

The Young Churchman

"Feed my Lambs."

No. 4.]

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Grassdale.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW DENOMINATIONS ARE FORMED.

Mr. Sampson Growler performed what he was pleased to call "Divine Service," to a congregation numerous enough, at once to flatter his vanity and encourage his hopes, and he determined to make Grassdale the place of his permanent abode. Hiring an unoccupied store, he converted the upper portion thereof into a *Tabernacle*, and the lower into a *Parsonage House*, and forthwith set to work to organize a *Society*.

The Deacon's attempt to construct a *Platform* in the village was attended with some considerable measure of success, notwithstanding the fact, that the better informed, and more respectable inhabitants (including our friend Charles Beverly,) resolutely opposed themselves to his opinions. As for Charles, he had seen quite enough of the ex-patron of the "*oppressed hirelings*," during the night which that personage spent under his roof, to convince him, that neither morally nor canonically was he fitted to act as an ambassador of God—and he regarded his advent as one of the most serious calamities with which the locality had ever been visited. Better, he argued, that the land should lie fallow for a season than that it should be cursed with a crop of pestilential tares!

All things considered, it was not to be wondered at that the *Reverend* adventurer, met with the modicum of encouragement, which he did.

In the first place, the bulk of the people, though members of the United English and Irish Church—and professedly attached to her teaching and discipline, were, compara-

tively speaking, but indifferently grounded in the principles of their faith. Of the distinctive characteristics of their communions they knew absolutely nothing. Such a state of things, though very lamentable, could be easily accounted for.

The parties in question had emigrated to British North America, at a period when the clergy as a body were much less alive to the responsibilities of their sacred office, than, thank God! they are at present. The fox-hunting and the ball-patronizing tribe of ecclesiastics, though diminished in numbers, still existed to a calamitous extent. In addition to this, even the more serious and devoted of the national clergy gave but little attention to the great Scriptural lines of demarcation which separate *Catholicism* from the dreary swamp of *Dissent*. As a matter of course, their people being *unwarmed* of the sin and danger of schism, were *unarmed*—and were prepared to receive without suspicion and without question, as a spiritual guide, the first comer, who carried his *ministerial commission* about with him in the shape of a white cravat—a black suit of clothes—and a stereotype, conventional, modulation of tone!

One of our great English poets remarks:

"'Tis pleasant sure, to see one's self in print,
A book's a book, altho'ugh there's nothing in't!"

Actuated by the same principle—or rather we should say *impulse*, many of the denizens of Grassdale, attended the *exercises* and *expoundings* of Sampson Growler. They did so, because every Lord's Day, he uttered a certain number of words, which he called a *sermon*—and spoke from an elevated box dignified with the name of *pulpit*! Had one of their neighbours, in his ordinary attire, delivered the same sentiments, in the same language on a week day, he would not have

commanded half a dozen auditors. "But," as the old adage hath it—"fine feathers make fine birds!" and the close-cropped hair, and collarless coat, gave an air of authority and weight to the speaker, equal, if not superior to a Bishop's ordination, or a university degree!

In the widest acceptance of the expression, Mr. Growler was a *religious* "soldier of fortune!" His object was to form a *connection*, and build up an *interest* from which an income might be derived. The *worldly* principle is as potent in the *voluntary* system, as it is in *state-endowed establishments*—and as the former is more dependent upon popular caprice, so is it, in general, the more variable, Jesuitical, and time-serving!

It is not strange, therefore, that Sampson carefully cloaked, and softened down his more prominent and characteristic opinions in the *Tabernacle* of Grassdale. Illiterate, as he was, he had enough of tact—or more properly speaking—vulgar cunning, to perceive, that Universalism, unadulterated and undisguised, would prove too strong a dose for the majority of his *patrons*. Hence he took anxious care neither to startle nor offend the *prejudices* of his simple *flock*—and in a great manner was successful. These honest people regarded the unconnected rhapsodies, and sonorous commonplaces of their *pastor* and *guide*, as nourishing spiritual food!—According to their unsophisticated apprehension there was edification in any sentiment, if only uttered with a solemn, measured drawl;—and though the teacher was himself frightfully ignorant of the Scriptures, and their leading doctrines, his trustful disciples took for granted that all was well! His *tone* and *manner* were those of "a master in Israel,"—and they could not penetrate beneath the surface. Their religion, like too many other things, they "*took on credit!*"—and on the credit of contraband, and surreptitious dealers!

Again,—there were not a few in Grassdale who patronized Mr. Growler, from motives altogether unconnected with any thing, bearing the semblance, even of the most irregular religion. In the village and its vicinity were many whose ill-conditioned

delight it was to "speak evil of dignities"—and especially of the Sovereign to whose rule they were subjected by the laws both of God and of man. Some of these troubled and troubling spirits had identified themselves with the contemptibly abortive, but not on that account less wicked, enterprize of that poor blinded wretch McKenzie, to kindle the torch of rebellion in the Province. Nay, more, one or two had even gone the length of risking the penalty of "*damnation*" by appearing in arms at Gallows Hill! Though these *patriots* (falsely so called, for there can be no real patriotism which squares not with the word of Jehovah,) fled like beaten curd-dogs, before their loyal opponents, and though some of them had experienced the clemency of that crown which they sought to defile and overthrow, they still retained the virulence of their ingrained moral disorder! With the halter which their King had snatched from their necks they would in cold blood have strangled their benevolent preserver!

It can readily be imagined, that to such perverted minds, the opinions of the expatriated *reformer* were congenial in the highest degree!

Mr. Sampson came amongst them with the *eclat* of one who had suffered in "*the holy cause of freedom*"—to borrow the sadly misapplied language of *liberalism!* And the certificate of his conviction for *sedition*, was in their debased and sin-bleared apprehension, more honourable than the commendations of the united Bench of Bishops! Their standard of perfection was that of the FIRST REBEL!

Many of the inhabitants of Grassdale, were members of the *Orange Association*, and others, men who though not belonging to that order, believed that it was as much their duty to "*honour the king*" as to "*fear God!*" Deacon Growler, accordingly did not venture to preach in round set terms, upon his cherished topics of revolt and insubordination! These themes he reserved for his *pastoral* visitations to the *politically* enlightened portion of his *flock!* Stern truth, however, constrains us to add, that the Sunday rhapsodies of Deacon Growler, had ever a bear-

ing to the infidel dogma, that "*the voice of the people is the voice of God!*" We call this saying INFIDEL, because the Bible tells us that the *multitude*, (or in other words, *the people*) are prone to do evil!

It can readily be imagined that all this gave infinite pain, to a well-balanced, well-trained mind, like that of Charles Beverly. The evil was notorious! He felt that he could do nothing to stay the plague, or arrest its progress. Still he did not despair: He remembered that "*man's extremity was God's opportunity!*"—and arming himself with the "*sword of the Spirit,*" he trusted, that out of darkness there would shine, ere long, a cheering and glorious light!

[Original.]

THE CHURCH SCHOLAR'S NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew.

CHAPTER II.

Ver. 1. *Bethlehem of Judæa.*] There was another Beth-lehem, belonging to the tribe of Zebulon. Joshua xix. 15. "*Judæa*" here means: "the tribe of Judah," which gave to *Judæa* its name.

—*Herod the King.*] This was Herod the Great, son of Antipater, a nobleman of Idumæa, or Edom, a country of Arabia, adjoining Judæa on the south-west. Antipater, though not a Jew, was an officer of much authority in the government of Hyrcanus, High Priest and King of the Jews, B. C. 69. A brother of Hyrcanus endeavoured to usurp these offices: an appeal was made to the Roman authorities; the result of which was the abolition of the kingly title for a time, and the appointment of Antipater as procurator of Judæa, under the Romans. Herod, the son of Antipater, was at the same time made governor of Galilee. After the death of Antipater, Herod visited Rome, and procured a decree of the Senate constituting him "king of Judæa."

