

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN A.—CONTINUED.

99. Abijam, the son of a King of Judah, is mentioned in the first book of Kings, but he is called Abijah in the second book of Chronicles; and there is another Abijah mentioned in 1 Kings, who was a king of Israel; can you distinguish these?—(1 Kings. 2 Chron.)

100. In what narrative is Abana, a river of Damascus, supposed preferable to all the waters of Israel?—(2 Kings.)

101. There are 3 Abimelechs mentioned in Scripture, the first a king of the Philistines, (Gen.) the second a king of Shechem, (Judges,) and the third a priest of the Lord, (1 Chron.) can you distinguish them? and can you determine whether the last mentioned Abimelech is the same person who is called Ahimelech in 2 Samuel?

102. What took place at the stone of Abel?—(1 Sam.)

103. Who besieged the city of Abel? what gave rise to the siege? and what was the ancient proverb connected with this city?—(2 Sam.)

104. Why did David, accompanied by 30,000 men of Israel, go to the house of Aminadab, who dwelt at Gihrah?—(2 Sam.)

105. There are two other persons whose name was Abinadab; the one a relative of David, the other a relative of Saul; can you further distinguish them?—(1 Chron. 1 Sam.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

October 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude's Day.

29.—23d Sunday after Trinity.

Nov. 1.—All Saints' Day.

THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

The narrative which follows, extracted from the Memoirs of the Rev. G. T. Bedell, strikingly testifies the power of true religion in administering comfort and support even to the young, in the hours of deepest grief and bitter agony. The duties of Sunday-school teachers are frequently tedious and irksome, from the inattention, the thoughtlessness, and too often downright wickedness, of the children whom they seek to instruct. Their endeavours to impart religious knowledge, and, under God's blessing, to instil Christian principles, are too often counteracted by parents, who, instead of strengthening their hands, and insisting that their commands shall be obeyed, suffer the children, by absence and neglect of due preparation, to make light of the privileges they enjoy. Let such parents recollect, how fearful will be the account which they shall be obliged to render for such negligence, nay, gross dereliction of duty. Let them be assured, that this their offence is a heinous one in the sight of God, and that these very children, even in this life, may be the first to upbraid them for this inconsiderate indulgence, and may through eternity reproach them for it, when the calls of a merciful Saviour shall be heard no more. As for the teachers, let them not be discouraged. Such instances as that now to be recorded, of the power of religion on the youthful heart, it may not be their lot to witness: still, let them scatter the good seed, and pray that it may be watered with the dew of God's blessing. Let them proceed in faith, and in a spirit of love; and then they need not doubt but that in due season they will reap, if they faint not. The blade will spring up, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear; and long after their eyes are closed in the darkness of the sepulchre, their memories may be cherished, and God thanked, for their Christian instruction, by some who may have long wandered from the Shepherd's fold, but who have been brought back on the Shepherd's shoulders rejoicing. Let them recollect the true saying, "Duties are ours, events belong to God." The following incident, read at their next meeting, may perhaps touch some hard hearts; and, through God's blessing, lead some thoughtless child to attend to the things which belong to its everlasting peace.

On Sunday, December 11, a little girl came into the school-room, to tell me that her brother Joseph was very ill; that the doctors had cut a large swelling from his neck; that he would like much to see his teacher, and often wept when he talked about it. "He says, too," she remarked to me in a very artless manner, "that he thinks now that he has got religion."

Joseph H.—was above nine year's of age, and, though small for his age, he was quite old enough to have been long since transferred to the Sunday-School; but appearing to be very fond of the infant school, I felt unwilling to remove him against his inclination. I had missed Joseph for two Sundays; but this circumstance, at so inclement a season, which, together with sickness, had reduced the school to one-half of its usual number, I did not consider remarkable, especially as he resided a mile from the school. As I went that afternoon to his mother's dwelling, I thought of his quiet and orderly behaviour. His conduct was so habitually good, that in the past year I do not remember to have had occasion to speak to him of any thing which he had either said or done. When I entered his room, he lay upon his little bed, with his face bound up, and looked exceedingly pale. He put out his hand, and seemed much pleased to see me. He was a child of few words; but the conversation I had with him was quite satisfactory. While speaking to Joseph, his mother came in; she observed, she was glad I had called, as she thought it must be a great encouragement to me to know that some of the little boys seemed to profit by the instruction they had received.

