

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

KING DAVID.—CONTINUED.

337. David and Jonathan were exceedingly attached to each other.—Can you state the period in which this reciprocal feeling commenced? and likewise the first proof of it which they reciprocally gave?—(1 Samuel.)

338. When Saul was determined to slay David, do you recollect the arguments which the generous Jonathan employed so as to deter his father? and also the effect which his expostulation produced?—(1 Samuel.)

339. This settled hostility of Saul against David seems to have originated in envy.—What were the circumstances which seem to have first called it into exercise?—(1 Sam.)

340. Saul is said to have feared as well as envied David.—To what circumstances do you conceive this fear of David is to be ascribed?—(1 Sam.)

341. Though Saul, through the persuasion of Jonathan, gave up for a time his determination of slaying David, yet after another successful battle on the part of David, the spirit of envy again came upon Saul.—What were the two other occasions on which he sought to destroy him?—(1 Sam.)

342. When David contrived to escape out of Saul's hands the first place to which he fled was Ramah, the abode of the prophet Samuel.—Can you relate the peculiar circumstances which took place while he was there, both with respect to Saul, and likewise to his servants, who arrived there in pursuit of David?—(1 Sam.)

343. The second place to which David fled was Nob, the residence of Abimelech the priest.—Can you tell what transpired while he was there?—(1 Sam.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Nov. 18.—Twenty third Sunday after Trinity
25.—Twenty fourth do
[On this latter Sunday, the Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the Twenty fifth Sunday after Trinity will be used.]
30.—St. Andrew's Day.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.
No. XXXI.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

I believe that, in the course of these rambling remarks, I have more than once borne testimony to the peculiar solemnity and solemnity of the 'sabbath-morn' in London. The sun of the Lord's day rises not upon a scene calmer and more subdued than this vast metropolis. The voice of its busy millions is hushed; and you would believe every spirit to be raised in silence to that eternal resting-place to which its innumerable spires are pointing. You will scarcely hear a tramp upon the pavements, or the clatter of a footstep upon the side-walks, until the peals of a thousand bells sound forth their joyous summons to the house of prayer. "The merry bells, the merry bells!"—they are rightly termed so. They tell us of holy edifices which throw open their portals to earth's pilgrim and wanderer; whose mitred prelate and white-robed priest proclaim the joyous tidings of man's redemption through a heavenly Father's mercy and a Redeemer's blood: they tell us of an abode where, though in the wide city we may be strangers and lonely, we may still be at home—in the house of a Parent and a Friend—with brethren all around us, feeling and professing the same common frailty, and looking for the same precious inheritance in the same eternal home.

It was on such a day—a calm though lowering morning—that with a friend, one with whom I often "walked in company to the house of God," I proceeded to Westminster Abbey, that we might commence the day of holy rest with that sweet influence upon the soul which good George Herbert so studiously sought for,—from the "pealing anthem and the note of praise" which swells from the Cathedral organ, and the choral voices of age and youth which accompany its sweeping strains.

The towers and minarets of the venerable Abbey borrowed a congenial sombreness from the calm cloudiness of the morning,—more appropriate to the solemnity of its antique pile, than if the "garish splendours" of the unclouded day were flung upon it.

And who can look upon the old Cathedral, without thinking of the moral edifice which it seems to personify,—the Church or our FATHERS: not the creation of yesterday—not the gaw-gaw erection of modern empiricism—a foundation of sand and a superstructure of vanity; but, like the oak of the isle, having braved for centuries the elemental strife, and outlived the wildest warfare of popish or fanatical superstition. The Cathedral looks out upon the land like the living inhabitant of a bygone generation,—chastened by its sombre and hallowed look the rampant spirit of the age—and maintaining and deepening our affection for the creed and ritual which was spoken and sung within its consecrated walls when first the pure flame of Christianity was kindled in the land, and which, after a dark age of defilement, has been restored there to its primitive brightness and purity.