☞ The Herod who caused John the Baptist to be beheaded, was another per-

son, viz. Herod, surnamed Antipas, son of Herod the Great. It was to Herod Antipas that our Lord was sent by Pilate.

Herod the king mentioned in Acts xii. i., who caused the Apostle James to be beheaded, was a grandson of Herod the Great. Agrippa, before whom Paul made his defence (Acts xxvi. i.), was a son of this last Herod.

—*wise men.*] They are called *Magi* in the language in which St. Matthew wrote. The Magi were a priestly caste among the Chaldeans, Medes, and Persians, and other Eastern nations. Like other early priesthoods, they were the only educated and scientific men of their day. They alone could teach the truths and perform the ceremonies of religion; and they were supposed to be able to foretell the future, interpret dreams and omens, and ascertain the will of God by the arts of divination. The prophet Daniel, when an exile in Babylon, was set over this body of men by the Babylonian king. Dan. v. 11.

—*from the East.*] The Arabians were termed "the children of the East." Judges vi. 3. Job was "the greatest of all the men of the East"—*i. e.* of the Land of Uz, a part of Arabia. Job i. 3.

Ver. 2. *born King of the Jews.*] Jews were settled in various parts eastwards and westwards of Syria. Wherever they lived, they spread the belief around them that a King was one day to arise from their nation, in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed. The prophecy of Daniel (ix. 25), which specifies the time when this King or Prince should appear, was known to be near its fulfilment. "From the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem [*i. e.* from B. C. 457—see Ezra vii. 12], unto Messiah the Prince, shall be seven weeks, and three score and two weeks"—483 days, *i. e.* years. Hence arose the prevalent impression referred to by the Roman historian Tacitus, in his account of the taking of Jerusalem, that a power was to arise out of Judæa that should rule the world. History bk. 5, c. 13.

—*we have seen his star.*] The prediction

of Balaam, a prophet not of the Jewish race, uttered under the inspiration of God, was most probably well known to the Magi: "I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab.....Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion." Num. xxiv. 17, 19. The Magi, while engaged in their usual observations on the heavens, notice a new luminary, strangely rising above the horizon in the direction of Judæa; and their hearts are divinely prompted to think that this is a fulfilment of the prophecy—a sign of the birth of the long-promised "King of the Jews." They think it "his Star." Under the influence of this supernatural impression, they set out for Jerusalem.—Many heathen nations entertained the belief that unusual phenomena in the heavens betokened the appearance of remarkable persons on the earth. It was probably this prophecy of what was actually to take place when the Messiah came, that gave rise to the idea.—An impostor in the time of Adrian, A. D. 132, assumed the name "Bar-chochab," *i. e.* "the son of the Star," and pretended that he was the Messiah that was to deliver the Jewish nation from the Romans.—Our Lord at the close of the Book of Revelation calls himself The Star: "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning Star." Rev. 22, 16.—When the shepherds near Bethlehem miraculously received the information that "the Christ the Lord" was born, St. Luke records the fact that the "glory of the Lord" shone round about them—*i. e.* the shekinah, the bright shining light, the symbol of God's Presence, often referred to in the Old and New Testaments. This phenomenon, with the vision of angels accompanying it, was adapted to the case of Jewish persons; while "the Star" was peculiarly fitted to convince the scientific Magi, and, through them, the people not of Jewish blood, among whom the prophecy of Balaam was a tradition.

—*to worship him.*] Eastern kings were

worshipped—honoured with marks of reverence similar to those paid to God—because they were deemed in a very high sense God's vicegerents. With sentiments like these in respect to kings generally, the Magi would be inclined to reverence in the highest degree 'Him who, coming out of Jacob, was to have universal dominion.'

Ver. 3. *he was troubled.*] Herod was not a Jew, and held the kingly office only by the appointment of the Roman Senate. The appearance of any truer claimant to the throne of David would be a source of anxiety to him. He was also aware of the general prevalent expectation of the immediate advent of the Messiah, who would "restore all things," and set up the kingdom spoken of by the prophet Daniel: "In the days of these kings [*i. e.* in the fourth or Roman period of history], shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." Dan. ii. 44. *All Jerusalem was troubled with him: i. e.* the spiritual authorities, who had become, with few exceptions, very corrupt. These knew that it was predicted that the promised "King of the Jews" would "purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver." Mal. iii. 3.

Ver. 4. *the chief priests and scribes.*] The heads of the twenty-four courses or families of priests—(see "the divisions of the sons of Aaron," 1 Chron. xxiv. 1–4)—and the persons who—originally from often copying out the Law—were supposed to be learned in the sacred Scriptures.

Ver. 5. *by the prophet.*] Micah, who lived B. C. 710.—His words are: "Thou, Bethlehem Ephrathah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.....And he shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord; and they shall abide: for now shall he be great unto the ends of the earth." Micah v. 2–4. The general sense, and not the very letter, of the prediction is given.

This mode of referring to the Old Testament prophecies will be observed in other instances in the New Testament.

Ver. 8. *that I may come and worship him also.*] Herod here exhibits the fox-like character attributed by our Lord to his son Herod Antipas. It was probably from his infirmity and old age that he did not proceed at once himself to Bethlehem, situated only six miles south of Jerusalem, to examine into the matter. The manner in which he sends the Magi to Bethlehem, sufficiently shows that they were not of that regal rank which after ages attributed to them.

Ver. 9. *the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.*] This supernatural luminous object had appeared to them first when they were in their own country, beckoning them towards Jerusalem: now it is seen by them again, indicating by its peculiar movement the very house where "he who was born king of the Jews" was to be found. He who was "the root and offspring of David, the bright and morning Star," caused this miraculous symbol of Himself to appear, for the conviction of these first representatives of the nations who were so soon to be summoned to unite themselves to the true Israel, the Church founded by the Messiah.

UNPROFITABLE READING.

A giddy, reckless person, having a variety of seeds at command, sows them indiscriminately in his garden. What is the result? When autumn arrives, the foolish creature finds that his ground has produced much that is useless—much that is positively poisonous—and comparatively little that can be turned to profitable account.

Aptly does this illustrate the evils resulting from an injudicious and aimless course of reading, especially when indulged in by the young.

If in the spring-tide of existence, the soil of the mind is impregnated with a host of heterogeneous ideas, culled at random from the wilderness of general literature, can the issue be ought but calamitous? No nourishment, suited to fit and brace the

man for the stern battle of life, is obtained. Noxious weeds—or, at the best, trifling, flaunting flowers—occupy that space in the mind, which should have been stored with substantial fruits. Thus advancing years behold the triller, comparatively speaking, an intellectual child!—a child, not in innocence, but in imbecility. He is a moral cumberer of the ground—a fruitless vine—and the risk is perilous that the great Husbandman will finally seal his doom, with the awful fiat, "*Cut him down!*"

LENT.

That period of the year has again come round when the Church calls upon her children, in an especial manner, to practice the duties of fasting and humiliation.

Lent is an ancient Saxon word, signifying spring. It commences on Ash Wednesday; so called because the early Christians were accustomed on that day to sprinkle ashes on their heads when they were penitent, and desirous to be again admitted into the Church. The last week of Lent is named Passion week, to remind us of the bitter and mysterious sufferings which the Lord Jesus Christ endured on behalf of sinners. Forty days is the duration of this solemn season, because for that space of time our blessed Redeemer fasted in the wilderness, prior to his temptation.