Several years ago, as Joseph was near the fire, his clothes by accident caught; and having an apron tied close round his neck, the flames burnt his throat in a very distressing manner. After a long time, the wound was healed, in rather an unskilful manner. His mouth and lower jaw were drawn sideways, and quite down towards his neck, so that he could scarcely close his mouth; and he could not raise his head in an erect posture. As he grew, it became more inconvenient to him, and often painful; indeed, it was painful even to look upon him. His mother was advised by skilful surgeons to have a portion of the flesh removed, as

the only probable means of affording him relief. His life, it was believed, hung upon this fearful operation, which was calculated to chill and appal the stoutest heart; yet he manifested no particular fear, nor was it conceived necessary to administer an opiate to stupify him, or to lull the pain. He told his mother that he thought he had given his heart to God, and now he did not much wish to live. He thought it would be better if he should die young, and go and be with his Saviour. When the time came, the surgeon was attended by seven others to witness the operation. It was performed by separating a portion of the flesh from the lower part of the jaw, from ear to ear, and the jaw was restored to its place. Joseph afterwards told his mother that when the doctor first began to cut him, he thought he could not bear it, and live. But then he prayed to God, that he would be pleased to help him to bear it; and after that he did not feel nearly so much pain. He afterwards prayed for his mother, and for his little sister, and for his Sunday-School teacher, and said that he felt so happy, and that he loved every body. One who was present, and had witnessed many awful cases from the field of battle, said that he had not seen one which excited in his mind the intense degree of interest awakened by the patient suffering of this delicate and feeble little boy.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. V.

THE WHITE PLUMES.

Walking slowly on a sultry day along the high path that skirted a public road, my attention was roused by the sudden question of a little child, "What is coming behind us? see, it is all black and white." I turned, and saw a mourning coach, through the side windows of which projected the ends of a small coffin, with its velvet pall; followed by a similar carriage, containing three or four gentlemen in black cloaks. The usual attendants, with their long staves, walked with measured steps on either side the coaches, their hat-bands being of white silk, as were those of the drivers. But what had chiefly attracted the observation of my little companion, was the stately plume of white feathers waving on the heads of noble horses, whose glossy coats of jet black, velvet housings, long flowing manes and tails, and majestic bearing, as they paced along with restrained animation, could derive no additional grace from what, nevertheless, gave a striking finish to the spectacle.

"It is a baby's funeral," said I.

"But why are the feathers white? I thought all funerals went in mourning, and white is no mourning, you know."

I explained to the little inquirer the custom of substituting white for black on such an occasion; and then gratified his wish by accompanying, or rather following the procession to the church, which was not far distant.

Why are the plumes white? I mentally repeated, and looked again at those waving crests. In point of fact they were not white, for the dusty road had imparted to them enough of its own substance to disguise their snowy aspect. Belonging, as they certainly did, to the pomps and vanities of this world, they wore its livery—defilement. Still, as distinguished from customary black, they were white plumes, and, with the other admixtures of that hue, shed light upon the darksome accompaniments, like sunshine breaking into smiles the cloudy shadows on some distant hill. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," was the text that occurred to my mind; and I dwelt upon the "sure and certain hope" that, in the case of an infant taken away, as infants assuredly are, from the evil to come, cannot fail to mingle a beam of gladness even with the first deep sorrow of a bereaved parent.

Again, I looked; and again the proud tread of those stately horses, the waving of their bright crests, and the fluttering of the white-edged pall, as a current of air passed occasionally through the windows, bespoke a character less of mourning than of triumph. I thought of the little inmate, riding there in solitary state, as of one who had conquered in the battle without striking a blow, succeeded in the race without moving a foot; and now was crowned with glory incorruptible, never to fade away. It seemed almost a privilege to follow in such a train, to assist at such an ovation; but when the procession had reached its appointed place, and the pageantry, withdrawing, left the coffin to be laid upon its tressels in the aisle of the church, and David's touching lament over frail mortality was poured forth, the joyousness of the preceding moments gave place to feelings sad and solemn, as the mind reverted to what man was at his bright creation, and what he is become through the entrance of sin and death. Scarcely could a handful of earth be selected from the ground whereon we stood, when the coffin was lowered to its final resting-place, which had not once been instinct with rational life, capable of glorifying God, whose is the body no less than the soul; and O, among the multitude who had there become dust, how few might I dare to hope had so glorified Him! Dark indeed is the history of man, as written in earth's surface in characters formed by its rising mounds; and again I rejoiced that another had been rescued ere he could lift a hand, or form a thought, in rebellion against his God. Still, rebellion was his inheritance; and the taint would have speedily showed itself in open acts of presumptuous sin, proving his natural claim to a rebel's doom; a portion of which, the penalty of bodily death, had already been awarded, in token that he was liable to the whole infliction; but the short history of that babe was beautifully summed up in one line of the well-known epitaph:

"He died, for Adam sinned: he lives, for Jesus died."