The commencement of Westminster Abbey can be traced as far back as the sixth century,—long before the cloud of Popish superstition was superinduced upon the primitive creed and worship of Christianity in England; and although subsequently, manes for the dead have been haunted within its walls, and relics and images received that prostration of the heart and knee which belongs to God alone, those corruptions have all been swept away, and the Abbey now rejoins with the worship and the tenets of that unadulterated "faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

Edward the Confessor, nearly a thousand years ago, added much to the Abbey,—so much as to render it a magnificent structure. Henry III. greatly enlarged it, and added a chapel dedicated to the Virgin; and Henry VII. annexed to the venerable pile that stately and magnificent chapel—designed as the burial-place of kings—which still bears his name.

On this, as on other ordinary occasions, we entered the Abbey by "Poet's Corner;" and being early, had time to look round upon the monumental tablets which, while they brought more freshly and vividly to our memories the great names of those whose remains lay mouldering at our feet, were eloquent remembrances at the same time of the briefness of man's enjoyment of the pleasures or the applause of the world. These monuments are not generally grouped with any view to classification; yet here and there are instances of that happy association which a master of the pathetic thus touchingly describes: "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—There stands a monument of the immortal Shakespeare,—the

attitude, dress, and air of the poet beautifully and delicately portrayed by the sculptor. At his feet, the remains of Johnson and Garrick repose side by side. Then we have a monument of Milton, and immediately under it that of a kindred genius, Gray. On the latter, a muse in alto-relievo, holding a medallion of Gray, points to the bust of Milton above with this inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrival'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Here likewise, side by side, lie the remains of William Pitt, and his great political rival Charles James Fox. And less skilfully and strikingly grouped are the sculptured names of Spenser and Chaucer, Thompson, Mason, Gay, Goldsmith, and Addison, and innumerable others—"familiar to our ears as household words."

At ten the service of the Abbey commenced; and sitting in the "dim, religious light" of the choir, we listened to the chants of the white-robed choristers, their voices blending with the varying tones of the organ,—soft and low, when the penitential effusions of the Psalms were spoken in song—high and joyous, when "the heart made melody" in happy expression of its thankfulness. There are those in the world—cold in spirit as the creed from which they borrow their philosophy, a creed illumined by no ray of Christian hope—who despise what they are pleased to term these trappings of devotion, those adornments of the simple duty of our Maker's praise. But the whole handy-work of the adorable Architect of the universe proves that to His immeasurable and inconceivable Spirit, harmony and order are things concomitant and delightful. If we look at the embroidery of the flowers which are his workmanship—at the texture of the insect's wing which owns the cunning of his hand; yea, more, if we listen to the warbling of the feathered songsters which own their vocal skill to Him alone,—we may be pardoned for throwing the fulness of our architectural skill into the edifices which are raised to His honour, and onlisting the powers of song into the tribute of praise which we owe Him.

So felt the patriarch Job, when, amid the deep sorrows of his soul, he poured forth his complaints in song: so felt David, when he revealed the lights and shades of his joyful or saddened spirit, in the touches of unearthly poetry: in strains of poetic fervency, Isaiah proclaimed the coming advent of the world's Deliverer: the Saviour himself, on the eve of his last conflict, sang a hymn with his selected followers; and the 'beloved' Apostle, who partially lifts the curtain from the mysteries of the eternal world, reveals the winged Cherubim, the elders with their golden crowns, and sainted spirits with palms in their hands, uniting in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

