

The Young Churchman

"Feed my Lambs."

No. 7.]

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[Original.]

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

An explosion recently occurred in a large cotton-mill at Stockport, Great Britain, which caused the death of several individuals.

In digging amongst the ruins, there was found the body of a young factory girl, who had been employed in the establishment. She was quite dead, though un mutilated. The manner in which the beams and bricks had fallen, had preserved her person from being crushed, but she had been suffocated by the smok and dust.

When discovered, *she was on her knees, with her hands clasped together in the attitude of supplication. Her spirit had evidently passed away in the act of prayer!*

Now, dear young friends, often think upon this touching little story! Your life is quite as uncertain as was the life of that poor factory girl of Stockport, who very probably expected to see as many years pass over her head as you do.

One thing, however, is plain, that she must have made prayer *a habit*. If such had not been the case, when she found herself dying by inches, so to speak, away from her parents, companions, and friends, with no human eye to pity, no human hand to succour her, she never could have commended her departing spirit into the hands of her Strength and her Redeemer! She would have been terrified, unnerved, and confounded: even like the man upon whom the midnight robber makes an unexpected attack!

Oh! remember then your Creator in the days of your youth! Pray to Him regularly and from the heart, when every thing is bright, and prosperous, and happy around you. "Seek the Lord while he may be

found; call upon Him while he is near." Then, though death should come upon you in an unlooked-for moment, and in his most terrible form, you will be prepared to meet him. You will be enabled calmly to exclaim, "*All is well!*" "*For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain!*"

"Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of ages stands;
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.

"He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

"Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase."

R. J. M.

[Original.]

THE CHURCH SCHOLAR'S NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Gospel accordi... to St. Matthew.

CHAPTER IV.

Ver. 1. *Then*] *i. e.* immediately after the baptism of our Lord.

—*into the wilderness.*] The particular part of the neighbourhood of the Jordan here called the wilderness cannot of course be precisely ascertained. That it really was a wild and unfrequented region we infer from the expression used by St. Mark (i.13)—"he was with the wild beasts," *i. e.*, in parts where wild animals were to be met with. A locality, westward of the Jordan, and a little north of the Dead Sea, used to be pointed out to pilgrims as the scene of our Lord's temptation; and there it probably

was. The district used to be known by the appellation *Quarantania*—a corruption, we suppose, of the word *quadragenaria*, “relating to forty,” i. e. the forty days’ fast.

—*to be tempted.*] “To be tried—put to the test;” so the word “tempt” often means in Holy Scripture.

—*of the devil.*] Our Lord was he who was to bruise the serpent’s head. He, as the Son of Man, the Representative of the whole human race, was to obtain a victory over Satan, the author of evil in the world. As a symbol of this great fact, doubtless, this trial, with its result, was ordered to take place. Even as He conquered then, so every human being that putteth his trust in Him, and joineth in the appointed way His Body, shall conquer too.—The members of the Church founded by our Lord are often led now of the Spirit into circumstances of trial, for the purpose of testing their fidelity and strengthening their fidelity by the repeated experience of victory. Satan, as an angel of light, often comes to the members of the Church founded by the Saviour, with the promise of better things, greater holiness, higher privileges, in quarters external to the Church, if they will but make experiment of them. We should not be ignorant of his devices.

Ver. 2. *had fasted forty days and forty nights.*] “The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thy brethren, like unto me,”—Moses, the great legislator, had declared fourteen centuries before the advent of the prophet referred to. (Deut. viii. 15). It is observable that Moses, prior to his giving publicity to the revelations received from God, fasted forty days and forty nights. “The Lord said unto Moses, Write thou these words: for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant with thee and with Israel. And he was there with the Lord forty days and forty nights; he did neither eat bread, nor drink water. And he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments.” (Ex. xxxiv. 27, 28.) Our Lord, as the prophet like unto Moses, when about to introduce the enlarged, spiritualized law, of which the Jewish religion was a foreshadowing, does the same thing. We

may learn that prior to great undertakings, the setting apart a solemn period for prayer and especial meditation is a wholesome practice. Previous to his appointment of the twelve Apostles, St. Luke assures us that our Lord went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.” (Luke vi. 12.) And in the Acts of the Apostles (xiii. 3.) we learn that when Paul and Barnabas were set apart for the apostolate, it was after fasting and prayer on the part of the prophets and teachers at Antioch, who had been commissioned of the Holy Ghost to lay their hands upon them.

Ver. 4. *It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone.*] “Thou shalt remember the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no. And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, (which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know) that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live. Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell these forty years. Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee.” (Deut. 2-5.)—The temptation of our Lord is a mystery which we cannot fully fathom. We can see that he passed through it as the Son of man, even although he was the Son of God. To accomplish the salvation of our race, he suffered hunger, and experienced the temptations to distrustful thoughts which even Christians feel. He was in all points tempted like as we are, in order that he might “be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.” (Heb. iv. 15.) His victory in the temptation won for us the power to be victorious under similar circumstances.

Ver. 5. *The holy city.*] Holy, because chosen as the scene of the visible liturgical worship of the One True God.—It is in this sense that the members of the Church founded by our Lord have always deemed their places of worship, and all things connected with them, holy.—Jerusalem was

known in western Asia by the name *Cadytis*, signifying "the holy." Its modern local appellation "El Kads" has the same signification.

—*pinnacle of the temple.*] The proper signification of "pinnacle" is "wing." It is known that one portion of the temple was built on foundations that had been carried up 400 cubits from the valley below Mount Moriah, and that there the whole perpendicular height of the wall was very great. This may have been the pinnacle or wing referred to.

Ver. 6. *Cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee.*] "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet. Because he has set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name." (Ps. xci. 10-14.) The promise is true and applicable to every follower of the true religion of God; and yet it is not to be taken absolutely and unconditionally. The fulfilment of a Divine promise always depends—so far as individuals are concerned—on the use of means and compliance with terms. The eight souls that were saved by water (1 Pet. iii. 20) in the ark of Noah, were saved indeed; but had any one, relying on this fact, leaped off, expecting that some miracle would be wrought for the purpose of making the promise of God sure, he would certainly have discovered that his salvation, though promised and pledged to him, yet depended on his remaining in the ark. Our Lord, by permitting himself, as Son of man, to be subjected to a temptation to presumption, has taught all the members of his Church to be on their guard in this respect.

Ver. 7. *Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*] "Ye shall not tempt the Lord your God, as ye tempted Him in Massah." (Deut. vi. 16.) The name Massah signifies "temptation," and was given to the place where the

Israelites, in consequence of their suffering from thirst, said to their Divinely-appointed leader, "Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?" "He called the name of the place Massah and Meribah [chiding], because of the chiding of the children of Israel, and because they tempted the Lord, saying, Is the Lord among us, or not?" (Exodus xvii. 7.)

Ver. 8. *An exceeding high mountain.*] A mountain in the region that used to be called Quarantania, and itself also called Quarantania, is the highest elevation in Judæa.

—*all the kingdoms of the world.*] "The world," sometimes, in scripture language, means simply Judæa. But here the most extensive sense of the word may be taken. Satan's effort was to make these earthly glories appear very desirable, just as things that are most detrimental to us, are often made by a device of his, to seem to us indispensable to our happiness.—The use to be made of the Messiahship, thus suggested to our Lord, seems to be in precise accordance with the ideas which prevailed so widely among the Jewish people at the time. They expected when the Christ should come, that he would establish a great earthly empire, resembling the so-called universal empires which had already existed, and that Jerusalem would be the grand central point where the universal Prince would reside.—We shall remember, when St. Peter once uttered thoughts arising out of this debased idea of the Messiah's work, that our Lord addressed him as Satan. "He turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me Satan; for thou art an offence unto me; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men" (Matt. xvi. 23.)—The third temptation, then, to which our Lord, as Son of man, was subjected, was Power or worldly Dominancy. The members of the Church founded by Christ, therefore, may be sure that a lusting after Power and worldly Dominancy will be a temptation to which they will be subjected.

Ver. 10. *Get thee hence, Satan.*] Our Lord, being He who was to bruise the Serpent's head, has perfect power over Satan.—In order

[Original.]

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT ENGLISH CHURCHMEN.

JOHN WICKLIFFE. *Born circ. A. D., 1324 :
died 31st December, 1384.*

to shew this intelligibly to men, it was divinely permitted that Satan should visibly have extraordinary influence during our Lord's sojourn on the earth.—The English word "Devil" is a corruption of the Greek corresponding word "Diabolus," which has the same sense as the Hebrew corresponding word "Satan," viz: "Adversary," "Accuser," or "Calumniator." He is the great Accuser of men before God the Father, even as Christ is their great Advocate.