Whilst it is the bounden duty of Christians frequently to practice abstinence, in imitation of our Saviour and his Apostles, they should do so in an especial manner at this period. Wisely does the Church require this at their hands, because such is our natural disinclination to deny ourselves, and take up the cross and follow Jesus, that without some such specific admonishment, we would be apt to forget that this obligation lay upon us.

If we rightly employ the forty days of Lent, the salutary effects will be experienced throughout the remainder of the ecclesiastical year. Self-examination, and the mortification of our appetites, will become habitual, and more and more easy of performance; and what at first appeared a task, will eventually become a hallowed pleasure.

POETRY.

CRANMER.

BY THE REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

I.

Within a dark and dreary cell,
Paved and o'er arched with stone,
There sits upon a couch of straw
An aged man, alone;
And ever anon he breaks
The silence with a groan.

II.

A groan of sharpest misery,
Of measureless despair,
And sternly glares his grief-beared eye,
As if in that wild stare
He track'd some grizzly fiend's course
Athwart his prison lair.

III.

No peace has he by day or night,
One sick'ning now of sorrow
Is his;—he longeth not to hail
The gairish smile of morrow,
Nor hopes he from the dewy eve
Refreshing rest to-morrow.

IV.

To pray he often bends his knee
In that dark solitude;
'Tis vain!—his trembling right hand seems
To scare away all good;
That hand he gazes on with dread
As if 'twas bathed in blood!

V.

The scene is changed—that old man stands
Unfetter'd yet not free,
Within an ancient Church where swells
The Miserere high.
Its strain he never more shall hear
Ere sun down he must die!

VI.

But first before the multitude
His sins he must confess;
And for his treason to the Pope
Due penitence express,
So that the priest before he goes
To death, his soul may bless.

VII.

A bitter homily was preached
To warn the people well
That heresy they should eschew
As they would hope to dwell
At God's right hand and never taste
The grewsomeness of hell.

VIII.

"And here stands one,"—the Friar said,
"Who fain would warn you all
"Before he goes to fiery death
"To profit by his fall."

And then a 'breathless silence reigned
In that old Gothic hall.

IX.

Few words the great Archbishop spoke
But they were words of might,
His eyes no longer dully glared
But sparkled clear and bright,
As nervously he charged them all
'Gainst tyrant Rome to fight.

X.

And aye to guard their native Church
From foreign Prelate's yoke,
Built as she was on Jesus Christ,
Her firm foundation rock.
Like storm-bent reeds, the scowling crew
Trembled as thus he spoke.

XI.

For a brief space their craven hearts
Before his speech did quake,
And then like tiger fierce they yelled,
And hissed like coiling snake.
"Down with the cursed heretic,
"And drag him to the stake!"

XII.

They bound him to a blackened post
Fast with a massive chain,
And fired the fagots, while he stood
As one that scorned pain,
But as he gazed on his right hand
The salt tears fell amain.

XIII.

"Good people! by the love of Christ,"—
He said to all around,
"Take heed lest urged by craven fear
"Your consciences you wound;
"Since this right hand has play'd me false
"No comfort have I found.

XIV.

"The flesh was weak, and so it signed
"Words I recal with shame.
"Tenets of error which my soul
"Did loathingly disclaim.
"And therefore, traitor-hand! thou first
"Must taste the blistering flame."

XV.

Thousands intently watched his face,
But none could there espy,
One shrinking muscle as the fire
Raged in its mastery.
Up, on the blazing hand he looked
With firm unflinching eye.

XVI.

And as it crackled and consumed
A flood of radiance spread
Over his visage, as a babe
Smiles in his quiet bed.
"Lord let me now depart in peace!"
And then his spirit fled.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BAHAMA ISLANDS.

The third annual report of the Bahama Church Society has recently appeared, from which we are gratified to learn, that our brethren in these regions are alive to their high responsibilities as Churchmen.

The Reports of the Out-island Missionaries and Teachers are full of interesting proofs of the trials and hardships to which they are exposed by the nature and extent of their field of labour. Take for instance the following from the Report of one, as an example of the zealous energy required and displayed :

“SUNDAY.—Collected the people together in our old, and now much dilapidated house. All appeared to be glad to see me. Divine service was held ; and 50 present ; the Sunday school organized, and a teacher and a few more scholars admitted. I at once called the people’s attention to the Church we were building, and which was scarcely commenced when I arrived. I entreated them to lend a helping hand to this good work. Scarcely a day of this week but what I have been to the building, either looking after the work, carrying stone, or rather sand, besides attending to other duties. I have tried to encourage and stimulate the people by speaking to them, and now I have put my hand to the work to see if that will stimulate them a little more. They have done something, and I believe they would do more, but they have to labour hard in the fields. The corn which many of them reap at one season will not serve them till the next, so poor has the land become. And it is becoming worse and worse by the great fires which pass through it from time to time. * * * * *

Sunday.—Divine service was held morning and afternoon, at which time I again brought before the people the little progress we were making in our building. This week a goodly number have been out to assist. I laboured working with my hands until they were quite sore. The work is now going on, and I hope and trust it will be done by-and-by.”

The difficulty experienced in supplying such parochial superintendence as may be profitable to the widely-scattered people, is shown strongly in the following account of one of the ordinary pastoral journeys of an out-island Missionary.—

“At night we were overtaken by a severe thunder-storm. The lightning flashed around us, and gave us a mementary view of the agitated sea, which tossed our little vessel from side to side, after which we would be wrapped in midnight darkness ; scarcely a solitary star could be seen to cheer the terror-stricken sailor. In the morning it blew a strong breeze, so we had to put back to — ; where we continued till Monday night. Sunday, 27.—We sailed down the shore with a very light wind, about 5 miles, and in the afternoon I held service. About 50 persons were present ; distributed some tracts among

them, and on Monday morning sailed up the shore and stood for —. Monday night and Tuesday, we sailed along with very fine weather, but scarcely making any headway. Tuesday evening the heavens began to gather blackness, and early in the night we were again visited with a severe thunder-storm. The lightning’s flash and the thunder’s peal added to the awfulness of the night and the agitated waters. The little boat in which we sailed was tossed up and down by the sea. We had calms and storms alternately ; now with all sails standing, and then in a few minutes all on the deck : now running with a fair wind, and then direct ahead. The rain poured down in great abundance also. We then went on till near day break, when the crew, which consisted of three men and a boy, were worn out with fatigue and cold. In the morning no one on board knew exactly where we were. We then put the vessel N.E. to see if we could get back again. But the Lord was mindful of us, and that course brought us in sight of —, and the next morning, which was Thursday, we cooked the last flour we had. I went on shore at one of the Cays, and was gladly received by the people. I found breakfast provided for me, although it was late when I went ashore.”

Such a narrative as this irresistibly brings to our minds the missionary labours of the first preachers of the Christian faith, suffering “perils by waters, and perils in the sea,” journeying from island to island, strengthening and settling the infant churches. Perhaps this similitude is still more strikingly shown in the following extract :—

“Sunday, 29.—Again I performed Divine service.—This morning about fifty or more were present, which were collected from five different Cays. All appeared to be serious, and during the service a deep solemnity seemed to reign throughout. The attention of some appeared to be riveted, while I, in my humble manner, attempted to expound to them the word of God. Hearts hard and stubborn appeared to feel ; some were melted into tears, and sobbed aloud. May the Lord own and bless his word to the conscience of some soul ! After service married a couple, and in the afternoon, under a burning sun, went in a boat to —, whither I was followed by three more boats full of people. About five o’clock we were all in for service. At seven I again returned to — much fatigued. The Lord give me strength as my day, and make me more earnest and indefatigable in seeking the salvation of immortal souls. Wednesday, August 1.—Left — amidst many regrets of the people. It was most affecting to see every one who could get on the sea-side, follow me there. When I gave my hand to some, to bid them good-bye, tears stole down their cheeks. Seven or eight months they thought a long time for me to be away from them.”

