

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XLV. DEBORAH.

393. There are two persons of the name of Deborah mentioned in Scripture; can you distinguish between them?—Genesis and Judges.

394. The former Deborah died in Bethel, and was buried there, under an oak, which was afterwards called Allonbachuth, or the oak of weeping; from which circumstance we may infer how faithfully and affectionately she discharged the duties connected with her station. In what capacity did she live?—Genesis.

395. The second Deborah was a prophetess. Do you recollect the name of her husband, and the place where she resided?—Judges.

396. Deborah was a Judge as well as a prophetess. Can you tell the public occasion on which she was more peculiarly distinguished?—(Judges.)

397. From what expressions in the Song of Deborah may we conclude that many national benefits resulted from her wise and prudent administration of affairs?—(Judges.)

XLVI. DORCAS.

398. Dorcas, who was also called Tabitha, was a pious woman raised by Peter from the dead. Can you tell where she resided, and for what excellent qualities she was conspicuous?—(Acts.)

399. Among other acts of her benevolence, she seemed to have been especially kind to poor and distressed widows. From what affecting incidents may this be inferred?—(Acts.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

March 31.—EASTER DAY.
April 1.—Monday in Easter Week.
2.—Tuesday in Easter Week.
7.—First Sunday after Easter.

FOR THE CHURCH.

THE ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.—THE LATE BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

The sun was just gilding the horizon, as I entered a calesche in the month of August eighteen hundred and thirty-three, to be present at the ordination of an old class-mate, by the late Bishop of Quebec. Though years have since rolled on, our late most excellent "Father in God" is gone to his rest, and my friend and myself seen many changes, yet that and the following days are still fresh in my memory. The season was truly delightful. Our route lay first through a French Canadian settlement, and afterwards through that portion of Lower Canada called the "Eastern townships."

The beautiful Richelieu ran for many miles on our left, and enlivened the journey by its rapid stream and lovely banks. And when we left its course and bent our way towards the East, the "Green Mountains" jutting out into that part of Lower Canada, invited our attention by their boldness, and demanded our admiration for their beauty. My companion was a French Canadian who had never been beyond the seigniories, and accustomed to the long, narrow two-field farms, with their neat houses and miserable barns thrust directly on the road-side, had never seen farms laid out and stocked as Europeans and Americans love to have them.

As we approached Frelighsburg the country became still more beautiful; the mountains seemed more frowning, because more near; and the beautiful vale on our right, with the "Pike river" meandering through and skirted down to the water's edge with thick shrubbery, appeared richer than any thing yet seen. The first object that attracted our notice on approaching the village was (as it ought always to be) the Church. It is situated on an eminence, and, as well as the parsonage just opposite its door and within the same enclosure, overlooks the road leading into the village. They are both neat and commodious—monuments of our late worthy bishop's liberality and zeal. The village itself is small, but beautiful for situation, lying in a romantic spot at a short distance from the peak of the frowning Green Mountains. When we arrived at the parsonage, the good bishop and my friend were busily engaged in the examination of the latter for Holy Orders. But in the evening I was joined by my friend, with whom I had sweet converse till late at night. He had gone the previous year as a Missionary to the Sault de Ste. Marie, and his account of the Indians, and of his success amongst them, was highly delightful and interesting. Every thing was new to me; and though I had risen before day-light, and had passed over fully fifty miles that day, yet I did not regard the hours as they rapidly passed away.

Of the many striking things mentioned by my friend, I shall notice only two; the one indicative of the shrewdness of the Indian character, and the other, shewing the influence which the preaching of the cross has upon even the untutored savage. Immediately on my friend's arrival at the Sault, he had a council of Indians called, and stated to them that he had been sent by the Church, and by their "Great Father" at Toronto, as their teacher. "Echo," their chief speaker, arose, and in a speech abounding with native eloquence, expressed the sense of the nation on my friend's appointment. "But," said he, "how are we to know that you are sent by our 'Great Father' at Toronto? We have had several offers from as many persons desirous of becoming our teachers, and all professing to come from our 'Great Father.'" He paused for some time; then narrowly examining the seal on my friend's credentials, remarked: "I am no longer in the dark; the sun has just risen upon me: I perceive that the seal on 'Blackcoat's' letter from our 'Great Father' and my medal bear the same stamp. 'Blackcoat' shall, therefore, be my teacher; for now I feel that he has been sent to us by our 'Great Father.' I give him my hand, and will open my ear willingly to his instructions."

Soon after this an Indian came express from one of the most northern posts of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company. He had "never as much as heard" of the Christians' God. Curiosity led him to visit the Missionary of whose arrival he had heard from his red brethren. He listened with the deepest attention, whilst my friend laid open to his view the nature of God, the apostasy and corruption of man, and the unsearchable riches of Christ. When he heard of God's giving his own begotten, well-beloved Son, the brightness of his glory, a ransom for sinners, he became restive on his seat. He could not indeed fully comprehend how that could be: yet he felt that it was true. The more he heard, the more restive he became; perspiration oozed from every pore, till it ran in a stream from his face. At length he burst into a flood of tears, and rushed from the room, completely overwhelmed by his feelings. In the course of two months he returned a second time, as express, to the Sault. Immediately he repaired to the Missionary to enquire further about the Christian's God, that so loved sinners as to give his own Son to death for them,—to inform him that he had been telling his brethren at the north of this good God,—and to carry to him the request that he would come and preach Christ to them.