At the conclusion of the Litany, we left the Abbey, and were proceeding to the Temple Church, but finding that Mr. Benson was ill and out of town, we walked on to St. John's Chapel in Bedford Row, where we had the gratification of hearing the Reverend Baptist Noel. The service had certainly commenced for some time before we entered, and the usual congregation no doubt had all assembled: at all events every pew was filled, every seat occupied, and we ourselves were obliged to stand in one of the side-aisles during the remainder of the time of worship. If I should be asked what it was that attracted so great a crowd, I should answer—not simply the oratorical talents of the preacher, for they were not of the highest order, certainly not of a showy character. His manner was mild and persuasive; and although he preached extempore, there was neither any striking gesticulation, nor any studied variety in his tones. His great attraction was a simple earnestness, and a faithful promulgation of the truth. Mr. Noel was fortunate in being the successor of Mr. Cecil, one of the 'shining lights' of the establishment; whose labours in his parish, whose love of souls, whose zeal for Christ, were such as to be eminently apparent in the vast spiritual improvement of the objects of his charge. Led by his preaching—an humble instrument in the hands of a gracious God—to feel their lost condition, and to seek their only refuge in the Saviour of souls, they resorted with a natural eagerness to those "amiable tabernacles" where, from the lips of their faithful and beloved pastor, the joyful sound of the Gospel was proclaimed. Mr. Noel caught the mantle of this departed father of the Church, and the glow of his spirit burned purely within him. Every year adds to the strength of the ties between this estimable shepherd and his grateful flock; and we can believe that, from the mild yet earnest style of his preaching, the doctrinal promulgations steal like the insinuating dew into the hearts of his hearers. It is not the flood of eloquence which like the mountain torrent, is clamorous and exuberant for a time, but whose strength is soon wasted and degenerates into the feeble and scanty rill: it is the full and steady supply, watering and enriching as it proceeds noiselessly and majestically along.

Baptist Noel is as mild in aspect as he is gentle in manner—his frame slender, and his countenance of a delicate paleness. He is the son of a noble house, and affords a striking example of the practical efficiency of our Established Church, in drawing into its ranks not simply those who adopt its profession as a means of honest livelihood, where the faithful labourer is worthy of his hire, but the child of fortune and hereditary honours also,—who, from station as well as education, is commissioned to mingle with the highest in the land, and throw around the glittering circles of peers and princes the sanctifying influence of holy precept and holy example.

Leaving the chapel of Mr. Baptist Noel, we proceeded at 3 P.M. to St. Margaret's, Westminster;—a beautiful church and generally well supplied and well filled; but the rain poured down in torrents, the congregation was thin, and the preacher—it may be that he needed that kindling of the soul which the sight of a multitude of inquiring auditors produces—seemed to us wanting in fervency and energy.—St. Margaret's Church contains the remains of the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, with a tablet and inscription to his memory; and it possesses also a monumental record in honour of Caxton the printer.

Our intention was to have attended the Chapel at the Foundling Hospital, in the evening; but finding, upon inquiry, that there was no service, we proceeded on to the Capetian Chapel in order to hear the celebrated Edward Irving. We found the spacious chapel of this far-famed divine filled to overflowing; for although the hey-day of Mr. Irving's popularity was past, it was still great enough to draw to hear him almost every stranger that visited London. For some time, we were obliged to stand, as had been the case in the morning at Mr. Noel's chapel, but there was an evident anxiety in the occupants of the neighbouring pews to relieve us from this wearying position, and room was accordingly made for me. In Mr. Irving the first thing that struck

the beholder was his extraordinary personal appearance.—Tall and meagre in figure, with a dark, sunken, weather-beaten visage, and a prodigious head of black shaggy hair streaming over his shoulders, he ill conveyed the idea of a herald of peace! The tones of his voice were deep and sepulchral, of great compass but not harmonious; his action was irregular and ungraceful, extravagant and even grotesque, and his matter partook of the strangeness which characterized his manner. He was giving out a psalm when we entered; and sometimes after reading a verse, he would spend some minutes in commenting upon an expression or sentiment which struck him as worthy of illustration. He adopted the same method in reading a portion of Scripture,—dilating, in a very rambling manner, upon various passages, and consuming an amount of time and making an encroachment upon the night (for the sermon was yet to come) which had begun to render us uneasy. Even his prayers partook of this fugitive character; and although marked by a deep and peculiar pathos, they possessed much of the strain of narrative or of a didactic essay. The sermon came at last, and expectation of course was wound to the highest pitch. But there was nothing to uphold it—nothing to enchain the admiration, or to rivet the attention. All was wild, rambling, and unconnected—embracing any and every subject—evincing no chain of argumentation—and furnishing no special elucidation of the text that was chosen. It is true that now and then—when he touched upon some favourite theme, when his fancy wandered for example to the borders of millennial joys—there was a burst of electrical eloquence; the soul of the speaker shot up like a pyramid of fire—his voice, gestures, language, look, were almost unearthly; but the strain soon relaxed from its compression, and almost in an instant he descended to the ordinary level!

