generality, he has also a mind to concentrate a close and separate attention on all its particulars; and that the same God, who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of his presence, and travel, in all the greatness of his unimpaired attributes, upon every spot and corner of the universe he has formed.

They, therefore, who think that God will not put forth such a power, and such a goodness, and such a condescension, in behalf of this world, as are ascribed to him in the New Testament, because he has so many other worlds to attend to, think of him as

a man. They confine their views to the information of the telescope, and forget altogether the discoveries of the other instrument. They only find room in their minds for his one attribute of a large and general superintendence, and keep out of their remembrance the equally impressive proofs we have for his other attribute of a minute and multiplied attention to all that diversity of operations, where it is he that worketh all in all.—And when I think that, as one of the instruments of philosophy has heightened our every impression of the first of these attributes, so another instrument has no less heightened our impression of the second of them,—then I can no longer resist the conclusion, that it would be a transgression of sound argument, as well as a daring impiety, to draw a limit around the doings of this unsearchable God. And should a professed revelation from heaven tell me of an act of condescension in behalf of some separate world, so wonderful, that angels desire to look into it, and the Eternal Son had to move from his seat of glory to carry it into accomplishment, all I ask is the evidence of such a revelation: for, let it tell me as much as it may of God letting himself down for the benefit of one single province of his dominions, this is no more than what I see lying scattered in numberless examples before me, and running through the whole line of my recollections, and meeting me in every walk of observation to which I betake myself. And now that the microscope has unveiled the wonders of another region, I see strewed around me with a profusion which baffles my every attempt to comprehend it, the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for his notice, nor too humble for the visitations of his care.

Of all the institutions designed by Heavenly mercy to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind, there is no one of such immense importance, and productive of such immense benefits, as the Sabbath. "Wherever the Sabbath is not, there is no worship, no religion; man forgets God, and God forsakes man." Where the Sabbath is not regarded, man degenerates to a brute, a heathen, an infidel, or an atheist; and hastens, with a rapid step, to the scene where he will bear all the character, and all the features of a fiend. Where the Sabbath is loved, venerated and improved, peace smiles, hope blooms, piety matures and ripens, and the soul hastens onward to the period when the Sabbaths of time shall be exchanged for the long Sabbath of eternity.—J. G. Pike.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day, and a pleasant way, wastes his time, and steals away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds do intercept my sun, and many times some troubles do eclipse my comforts; for, I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my father's house, and my pilgrimage.—Lucas.

Since the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee, it becometh thee to employ the present well.

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