With such cheering accounts as these did my friend beguile the rapid hours, so that we could have listened till daylight, had not prudence warned us that we needed retirement and sleep, to prepare us for the interesting and highly important services of the following day.

When the morning of that day arrived, the congregation began to assemble from all the surrounding parish;—some coming in their comfortable family waggons,—the younger ones on horseback, and those living near the Church on foot. Never before had Trinity Church and the green under its windows and about its door, contained such a vast assemblage. An Ordination was a new thing there, and, when it was known that the young man to be ordained had devoted himself as a Missionary among the far distant heathen, the interest felt in the service was greatly increased. This, together with the anxiety of the people to behold once more their first and beloved pastor, emptied many a house of all its inmates. Every one appeared deeply affected by the solemn service,—and certainly it is a solemn sight to behold a youthful champion of the cross binding himself by the most sacred vows to the work of the ministry, and about to return to his far distant labours, away from his friends, and away from the comforts and amenities of more favored situations. None appeared to feel the solemnity and interest of the services more than the reverend preacher of the day—the Lord Bishop's Chaplain. Ere he had finished his excellent discourse, his feelings overcame his utterance, and he probably effected more by being unable to proceed, than he would have done had his feelings not been so overpowering.

In the afternoon many "faithful soldiers and servants of Christ" came forward to ratify before God, his Bishop, and their assembled friends and neighbours, their baptismal vows and obligations. I could not help being struck at the appearance of these young people. There was present with them all a sense of the momentous duty which they were engaged in; and the neat white dresses of the young women (so appropriate to the occasion, and so becoming a rural population) were indicative, I trust, of the purity of their minds.

Before leaving I had a long and highly interesting conversation with that eminently excellent and devoted man, not inaptly styled "the Apostle of the Canadas." The parish where these interesting services were performed was the scene of his first labours in Canada. He found the people "without God in the world." The only preacher of the cross that had preceded him, was obliged to leave the village discouraged by their waywardness and inattention. But no ways disheartened by this, the zealous Missionary called the people together in a "hired room" of the tavern; after a time they assembled in a School house, erected at his own expense; and in the following year, so greatly had their numbers increased, in their present excellent and commodious Church; another fruit, I understand, of his liberality. Among this devoted people he had long labored, willing to "spend and be spent" for their good, spiritual and temporal. And when, through the blessing of God on his self-denying labours, they had become a well-organized parish, he commended them, with many prayers, into the able hands of him who still breaks to them the bread of life; and he moved further on to build up a new people in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Here his ample means enabled him, and his large generous heart constantly prompted him, to assist his parishioners in their temporal difficulties, so that when he removed from this scene of his early labors, the complaint was often made (without considering the vast difference between their two cases), that "Priest — was not so good to them as Priest Stewart!"

It was cheering to behold the delight with which his old parishioners beheld once more their former pastor, and the interest which he still evinced in their welfare. Many hearty welcomes did the good Bishop that day receive, and many were the kind and minute questions put by him to his still beloved people. As he left the Church, they pressed around him,—rejoicing to behold him again in the enjoyment of comparative health and strength; and all seemed to vie with each other in inviting him (as they did in former times), to their hospitable dwellings. But such were the Bishop's various engagements, that he could promise only one old lady the high privilege of "drinking tea" with her.

In giving me some account of his early labours in this place, his Lordship remarked: "When I first came here, this country was very different from what you now see it. Then we had to get whatever we wanted from Montreal, as there were no stores in the country, and the northern parts of Vermont were as yet unsettled. Our route to Montreal was much longer than the present one. Whenever I went there, I rode my horse twelve long miles to Missisquoi bay, except where the roads were so bad that I had to dismount and lead my horse by leaping from log to log on the road-side. Across Missisquoi bay I went in an open boat to Plattsburgh in the State of New York, whence I took a larger craft to St. Johns. From St. Johns to Laprairie, over the worst road in America, I went in a wagon, and from the latter place to Montreal in a bateau." Before this devoted Missionary, a son of a noble house, could purchase for himself the most common necessities of life, or mingle in cultivated society, he had to take this troublesome journey, then requiring three days to effect what is now easily accomplished in much less than one. As we stood at the parsonage window, looking at the village lying below and opposite us, his Lordship remarked, as he pointed out to me a very poor looking house; "Mr. —, you see that house. It is the only house I ever owned, and it is much better now than when I had it, for they have put another story upon it!"

it!" Not very long after this conversation I left this delightful parish; thankful for and, I trust, profited by what I had seen, and more convinced than ever of the entire devotedness to his great duties, and the single mindedness, of its first and well beloved pastor.

The Garner.

SIN THE STING OF DEATH.