These trials and labours are not, however, without their cheering moments ; and the anxiety and gratitude felt by the people of these islands for the spiritual assistance afforded by the Society’s missionary agency, is shown by the joy with which it is almost universally received, and by the zeal for the holy object displayed by the people.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

FIRST CATECHISM ON THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Question. What is the ninth article of the Belief?

Answer. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

Q. How is this explained in the Nicene Creed?

A. "I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church."

Q. What do you mean by the Church?

A. The society belonging to our Lord Christ.

Q. What is a society?

A. A body of men who agree together.

Q. Why is the Church called one?

A. Because all the true parts of it together make one body, of which Christ is the Head: having one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all (Ephes. iv. 4-6).

Q. Why is the Church called Catholic, or universal?

A. Because Christ's people are taken out of all nations—not, like the Jews, a single nation.

Q. Why is the Church called Apostolic?

A. Because it "continues in the apostles' doctrines and fellowship" (Acts ii. 42).

Q. What do you mean by continuing or going on in the apostles' doctrine?

A. Doctrine means any thing that is taught—and our Lord sent the apostles to teach this doctrine: so, continuing in the apostles' doctrine is keeping it just as they taught it, not adding or taking away.

Q. What is meant by continuing in the apostles' fellowship?

A. Going on in the same fellowship that has been ever since the apostles' time.

Q. What did our Lord commission the apostles to do?

A. "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them all things whatsoever I commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20).

Q. Who did the apostles leave in their place when they died?

A. Chief pastors, who have since been called bishops.

Q. Are bishops able to do all that the apostles could do?

A. No, they cannot work miracles, nor foretell things to come, nor speak in tongues they have not learned, as the apostles could.

Q. How were bishops first ordained, or made bishops?

A. By the laying on of the apostles' hands: The Apostles laid their hands on them, and blessed them (Acts vi. 6; xiii. 3; 1 Tim. iv. 14; 2 Tim. i. 6).

Q. How were more bishops ordained when the apostles were dead?

A. The bishops, who had been ordained by the apostles, laid their hands on others and ordained them.

Q. Who were some of the first bishops?

A. Timothy and Titus, to whom St. Paul wrote epistles, or letters.

Q. Besides ordaining other bishops, whom did the Bishops ordain to be ministers?

A. Two orders of men under them—priests and deacons.

Q. How many sorts of ministers, then, are there?

A. Three: bishops, priests, and deacons.

Q. What are the ministers of Christ appointed to do?

A. To administer the sacraments, to offer up the prayers of his people, and to preach his word; and St. Paul said, "the Holy Ghost hath made them overseers to feed the Church of God which he had purchased with his own blood" (Acts xx. 28).

Q. What are Christ's people often called?

A. "His sheep" (Matt. xxv. 32, 33; John x. 3, 15; xxi. 16, &c.).

Q. What does He call himself?

A. "Their good Shepherd" (John x. 11, 14; Heb. xiii. 20).

Q. What shepherds has He appointed under him?

A. His ministers, who are called pastors, which means shepherd. Spiritual pastors are shepherds of souls—those who take care of the souls of Christ's people.

Q. What proof must we give of continuing in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship?

A. We must go constantly to the public worship of our Church, where the service is performed by ministers who have been ordained by bishops; these bishops ordained by other bishops, and so on, up to the time of the apostles, who had their commission from Christ himself.

Q. What other proofs are we to give of continuing in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship?

A. Receiving from our ministers the sacraments which Christ ordained, and has commissioned them to give us—baptism and the Lord's supper.

Q. How are those persons to have been baptized to prepare themselves for receiving the Lord's supper?

A. By going to be confirmed by the bishop, as soon as they are old enough to understand the meaning and intention of what they are doing.

EXPLANATION OF SOME OLD ENGLISH WORDS
IN THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

CURATES.—This word was formerly used, not as it is now, but to denote any clergyman having the *cure* of souls, whether the rector or vicar of a parish, or any one officiating in his place. From being unaware of this, some persons have expressed surprise that prayer is offered up for "our bishops and curates" only; whereas, by the latter term is intended all the parochial clergy.

LET.—"We are sore *let* in unning the race set before us." This word was formerly used to signify hindrance and obstruction. Several instances occur in our translation of the Bible. (*See* Num. xxii. 16; Isa. xliii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 7.)

PREVENT.—"To prevent," formerly meant "to go before" as a guide, assistant, and helper. The word is composed of two Latin words, one meaning "to go," and the other "before." Thus it is used in our collects, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings."—"Let Thy grace always prevent and follow us."—and in the Tenth Article—"The grace of God in Christ preventing us." For examples in the Bible.—*See* Psa. lix. 10; lxxix. 8; Matt. xvii. 25; 1 Thess. iv. 15.

MYSTERY.—In our Communion office, we twice meet with the expression "holy mysteries," as applicable to the Bread and Wine in the Lord's Supper; and an unfair advantage has been taken of this, by those who wish to make it appear, in opposition to the express declaration of our Church, that we hold the doctrine of consubstantiation: as though the term *mystery* was intended to imply some real, although mysterious presence of the body and blood of the Lord in or with the elements of bread and wine.—Whereas the word was commonly used, at the time our services were compiled, to signify, not merely anything wonderful and above our reason, but in the sense of a token or emblem or representation. It was even applied to representations upon the stage in a theatre, which were called 'mysteries.' So we read in the Homilies, that in the Lord's Supper is "the *mystery* of peace," representing the love which should subsist between communicants, and "that the *mystery* in the tongues on the day of Pentecost *betokeneth* the preaching of the Gospel." "St. Augustine saith," observes Bishop Jewel, "a *sign* is a thing which, besides the form or sight, that it offereth to our senses, causeth of itself some other thing to come to our knowledge, and thereof it is called a *mystery*, or holy secrecy; for that our eye beholdeth one thing and our faith another. In baptism our bodily eye seeth water, but our faith, which is the eye of our mind, seeth the blood of Christ, which hath washed us from our sins." "Therefore, St. Chrysostom saith, it is called a *mystery*, because we see one thing and believe another. For such is the nature of our sacraments or *mysteries*."

INDIFFERENTLY.—"That they may truly and indifferently minister justice;"—(Prayer for Church militant;) i. e., impartially and without respect of persons.

PLIGHT AND TROTH.—Neither of these words are commonly used at present. "I plight thee my troth." (Marriage Service.) The meaning is, "I pledge to thee my truth, honour, and faithfulness, on performing this engagement." It is as much as to say, "If I perform not the covenant I have made, let me forfeit my credit, and never be counted just or honest or faithful more."—*Wheady*.

WORSHIP.—This word was formerly used in the sense of *honour*. "With my body I thee *worship*." (Marriage Service.) The intention appears to have been an engagement that the wife should share with the husband, all the titles and honours which he might possess, as well as all the "worldly goods" with which she was at the same time declared to be "endowed."

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Religion is the perfection of wisdom—Practice, the best instructor—Thanksgiving, the sweetest recreation.—*Bp. Horne*.

Rich and poor—there is no such a mighty difference as some might imagine between them. In pomp, show, and opinion, there is a great deal, but as to the pleasures and satisfaction of life there is little. They enjoy the same earth, and air, and heavens; hunger and thirst make the poor man's meat and drink as pleasant and relishing as all the varieties that cover the rich man's table; and the labour of a poor man is more healthful, and many times more pleasant too, than the ease and softness of the rich.—*Bp. Sherlock*.