—*It is written, Thou shalt worship.....*
"When thou shalt have eaten and be full, then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage. Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God and serve him, and shalt swear by his name. Ye shall not go after other gods, of the gods of the people that are round about you." (Deut. vi. 11-14.)

Ver. 11. *Angels came and ministered unto him.*] This declaration may assure us that God's holy angels minister unto us, and rejoice over us when, by the Divine power which is within us, we overcome temptation. They are sent from God to minister unto us. (Heb. i. 14.) And those of them that are thus sent forth for our good always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven, (Matthew xviii. 10.) *i.e.*, have constant access to Him.

The solemn and very mysterious temptation of our Lord is commemorated every year within the Church founded by our Lord by the observance of the spring-fast of Lent. Each member of that Church is led by festivals and fasts, commemorative of the various events in his Lord's life on earth, to realize to himself in a very vivid manner, the peculiar doctrine which springs out of each respective act of our Lord.—The petition of the Collect to be used every day throughout Lent is this: "Give us grace to use such abstinence, that, our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions in righteousness and true holiness."

After the time of the Venerable Bede, there were but few names of men of note from whose lives we could gather either a sufficiently interesting or sufficiently instructive account, for the purpose of laying before our young friends. Shortly after the death of the Venerable Bede, the long twilight and darkness of ignorance and superstition, which even in his day, had begun to darken the horizon, set in, and involved in its shades the whole period of the middle ages, with flashes few and far between, illumining the gloom and giving hopes that perchance the light of religion and learning was obscured but for a season, and would arise ere long to scatter the surrounding mists of error, and diffuse its glorious light among the nations of the earth. Of this dismal period it is our intention to give a slight sketch in order to connect those names, chronologically speaking, so far apart, the Venerable Bede and 'the Reformer' WICKLIFFE: to point out in what manner and from what quarter, the inroads of ignorance and debasing superstition issued forth.

The labours of Augustine were almost entirely futile to win over the Church of England to the authority of the Romish see; for in spite of all his efforts and those of his emissaries and successors, the British Church still retained from the mountain fastness of Wales and Cornwall her dignified position, free and pure as the gales from those hills by which she was surrounded. But oft-repeated efforts, if not met with unwavering and uncompromising resistance will at length succeed, and so it was in the case of the British Church. The authority of the Sovereign Pontiff and the ceremonies, discipline and corruptions of the Church of which he is the head, were gradually and successively introduced, and, though at first resisted, were eventually submitted to and adopted. Image worship owed its origin to the second Council of Nice, A. D. 787. Transubstantiation was established in 1215, by the fourth Coun-

cil of Lateran, which also was the first general council which recognized the supreme authority of the Romish See. The denial of the Cup to the laity was confirmed by the Council of Constance in the year 1414. The doctrine of Purgatory was made a matter of faith by the Council of Florence in 1438; and many other novelties were broached at different times by different individuals which, however, were not admitted as articles of belief until the Council of Trent in 1545, until which time the Church of Rome cannot (strictly speaking), be charged with these and other errors, as she did not until then authoritatively adopt them and require an assent them as a term of communion, and, therefore, according to her teaching, necessary to salvation. The Church of England, however, never did, and we prayerfully hope, never will cease to *protest* against the multiplied errors of that Apostate Church. As an instance of this. When the Council of Nice in 787, declared that Image Worship was to be observed by Christians (which decision was approved of by the Church of Rome) the English Bishops relying upon the great evidence of Holy Scriptures refuted the arguments of the Council with Scriptural weapons and pronounced Image worship to be "a usage altogether execrated by the Church of God" and in a Council held at Frankfort at which as we have mentioned before, a large number of *British* Bishops were present, the decrees of the Council of Nice were "despised, rejected, and condemned."

The first great concession to the authority the Romish Pontiff was made at the era of the Norman Conquest, when the reigning pontiff "having favoured Duke William in his projected invasion by blessing his host and consecrating his banners, took that opportunity of establishing his spiritual emoluments." Other acts of aggression during the reign of this Prince and his two successors followed, until the audacity and arrogance of the Pope and his servant Thomas à Becket, gave rise to the famous *Constitutions of Clarendon*, by which the king established his independence of the Pope and his jurisdiction over the Clergy. This was but a temporary

check; for a few years after, we see Henry submitting to be scourged by Monks at the tomb of Thomas à Becket, by way of penance for having caused his murder. He also made many concessions which paved the way for still more daring assaults on the liberties, civil and religious, of the English people.

But the final degradation was reserved until the reign of King John; when the English Church, which since the days of Augustine had struggled for, and, even at this time, had not entirely lost her independence, was at length laid prostrate under the feet of the Bishop of Rome. The Pope, offended at some act of John's, laid an interdict upon the kingdom, and during the space of six years, three months and fourteen days, "no bell was heard, no taper lighted, no service was performed, no church open: only Baptism was permitted, and confession and the Sacrament for the dying. The dead, even, were denied Christian burial, or they were kept unburied until the affliction, which affected every family in its tenderest and holiest feeling should be removed." John after being himself excommunicated, and having seen his kingdom bestowed on his bitterest enemy, at length succumbed, and "in the prostration of a heart as abject in adversity as it was insolent in power," laid his crown at the Legate Pandulph's, feet, surrendering thereby this kingdom of England and Ireland to the Pope to hold it *under him* as his vassal.

"Thus did the Church of England in the beginning of the thirteenth century, lose her independence, and deviating from the primitive purity of the Church of Christ, become subordinate to the discipline and deeply tainted with the corruptions of the Church of Rome."

Another century passed away and these corruptions still further increased, but their detection was for a while prevented by Innocent III. who forbid the laity to read the holy Scriptures in their native tongues. The Papal power had reached its utmost extent in this country, but the yoke was felt to be too galling to be long submissively endured. The dark night of superstition had attained and passed

its meridian, and a longing desire and eager seeking for "the light that shineth more and more until the perfect day," was manifested throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was at this era that one of those great geniuses whom God so often raises for the advancement of His great designs, first appeared to gladden many a heart, "to give light to them that sit in darkness," "the Morning Star of the Reformation," John Wickliffe.

This eminent man was born about the year 1324, in a village on the banks of the Tees, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. At an early age, he entered Queen's College, and, subsequently, Merton College at Oxford, where he acquired a knowledge of every kind of knowledge, which was deemed essential for a scholar at that age. Tired, however, of the puzzling jargon, subtle casuistries and worldly knowledge of the schoolmen, as they were called, he finally betook himself to explore the almost hidden fountains of sacred Truth, contained in the holy Scriptures themselves; and with such success did he labour, that the honourable title of the "Gospel Doctor" was conferred upon him by his contemporaries in token of their admiration of his profound learning and acquirements, in the path which he had struck out for himself.

About this time the indolence, arrogance and immorality of the monks and mendicant friars had become so open and notorious, that an outburst of popular resentment and execration needed only a leader to excite it to its utmost pitch of fury. That leader was found in the person of Wickliffe, "who lashed the friars with great acrimony, proving them to be a useless and infamous set of men, wallowing in luxury and vice, and so far from being objects of charity, that they were a reproach not only to religion, but even to human society."* The cause also of Edward III. against the Pope, found an able and zealous advocate in Wickliffe. The great schism of the West, which displayed before astonished Christendom the novel spectacle of two rival popes, both claiming to be the head of the Church and infallible, mutually excommunicating and anathematizing one another, tended

much to open the eyes of the people and create doubts in their minds, as to the presumed right of supremacy in things, either temporal, or spiritual, of either; and further operated in furthering the work of reformation, for which the profligacy and irreligion of the Clergy had, in a great measure, prepared the way.

The crusade of Wickliffe, against the monks, did not proceed without strong opposition on their part. But John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and many others of note, having espoused his opinions and his cause, they found him under such powerful protection, that all their efforts to silence and condemn him proved unavailing. In a tract from his hand, entitled "The Truth of Scripture," he contended for the translation of the Word of God into a tongue that could "be understood by the people," and insisted on the sufficiency of the Bible as a directory in doctrine and discipline. Not long after this, he was seized with an alarming illness, insomuch as his death was considered certain, an event the probability of which afforded much satisfaction to his opponents, who hoped that in his dying moments he would retract all that he had advanced against them. To solicit this, Friars from each of the orders of mendicants were sent to him as a solemn deputation. They were ushered into his presence; he raised himself on his pillow and with a countenance full of severity and a voice indicative of great energy of purpose, exclaimed "I shall not die but live, and further declare the evil deeds of the Friars." The deputation retired in confusion and he lived to fulfil his promise.