Previous to the concluding prayer, the clerk or precursor read over a long list of the names of persons who desired to return thanks or to be prayed for: this was handed to Mr. Irving, and in his subsequent address to the throne of grace—the roll as a prompter in his hands—he alluded specially to the case of each. The service closed with the announcement of various notices of fast-days, watch-nights and other extraordinary services,—the hours appointed for many of which were equally extraordinary and inconvenient and betokened, as much as any thing else, the characteristic eccentricity of the preacher.

There was manifestly a warp in the mind of Edward Irving, and his intellectual vigour was unstrung. No stronger proof of this could have been afforded than in the theory which he subsequently advocated of the unknown tongues,—a nine days' wonder, which soon ceased to engage the curiosity of the marvel-loving. But visionary though he was, I am not one to doubt of the genuine integrity of Mr. Irving; nor if his mind was erratic, do I hesitate to believe that his heart was sound. A more tender counsellor never poured the consolations of the Gospel into the ear of the penitent—a kinder pastor never watched at the bed-side of the sick and dying. His spirit was essentially philanthropic, and his heart burned with a genuine love for souls; but his mind was eccentric, and like the comet in the heavens, he startled, dazzled and alarmed, without imparting steady light or warmth in the circle of his ministrations.

The Garner.

JONATHAN.

Jonathan met his death in early youth; even in the promising and hopeful blossom of his life. But his noble spirit had equalled, to the fullest pitch, the measure of his years. Brave, generous, and constant, his entire compliance with the will of God surpassed in some respects, the resignation which a ripe age begets. To that subdued and humble spirit even careless men are led, perhaps, by slow degrees, with much experience of the disappointments and vicissitudes of life. But it is hardly possible to conceive a nobler act of self-denial than that which Jonathan fulfilled. He withstood the counsels of his father, for his own word's sake, grounded on his firm conviction, that God designed the throne of Israel for David, and would surely make good what he purposed. He yielded his own claim to the diadem; and he made this undissembled and exalted sacrifice even in the height and vigour of his youth; at a time when the bare sight of a rival might have roused resentment in a mind of meaner cast. He never swerved from this sound resolution; not when David was a fugitive and apparently without the power to keep up pretensions to a kingdom. He stood firm to the last in his fidelity to God, whose purpose he perceived, and in his attachment to his friend to whom he passed his pledge. This was the great trial of his life: and I freely grant that it may stand sufficiently for whole years of ordinary service; for an age of gradual improvement.—There is no instance in all the page of heathen history that can contend with it, or can place the glory of a perfect mind in early youth above it. A longer life would not have enhanced his triumph over every motive of ambition or self-interest; and it might have involved the land of Israel in much trouble, for there were those, no doubt, who would have stood for him, though he utterly declined the contest on his own part.—Archdeacon Pott.

UNSANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

Upon many men trouble after trouble is poured forth, and yet they are like the stones of the street. These are trodden under foot—the showers fall—the sun comes out again—and they ever continue as they were.—stones.—Tholuck.

Advertisements.

TO BUILDERS, AND OTHERS.

OFFICE OF KING'S COLLEGE,
Lot Street, Toronto,
OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE AVENUE.

MINUTE OF THE COUNCIL,
October 13, 1838.

STRONG representations having been made by several persons, inclined to contract for the Buildings intended for the University of King's College, that the First of November was too early a day to afford them sufficient time to form their Estimates—

It was Resolved, to extend the period to Friday, the First of February, 1839, and that this Notice be inserted in all the Journals in which the Building Advertisement has appeared.

(A true Copy.) JOSEPH WELLS,
19—4w Registrar and Bureau.