The smallest trifle often makes a man miserable, whilst innumerable mercies and blessings produce no thankfulness.—*Bp. Watson*.

It is incumbent on every one to make himself as agreeable as possible to those whom nature has made, or he himself has singled out, for his companions in life.—*Seed*.

Let us incessantly bear in mind that the only thing we have really to be afraid of is, fearing any thing more than God.—*Book of the Fathers*.

To work out own contentment, we should not labour so much to increase our substance as to moderate our desires.—*Bp. Sanderson*.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—*Bp. Sherlock*.

Life's evening, we may rest assured, will take its character from the day which has preceded it; and if we would close our career in the comfort of religious hope, we must prepare for it by early and continued religious habits.—*Shuttleworth*.

We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—*Seneca*.

How little reliance can be placed upon kind hearts, quick sensibilities, and even devotional feelings, if there is no religious principle to control, direct, and strengthen them! —*Southey*.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS—THEIR OBLIGATIONS, DUTIES, AND QUALIFICATIONS.

(Concluded.)

PRAYER.—If there be any who need *wisdom* for this work, it is surely those who are engaged in teaching the young—I mean not the wisdom of deep erudition—but that which enables one to adapt himself to the *understanding of a child*, so that he may be *simple* without puerility, that he may *illustrate* without *degrading* a subject, and satisfying those suggestions of the young mind which are so perplexing from their very simplicity and singularity! To whom then rather than to the *teacher* does the text apply which says “If any man lack *wisdom*, let him ask it of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given!” To whom more than unto him belongs the duty of *prayer*!

PREPARATION.—And must he not add to *prayer* the serious work of *preparation*? of *previous study*—of *careful consideration*? Children are not always easily taught.—He who fancies that *any thing* may be said to the young with certainty of satisfaction, will find himself grievously mistaken. Their attention is not aroused and kept awake by a consciousness of the importance of what is taught—the most striking illustrations, the clearest explanations, the most natural motives must be presented; and these I need hardly say are not found without *preparation*. “It is the hand of the diligent alone that findeth such riches.” Knowing from experience the necessity of much care and judicious selection in order that the minds of the young may be roused to interest, and kept in attention, I urge upon all Sunday School teachers the great importance of *previous preparation*. To aid in this matter it was for years and is now my custom to meet the teachers of my schools one day in each week, and then go with them over the whole lesson for the ensuing Sunday; anticipating the difficulties likely to rise in the minds of the children, supplying the necessary explanations, and suggesting such facts or illustrations as are likely to excite attention and recompense interest. This duty, however, aided as teachers now are by numberless standard books, may readily be performed by each one for himself or herself, if the necessity of *previous preparation* is realised!

PUNCTUALITY.—Shall I speak to you of *punctuality*, and discourse concerning its importance? No. I simply ask you to look at the schools and at the classes in schools where the teachers lack this virtue. The general irregularity, inattention, and indifference prevailing, abundantly testify in the premises.

PERSISTENCE.—The same may be said of *perseverance*, particularly in the matter of *visiting*. The teacher who takes charge of a class should settle it at once with himself, that he has assumed a *week-day* as well as a *Sunday duty*. Children are not naturally fond of schools; the

parents of those for whom Sunday Schools were principally intended care even less than their offspring about the matter, and need constantly to be reminded of their duty. The interest manifested by the teacher in visiting their little ones, moves their hearts; the word dropt without seeming purpose of reproof or instruction, may stir up the sense of parental responsibility, and thus a helping hand be secured *at home* to aid the discipline maintained *in the school*. In fine, I would say, if you want a regular class, *visit*; if you want a well-behaved class, *visit*; if you want an attached class *visit*; if you want a large class *visit*! The ancient orator who, being questioned concerning the requisites of his art, replied to each of the three interrogatories, *action, action, action*, may well be imitated by him who is interrogated concerning the *secret* of successful Sunday-School exertion—*visiting, visiting, visiting*. It gains new scholars, it keeps old ones, and gives to parents, teachers and children a constant stimulant for regularity, zeal, and attention.

I have thus *mapped out*, as it were, the wide field of duty in which the Sunday School teacher is to labour. I have named the Master whose voice calls to the work, saying, “Go into the highways and hedges,” and pointed out those simple ways and means whereby I imagine the soil may be made to yield the largest and most regular returns. Conscious how much more might be said, and how much more forcibly the few facts brought forward might be presented, yet constrained by my nearly exhausted limits of time, I must leave the matter in this imperfect state, and pass to the last topic commended to my attention—the *qualification* of teachers.

III. If the question has reference to the *qualifications desirable* in Sunday School teachers, I should answer with great sincerity—the energy of St. Paul, the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, and the meekness of Moses. But presuming that the question has rather respect to *necessary* than to *desirable qualifications*, I reply in the first place, *Piety*. The work of a teacher is a work of *Christian love*. If the love of Christ constrain not the heart in this undertaking, the task might as well be abandoned.—There is, it is true, a certain drudgery which may be performed by any one. It is not needful that the *fear of God* should be in a man’s heart before he can teach the *alphabet*, though I question much whether even that toilsome task will be persevered in by one who has no motive for the undertaking which can be called *religious*. But for the due discharge of the duties devolving upon a Sunday School teacher, a sincere piety is essential. It is the main spring to move and keep the machine in motion. Let me appeal to the experience of my bearers.

When have you found the work of instruction tedious and profitless? When has it seemed a great toil to attend at the appointed hour and the appointed place? When has *heat* been most *oppressive*, the *cold* most biting, the *wet*

most weary, and the work most wasting to mind and body? Has it not been when the world had most of your thoughts, and the soul's interests least of your attention? When, on the contrary, has the work seemed lightest and the way most pleasant, and the vicissitudes of weather most unworthy of notice? Was it not when the heart was full of love for God, and zeal for the soul's salvation? If so, then your own experience may suffice, without any added arguments of mine, to convince you of the vital importance of piety in a teacher. The teacher acts as an appointed shepherd to a little portion of the flock, whose whole number is under higher guidance; how needful, then, that his feet should be familiar with the way that leadeth to the pasture-grounds, and that his soul love the heights where the sheep do feed? What but a love for the flock—what but a deep sense of their necessities—what but zeal to do the Master's will can move him to endure the heats, and blasts, and pelting rains which he must sometimes there encounter.

PATIENCE.—To piety I would add *patience*, were it not that patience is a part of piety. But were it not so—were patience no necessary feature in the character of a *Christian*, it would still be a necessary part of a *teacher's qualifications*. If the spirit to lay "precept upon precept—precept upon precept—line upon line—line upon line—here a little and there a little," be anywhere needed, it is required in that busy scene of labour a "Sunday School," where almost all the instruments of coercion being absent, *patience* alone can prevail to the correction of error and advancement of knowledge. Let patience then have its *perfect work*, and be not disappointed if the work is hard.

APTITUDE TO TEACH.—Your own reflections have doubtless long ago suggested the importance of an *aptitude to teach* in a Sunday School instructor. This, though a gift with some, may be improved by all, and the rule for improvement is very simple. It consists in what I have already mentioned as one of the duties of Sunday School teachers—*previous preparation*. To study the lesson beforehand, and explain it *first to yourself*, is a sure way of succeeding in the subsequent effort to teach it unto others. A discourse might be devoted to this matter, and I have already delivered such an one in the hearing of many now present, entering into all the particulars of the subject. I need not, therefore, enlarge upon the theme; nor do I deem it necessary to add to the qualifications already enumerated any other save this one of a *reasonable age*. Teachers are generally chosen *far too young*. The blind are not fit persons to lead the blind. Children are not fit to teach children. Some experience and self-control should be obtained before the work of instruction is undertaken, and doubtless much of the inefficiency attendant upon Sunday School teaching is owing to the entire want of *experience* and moral influence, consequent upon the want of *age*, in the individuals attempting the very difficult task of

government and moral culture. It may be hard to specify any exact limit as to years, since capacities and dispositions differ so much: some persons being so *old* in early life, others so very young, or juvenile, even in advanced age. Still, as a general rule, we think that sixteen or eighteen years should be the *earliest date* at which the office of Sunday School teacher should be assumed, and then not without decided manifestations of intelligence, gravity and spirituality of feeling on the part of the instructor.