The want of a version of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, was the next evil to which Wickliffe turned his attention, and, in order to supply this want, he, at an early period set about the work of translation. As long as the Latin tongue continued the language of the western world, it was admirably adapted for the conveyance of religious truth: but when it ceased to be spoken, the Bible henceforth became a sealed book to the multitude. Wickliffe deserves the glorious credit of being the first who broke those seals. In 1380 he published his translation of both

* Blunt on the Reformation.

Testaments; this was "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to the cause of Romanism,—the spark of a conflagration which in time consumed its strongholds. A specimen of this translation may be acceptable. We give it as follows: it is taken from the 8th chapter of Romans:

"And we witen, that to men that louen God alle thing is worche. to gidre into good to hem that aftir purpose been clepid seyntis. For thilke that he knew bifore, he bifore ordeynede bi grace to be maad lyke to the ymage of his Sone, that, he be the firste bigeten among manye britheren. And thilke that he bifore ordeynede to blisse, hem he clipede, and whiche he clipede hem he justifiede, and whiche he justifiede, hem he glorifiede."

The great blow was struck: the next was directed against a doctrine the most absurd, the most repugnant to human reason, and the most revered by the Romanists—that of Transubstantiation. Nor was this the only error he assailed: every error, every corruption, each false doctrine in turn received a refutation or condemnation from his pulpit or his pen. His uncompromising zeal brought down on him a perfect torrent of ecclesiastical fury, and it has been a wonder of succeeding ages how he ever escaped the fagot and the stake. He saw the storm gathering, but bent not beneath its blow. From his pulpit at Lutterworth, he continued to denounce the manifold corruptions of Papacy. The contest between the two rival popes still continued unabated. One of them, Urban the Sixth, resolved to bring the quarrel to an issue, and granted the utmost profusion of pardons and indulgences to all who assisted him with men or money. This proceeding excited feelings of the utmost horror and indignation in the mind of Wickliffe, who declared the popes to be two false priests, open anti-Christ. "Why," he asks, "will not the proud Priest of Rome grant full pardon to all men to live in love and peace, as he does to all such as fight and slay those who never offended him?"

About two years after this he was attacked with palsy for the second time, while attending Divine Service with his people,

at Lutterworth, and, after an illness of three days, expired, 31st December, 1384.

"Thus died honest John Wickliffe: a man who loved truth, who sought, and found it, and gave himself up to its guidance; who feared God, but not man, and pursued his Master's glory but not his own." Oh, that we all possessed the same love of truth, the same love of sacred freedom, the same hatred of every thing that could tend to disgrace the character of a Christian; the same desire of promoting the glory of God and the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind, as were the characteristics of our great proto-reformer—WICKLIFFE.

"THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN."

Speaking of our little periodical, the *Colonial Church Chronicle and Missionary Journal* thus expresses itself: It "is a praiseworthy attempt to provide sound and interesting reading for the younger and humbler members of the Church. We trust that its circulation may extend beyond the bounds of its native diocese, as it well deserves."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SYMPATHY.

The leaves have sigh'd their last farewell,
Low 'neath our feet they lie;
The flow'rs droop scentless in the breeze,
And murky is the sky.

Dear Nature, I will weep with thee,
For oft when lone and sad,
Thy dewy eye and gentle voice,
Have made my spirit glad.

My bitter sigh thou hast reproved,
By thy sweet playful glee;
But now thou art thyself so sad,
Oh! I will weep with thee.

Yet stay!—a thought steals o'er my breast,
"Like music in the air;"
It whispers of a brighter land,
And flow'rets ever fair.

"Safe in the grave" this weary heart,
Shall never know a sigh;
Then, oh! dear nature, tho' thou'rt sad,
I'll dry my weeping eye.

TO MY LITTLE BOY ON HIS BIRTHDAY WITH
A FLOWER.

Dear little Harry, see my prize,
I found it near our bower,
Where many a bud is peeping forth,
'Tis spring's first purest flower.

I plucked it for my blue-eyed dove,
He's two year's old to-day:
And well I know my simple gift,
Will make him blithe and gay.

Ah! had I hung a string of pearls,
Around thy neck of snow,
It could not cause thine eye to gleam,
With greater joy than now.

Look up, dear little one, and gaze
Upon the deep blue sky;
See how the silvery clouds float on,
Tinged with a rose-dye

'Twas God who made the little flow'r,
The heavens, and each green tree,
His eye is ever on thee love,
His angels watch o'er thee.

Then love Him more than all, dear child,
Give Him thy little heart;
These sunny days may soon fleet by,
He never will depart.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

QUEBEC.—JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING
MISSIONARY.

The following extracts are taken from the journal of the Rev. W. King, a travelling Missionary in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Mr. King was appointed in 1846 to succeed the Rev. J. P. Manning in the charge of an extensive Mission in the Megantic District, of which St. Giles was considered (see *Church in the Colonies*, No. IX. p. 59.) In a list which reached the Society last year, no less than eleven stations are set down as included in Mr. King's Mission. Their names are, St. Giles, St. Sylvester, St. Patrick's, St. Margaret's, St. Etienne, St. Mary's, St. Joseph, St. George's, Broughton, Cumberland, Kamelbec Road. Many of these places are mentioned in the following journal. The names furnish a curious evidence of the mixture of the French, Irish, and English races in this part of Canada.

"Saturday, July 20th, 1850.—Having a Clergyman at the parsonage, who was on his way for town, he consented to take my place here and at St. Patrick's. I therefore resolved to visit St. Margaret's and St. Catharine's, to hold Divine Service at each place on the coming Lord's Day. Just as I was preparing to leave, had a call to visit a sick person a jout three miles from the parsonage. Went immediately; offered up the prayers in the service for the sick, both for the sick daughter and her aged father; I was required to give her some medicines, but as a doctor had come to settle in the place, refused, endeavouring to show the reasonableness of this; but I fear they were not quite satisfied. Left them for home as soon as possible, as the husband was waiting for his horse.

"Saturday evening, 8 o'clock.—Left for St. Catharine's; had to pass through several farms, where there were many fences to take down and put up again: it was past ten o'clock when I reached the family where I purposed stopping; found them in bed. I made many apologies for being so late, but they assured me they were glad to see me, and therefore these were quite unnecessary. I had to occupy their bed; got no sleep the whole of the night.

"Sunday morning, July 21st.—The room was well filled—much attention paid. Preached from 2 Sam. xii. 13. Left in the afternoon for St. Margaret's, a distance of not more than four miles, when passing through the woods. The congregation was good, though some were absent that ought to have been present. Preached from the same text. Baptized a child after the second lesson, and another after the service, the parents being too late to present it when the other was baptized.

"After Divine Service, called on a family living in the immediate neighbourhood, but who were all absent from Church. I hope on the next occasion they will be there. Went to another family; the father and two of the children were present at Divine Service. Here I found the exercise of the ministry as necessary as in the other case, but in quite a different way: the father is, I trust, a truly Christian man, and endeavouring to bring up his children in conformity with their baptismal vows. My visit was much too short for them, and they expressed much pleasure at my visiting them; the eldest daughter lives with us as servant."

"Monday, July 22nd.—Rose this morning some time before the sun;—no sleep; took breakfast, and left for Broughton, to pass through the woods. There had been a good deal of rain; many bad spots, also a great number of fallen trees; some the horse was obliged to leap over, others he was obliged to get round by forcing himself through thick brushwood; the road was never so bad and difficult to travel, and had I not had a person with me, I fear I must have returned. The person who accompanied me has a sister who has lost her senses, and at times gives him and another sister much uneasiness and trouble, her self-will being perfectly uncontrollable; still the degree of resignation that he manifested, the admission that he made of the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, was most satisfactory to me; and though the road was almost one pond of water, our passage very frequently stopped by fallen trees, and our hands put to their stretch to find out the way to pass, still the journey was far more pleasant than could possibly be expected.

"We came into a large clearance; stopped here and took refreshment; appointed Divine Service for to-morrow morning. Called on another family, informing them of the service; the husband, who has become a careless liver, was not at home. Called on the proprietor of Broughton; he was from home, and his lady; the daughter was at home; informed her of the service to-morrow. Went and called on several other families, giving them the same information. Took tea at an aged couple's, to whom I read the fifteenth Psalm and expounded, and afterwards prayed. Left for a place three miles off to spend the night, having on my previous visit promised so to do. They were Presbyterians. Our evening was spent in conversation on religious matters. After family prayer, retired to rest, and, having spent two sleepless nights, found sleep very necessary.