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On the most reasonable terms, with Long Credit.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Plantagenet	4th	S. half 11	100
	8th	21	200
Alfred	5th	7 and 8	400
	6th	S. half 1	100
			500

JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Elmsley	1st	15, 18	400
	2d	15	200
Edwardsburg	8th	6 and 27	400
Montague	7th	8	200
Yonge	7th	19	200
Marlborough	2d	Half 9	100
			500

MIDLAND DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Portland	11th		200
	12th	7, 9, W. ½ 10	500
	13th	5	200
	14th	7, 12, W. ½ 5	500
Pittsburg	11th	16, 17, 18, 19, 20	1000
	15th	17	180
			1180

NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Cramahe	6th	29	200
Hamilton	5th	30	200
	6th	23	200
Hope	8th	21 and 22	400
Clark	7th	32	200
Seymour	1st	20	200
	3rd	5	200
	4th	18	200
	5th	13	200
	8th	4	200
Cartwright	1st	S. half 11	
	2nd	5, 14, 20	
	3rd	17, S. ½ 21, N. ½ 24	
	4th	1, 6, 13, N. half 5, E. half 15	
		S. half 15	
	5th	1, 3, 5, 6, 12, 13,	
		14, 17, 22	
	6th	23, N. half 20	
	7th	15, N. half 21	
	8th	S. half 15	
	14th	11, 12, 16	5000

NIAGARA DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Gainsboro	2d	24	209

LONDON DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Walsingham	6th	8, 16	400
Dorchester	3rd	14	200
	8th	11	200
Southwold	3rd	12, 13, 14	1200
	4th	12, 13, 14	1200
Aldbrough	3rd	5	200
Western Div.			
Oxford	2d	N. half 1	100
Western Div.			2300

Particulars as to terms, &c., may be learned on application to the subscriber, at Toronto.

JAMES M. STRACHAN.

Toronto, 8th October, 1838. 18 3m

HENRY ROWSELL,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
KING STREET, TORONTO.

HAS just received from London a large assortment of Books and Stationery of every description; among which will be found, The Church of England Magazine, The Saturday Magazine, Penny Magazine, Penny Cyclopaedia and other works published under the direction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Theological, Medical, Law and other Works to order procured from England. Terms, half the value to be paid at the time the order is given, and the remainder on delivery of the Works.

Toronto, 7th November, 1838. 22—6w.

EDUCATION.

THE REV. H. CASWELL, M. A. Master of the District School in the healthy and delightful town of Brockville, is prepared to receive into his family a limited number of Young Gentlemen as Pupils. The course of study embraces Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and the usual English branches. Having been engaged for several years as a Professor in a Theological School, Mr. C. would be happy to give instructions in Hebrew and other branches of Sacred Literature to pupils desirous of preparing for Holy Orders.

The Terms are Thirty Pounds for Board and Tuition during the Academical year. Every pupil is expected to be supplied with a bed and bedding, silver spoon, and towels.

Letters addressed, (post paid,) as above, will meet with prompt attention. The most satisfactory references can be given, if required. 18—4f

WANTS A SITUATION AS GOVERNESS, A YOUNG LADY accustomed to tuition, who undertakes to teach Italian, French, Music, Dancing, the use of the Globes, and the other general branches of education. She would prefer the charge of children from eight to twelve years of age. Application (post-paid) to the Editor of 'The Church', will be forwarded and attended to. 21—4w.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO.
TORONTO.

Importers of Hardware, &c. &c.

HAVE on hand a general and well assorted Stock of Shelf Goods suitable to the country trade, which they will sell Wholesale for CASH, or approved three months Paper, at their usual low prices. They have also a large Stock of

CHAMPION'S WARRANTED CAST STEEL AXES, made at the Factory originally built by the late Harvey Shepard, and afterwards occupied by John Armstrong. As Shepard's and Armstrong's Axes have been decidedly preferred before any others in the Province, it is only necessary to state that Champion's are made by the same workmen and from the very best material, to insure for them the same continued preference.

C. B. & Co. are agents for the sale (to the Trade) of Joseph Van Norman's well known Castings, a large Stock of which they have always on hand, consisting of

Cooking Stoves,
Six Plate do.
Parlour do.

Sugar Kettles, Pot Ash Coolers, &c. &c. &c.
Toronto, July, 1838. 7—4f.

The Church

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

TERMS.

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