

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXIV. BASHAN.

[The distinguishing features of this country, though fully described in Scripture, are not generally adverted to. The following questions will bring these points before the young biblical student.]

211. Where do you find any mention made of the excellent oaks which grow in Bashan, and which seem to be equally notable with the cedars in Lebanon?—(*Isaiah*.)

212. While the Tyrians, who were the most celebrated navigators of their day, employed in their navies the firs of Senir for their shipboards, and the cedars of Lebanon for their masts—where is it stated that the oaks of Bashan were employed for their strong and well-formed oars?—(*Ezekiel*.)

213. How does it appear from the Psalms and the Book of Deuteronomy, that Bashan was distinguished for its superior breed of sheep, and for its strong cattle?—(*Psalms and Deuteronomy*.)

214. Where do you find an allusion to the high hill or lofty mountain which was in Bashan?—(*Psalms*.)

215. What reason have you for supposing that Bashan was celebrated for its excellent fruits?—(*Isaiah*.)

216. Who was the king of this territory in the days of Moses? and what was the issue of the contest between him and the Israelites?—(*Numbers*.)

XXV. BEELZEBUB.

217. The term Beelzebub used in the New Testament is the same as that of Baalzebub in the Old. Who was this Baalzebub?—(*2 Kings*.)

ERRATUM.—For *Dazillai*, in the Questions of last week, read *Barzillai*.

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

April 8.—Sunday before Easter.

13.—Good Friday.

15.—Easter-Day.

22.—First Sunday after Easter.

## PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. XI.

## THE NEEDLE.

In my younger days I was very fond of a pretty poem entitled, "A Prayer for Indifference." I have since learned to pray for better things, and to look for something more in literary composition than touching thought and graceful expression: but there is a stanza in that well-known little piece that I often think upon, with a different application indeed:

"Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,  
That, like the needle true,  
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,  
And turning, trembles too."

The property of the magnetic needle being to point due north, whatever unsettles its position produces a wavering tremulous motion, perhaps causing it to diverge greatly from its right aim, but never inducing to fix, to rest, until it has recovered that position. How truly, how strikingly does this portray the state of a heart, which, having been touched by the magnet of Divine love, finds its point of attraction in Christ, and can, by the force of that attraction, without any visible aid, remain steady, as though bound by many cords, looking to him alone. Hold forth to such a believer any other refuge, any other hope, and it is as when you suddenly reverse a mariner's compass: the needle, surprised for an instant out of its right point, hurries round, eagerly seeking that from which it had been involuntarily diverted, and again settling with undeviating precision. So the heart, rightly influenced, starts away from any suggestion that would alienate it from its Lord, exclaiming, as it flies to him, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee." In proportion, also, to the force and abruptness of the foreign and momentary impulse, is the jealous speed with which it is resisted and overcome. Has not the Christian felt his heart, as it were, spring back to Jesus, with somewhat of indignant velocity, when aught else has been set forth as a source of wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, or redemption to him?

But there is another species of distress much more trying than this. We sometimes see the compass, from being held in an unsteady hand, communicating to the needle a constant trembling motion, so that, while pointing aright, it still does not rest. This uneasy appearance gave rise to the poetical comparison already alluded to, and illustrates a state of mind familiar to multitudes of God's children. Peace and ease they cannot be said to know, being kept continually doubtful whether they do indeed look unto Jesus in the way that he would have them. Conscience bears them witness that they are looking to nothing else; that they neither seek nor wish for rest in any other quarter; and that the desire of their souls is to make him their chief joy: but, either through infirmity of faith or knowledge, or else from having their minds and spirits unconsciously affected by bodily ailment, or from other causes, foreign to their will, and beyond their control, they continue trembling, doubting, desponding. Not having a steady and clear view of Christ, they question their interest in him; these distressing doubts deaden and distract their prayers; such dead, distracted prayers further obscure their already embarrassed view; and so the heart, uncertain of its portion, and tempted to look more to its own wavering frame, than to Him who cannot waver, and substituting feeling for faith,

"Turns at the touch of joy or woe,  
And turning, trembles too."

There is a spiritual joy, and a spiritual woe, alike inimical to spiritual peace and ease. Excitement, on the one hand, will, in religion as in other things, produce a state of collapse, the more overwhelming from the contrast connected with it. Overmuch

sorrow will swallow up the comforts that God has provided for his mourning children, and be nothing the better for them. Extreme depression certainly wrongs the Lord, though it is, perhaps, a safer state than undue elation; and peace, rest, ease, are found only in such a fixed view of Christ, as presents him constantly to the soul, as Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, out of whose fulness we have received whatever is ours, although it be but the knowledge of our emptiness, and may demand whatsoever we require, on the strength of that promise, "My God shall supply all your need, according to the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus." It is no uncommon thing for the Christian to sit down and number over his gifts, until he forgets that he is still, in himself, wretched, and poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked; or else to stretch himself along in utter despondency, restraining prayer for more, because he feels that as yet he has received but little in comparison with the requirements of others and his own desires. The heart may be "like the needle true" to its own suggestions and misgivings; but let it be true to Christ alone, and it shall know both peace and ease, in the consciousness that he is pledged, for time and eternity, to be its strength, its portion its sufficiency, its ALL.

## THE RAINY SUNDAY.

Every body knows what a rainy Sunday is. It is to a great many persons the most gloomy day in the whole year. To many, Sunday is a weary day, let it be clear or stormy; but I would gladly believe, that to many more it is a day of happiness and holy rest. I have two accounts to give of the way in which a rainy Sunday was passed, and none of the readers of this magazine are too small, I think, to observe the difference.