As I passed where the carriages waited to convey the mourners back to their distant residence, I looked for the white plumes; but they were gone. It was well; for what had he farther to do with any of this world's idle show? The earth had enclosed him, to open no more that portal, till she shall be called to yield up her dead, and to restore, in power and incorruption, what had been sown in weakness and dishonour. The white plumes, wherewith parental love had done honour to the baby's obsequies, could honour him no longer; but white robes had glittered in

heaven, and palms had waved, and harps of gold had been tuned, to welcome a lamb, from among the lost sheep, to the soft green pastures and fountains of living waters, where the good Shepherd tends his happy flock for ever.

O that we could realize these things more feelingly! We live in a shadowy world, and grasp at those shadows, as though they were the only real substance: while on that which endureth for ever we cast but now and then a transient thought, or stretch forth a wishful hand, without any real and vigorous effort to lay hold on eternal life. The trappings of woe are soon laid aside, and with them, too readily, the lesson that they perchance had brought to our reluctant minds. May the Holy Spirit, helping our infirmities, put life and meaning into the prayer too often mechanically uttered, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"

EQUALITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is, in one sense, the greatest of levellers. It looks to the elements and not to the circumstantialities of humanity; and regarding as altogether superficial and temporary the distinctions of this fleeting pilgrimage, it fastens on those points of assimilation which liken the King upon the Throne to the very humblest of his subject population. They are alike in the nakedness of their birth. They are alike in the sureness of their decay. They are alike in the agonies of their dissolution. And after the one is tombed in sepulchral magnificence, and the other is laid in his sod-wrapt grave, are they most fearfully alike in the corruption to which they moulder. But it is with the immortal nature of each that Christianity has to do; and in both the one and the other, doth it behold a nature alike forfeited by guilt, and alike capable of being restored by the grace of an offered salvation. And never do the pomp and the circumstance of externals appear more humiliating, than when, looking onwards to the day of resurrection, we behold the sovereign standing without his crown, and trembling, with the subject by his side, at the bar of heaven's majesty. There the master and the servant will be brought to their reckoning together; and when the one is tried upon the guilt and the malignant influence of his profane and careless habit of his household establishment, and is reminded how he kept both himself and his domestics from the solemn ordinance, and is made to perceive the fearful extent of the moral and spiritual mischief which he has wrought as the irreligious head of an irreligious family, and how many other things, he, under a system of fashionable hypocrisy so tampered with another's principles as to defile his conscience, and to destroy him—O! how tremendously will the little brief authority in which he now plays his fantastic tricks, turn to his own condemnation; for, than thus to abuse his authority, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.—Dr. Chalmers.

CHRISTIAN CIRCUMSPECTION.

Where any thing presents itself; think if Christ were now alive, would He do it? Or if I were now to die, would I do it? I must walk as He hath walked, and I must live as I intend to die: if it be not Christ's will, it is my sin; and if I die in that sin it will bring ruin. I will therefore, in every action, so carry myself as if Christ was on the one hand, and death on the other.—Lucas's Divine Breathings.

To the man of the world, taken thither with an unchanged heart, Heaven would be a place of distress. If we are not desiring and pursuing that which is to constitute the happiness of Heaven, our hope of it must be a delusion. Let no man of the world speak of his hope of Heaven.—Wardlaw.

The Church

Will for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg every Saturday.

TERMS.

To Subscribers resident in the immediate neighborhood of the place of publication, TEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Subscribers receiving their papers by mail, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, postage included. Payment is expected yearly, or at least half yearly in advance.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Hon. and Ven. The Archdeacon of York; The Rev. Dr. Harris, Principal of the U. C. College; the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg; the Rev. H. I. Grasset, Asst. Minister of St. James's church, Toronto;—to any of whom communications referring to the general interests of the paper may be addressed.

EDITOR for the time being, The Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom all communications for insertion in the paper (post paid) are to be addressed, as well as remittances of Subscription.

AGENTS.

The Clergy of the Church of England in both Provinces.

Robt. Stanton Esq., King Street, Toronto.

Mr. C. Scadding, New Market.

Dr. Low, Whitby.

Charles Brent Esq., Port Hope.

H. Hughes Esq., P. M. Emily.

W. Warren Esq., Darlington.

J. Beavis Esq., Clarke.

B. Y. McKyes Esq., Colborne.

J. B. Ewart Esq., Dundas.

Brooke Young, Esq., Guelph.

John Burwell, Esq., P. M. Port Burwell.

J. White, Esq., P. M. Camden West.

A. Davidson, Esq., P. M. Niagara.

Mr. J. Ruthven, Hamilton.

T. S. Shortt, Esq., Woodstock.

Hon. James Kerby, Port Erie.

G. W. Baker, Esq., Bytown.

Alfred Knight Esq., Wm. Henry, L. C.

Mr. Jas. McLaren, Quebec.

Messrs. Swords Stanford, & Co. New York.

[R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.]