Do you ask despondingly, Who is sufficient for these things? Who possesses all these requisites? I answer, *very few*. Yet they are not *unattainable* excellencies!—Our not possessing them is no excuse for our not *striving to obtain them*! If the work be a good work, and commanded by God, then the duty of each one is to try and prepare himself for its *faithful* and *efficient* discharge. The lack of needful qualifications is no more an excuse for the neglect of the duty of teaching, than the *lack of money* is an excuse for the neglect of *liberality*! The apostle says to those thus circumstanced, "Let them labour, working with their hands the thing that is good, that they may have to give to him that needeth." And like counsel must be addressed to those deficient in qualifications for the work of Sunday School teaching—"Let them labour, that they may have to give to them that need instruction," and be this their encouragement, and their "labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

I have thus very briefly, and I fear imperfectly, passed over the wide field commanded to my attention. Yet I cannot conclude the hasty survey without *one word of exhortation*. You see, my hearers, your calling—the high authority under which you act—God enforcing the *general obligation*, and his Church designating the particular way in which it is to be performed. You see, too, your duties—the field of labour has been pointed out, and O, not only is the *harvest great*, but great also is the peril in which that harvest is placed, by reason of the rank weeds which grow, and the pestilential winds which waft amid the thick, rising, and tender plants. It is not for the heathens, who, having no law, shall be judged without the law, that you are now asked to labour, but for Christians almost in a state of heathenism—for those who shall be blessed with all the blessings of a received gospel, or cursed with all the curses of a rejected salvation; for those who, if converted, will strengthen their brethren, but if left untouched, unchanged, by the healing hand of religion, will prove *plague-spots* on the bosom of society, infecting on the right hand and on the left, till the whole head becomes sick, and the whole heart faint, and utter corruption provokes the outpouring of divine indignation. For Christ's sake, therefore—for the Church's sake—for the poor children's sake—for your own sake—"Go ye into the highways and hedges, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage feast of the Gospel."

BETHLEHEM.

(*Dr Robinson's Biblica. Researches in Palestine.*)

Bethlehem is celebrated in the Old Testament as the birth-place and city of David; and in the New, as that of David's greater Son, the Christ, the Saviour of the world. What a mighty influence for good has gone forth from this little spot upon the human race both for time and for eternity! It is impossible to approach the place without a feeling of deep emotion springing out of these high and holy associations. The legends and puerilities of monastic tradition may safely be disregarded: it is enough to know that this is the Bethlehem where Jesus the Redeemer was born. Generation after generation has, indeed, since that time passed away, and their places now know them no more. For eighteen hundred seasons the earth has now renewed her carpet of verdure, and seen it again decay; yet the skies and the fields, the rocks and the hills, and the valleys around, remain unchanged, and are still the same as when the glory of the Lord shone about the shepherds, and the song of a multitude of the heavenly host resounded among the hills, proclaiming—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men."

GEORGE HOBY.

From the Village Churchman.

There are few men who have been more the makers of their own fortunes than the late Mr. George Hoby, the celebrated boot-maker of St. James's street; and still fewer who, to the strength of mind and peculiarity of character which have ensured their success in life, have united their unyielding consistency of conduct and fervency of devotion which have distinguished him. He was born in Herefordshire, just on the borders of Wales, in 1759. At the age of sixteen, in compliance with the invitation of two brothers, settled as grocers, he came to London. He was at this time without religious principle, and soon became distinguished for the profaneness of his language. On one occasion, while passing through Bishopsgate-street, a woman, who overheard him, exclaimed, "I never in my life heard such a shocking swearer." This remark so affected him that he went home, bought a copy of the Bible, to which he had hitherto been almost entirely a stranger, and was so earnest in his desire to know its contents, that he paid the watchman to call him early enough to allow him to read. He became a decided disciple of Jesus Christ; and so deeply was the recollection of the awakening fact just recorded impressed on his mind, that he never passed that spot in company without making a reference to it. His dislike to the business of his brothers had induced him to accompany two young men on a journey to the Continent. His regard to the Lord's Day now led him to seek some employment which might enable him to spend it as

he wished. He therefore acquired the humble art of shoe-making, little expecting that he should one day aptly illustrate that remark of the wise man, "Seest thou a man that is diligent in his business, he shall stand before princes." His beginning was of course on a very small scale; and many anecdotes have circulated among those who witnessed with pleasure his after prosperity, respecting the contrast which his little shop in Wych-street presented to that in St. James's-street. But he began in the right way; his ambition was to be the best tradesman in his line; and so well did he succeed, that many years since he had almost the unlimited command of the export trade. The patronage of officers of the army, and of several members of the royal family, placed him at the head of his profession; and it became a point of fashion to wear boots of his manufacture. The tide of prosperity which thus set in upon him might have turned the head of a weak mind, and chilled the religious ardour of a lukewarm Christian; but Mr. H. was neither. His wealthy customers, accustomed to command, were surprised to find that he refused to wait on them or to be seen by them on the Lord's Day; but they would probably have been still more surprised to have known that his regular absence from business, from twelve to one o'clock in the day, was not for bodily refreshment, but for that of private devotion. The effects of the time thus spent were very apparent in Mr. H.'s conduct and conversation: few could be in his company without detecting his habit of ejaculatory prayer; and none could converse with him on religious subjects without discovering that he had to cope with a man who was intimately acquainted with the Bible, which he read through regularly about three times in each year. In the domestic circle, too, Mr. H.'s character appeared to great advantage. Blessed from youth to age with an affectionate and devoted wife; surrounded with children who, amid all the varieties of disposition, united in the one great point of respect for their parents and love for each other, his authority was seldom exercised but in expressions of affection; and few, it is believed, who were privileged once to unite with that circle, would fail to cherish the recollection of their visit, as furnishing one of the most delightful pictures of domestic happiness, or to advert to it "as one of the greenest spots of memory's waste." The close of his life was embittered by a painful disorder, which, by depriving him of rest, broke up a constitution naturally strong: the last effect of it was to produce such a backwardness to motion of every kind, that the closing scenes of his life were distinguished by little more than the unruffled tranquility of a mind habitually prepared for the important event. When his remains were interred, it was affecting to see a numerous body of respectable looking men, in full mourning, arrange themselves on each side of the path, and wait, uncovered, while the procession passed, to testify their respect for their old employer. On the following Sunday a sermon was preached to a nume-

rous train of mourning relatives, dependents, and friends, from Rom. xi. 11, (which at once described the man, the tradesman, and the Christian, and which might well serve for his epitaph)—“Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.”

“A QUARTER BEFORE.”

Industry is of little avail without punctuality,—a habit of very easy acquirement; on this jewel the whole machinery of successful industry may be said to turn. When Lord Nelson was leaving London on his last and glorious expedition against the enemy, a quantity of cabin-furniture was ordered to be sent on board his ship. He had a farewell dinner-party at his house; and the upholsterer having waited upon his lordship, with an account of the completion of the goods, he was brought into the dining-room in a corner of which his lordship spoke with him. The upholsterer stated to his noble employer, that every thing was finished and packed, and would go in the waggon from a certain inn at six o'clock. “And you go to the inn, Mr. A., and see them off.” “I shall, my lord, I shall be there punctually at six o'clock;” “A quarter before six Mr. A.,” returned Lord Nelson; “be there a quarter before; to that quarter of an hour I owe every thing in life.”