Richard and Susan were down stairs early in the morning, to have their breakfast and go to Sunday-school. They both observed it was raining, but nothing was said about staying at home on account of it. They had only belonged to the school two Sundays, and as on both of them the weather had been clear, they could not tell whether their mother would allow them to go this day in the rain or not. However, just as Susan was putting on her over-shoes, their mother came into the room.

"You need not put on those shoes, Susan," said she, "it is too wet for you to go to Sunday-school."

"Do you think so mamma?" said Susan, "you know I went to school yesterday when it rained."

"I know you did, my dear; but going to school in the week is a very different thing from going on Sunday."

"How is it different, mamma? It is a shorter walk to Sunday-school," said Richard.

"Yes, it is shorter I know; but I am not going to have Susan's new dress and bonnet spoiled, by tramping along the street in the rain, nor your new clothes either, Richard."

"Mamma, I will wear my school bonnet and a calico frock, if you will let me go," exclaimed Susan, earnestly.

"And I will wear my every-day clothes, mamma," added Richard.

"Let me hear no more, children," said the mother sternly; "do you think I am going to send my family out on Sunday, dressed like the poorest children in the school? a pretty sight it would be truly!"

The disappointed brother and sister were silent. What they might have said to their mother that was improper, I cannot tell, if they had not both remembered the commandment which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother." They had the ten commandments for their lesson that morning, and this one of course was fresh in their memories. When their mother had left the room they consoled themselves with hearing each other their lessons, which they knew perfectly.

"We shall go to Church, any how, sister," said Richard, "for father and mother have gone every Sunday now for three or four weeks."

"No, brother," said Susan mournfully, "they have only gone when the weather has been clear; one Sunday it rained, and they stayed at home; but let us beg them to go this morning."

So, when the parents came into the parlour, Richard and Susan both asked them to let them go to Church with them.

"To Church!" exclaimed Mr. S.—, "Why you must be crazy, Dick."

"No, father, but sister and I want to go very much, and we thought if you would take me under your umbrella, and mother would take Susan under her's, we could go very nicely."

"No, my son; content yourself at home to-day. These Sunday-schools have put strange notions in your head; Church is the very worst place you could go to in wet weather; you sit there a couple of hours or more, with damp feet, breathing a damp atmosphere; 'tis enough to kill you!"

"But, father, we have over-shoes that we can take off when we get to our pew, and the fires are always made in the Church on Saturday night, to keep it from being damp."

"There, Richard, that will do," said his mother; "I do not like to hear children attempt to argue with their parents. We are not going out to day, and that is sufficient."

I need not say what a long and dreary day this was to Richard and Susan. Their parents, who were not religious, took no pains to give them suitable books to read, and their short attendance at the Sunday-school had only been enough to teach them that they were not spending Sunday properly, without knowing exactly how they ought to spend it. They did read the Bible part of the time, but as they were left to do as they pleased, it is not much wonder that in the afternoon they read some of their usual story books.

I was only going to speak of Sunday, but I believe I had better mention, that on Monday morning, as the storm continued, the children expected a holiday; but their mother told them, directly after breakfast, to get ready for school, and to wrap up well, for they had a long walk.

"I cannot afford to pay for your education," said she, "and then allow you to stay at home for trifles."

So the over-shoes were put on, and the common clothes, and the children set off obediently. Richard could not help saying as they went along, "I wonder why mother thinks so much more of what we learn at the day-school than of what we learn

at the Sunday-school. I think we learn better things at Sunday-school, for they teach us there about our souls."

"I don't know," replied Susan, with a sigh, but perhaps mother does not think about our souls; I never heard her speak of them."

At dinner time their father came in late. "What has detained you so, my dear?" asked Mrs. S.

"I have been very busy all the morning," replied her husband, "and now I must just swallow a mouthful or two and be off again: I have been down on the wharf the whole morning in the rain, and I'm wet to the skin."

"Do, my dear, change your dress before you go out again; I'm afraid you will take cold."

"O no, no; I have not a moment's time—I think I shall make money by what I am doing to-day—I must run the risk of taking cold;" and as soon as he had eaten a hasty dinner, he went down to the wharf again, though it rained harder than ever.

In the afternoon Susan said to Richard, (for they did not dare to make their remarks to their mother,) "Don't you think father will take more cold to-day while he is out in the rain, than he would have done yesterday in the warm Church?"

"Yes," said Richard, "I do so; but I suppose father would rather make money than go to Church."

"I suppose he would," said Susan.—*Southern Churchman.*

## ST. COLUMBA.

Such was the sanctity of Columba, the Apostle of the Highlands, who was born in the year 560, that King Adrian, not being able to detect any thing that appeared wrong or useless in his conduct, had the curiosity to ask him, whether he had so much as any inward motive or propensity to sin? To this question Columba answered as became a saint, That, like all men, he had certainly such motives and propensities; but that he would not take the whole world, with all its honours and pleasures, and consent to yield to one of them.

## THE BIBLE.

The Bible loses much by not being considered as a system, for though many other books are comparable to cloth, in which, by a small pattern, we may safely judge of a whole piece, yet the Bible is like a fair suit of arras, of which, though a shred may assure you of the fineness of the colours and richness of the stuff, yet the hangings never appear to their true advantage but when they are displayed to their dimensions and seen together.—*Hon. Robert Boyle.*

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