

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

## VI. ABSALOM—CONTINUED.

50. Instead of a splendid sepulchre to keep his name in remembrance, what was the burial-place of this infatuated young man?—*2d Sam.*

51. What was the lamentation of his pious father, when he heard of his son's death?—*2d Sam.*

## VII. ADAM.

52. Out of what materials did God form Adam?—*Gen.*

53. What was the employment assigned to Adam?—*Gen.*

54. What injunction did God give to him as the test of his obedience?—*Gen.*

55. What were the advantages held out to him as an inducement to sin? and who became his tempter?—*Gen.*

56. What were the immediate consequences of Adam's transgression? and what the immediate punishment which followed?—*Gen.*

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

At. 6.—11th do.	do.
13.—12th do.	do.
20.—13th do.	do.
27.—14th do.	do.

## GENTLE SOPHY.

REV. SM.—I heard, the other day, a little history, which I should much like to tell your readers if you will give me leave. It was related by a clergyman, in a sermon he preached to nearly a thousand Charity School children; I may not perhaps remember his exact words, but you may depend on the truth of the account; and the simple language which I shall use, will, I hope, be pleasing and intelligible to your young readers; and, for their sakes, excused by your elder friends. The clergyman was preaching from the beautiful words in Isaiah, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom;" and he told his little hearers, that the sheep and lambs never think they cannot follow the shepherd when he calls; that the Lord Jesus Christ is our shepherd; and that he never tells us to do any thing which he will not give us grace to do. He told them, they should pray to the Lord Jesus to make them holy and gentle; and then he added, "I will tell you a story of one who was made so by his grace. I am going to tell you of a little girl, who worked in a cotton manufactory, in the town where I was born. The children are taught to work there while very young; this child was in my sister's class, in the Sunday School, and she was the flower of her little flock; she was not a quick child, mind that, my dears; but she was early taught to love, and fear, and serve God, and she was so meek and patient, that she was known by the name of "gentle Sophy." Now I should have told you, that Sophy was an orphan; she had no father or mother, and she lived with an aunt. In the same manufactory where Sophy worked, another girl was employed, named Mary J—, and she was very different from Sophy; she was always teasing and tormenting her, calling her names, and behaving ill to her in every way: but Sophy returned good for evil. One day, when Sophy was at her work, this girl came behind her, and gave her so violent a push, that Sophy was thrown from her seat and fell in among the wheels of the machinery. The workmen stopped the wheels, and soon, poor Sophy, with her face and head bleeding, was carried home to her aunt's cottage, and they sent for the Doctor, and they sent for her Sunday School Teacher. My sister was not at home, but my dear father went to poor Sophy; she could not utter a word, but she was sensible and understood all that my father said to her. He went to her bedside, and knelt down, and prayed to the Lord to bless her, and to save her: and then he said "Sophy you know that you are a sinner, but you know that Jesus died for sinners; do you think that if you die, you shall go to heaven? if you do, and cannot speak, squeeze my hand." And Sophy squeezed his hand. But still Sophy seemed very restless and very uneasy, and then my father remembered that some one had said, "Mary J— is carried away to prison, and there she will stay till it is seen whether Sophy lives or dies; and if she dies, most likely Mary will be hanged." My father thought this was what made Sophy unhappy, and he said to her "do you forgive Mary? would you like to see her? if you would, squeeze my hand;" and she squeezed his hand. And then my father went to the Magistrate, and obtained leave for Mary to be brought; and when she came in, Sophy looked up, and smiled faintly. Mary was greatly distressed, though from what followed afterwards. I am afraid she was not sorry for her sin, but for the trouble it had brought upon her; but I must leave this, and only tell you of gentle Sophy. She was asked if she forgave Mary, and the tears streamed down her face, and she pressed Mary's hand, and in a few hours, she was with her Saviour, whose grace had made her so patient, so gentle, and so forgiving.—(Selected.)

## SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

## No. VII.

LONDON, CONTINUED;—ASCENSION-DAY—ST. CATHARINES AND LONDON DOCKS—THE THAMES TUNNEL, &c.