The sting of death is sin, says the Apostle. And what says the history of man, throughout all the realms, and all the ages of heathenism? How was it in those days, which the long suffering of God winked at and overlooked? And how is it, at this day, in those countries which still continue to weary his patience by the multitude of their abominations? What was it that, in ancient times, demanded the fruit of the parent's body, but the sin of the parent's soul? What was it that caused the children of the idolaters to pass through the fire to Moloch? And what is it which, at this day, prostrates the eastern pilgrim beneath the chariot wheels of a monstrous and mis-shapen idol? What are all these atrocities, but visible commentaries on the text of the Apostle? What is there but the inward sense of wickedness, and a persuasion of the necessity of atonement, which can account for those prodigies of voluntary sacrifice and martyrdom? If death had no sting but that which it inflicts upon the body; if the sufferings of life, or the agonies of dissolution, were all that mortals had to apprehend, why is it that fathers should ever consign their children to the fire, or their own bodies to extremity of torment? Throughout the world there is, and ever has been, a deep and indelible sense of guilt, which poisons every source of human enjoyment; which makes life restless, and the end of life terrible. It knocks at the door of the peasant, and thunders at the portals of monarchs. It tells the cottager at his meals, and the sovereign at his banquet, that he is weighed in the balance, and found wanting. It whispers terror even to the sage in the retirement of his chamber, and turns his boasted wisdom into foolishness. And what is all the will worship, and all the voluntary humiliation, and all the superstitious vanity, and corruption, which the world has ever seen,—what are they all, but expedients to blunt the sting which can never be taken out, and to deaden the anguish which its point is constantly inflicting? Why is it that man hath ever sought to hide himself in falsehood, but that he may escape that fearful looking for of judgment, which shakes his spirit to its inmost recesses; which makes cowards of all alike; which reduces to one wretched level him that tills the earth in the sweat of his brow, and him that is canopied in grandeur and in power; aye, and him, too, that is endowed with might, which surpasses the glory of the kingdoms of the earth—the might of a capacious and commanding intellect?—Rev. C. W. Le Bas.

DEATH DEPRIVED OF ITS STING.

It would be to handle most unfaithfully the gracious word of God, if we were to speak of the sting of death, and yet to remain silent touching that merciful provision which the Lord of life hath made to deprive it of its bitterness. For, in truth, the secret is not to be found in the storehouses of ancient wisdom. There is much, perhaps, to be found there which may gratify and elevate an awakened understanding, but nothing, literally nothing, which can assuage the pangs of an awakened conscience! The sages of old could tell us, and tell us most truly, that vice and moral turpitude, in all their varieties and degrees, pollute and degrade the nature of man, and liken him to the brutes. And cold indeed must be our hearts if they kindle not within us at the words of flame, in which their indignation breathes against the lusts which, thus far, war against the soul. But, with all their powers, these mighty masters are speechless as to that where with a sinful being shall come before the Lord, or bow himself before a holy God who cannot look upon uncleanness or iniquity. Now, here it is that the oracles of God pour in a flood of light upon the darkness that is around us, for they not only tell us that sin is the disgrace and torment of life, and that it is the sting of death, but they likewise speak to us of a way more excellent than was ever thought of in the days of ignorance; a way by which God can be just, and yet the justifier of them that believe in his mercy; a way in which death may be deprived of its sting, and its victory may be wrested from the grave. Sin, in short is the confession of all religions under heaven. But what religion is there but the religion of the cross, which speaks of any sovereign remedy for sin? What religion is there, but the religion of the cross, which tells us of a power which yearneth to help our infirmities, and to aid our pleadings before the mercy-seat with groanings that refuse the utterance of words? What religion is there but this which tells us of One who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, and who ever liveth to intercede at the right hand of God, for them that come unto him in penitence and sorrow? How then shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? And how shall we attain to that salvation—how shall we ever desire it, or even think of it,—if all our care is, not to destroy the serpent that stings our life, but merely to deaden the smart of its venom; to lose all recollection and all sense of anguish in the anodynes, and the charms, and the sweet but deadly potions which this world is perpetually holding to our lips?—Rev. C. W. Le Bas.

HEARERS AND DOERS.

I remember our countryman Bromhead tells us of one, who, meeting his neighbour coming out of church, asked him, "What is the sermon done?" "Done" said the other, no: it is said it is ended, but it is not so soon done." And surely so it is with us: we have good store of sermons said, but we have only a few that are done: and one sermon done is worth a thousand said and heard; for "not the hearers of the law, but the doers of it are justified: And if ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them."—Bishop Hall.

THE SABBATH.

To keep the sabbath in an idle manner, is the sabbath of oxen and asses; to keep it in a jovial manner, to see plays and sights, to be at cards and entertainments, is the sabbath of the golden calf; but to keep it in surfing and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness, this is the sabbath of Satan, the devil's holiday.—Bishop Andrewes.

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

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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. No subscription received for less than six months; nor the paper discontinued to any subscriber until arrears are paid unless at the option of the Publisher.

Subscriptions for 'The Church' in England, may be paid to Messrs. Rivingtons, Waterloo-place, London; and in Scotland, to the Editor of 'The Warder,' Dublin.

(R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.)