"Tuesday morning, July 23rd.—Awoke this morning

* She has since left, going to marry a Wesleyan, and leaves the Church. How grievous!

much refreshed from a good night's rest. After family worship, breakfasted, and left for the school-house, a distance of between two and three miles, which they walked, and the road not good, though for the season it was considered tolerable. We had hardly left the house when we were joined by another family. Related to this one going to public worship; this latter family are all members of the Church in profession. Our conversation turned on the Church building, and the necessity of all joining hand and heart to promote its completion, showing at the same time the privilege of being permitted to aid in such a necessary and glorious duty. When we reached the school-house, found a goodly number assembled. Our service commenced at ten o'clock, as I had purposed leaving for home in the afternoon. There was a good congregation, still there were many absent that ought to have been there; and since the Presbyterian preacher has visited the place, I found this lamentable state of things increasing rather than otherwise. For up yards of twenty years this place was not visited by any of the preachers, though they have always been as near as they now are to it; but since it has pleased God to put it into the hearts of some to contribute of their little to the erection of a house of prayer and praise to His holy name, now they think proper to come; and as many were originally Presbyterians, it has caused quite a change amongst us, this party even withholding what they had promised to the Building Committee.

"Preached from 2 Sam. xii. 13, showing the commission of Nathan from God; his manner of bringing home the sins to David's mind and heart; David's confession—simple, unqualified, and unhesitating; Nathan's power—"The Lord hath put away thy sin," &c.; and that the Church has the same authority now, upon the same repentance being shown by the sinner. There was, as there always has been, much attention paid; and though they are generally a rough and thoughtless people, and a people of strong passions, I do and will hope that God will accompany His word with His needful blessing.

"Married a couple after Divine Service. Left for home, accompanied by a guide, never having travelled the way through this part of the woods before. There were many very soft places, many steep places, and two very long and steep hills; it took us three hours to travel four miles. In going through, we passed by a lake called Boughton Lake; it contains some trout and other fish; to which lake, in not very busy times, many of them go to fish. As we were on rising ground, covered with trees, I could not see the size of this body of water; by the accounts of it, it is not very large. After passing through the woods, the first clearance is occupied by a Roman Catholic named Brophrey, who very kindly took me a mile on my way homewards, my guide returning to his home. Reached home about eight o'clock in the evening—a day earlier than I was expected; which, to the family, was a great wonderment, fearing that something had happened unto me.

"When seated to take some tea, I was informed that a message had been sent to Mr. Lloyd, to go into New Ireland to administer the Holy Sacrament to a person who was very ill, the Clergyman of that Mission being in Quebec, drawing his bill, &c. Tired, and almost worn out, I had no alternative but to rise early the following morning, take a fresh horse—for I am obliged to keep two, from the great distances that I am compelled to go—call on Mr. Lloyd for particulars, and go to administer this most comfortable rite and Sacrament to this sick person. It was full sixteen miles from my dwelling, and over a most rugged wood, and most likely under a Canadian burning sun.

"Wednesday morning, July 24th.—The sun was just rising when I awoke and prepared for my journey. After the family duties of the morning were performed, left for Leeds; Mr. Lloyd accompanied me to the Dublin Range. Found the poor woman very sick; was glad to see us and more gladly partook of the Holy Communion; the husband was requested to join the wife, but refused. After the administration, I learned that there was a misunderstanding with another party. I persuaded him by all means to have the thing settled, and not to allow himself to be robbed of the benefits of true religion from such a cause. On our way home called on an aged Christian in Mr. Lloyd's charge. A member of the Church and a constant communicant, she was desirous of receiving it at this time, so soon as she learned that there was no obstacle; it was therefore administered to her, her daughter, and granddaughter, who had been continued by the Bishop at his last visitation. Proceeding homeward, we called on another family, the mother of which had been sick for some time and dangerously ill. Mr. Lloyd had called in the morning as we passed up to New Ireland informing her that we should call on our return, though it would be late, and that if she wished to partake of the Sacrament, Mr. King would most willingly administer it, as he himself was only in Deacon's orders. They had been looking out for us for some time. When all was ready, the father, the mother, and two grown-up daughters, members of the Church, partook of the Holy Sacrament. It was getting dusk; we had still two miles to ride over a miserable bad road before we reached the parsonage at Leeds. At half-past nine o'clock in the evening we sat down to dinner. Mrs. Lloyd had expected us, and had all things in readiness for us since six o'clock.

"Thursday morning, July 25th.—Rose early; rode home before breakfast, and found the family just going to prayers; the remainder of the day spent in reading.

"Friday, 26th, spent in preparing for the coming Lord's day.

"Saturday 27th.—Left in the afternoon, in company with Mrs. King, for St. Giles, Divine Service being there appointed for Sunday morning. Before I left, had to superintend getting in some hay for my horses for the coming winter. It was rather late when we got down. Visited one family, but found them gone to rest; had family prayer where we stopped.

"Sunday morning July 28th.—Visited one family before breakfast; they are most careless. Reasoned with them, and pointed out the danger they were running in thus neglecting the house of God; prayed with them, and left. Family prayer being offered up, left for the church, purposing to call on other families on my way to it. Found one poor woman very sick. I trust she is a child of God. Endeavoured to comfort her by the gracious promises of her God. Called at the barracks, inviting the soldiers to church; two were there. Called at another family; four only the mother and her infant child; she is a soldier's wife, and her husband a sergeant residing in Quebec. Invited her to come to church, informing her that I had received a letter the other day from her partner, who wished me thus to see her. Called on another family, reminding them of the Lord's Day, it being a house of call. After this, was met by a magistrate of the place, who at one time was the most influential person in the settlement. He requested of me the use of the vestry-room of the church for holding school in (day.) I told him they had a school house, but that I would write to the Bishop, and consult the churchwardens, which latter I did so soon as our morning service was over. They were opposed to the

thing. Our congregation was good, and much attention paid. Preached from St. John xvi. 12. Here we have no singing. Mrs. King was obliged to leave for home very early in the morning, as a child was very sick, or we should have had some singing. After service, left for Sylvester. The sun was uncommonly hot: it was three o'clock before I reached home. The congregation was almost all present. There was a grove meeting held by the Wesleyans about six miles off, and it was to be continued for some days, as I understood. When I went to the church, I expected to find empty seats, but I was much disappointed, and most pleasingly so, for our little church was well filled and much attention paid. Preached from St. John xvi. 12. I saw one or two, to whom the discourse did not appear quite in accordance with their views. After the service was over, spoke to one man, who is a promising character, living in a part of the country where they are all Roman Catholics except himself—even his wife, and, I fear, his children. He observed that we were doing a little to our church, and that in the fall he must give me some little cash to help in the good work. How truly encouraging such voluntary promises to the servant of the living God! Oh that they were not so few and far between!"

A READY MIND.

Extracts from a Letter of a Missionary in Newfoundland.

"We have been shut up for three or four months, and have had no opportunity of hearing any news, or sending any correspondence to St. John's. I hope the ice will soon break, and I shall have the pleasure of hearing from you. In expectation of the boats sailing, I am writing this. The winter, though long, and my position most solitary, has yet been a happy one and a busy one, for in addition to my usual duties I have been a schoolmaster for two hours a-day (the schoolmaster having left.) I am much rewarded for the exertion by many expressions of gratitude of the people who remained with us, or, as we say, 'stayed on the room.' A number of my flock go into the woods in the winter to cut timber and shoot birds or deer; their children of course could not attend. I average fifteen daily. Mrs. W. taught the girls knitting, marking, &c. I am on the best terms with my people, and I am very thankful to say that they attend service on Sundays, Saints'-days, and week-days, very well. The full service on Wednesday evening, when I have been lecturing on the Prayer-Book, has been as well attended as the Sunday service. In the Sunday-school I have some very quick children; on Palm Sunday two boys learnt the whole of the Gospel, with the Collect, and a Psalm; the children regularly learn Collect, Gospel, and Psalm. I have had a class of adults on the Sunday evening, when we have read Exodus, illustrated and explained with maps, and other books.