After three days of sight-seeing, by which although the mind is diverted and gratified, the body often is wearied and worn, it was refreshing, in every sense, to experience the intervention of a religious holyday. This was the Church's feast of the Ascension; a joyous day which was ushered in by the pealing chimes of every spire in London, producing in the Christian mind all that glow of delightful hope awakened by the promise that the Church which, like its persecuted but now glorified head, was militant on earth, would yet be triumphant in heaven!

I attended at St. Martin's Church where in the conduct of the services was ever to be discerned that sterling sobriety so characteristic of the nation, but not unaccompanied by a fire and zeal which never failed to communicate its happy glow to the

heart and spirits of the hearer. In the sermon of the afternoon lecturer, who preached on this occasion, there were many eloquent passages, and much to elevate the soul to the due contemplation of the animating subject;—but never, upon the recurrence of this festival, can I help calling to mind Bishop Horne's beautiful allusion to the starry portals of the skies being thrown widely open for the admission of the King of Glory, who was returned conqueror over death and the grave, and with the deliverance of man accomplished! Often too, as I call to mind the scene of our Saviour's ascension, when his amazed disciples followed with straining eyes the fast-fading traces of their beloved Lord, am I struck with the similarity of sensation awakened by watching upon the wide sea the fading vestiges of a bark which is bearing away some dear companion and friend! These, perhaps, are departing homewards, and fain would we follow:—at least the hope is enlivening that by and by we shall meet at home. So to those who were watching the vanishing traces of their ascending Saviour: he was departing to the home prepared for them; and every regret would soon be cheered away by the hope, the confidence, that by and by they would rejoin him there!

On the following day I sallied forth for the further inspection of the marvels of the metropolis: and in company with an intelligent and most obliging friend, we proceeded first to the London and St. Catharine Docks,—completed on a smaller scale certainly than those which I had previously visited, but evincing the same skill and convenience in every arrangement, and perhaps manifesting a greater bustle and business. Here were several of the American Packet Ships; and it is pleasing to witness the extreme delight and gratification always evinced by the English visitor upon inspecting these elegant specimens of nautical skill and taste. There is not a doubt that the attractions of those noble vessels have lured many a son of England to the transatlantic shores, whose curiosity to visit the younger world would have been repressed by the contemplation of the intervening dangers and discomforts of the sea. I know of one wanderer at least in whom they helped to beget not merely a reconciliation to the perils and trials of the world of waters, but have awakened something like this feeling of the poet:—

O I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.

Our next visit was to the Wine vaults, which the kind attention of my accompanying friend obtained us permission to inspect. These unlike the wine receptacles at Paris which some months after this I chanced to visit—were entirely under ground and covered a space of about eight acres. The whole area was regularly laid out in streets, the spaces between being filled to the ceiling with piles of casks; and every street, like a miniature city, was lighted with gas.

At some little distance below the London Docks,—and having previously passed through the celebrated market of Billingsgate,—we came to the THAMES TUNNEL, one of the most novel and most noble undertakings for which London is remarkable:—Its ingenious and spirited projector was Mr. Brunel; and happy am I to add my belief that this enterprising gentleman will soon be gratified by the accomplishment of his extraordinary and admired undertaking. Nor is it less a subject of usefulness than of wonder; for as this is too far down the river to permit of the erection of a bridge, this subterraneous passage must prove, when completed, an incalculable advantage to the numerous inhabitants resident in the neighbourhood, and whom business or pleasure require so frequently to cross the Thames.

The descent into this sub-aquatic walk, as it may be termed, is, for the present, by a temporary stairs; but once below, nothing can exceed the perfection and beauty of the whole workmanship. Two substantial brick archways are constructed side by side, each 14 feet wide,—so substantial that although you are standing beneath the centre of a deep river, where the largest ships are sailing above your heads, no sensation of fear or apprehension of danger, for a moment, obtrudes itself;—and each of these contains a macadamized carriage road, and foot path for pedestrians. The whole is lit with gas, and the line of lamps, as you stand at either end, is particularly beautiful and striking.—Although many thousands of persons annually visit the celebrated Thames Tunnel, and each person pays a shilling for permission to inspect it, it is said that the large sum thus received barely covers the expense incurred in keeping it in that admirable order and repair in which it is constantly to be found.