TARTAR PRAYING MACHINES.

A traveller journeying through the country of the Calmucs, (a Tartar tribe subject to Russia), and observing small wooden windmill wings fixed at the entrance of their huts, enquired for what purpose they were put there, and was told, that they were ‘praying machines;’ on which the owner of the hut causes certain prayers to be written by the priests, that they may be turned round by the wind, and he may thereby be freed from the trouble of repeating them himself. The priests have likewise a very commodious method of expediting their prayers. When they have a number of petitions to offer up for the people, they, for this purpose, make use of a cylindrical box of wood, into which they throw the written prayers; and having placed it perpendicularly on a stick, they sit down beside it, pull it backwards and forwards by a string, and gravely smoke their pipes while performing the ceremony, for, according to their doctrine, in order to render prayer efficacious, it is only necessary that it be put in motion; and it is a matter of indifference whether this be done by the means of the lips, or of a windmill, or of a cylindrical box.

The proud inhabitant of this enlightened land wonders at such absurdities. He scarcely believes that human nature can be sunk so low. But in the conduct of the poor Calmuc, may he not see a faithful picture of his own? Such are too often the devotions of Englishmen—as senseless—as ridiculous—as absurd; on the wind and weather, and a thousand things as variable and uncertain as these,

does the motion of their prayers depend. If to-day the sun shone forth in his strength, the heat is pleaded as an excuse for the neglect of God’s worship; and if on the next Sunday, the rain descend, it is just the same: the Lord’s house is forsaken, and not one petition do they offer there to heaven. But let a pleasant gale arise,—let a fit opportunity present itself of doing a creditable thing, and of quieting the clamours of an accusing conscience, without any interruption to amusements, any sacrifice of gains, or any diminution of ease, and round go the windmill wheels,—then the devout man flies to church, and takes his seat in the House of Prayer.

But what does he there? Just nothing. It is enough for him that he is where all good men should be; and that he holds a Prayer-book in his hand. His Prayer-book is to him what the praying-machine is to the Calmuc. It is expected to pray for him, and to bring down from heaven all the blessings he needs, without any trouble or concern of his own. Or let us admit that he goes a step farther; that with his lips he repeats the prayers set before him, that he bows at the name of Jesus, bends his knee in supplication, and is loud in his addresses to God; of what use is all this, if at the same time he do not pray with understanding and with the heart. Truly such petition-might with equal benefit be thrown into a box, and hustled about in it, as thus to be offered up, without thought or meaning, merely by the tongue; and they would just as much be real prayers in the one case as in the other. Let the reader then, before he smiles at the unenlightened Calmuc’s devotions, seriously inquire, of what sort are his own. Perhaps, in the great day of judgment, many a poor Tartar will rise up and condemn him. Let him at least give due weight to the consideration oft repeated, but which it is impossible to ponder too seriously, that “God is a Spirit, and that they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.”

LEARNING WITHOUT RELIGION.

By Bishop Chute.

Man being immortal, to make him wise only for this life is not worth the pains, but to make him wise unto eternal life is worthy of all efforts. The world and all it contains is not to be regarded when set in competition with this. Human learning without a divine principle to guide it, is like a ship in a storm without a compass on the boundless ocean. Reason, like the helm, may turn the vessel, but what will be done in the dark night amidst impending dangers. The light of God’s word pointing out the Divine Will as the governing principle, is truly the lamp of life which only can shew us whether we must steer our course, or perish. All Christian institutions, therefore, should be founded on the principle of rendering religion paramount to all other things; “for what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” “Thou fool, thou fool,” will be his portion of shame for ever.

THE INFIDEL REFUTED.

(From the Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine.)

A Gentleman sitting in a public room, at C—, where an Infidel was haranguing the company upon the absurdities of the Christian religion, was much pleased to see how easily his "reasoning pride" was put to shame. He quoted those passages, "I and the father are one," and "I in them and thou in me," in reference to the doctrine that "there are three persons and one God." Finding his auditors not disposed to applaud his blasphemy, he turned to one gentleman, and said with an oath, "Do you believe such nonsense?" The gentleman replied, "Tell me how that candle burns." "Why replied the Infidel, "the tallow, the cotton, and the atmospheric air produce the light." "Then they make one light, do they not?" "Yes."—"Will you tell me *how* they are one in the other, and yet but one light?" "No, I cannot." "But do you believe it?" He replied, "He could not say he did not." The company instantly made the application by smiling at his folly, and the conversation was immediately changed.—This may remind us, that if we only believe what we can explain, it will indeed be but little, for we are surrounded by the wonderful works of God, whose ways are past finding out.

"MY FATHER WAS DEAD."

(Lectures to Children.)

LYING, DYING, REPENTING.—A friend once gave me the following account. I tell it you, in order to show you what repentance is.

"I had one of the kindest and best of fathers, and when I was a little white-headed boy, about six years old, he used to carry me to school before him on his horse, to help me in my little plans, and always seemed trying to make me happy; and he never seemed so happy himself as when making me happy. When I was six years old, he came home one day very ill. My mother, too, was ill, and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, and all the doctors near us were called in to see him. The next Sabbath morning early he was evidently much worse. As I went into the room he stretched out his hand to me and said, 'My little boy, I am very sick; I wish you to take that paper on the stand, and run down to Mr. C—'s, and get me the medicine written on that paper.' I took the paper, and went to the apothecary's shop, as I had often done before. It was about half a mile off, but when I got there I found it shut, and as Mr. C— lived a quarter of a mile further off, I concluded not to go to find him, but to set out to return home. On my way back I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie; but one sin always leads to another. On going in to my father, I saw that he was in great pain, and I was then sorry that I had not gone and

found the apothecary. At length he said to me, 'My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.'

"I hung my head and muttered, for my conscience smote me, 'No, Sir. Mr. C— says he has none.'

"'Has got none?' he replied, 'Is that possible?' He then cast a keen eye upon me; and, seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said in the mildest, kindest tone, 'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for want of that medicine!'

"I went out of the room, and alone, and cried. I was soon called back. My brothers had come, and were standing, all the children were standing round his bed, and he was committing my poor mother to their care, and giving them his last advice. I was the youngest, and when he had laid his hand on my head and told me that in a few hours I should have no father—that he would, in a day or two, be buried—that I must now make God my father, love him, obey him, and always do right, and *speaking the truth*, because the eye of God was always upon me, it seemed as if I should sink; and when he laid his hand on my head again, and prayed for the blessing of God the Redeemer to rest upon me, 'soon to be a fatherless orphan,' I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty. Sobbing, I rushed from his bedside, and wished I could die. They soon told me I could not speak. Oh! how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and ask him to come more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me. I crept in once more, and heard the minister pray for 'the dying man.' O, how my heart ached! I snatched my hat, and ran to the apothecary's house to get the medicine. I ran home with all my might, and ran in, and ran up to my father's bedside, crying out, 'O, here father—' but I was hushed, and then I saw that he was pale, and that all in the room were weeping. *My dear father was dead!*

"And the last thing I ever spoke to him was to *tell him a lie!* I sobbed as if my heart would break, for his kindnesses, his tender looks, and my own sin all rushed upon my mind. And as I gazed upon his cold, pale face, and saw his eyes shut, and his lips closed, could not help thinking of his last words, 'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain from the want of that medicine!' I did not know but he might have died for the want of it.