"My *Missionary Meetings* have been as successful as I could well expect, and the duty of *subscribing* to enable those who preach the Gospel to live of the Gospel is fully recognised. I had a meeting in December to arrange the warming and lighting of the church, as well as to consult upon the best means to finish the building. As we have no carpenters, it was agreed that the 'handy' men should meet for the improvement of the church on a given day to be named by me. On the 9th, 10th and 11th of January they came, and spent their days manfully, working very hard, and with the best of feelings. As the work was all gratuitous and voluntary, I prepared dinner for them each day at the parsonage. This done, the churchwardens and

I consulted about the tower, vestery, and chancel, which we desired to add to the present fabric, and I deemed it advisable to send to the people in the woods, requesting them to cut the necessary timber; this they agreed to do. Last Monday (Easter Monday) at the usual meeting, the electing of churchwardens being over, and the accounts [£13 4s. 8d. in amount] passed, I asked, should we enter upon the question of the improvement. 'By all means, let's have a hack at it,' was the general reply; so I produced the plans and estimate, and explained them. I asked who was to do the work. 'We will,' was promptly answered. 'Perhaps there will be something too difficult for you,' I suggested. 'Oh no, sir.' The builder of the present church said there were 'twenty-eight men in Harbour Beaufort able to do anything.' I smiled, and I confess I felt pleased with their simple but hearty zeal. 'Where shall I begin the subscription?' I inquired. 'Begin with the sun, sir, and go round,' was suggested, and so I did begin. The *fish* or *cash* was promised for the 1st of August, the labour for October. I asked how much labour they would give. 'We'll stick to it till its done, sir.' £34 and labour were promised at the meeting. The estimates give £58 without wages, about £100 with. The feeling was general; the meeting most unanimous. I then suggested that the labours of the good Bishop merited notice, that we were indebted to the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* for many blessings, and that we had never acknowledged their bounty; and spoke upon the duty of each Church to support its own Clergyman. The meeting unanimously agreed to an address to the Bishop, embodying these subjects, which was signed by all present, and the meeting broke up. The most united and pleasant company I ever met."

SELECTED ARTICLES.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF OUR DUTY TO GOD.

THE NEEDLE CASE.

A STORY OF THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt have none other Gods but me."
 "My duty towards God is to believe in him, to fear him, and to love him with all my heart, and with all my mind, and with all my soul, and with all my strength."

The names of the two little girls of whom I am now about to speak, were Mary and Jane Brown. And the story is intended to show what it is "to have" the one true God, and to point out the difference between having God, and not having God.

Mary and Jane went to a school which was at some distance from their home. They were returning by themselves one afternoon, and very pleasant they might have found it, along the shady lanes by which they had to pass. They were quiet lonely lanes, but they knew the way well, and it was all the more pleasant for being so lonely. There was a low stile, about half way, and when they got to it they sat down on the stile, as they often used to do, to rest themselves. Here Jane pulled out of her bag a small needle-case, which Mary knew directly belonged to their school-mistress. It was a red silk needle-case, with ribbons of the same colour to fasten it together. So Mary asked her how she came by it, and Jane told her, that it was so pretty a thing, and just what she wanted herself, that she slipped it off the table into her bag when no one was looking.

"But," said Mary, "it is mistress's, and don't you know it is a very wicked thing to take any thing that does not belong to us?"

"I am sure," said Jane, "I have not done any harm to our mistress; she will never miss it, I am sure; she has got another, and can never want both."

"Well," said Mary, "perhaps it is not any very great loss to her, but then it is a wicked thing in God's sight to steal at all. And, dear Jane, you know he sees and knows every thing we do, both by night and by day."

Jane did not answer for a moment,—and then said, "I am certain nobody in the school-room saw me do it; all the girls had just knelt up on the forms when I took it, and the mistress had turned away for the Prayer-book; I am quite positive no one saw me."

Now, Mary was not much older than Jane, and she was not able to say much to her, only she felt quite certain that Jane had done a very wicked thing. Mary therefore remained silent, but she could not help a few tears rolling down her cheeks, for she was very sorry for what her sister had done, and she felt quite afraid for her sake, because she knew that she had offended God, and God is angry with sinners every day. Jane, too, was silent, and kept pulling the leaves of the hedge, thinking how cleverly she had managed to take the needle-case, and feeling quite certain nobody had seen her.

Mary was the first to speak; after a little time she turned to Jane, and said, "Jane, I will go all the way back with you, if you will take this needle-case back to our mistress, and ask her pardon."

"No, Mary," said Jane, "I am sure I will never do that. Nobody saw me, I am positive; and if I were to go back and give it to the mistress, it would be the same as telling her I stole it; and she would be very angry, and punish me, and I should be ever afterwards afraid of speaking to her or seeing her. I would not be so foolish. I would burn it, rather than do that, which I can easily do when I get home, and then it will never be known at all."

She then put the needle-case into her bag, and got up hastily, telling her sister they must go home. The two little girls had lost some time at the stile, so they made the best haste they could; and as they went along, Jane planned in her own mind that she should tell her mother that the needle-case had been given to her at school for being good and attentive; and she felt sure that Mary would not be unkind and tell any thing about it.

They soon reached their cottage. Jane now felt a little ashamed at the thought of seeing her father and mother; she could hardly tell why, but it was because they had often warned her to be trusty and honest. So Mary ran in first, and whom did she find there but the school-mistress? She had gone by a different road, and was there before them. When Jane heard her voice speaking to Mary as she ran in, she was so frightened that she trembled all over, and she knew her face turned very pale. She was afraid to go in, because she knew she appeared guilty; but, though hardly able to stand—she trembled so, she ran round the house, and threw the needle-case among some dry leaves, under an elder tree, in the corner of the garden, and sat down a minute to recover herself. Soon she heard her mother call her, and she got up, and went into the house. There she saw Mary's bag lying emptied out upon the table, which showed her what the school-mistress had come about. She was afraid to look towards her school-mistress, but she glanced round to Mary, to try to find out whether she had told. If Mary had been questioned, it would have been her duty to have told all the

truth; but, as it was, nothing had been said to her, and she had told nothing against her sister. Jane, however, could not be sure of this, and she felt quite uncertain what was best for her to do. She saw that Mary looked very sad, but she made no sign to her to show what had passed.

Jane's mother then took her bag from her arm, without saying anything, and emptied it, just as Mary's had been emptied upon the table; but there was nothing in it but her work, and her thimble, and her Catechism. So she turned to the school-mistress and said, "You see I am right; I did not believe that my girls would take anything that did not belong to them; their father and I often speak to them about it, and I am sure they learn the same at school."

Jane felt as happy now as she was frightened before, and when the school-mistress had very kindly said, how glad she was to find she had been mistaken, and had wished them good evening, she laughed and played till bed-time; though Mary seemed so unusually dull and unhappy, that her father said when they were gone, "I hope Mary has not really taken the thing the mistress has lost."

When they were upstairs, Jane kept on playing till she saw Mary was in bed before her, and then she forgot to say her prayers, and jumped into bed almost as soon as her sister.

I will not now tell you all they whispered together in bed, nor their dreams, though they were all about the needle-case—but I will pass on to the next day. It was Sunday, and both the little girls went to church, as usual, with the rest of the children.

Jane spent, I am sorry to say, all the time there in planning what she should do with the needle-case. She knelt down, and stood up, as the rest of the congregation did; but she did not in the least attend to what was going on, because she was scheming in her own mind. It would be of no use now to say it was given to her, as she had intended to do. Sometimes she thought she would burn it, or throw it into the brook, or leave it in a ditch: and sometimes she thought, if she could hide it among her clothes for three or four months, she might at length bring it out and use it as her own. At last she settled in her mind on quite a different plan; for the fact was, she felt very much afraid it would be still found out, and then she knew she would get punished at home and at school, and be disgraced before all her school-fellows. The plan she fixed upon, was to take it on Monday with her to school, and to slip it back, without being seen, into the mistress' basket. This seemed the safest way, and if there was any thing wrong in her having taken it, it was, she thought, a far better way of returning it than the way her sister proposed as they sat on the stile, as it would not expose and disgrace her.

It took Jane all the time of prayers, and all the time of the sermon, to arrange these plans, and it was plain that she attended very little to any thing beside, because her mistress had often to look at her, and remind her how carelessly she was behaving. And how did Mary spend this time at church? Perhaps she too often found her thoughts wandering to other things, but then she tried to check them, and to remember that she was in God's holy house, and had come there to confess her faults and to pray for God's blessing. She was careful to keep her place in the Prayer-book, and she was surprised to find very many things in the service which seemed as if they exactly related to the occurrence of the day before.

It was the second morning of the month, and Mary particularly noticed these verses in the Psalms for the day. The congregation read, "The Lord is known to execute

judgment, the ungodly is trapped in the work of his own hands." And the minister added, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God." And in the next Psalm they read, "The ungodly is so proud that he careth not for God, neither is God in all his thoughts."

When the minister read the first Commandment, "Thou shalt have none other God but me," (that is, Me thou shalt have,) she earnestly prayed, "I did have mercy upon me, and incline my heart to keep this law." She desired that she might have God in her mind, that she might always recollect that he is present; and have him in her heart, that she might so love and fear him, as to be more unwilling to offend him than the dearest friend on earth.

It was strange, too, that the clergyman's sermon seemed exactly about the subject that was in her mind. It was about recollecting God; and the text was, "I have set God always before me, for he is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall." (Ps. 16.)