Emerging from the Tunnel, we returned by the Custom House which, as I had subsequently a better opportunity of observing its arrangements on returning from a foreign land I shall not at present describe: suffice it to say that it is on an immense scale, affording accommodation to about 650 clerks and officers, besides 1000 tide-waiters and servants; and the construction of the building is in a style of great magnificence and taste.

From thence we proceeded homewards, and paused, on the way, to contemplate the Monument, London's column, built by order of Parliament, to perpetuate the remembrance of the dreadful fire of London in 1666. Though not of very large dimensions, its height is great, being 202 feet from the pavement to the "blazing urn" with which its summit is crowned.

Two sides of the pedestal have long Latin inscriptions;—one of which details the dreadful effects of the fire which it commemorates, and recapitulates the number of houses, churches and streets which were destroyed, containing amongst others this remarkable sentence: "To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable, that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world." After a day of so much fatigue, I did not avail myself of the offer to ascend the stairs and enjoy the commanding view from the summit;—and although I subsequently passed the Monument perhaps a hundred times this was a gratification that I never chanced to enjoy.

(To be Continued.)

REV. C. WOLFE.

On the day before his dissolution, the medical gentleman who attended him felt it his duty to apprise him of his immediate danger, and expressed himself thus: "Your mind, sir, seems to be so raised above this world, that I need not fear to communicate to you my candid opinion of your state." "Yes, Sir," replied he, "I trust I have been learning to 'live above the world.'" And he then made some impressive observations on the ground of his own hopes; and having afterwards heard that they had a favourable effect, he entered more fully into the subject with him on the next visit, and continued speaking for an hour, in such a convincing, affecting, and solemn strain, (and this at a time when he seemed incapable of uttering a single sentence,) that the Physician, on retiring to the adjoining room, threw himself on the sofa in tears, exclaiming, "There is something superhuman about that man: it is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted; such mental vigour in a poor frame dropping into the grave!"

## EXTRACTS FROM "WALKER'S ORIGINAL."

*Pique.*—I have remarked, that persons much given to pique are, frequently, particularly strict in the outward observances of religion. They must have strange notions, or rather no notions at all, of the spirit of Christianity; and the doctrines they hear must fall upon the most stony of places. Nay, I have met with persons so insensible to propriety, as to avow, without scruple, that they have left off attending a place of worship from some supposed affront they have received there.

*Self-Discipline.*—It is the character of the Christian Religion to inculcate the practice of self-discipline to a much greater extent than was ever even thought of before, and the Christian Religion is constantly represented by its earliest teachers as holding out perfect freedom to its disciples. It appears to me certain that the practice of its precepts is calculated to ensure the greatest quantity of happiness here, as well as hereafter, because whilst it permits every rational enjoyment, it imposes restraint only in those things which are injurious. An individual who acted up to the rules of Christianity, could not but enjoy existence in the highest perfection of which it is capable.

*Temper! How to obtain it.*—There is no book comparable to the New Testament for teaching that temper of mind which is alone capable of ensuring a current of happiness independent of external interruptions. It gives that tone which prevents us from annoying or feeling annoyance. It teaches us to bear all things, to hope all things, and to think no evil. How different such a state from that of those who bear nothing, hope nothing, and are ever thinking evil! In order to derive full benefit from the doctrines of the New Testament, it is not sufficient to recur to them occasionally, but by daily attention to make them part of our system, so that the mind may become its own master, and as much as possible independent of everything without.

**WANTED.**—To take charge of a select school; to lead the singing in the Church, and to instruct in singing the youth of the congregation,—a person fully adequate to each of these duties. He must be a truly correct, pious person, and a communicant of the Church of England. Good recommendations founded upon personal knowledge of character, from a clergyman of the Church will be required. A liberal salary will be given. For further particulars reference can be had (if by mail, *post paid*) to the Rev. T. B. Fuller, to D. M'Gregor, or T. M'Crea Esquires, Church Wardens, Chatham, U. C.

Chatham, U. C. July 1st. 1837.

6w6

## 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 east 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. Grasett, 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) must 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.  
J. G. Armour Esq., Whitby.  
Charles Brent Esq., Port Hope.  
H. Hughes Esq., P. M. Emily.  
W. Warren Esq., Darlington.  
J. Beavis Esq., Clarke.  
B. Y. McKyes Esq., Cobornes.  
J. B. Ewart Esq., Dundas.  
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. Short, 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.]