"In a day or two he was put into the ground and buried. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay upon my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and the children all scattered abroad, for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

"It was twelve years after this, while in college, that I went alone to the grave of my father. It took me a great while to find it; but there it was with its humble tombstone; and as I stood over it, I seemed to be back at his bedside, to see his pale face, and hear his voice. Oh! the

thought of that sin and wickedness cut me to the heart! It seemed that worlds would not be too much to give could I only have called loud enough for him to hear me ask forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die weeping over that ungrateful falsehood which no earthly being can now forgive. I must sorrow over it with a godly sorrow before Him who is plenteous in mercy."

A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.—*Addison.*

TRUST IN GOD.

There were two neighbours, who had each a wife and several little children, and their wages as common labourers were their only support.

One of these men was fretful and disquieted, saying, "If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my family?" This thought never left him, but gnawed his heart, as a worm the fruit in which it is hidden.

Now, although the same thought was presented to the mind of the other father, yet he was not fretted by it, for he said—"God, who knows all his creatures, and watches over them, will also watch over me and my family."—Thus he lived tranquil, while the other neither tasted repose nor joy.

One day as the latter was labouring in the field, sad and downcast became his fears, he saw some birds go in and out of a plantation. Having approached, he found two nests placed side by side, and in each several young ones, newly hatched, and still unfledged. When he returned to his work, he frequently looked at these birds, as they went out and returned, carrying nourishment to their young broods. But, behold! at the moment when one of the mothers is returning with her bill full, a vulture seizes her, carries her off, and the poor mother, vainly struggling within its grasp, utters a piercing cry.

At this sight, the man who was working felt his soul more troubled than before; for he thought the death of the mother was the death of the young.

"Mine have only me—no other! What will become of them if I fail them?"

All the day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not. On the morrow, as he returned to the field, he said, "I should like to see the little ones of that poor mother. Several, without doubt, have already perished."

He set off towards the plantation, and looking into the nests, he saw the young ones alive and well; not one seemed to have suffered. Astonished at this he hid himself in order to see the cause. After a while he heard a light cry, and perceived the other mother bringing back in haste the food she had gathered, which she distributed without distinction among all the young ones. There was some for each, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery.

In the evening, the father who had distrusted Providence related to the other father what he had seen, who observed, "Why fret yourself? God never abandoned his children: his love has some secrets which we do not know. Let us believe, hope, love, labour, and pursue our course in peace; if I die before you, you shall be a father to my children and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours; and if we both die before they are of an age to provide for themselves, they will have for a parent 'our Father who is in heaven.'"—*From the French.*

SELF-COMMUNION RECOMMENDED.

It is astonishing how much the very best men find to do, even when they are regular and punctual in reviewing their conduct; how many errors they have to rectify, how many omissions to supply, how many excesses to retrench, how many growing desires to control. Virtue as well as knowledge is progressive; and if we do not gain ground we lose it. There is always some perfection to be acquired, or some imperfection to be amended. To every person, therefore, in every condition of life, in every stage of his spiritual progress, frequent self-communion is an indispensable duty. If every step we take in our moral conduct bring us nearer to heaven or to hell, surely it behoves us to call our ways seriously and frequently to remembrance. This single consideration, the possibility of being called, even the healthiest and youngest of us, suddenly and unexpectedly called, to give an account of ourselves to God, before we have properly settled that account, is of itself enough to make us reflect on our condition, and to do it also without delay. The loss of a year, the loss of a day, may be the loss of heaven. "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee:" This was said for our admonition; and if, under this apprehension, we can calmly lay ourselves down to sleep, without reviewing our conduct, or preparing ourselves to wake, as we may do, in another world, it is in vain to use any further exhortations. If an argument so plain, so simple, so forcible, has no influence upon our minds, reason and religion can do no more for us, and our danger is inexpressible.

IS THE WHOLE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT TO BE MET WITH IN THE WRITINGS OF THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES?

I was dining some time ago, said the late Rev. Dr. Buchanan, of Edinburgh, at old Mr. Abereromby's (father of General Abereromby who was slain in Egypt, at the head of the British army), and we were spending the evening together. A gentleman present put a question which puzzled the whole company. It was this. Supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the three first centuries? The question was novel to all, and no one even hazarded a guess in answer to the inquiry.

About two months after this meeting, I received a note from Lord Hailes, inviting me to breakfast with him next morning. He had been of the party. During breakfast he asked me if I recollected the curious question about recovering the contents of the New Testament from the writings of the three first centuries. I remember it well, said I, and have thought of it often without being able to form any opinion or conjecture on the subject.

"Well," said Lord Hailes, "that question quite accorded with my antiquarian turn of mind. On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of these centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible." Pointing to a table covered with paper, he said, "There have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it; so that any person may examine and see for themselves. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from those writings, except ten or eleven verses, which satisfies me that I could discover them also. "Now," said he "here was a way in which God concealed or hid the treasure of his word, that Julian, the apostate Emperor, and other enemies of Christ, who wished to extirpate the Gospel from the world, never would have thought of; and, if they had, they never could have effected its destruction."

THE SPRING.

From a Discourse on Easter Sunday, April 16, A. D. 383.

All nature now moves on in unison with our festivity, and rejoices in common with our joy. Behold the face of things. The *queen of the seasons* unfolds her pageantry to the *queen of days*, presenting from her native shore whatever is most beautiful, whatever is most delightful. Now is the canopy of heaven cloudless; the sun rides higher in his course, raying out a more golden lustre; brighter is the circle of the moon, and purer the chorus of the stars; more pacific now, the waves murmur on the shore; the

tempest is allayed; soft are the whispers of the breeze; genial is the earth to the opening flowrets, and grateful the flowrets to our eyes. Released from winter's tyranny, more limpid flow the fountains, in streams more copious the rivers; gay is the blossom on the plant, and sweet the fragrances of the meadow; the herbage is cropped by the cattle, and lambs disport on the blooming plains.

The vessel now rides forth majestic from the harbour, accompanied with shouts, for the most part shouts of gratitude; and is winged with its sails. The dolphin glides on the bosom of the waters, dashing the silvery foam around, and following, with alacrity, the mariner.

Now doth the husbandman prepare his implements of tillage, raising his eye to heaven, and invoking Him who makes the fruitage flourish. How jocund he leads his oxen to the yoke! How patiently he cuts the prolific furrow, while hope sits smiling on his countenance?

The shepherd and the herdsmen attune their reeds, meditating the rural strain, and revel with the Spring, in the grove or the grove. The gardener now more anxiously tends his plants; the fowler renews his snare; inspects the branches, and curiously explores the flying of the bird. The fisherman sits on the summit of the rock, surveys the deep, and repairs his net.

Again the assiduous bee, spreading wide her wings, and ascending from the pine, demonstrates her native skill; skims o'er the meads, and riles the flowers of their sweet. One labours at the honey-comb, constructing the cells, hexagonal and mutually opposed; while another lays up the delicious store, providing for him who builds her habitation, retention sweet, and sustenance untold for. Oh! that we could resemble them; we, who have received so wondrous an example of industry and of wisdom! Again the bird fabricates his nest; and one returns, and another enters the new-formed mansion, while a third traverses the air, and bids the forest re-echo to his harmonies, and greets the passenger with a song.

Even the inanimate part of the creation hymns and glorifies its Maker with a silent homage. For every thing which I behold, I magnify my God; and thus their hymn, from whom I have derived my melody, becomes my own.—*From the writings of St. Gregory Nazianzen, Archbishop of Constantinople, who was born 328 after Christ, and died 390. The Book of the Fathers, p. 108.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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