Monday morning came,—and Jane, as she had planned, ran down, before going to school, to find the needle-case, but it was gone. She thought Mary might have taken it, and ran to ask her, but she had not moved it, and knew nothing about it. The fact was, their father had found it there that very morning, as he was removing the dead leaves which lay under the elder tree. He had been with it into the house, and seeing the children in the garden, he just now came up to them, bringing the needle-case in his hand; "Do you know," he said, "whom this belongs to?"

Jane at first denied knowing anything about it,—whose it was, or how it came to be under the elder tree; but Mary told him it was really the thing their mistress had lost.

Then he questioned them both very closely, and soon discovered that it was Jane who had taken it, and that she had hid it to avoid being detected on Saturday night.

Their father was an honest man, and it pained him very much, that his little daughter should have been so wicked. But he resolved to do all he could to make amends, and with a sorrowful heart he went with them to school before he went to work.

They were rather late when they reached the school; the children were all assembled, and the mistress was making inquiries whether any one had seen the thing she had missed. It was just then that Mary and Jane came in with their father, and before the whole school Jane was obliged to confess that she had taken it and hid it. Her father told the mistress how grieved he was, and hoped she might be punished as she deserved.

Jane felt the disgrace very much; she cried and sobbed all the time that the mistress was speaking to her and the rest of the children about the sin of stealing and lying, and also when she was kept back after school was over. She was vexed and angry with herself for what she had done, and it was a very long time before she could feel happy among the children, or could look up, without being ashamed, at the mistress.

Now, we may learn from this story of Jane, what it is to disobey the first Commandment. Jane was a little girl who acted throughout, just as if she had no God. In one sense, she had the one true God; for, if you had asked her, she would have told you she knew well there was a God;—but though she had God in her knowledge, we see that she had Him not in her thoughts, and in her heart. When she thought of being found out, she was afraid of being punished and disgraced at school, and offending her teacher, and being called a thief; she was not afraid of God's finding her out, and offending Him, and being punished by Him. When she took the needle-case, she thought whether her school-fellows or her mistress saw her; it did not come into her mind that God saw her.

When she went to bed she did not remember to thank God for all his mercies, during the day, and to ask Him, as her heavenly Father, to take care of her during the night. When her father had found the needle-case among the leaves, she tried how she might deceive him, but forgot that God could not be deceived. When she went to Church, even there she had not God in all her thoughts. And when she cried and sobbed at school, I am afraid her sorrow was only because she was found out, and punished, and not because she had sinned against the great and holy God, on account of which she ought to have readily submitted to any humiliation. She broke many of the laws of God, but she broke them through neglecting the first; because she did not believe in Him, and fear Him, and love Him, with all her heart, and with all her mind, and with all her soul, and with all her strength.

"This is the first and great Commandment."

A CHURCHMAN'S THOUGHTS.

ABOUT PRAYER.

Prayer is my first act in the morning. It is God who has kept me and mine through the night; who has given me another day in which to prepare for heaven. It is God who gives me the air I breathe, the food I eat, the clothes I put on; who bestows upon me health and strength, in whom I live, and move, and have my being." How can I, then, go forth in the morning without kneeling down to bless my God for past mercies, to ask his continual help, and to pray for his grace upon my poor sinful soul? I think that was a good saying of Gustavus, king of Sweden, when in the presence of his army he first leapt from the ship, and kneeling down upon the shore, thanked God for a safe voyage, remarking to a general who stood by "Believe me, my friend, he who has said his prayers well, has done the best half of his day's work."

But, in truth, what can I expect without prayer? Satan is seeking to overwhelm my soul with temptation—I will, then, go to Christ, who is stronger than he. The world and worldly business would fain hide heaven from my thoughts—I will, then, ask for the Holy Ghost to enlighten my eyes, and give me thoughts of Christ, even in my daily work. Yea, and my own evil nature continually draws me down to carelessness and sin—shall I not, then, daily plead my cause with my Father in heaven, who, as He has begun a good work in me, will, if I be true to myself, "never leave me nor forsake me?"

Prayer, too, is my last act at night. I look back upon the day, and see much that is wrong. I confess all or my knees in the soul searching presence of God. I know that sin unpardonable bringeth forth death." I ask, therefore, that my guilt may be done away in my Saviour's blood. I know my weakness, and ask for a strong resolution to serve my God. I am in the midst of dangers, but I commend myself to Him who is the sure defence of his people. I may die before the morning, but if I am called away, I ask to be received into heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake.

ABOUT MY BIBLE.

If I had been told that there was in some place many hundred miles off, guarded with the greatest care, and locked up in the safest treasure-house, a book, written under the immediate direction of Almighty God Himself, I am sure I would wish to know something of what was in that book. And if I had been further told, that

this Book contained an account of the manner in which God had dealt with his people from the very beginning of the world ; that all that God has taught his people was written down in this book, all his threatenings, all his promises, yea, the sayings and sufferings of Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son ; that there was recorded the first teaching of Christ's apostles to Christ's redeemed children ; that there was to be found the very mind of Christ concerning his Church and people, how he would have them to think, and feel, and speak, and act ;—if there were a Book, and but one Book in all the world, with this heavenly teaching in it, how anxiously would I desire to get but a glimpse of this spiritual treasure ; how should I rejoice if I might be admitted to look over the heavenly pages, and to examine for myself the Word of God !

And yet how strange, that, when I have this very Book, my Bible, in my own house,—this Book, which "holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,"—how strange that I should prize it so little in comparison with what I ought to do !

But what is my Bible ?—the very charter of my salvation ; the very foundation of my hopes ; the very safeguard of my faith ; the very well out which I may draw the water of life. If I am in error, I have here truth to correct me ; if I am in darkness, I have here light to guide me ; if I am sinning, I have here God's threatenings to alarm me ; if I am living for this world only, I have here eternity opened before me ; if I am in trouble, I have here God's promises, sealed by the blood of Christ to comfort me.

But the Bible is a difficult book ; yea, because it is spoken by the all-wise God to ignorant sinners ; because it is so seldom read, and therefore is a strange book—because we set out by thinking we must understand every thing ; because we do not try to get more acquaintance with God by doing his will ; because our hearts are bound down to this world, and therefore we do not care for what we read ; because a spiritual understanding and a believing heart are not earnestly prayed for when we read.

By God's help, then, I will do this ; I will read every day some portion of the Bible, a chapter of the Old Testament, and one of the New, if possible ; if not, one chapter at least. I will pray that God's Holy Spirit will "open my eyes to see the wondrous things of his law."—I will try to act up to my knowledge ; and if I still find difficulties, as I must expect to do, I will ask my clergyman, who has studied God's Word, to explain them to me. It will be a comfort and help to me to know from him how the great body of Christ's Church have always understood the difficult parts of Scripture ; for faithful and wise, and holy Christians, who have read and prayed and lived better than myself, are likely to know the real meaning of God's Word better than I do. At least, I will pray for a meek and teachable temper ; for I shall be most likely to find true wisdom by not "leaning to my own understanding." However, about my Bible, I remember the saying of Christ, "The Word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him at the last day ;" and that of the Psalmist, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple."

ABOUT MY CHURCH.

It is a blessed thing to go to church.

The members of my family, after praying to God by themselves, meet together in my house every day for family worship ; but at church, the families of the parish, who have in their different households sought God during

the week, meet together on the Lord's day as one great family. Yes, and this family, thus meeting together in the church, is but a small part of that still greater family who, of every kindred, nation, and language, own Jesus as Lord and God.

It is a solemn thing to go to church.

As I enter the church-yard, the very dust I walk over is mingled with the remains of my forefathers in the flesh, who are here waiting till the trumpet of the Archangel shall awaken them. As I enter the walls of the church, I think that thousands and thousands have been here before me, confessing their sins and obtaining pardon, asking for grace and receiving it, listening to the word of God and getting light and comfort to their souls ; and then I think both they and I must answer one day to God for the solemn hours we have spent in church.

It is a needful thing to go to church.

The clergyman praying is a minister of Christ, not praying instead of me, but leading me and the rest of the congregation to pray for ourselves. I follow, then, with my prayer-book, trying to pray in my heart as the minister says the words, giving my whole mind to the service ; joining in it with my voice as well as my mind ; remembering that the principal object of our coming together is, that we confess our sins together, and praise God together, any pray together.

It is a good thing to go to church.

The clergyman preaching is Christ's ambassador, asking me in Christ's name to be "reconciled to God." I do not allow myself to think whether I like his manner or not. I dare not find fault with what I do not understand in his sermon. I try to sit as a learner, remembering that though other preachers may be more pleasing to the ear or more plain to the understanding, or more clever in what they say, yet that the clergyman of my parish is he who is set over me in the Lord, whom God in his providence has sent to preach to my soul.

"CONTENTMENT."

Some of my young readers will think that, to look upon a contented spirit, they must needs cast their eyes to some of the good things of this life, or, at any rate, to a comfortable English fire-side, where you may "close the curtains, and wheel the sofa round." No ! I have seen it in a happy countenance in a poor-house. I remember a poor cripple so greatly afflicted, that he could not leave his bed, and was not able to feed himself. Think, my children, (you who are surrounded with comforts,) of a dingy-looking garret, two or three bare bedsteads, old benches, the window high up, with just the sky visible, a scanty covering and pitiful-looking fire. Such was this poor man's "home." I remarked to him, "You must find it dull here !" "No," he instantly replied ; "the bird sings to me," casting up his eyes to a canary. And another time I was speaking about his infirmities, and said, he would be happy some day. "Yes," he replied with a peaceful and cheerful look, "there are no cripples in heaven." A little box at his bedside was his library, containing his treasure—a Bible. He was very fond of reading, and had several good books. In this humble follower of Christ you see the power of religion. What a wretched life would poor H.'s have been in his cheerless room, unless it had been brightened up by the "Sun of Righteousness, giving him assurance that "where I am, there will ye be also." (John xiv. 3.)

THE PITCHER PLANT.

Let him who is disposed to observe the works of creation, with a reference to their utility, examine the Canadian birch-wort, which carries at its base two concave leaves; or let him notice that each leaf of the *Tilandria*, or wild pine of the West Indies, is furnished near the stalk with a hollow basket, containing from half a pint to a quart of water; and should he feel disposed to say, 'Surely these plants grow in a land where water is scarce, the air must be sultry, and the country a parched one,'—his conjecture would be perfectly right. Birch-worts grow in the Canadian marshes, which become dry during the hot months; their concave leaves receive and retain, for a long time, the showers that fall occasionally, and also the heavy night dews. They are, consequently, very important to birds, small quadrupeds, and insects, which are thus provided with plentiful supplies of pure and wholesome water, in places where it can rarely be obtained.—"Thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness." (Ps. cxlv. 16.) The habitation of the wild pine is similarly parched, for it abounds in the most sultry portions of the West Indies. Some kinds of aloes, also common to parched regions, secrete such a quantity of water in their cup-shaped leaves as to afford a grateful refreshment for thirsty travellers.

But the *Nepenthes Distillatoria* or Pitcher Plant, deserves especial notice. It abounds in those stony and arid parts of Java, from which small birds and quadrupeds must migrate in search of water, were it not for this remarkable vegetable production. The traveller who passes through those sultry regions is frequently attracted by its singular appearance, and the number of birds that fly in and out among the branches. On drawing near, he observes a small pitcher-shaped bag at the foot-stalk of each leaf, with a neatly fitted lid, having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects it with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre which contracts in showery weather, or when the dew falls. Numerous small goblets filled with sweet fresh water are thus held forth, and yield a refreshing draught to such small animals as climb the branches, and to a variety of winged creatures. They hear the pattering of the heavy drops while sheltered in their hiding places, and when the rain is sufficiently abated, forth they come, and refresh themselves at every open cup. It is delightful to see them thus employed, and the Pitcher Plant is sometimes almost covered with these thirsty creatures; some drinking eagerly, others lifting up their little bills between each sip, as if grateful for the refreshing supply. But no sooner has the cloud passed by and the warm sun shone forth, than the heated fibres begin to expand, and close the goblets so firmly as even to prevent evaporation. This is a beautiful and prospective contrivance. The quadruped, bird, or insect, has had sufficient time to quench its thirst, for the heavens do not immediately become clear, and when the goblet is filled with dew some time must necessarily elapse before the warmth of the sun is felt. But the plant also requires nourishment; rain-drops soon trickle from the arid place in which it grows, and nightly dews are insufficient to refresh the sloping bank whereon the Pitcher Plant has sprung to life. The pitchers, therefore, are essential to its own preservation, and a sufficient quantity of fluid is retained by the gradual closing of the lid. But, then, lest any poor thirsty creature should arrive late, or remain unsatisfied in the crowd, such pitchers as are concealed among the branches remain open much longer. Not merely two, nor three, nor yet ten large pitchers are assigned to each plant, but every

leaf-stalk has its own. Thence each leaf receives an adequate supply of moisture, through tubes that communicate, like syphons, with its subsorbing vessels.

There is, perhaps, throughout the vegetable kingdom, scarcely a single instance in which such a wonderful adaptation of one part to another, or of one vegetable to the animals that surround it, is more clearly evinced than in the wonderful Pitcher Plant of tropical regions.

How nicely made;
How beautiful the adaption of each part
To some peculiar purpose. Grateful birds,
Small animals, and insects of all hues,
Their coats bedrop't with gold, rejoicing, quench
Their thirst within those cups. More wondrous still,
The countless tube-like syphons, fitly plac'd,
Diffusing freshness th'rough that gracious plant,
Set by its Maker in a thirsty soil
To bless wayfaring creatures.

SOME TALES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Most little children like to hear something about those of their own age, and I think what I am now going to tell you will give you pleasure, and, I hope, do you good. It is about Charles, a dear little boy, whose silky hair was so light, that he used to call it his "silver hair," and whose light clear blue eyes were full of playfulness and good humour. He was blessed with a kind mother, who taught him to love and pray to God, not only at night and morning, but at other times. And often, when feeling himself get angry, or in any way doing wrong, he would stroke himself down and say, "Get down, proud stomach!" This he would say several times. But often he would do something better. He would run to a part of the room where he could be alone, and yet not alone; for there he would stand or sometimes kneel, in prayer to the great God who is ever present with us, and ask to have his "pride" or naughtiness taken away. And he never prayed in vain. For Jesus is the friend of sinners, and will turn none empty away. He will always give the Holy Spirit to those who ask believing that they shall receive. And that Holy and blessed Spirit, who is also called the Holy Ghost the Comforter, will put good thoughts into their hearts, and teach them to do the thing that is right. Dear children, do you not often feel anger, or pride, or peevishness, or jealousy within you? Oh, then, do not rest till you have prayed to your heavenly Father to forgive you for the sake of his dear Son, Jesus Christ.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE ABOUT LITTLE CHARLES.

Some years ago, I lived near my little friend, and can therefore tell you another little story about him. Charles' mother, as I have told you, was a true Christian, therefore she brought up her child in the fear and love of God. But as he was a very young child, he was sometimes afraid of being left alone in a large house and in the dark. For his mamma was often obliged to leave him before his nurse took her place in the room. Now it happened some nights that this dear child awoke after a short sleep, and, if he heard his mamma's footsteps, he would call to her, and beg him to give her some verse from the Bible to think about, to keep him, as he said, "from being afraid in the dark." And he would ask her to tell him something "about God's care of us in the night." Such as the following were sure to give him pleasure and enable him to "sleep on" without further fear:—"I have remembered thy name,

O Lord, in the night." (Psalm cxix. 55) "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." (Psalm cxxi. 3.) "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, he shall preserve thy soul" (Psalms cxxi. 7.) "My meditation of Him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord" (Psalm civ. 34.) "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." (Psalm xci. 5.) "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." (Psalm iv. 8.) "Thou compasseth my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways." (Psalm cxxxix. 3.) "Thou art near, O Lord, and all thy commandments are true." (Psalm cxix. 151.)

THE INATTENTIVE CLASS.

(Prov. vi. 12—15.)

It is Sunday morning. The Sunday school teacher is at his post. He has been busy all the week with his daily duties, and if he thought only of his own pleasure, he would like to make Sunday a day of rest and quiet reading in his own home. But he remembers Jesus did not think of himself, but spent his whole days for the good of others, so that he had no time even to eat bread. Therefore the teacher rose early this Sabbath morning—he has already been earnestly asking God to bless the dear boys he is going to teach—he has been reading over their chapter before hand, that he may think of some nice lesson from it that they can understand and remember, and now, as soon as the school bell rings, he is ready for the class.

And the boys for whom he is taking so much pains, surely they are at least thankful to him for his trouble.—It is all for their good. They will surely do their utmost to learn. Some of them are dull; he will not mind that. But surely none of them will be inattentive, much less rude to so kind a friend.

Indeed I wish it were so, but look at them, you will be puzzled what they have come to school for, certainly they have no mind to learn anything. Did you see how Tom Jones was laughing just now? It was John Field who, while the teacher's face was turned the other way, winked so absurdly at him that he could not stand it, and now the titter has spread all down that side of the class. The teacher has just quitted them, when there is a disturbance at his left hand: James Robinson has been pushing his neighbour with his feet, to try and gain his attention, and now they are whispering and nodding. Much the better they are for their lesson! But do you see that tall bold lad, George Somers, he is mocking his teacher, pointing at him with his finger, and trying to make all the little ones round him laugh, and they think him a very fine fellow.—At last the hour is over. The weary teacher feels sad and disheartened. If he had not learnt of his Saviour to be patient and persevering, he would soon throw up his thankless task. And where are the giddy boys? Do you not hear them shouting across the green, only too glad to be free for some more noisy and boisterous fun. They will trouble themselves no more about the school hour.

Something was going on, however during that hour, of which they little thought. The great God had his eye fixed upon them. He noticed every mischievous wink, every rude laugh, every bold push and pull. He noticed them, and He has written all down in His dreadful book, which will one day be opened, that the sins of obstinate sinners may be read out of it. If a loud voice from heaven sounding like thunder, had been heard that morning, telling those bad boys, how angry God was with their winking, pushing, and mocking, it would have frightened them.

I have a message from God for such careless boys,—it is as truly God's voice, as if it sounded in their ears loud as thunder,—for it is written in God's book, the Bible. They do not know there is an account in the Bible, of how they have behaved at their class, but they shall hear the verses for themselves.

"A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth, he winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers; frowardness is in his heart, he deviseth mischief continually, he soweth discord. Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly, suddenly shall he be broken without remedy."—Prov. vi. 12—15.

Thoughtless, inattentive boys, do take this solemn warning to heart. You have so often been careless at school and at church, and no harm has seemed to come of it, that now you think it is no matter. Remember this is as God has said it would be, the naughty person, the wicked man, goes on "winking with his eyes, sowing discord, devising mischief," and then just when he thinks all is safe, "suddenly his calamity cometh." Yes, some days when you think all is going on as usual, when you suspect no danger, then God may send some sudden sickness which will at once lay you low, some terrible accident which may cut you off in a moment. "Suddenly you would be broken, and oh! how awful those last words are, "without remedy." When a sinner is cut off in his sins, there is no more remedy for him, the voice of hope and mercy sounds not in hell, he is in pain and misery where no hope or mercy ever comes. How welcome then, the voice of the Sunday-school teacher would be, telling of Jesus's love, telling that Jesus was willing and waiting to save, but it shall never be heard in that dark place.

My dear boys, none of you are yet "without remedy." The rudest, most inattentive boy may now give up his evil ways, and turn to Jesus. He will find it at first very hard to fix his attention, his old bad habits will come back upon him again and again. But if he really wishes to amend, Jesus is willing not only to forgive all the past sins and wipe the tale of them out of God's book, but to help them to do better. Then the Sunday-school hour that he now finds so tiresome will be pleasant and interesting to him. For it will be sweet to learn more about Jesus whom he loves. May this be the happy case with every inattentive boy who has read the *se* lines!

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Toil is always well repaid by the comfort of rest, and the pleasure of having *done* something.

Those who have nothing to do are strangers to many of the sweetest pleasures of life.

Prosperity and comfort in this world would pall upon the taste, and become almost wearisome, if there were no interruptions: troubles are followed by joys, which without them we could not know.

Perhaps there have been as many rich men living in sin and luxury, who have envied the condition of a labouring peasant, as poor men who were envious of the rich.

The darkest lot is lit up by many bright rays of comfort: the heaviest hour is to the Christian a forerunner of approaching peace and joy.

As the arm is strengthened by constant exercise, if it be not too much for it to bear, so is spiritual joy increased by triumphing over difficulties and sorrows.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

ST. GEORGE'S, TORONTO.

In the early part of the present year a benevolent individual of this city, Mr. J. E. Pell, presented a handsomely bound reference Bible to the superintendants of each of the twelve Sunday-schools in this city, to be adjudged to the author, being a pupil in the same, of the best Essay on the subject of *Christian Benevolence*. Fourteen Essays were sent in for adjudication by the pupils of St. George's Sunday-school, and on Sunday the 4th of May, the judges, (Capt. Lefroy, the Rev. Garret Nugent, and John Arnold, Esq.,) declared the one we give below to be that most deserving of the prize; recommending, at the same time, that rewards, however small, should be given to each competitor in token of the gratification they experienced on reading so many excellent essays. Next Sunday the prizes were delivered to the respective writers, accompanied, in each case, by a few appropriate remarks from the Incumbent of the Church, the Rev. Dr. Lett, and the following essay, adjudged to be the best, written by Henry Coates, was read in the presence of the assembled school.

The example set by the donor, will, we trust, be followed by others and to the means, under God, of opening and extending a new feature in this country in our Sunday-school annals, calculated to effect much good, and perhaps to elicit many a spark of genius, which might long, or for ever remain dormant or unknown:—

PRIZE ESSAY ON CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE—BY HENRY COATES, AGED TWELVE.

Motto.—“*The Fruit of the Spirit is Love.*”

Christian benevolence is an active principle, and rests not in saying, “be ye warmed and be ye filled,” but it goes about seeking whom it may relieve—what human misery it may alleviate—what wanderers it may reclaim from the paths of sin and folly—what prodigal it may urge to arise and go to his Father—what sheep that has erred and strayed it may lead back to the bosom of the Good Shepherd—what tender lamb it may win to the fold of Christ; in short, Christian benevolence is a delight in the happiness of others. A person possessed of this principle will sacrifice his own advantages, wishes and enjoyments, to promote the interests of his fellow-creatures. The proper character of Christian benevolence is, to do good as it has opportunity; Christian benevolence is the sum and substance of Christian religion; but we should not suppose that every cheerful communication of benefits merits the name of Christian benevolence. Persons often merely form love of display, or to get rid of the importunate applications of the needy, or from a naturally kind disposition, or because they have been taught the duty of giving, or from a desire to be praised for their liberality, “freely give;” but this the Scriptures clearly assures us does not constitute Christian benevolence; for the Apostle Paul expressly says, he may bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and give his body to be burned, and yet not have charity. All acts of real benevolence are performed from a sense of duty, and with an intention to obey God in the performance of them. The Being with whom we have to do looks to the heart, and not to the value of the outward act, for the Scripture say, that “a man will be accepted according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not;” it is well for us that it is so, as few are blessed with the means or capabilities of doing great actions, but all can do something to show their love for that gracious Saviour who condescends to receive the cup of cold water

given in His name. It seems to me that sending the Gospel to the heathen is the noblest effort of Christian benevolence. How much greater dignity rests upon the memory of the poor cobbler, who, working at his humble trade for his daily bread, first projected the evangelizing of the heathen, than on the memories of those men whose fame is written in blood. The excellent Wilberforce, himself a true philanthropist says of this same individual—“I do not know a finer instance of the moral sublime than that a poor cobbler, working at his stall, should have conceived the idea of converting the heathen, yet such was Dr. Carey. Milton planning *Paradise Lost* in his old age and blindness, was nothing to that poor cobbler.” If Christian benevolence were universal, how different this world would be; there would then be no impatience, no unkindness, no envy, no boasting, no vain self-conceit, no appearance of evil, no selfishness, no hasty anger, no evil thinking, no rejoicing at the failings and misfortunes of others, but a contented, hopeful, believing, rejoicing continuance in well-doing. Each of us knows how difficult of attainment and how contrary to our natural minds and hearts is “that most excellent gift of charity;” how necessary then, the beautiful prayer of our Church, that God would pour it into our hearts, and thus form in us a state of mind of which He is Himself the brightest example.—Benevolence is the essence, the sum of His being and character. How largely is this shewn even by the blessings of His providence. “Our health, food, and raiment, are means of enjoyment to us daily throughout our lives; our friends and connexions also continually and extensively contribute to our happiness. The pleasantness of seasons, the beauty and grandeur of the earth and the heavens; the various kinds of agreeable sounds ever fluctuating upon our ear; the immensely various and delightful uses of language; the interchanges of thought and affections; the peace and safety afforded by the institution of government; the power and agreeableness of motion and activity; the benefit and comfort afforded by the arts and sciences, particularly by those of writing, printing, and numbering, and the continual gratification found in employment, are all in a sense daily and hourly sources of good to man; all furnished either directly or indirectly by the hand of God.”—“O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!”

ERRATA.

The 19th verse of “The Dusty Bible,” which appeared in the April number, read thus:—

Tears swelled the widow's “heart” at night,
Tears bathed “her” when she woke.

It ought to be—

Tears swelled the widow's “eyes,” &c.,
Tears bathed “them.” &c.

MONEYS RECEIVED, on account of the *Young Churchman* since last publication—Rev. A. L. Stepenson, 5s.; F. Holman, 2s. 6d.; Miss Logan, 2s. 6d.; Wm. Graveley, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Allan, 2s. 6d.; Miss Boswell, 2s. 6d.; Miss Gillard, 2s. 6d.

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