

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXXV. CAIN.

294. What was the occupation of Cain? and what kind of offering did he present to the Lord?—(Genesis.)

295. What were the feelings of Cain when his offering was not accepted? and what conduct did these feelings urge him to adopt with respect to his brother Abel?—(Genesis.)

296. Can you quote the passage in the New Testament which describes Cain as being of "that wicked one," and his murderous conduct as arising from the contrast of his own evil deeds with the righteous works of his brother Abel?—(1 John.)

XXXVI. CALEB.

297. Whose son was Caleb? to what tribe did he belong? and how does it appear that he was among the Jewish princes who were sent to spy out the land of Canaan?—(Numbers.)

298. When the majority of the spies brought back an evil report respecting the land, what was the conduct and declaration of this faithful and courageous man?—(Numbers.)

299. Do you remember the terms of approbation in which the Lord speaks of his conduct on this occasion, and the promise which he makes to him?—(Numbers.)

300. How does it appear, though the whole congregation who rebelled against the Lord died during the forty years they remained in the wilderness, that Joshua and Caleb, the two faithful spies, still continued alive?—(Numbers.)

301. What place did Caleb obtain in the promised land as his inheritance? what was his age at this period; and in what terms are his unusual strength and vigour described?—(Joshua.)

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

Sept. 2.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.  
9.—Thirteenth do. do.  
16.—Fourteenth do. do.  
21.—St. Matthew's Day.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.  
No. XXVII.

## A LITERARY PARTY;—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the neighbourhood of Pentonville, London, not far from the church of the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, lived a literary friend, with whom I had often the gratification of spending an hour during the busier portions of the day, and not infrequently an evening, when he was able to relax from his multifarious engagements and toils. At his house, too, I had sometimes the satisfaction of meeting a little knot of *litterati*—gentlemen who scribbled lighter pieces for one or other of the superabundant annuals of the day; travellers who had sketched the features of natural and moral scenery in other lands; and some who had consumed the "midnight oil" over works of severe criticism or learned research.—There was a fair sprinkling of each of these classes in the pleasant coterie which, on this sweet and balmy summer's evening, I was invited to join. One had written twelve volumes of history, upon which a world of pains and a mine of expense had been consumed; but which, with all its undeniable merits, the volatile temper of the times and the more exciting political themes of the day, seemed to incapacitate the present generation from duly appreciating. Another had just returned from a visit to the Alps and Appennines, and was about to transfer somewhat of the charms of the matchless scenery which from those heights is spread unboundedly to the view, to tales in prose and verse. A third was preparing an historical portrait for the Cabinet Cyclopaedia; and a fourth threw into his conversation that glow and eloquence which characterized those pretty little poetic garlands which ever and anon appeared under his name in the lighter "offerings" or "cabinets" which were to be described upon almost every drawing-room table in the kingdom.

Amongst the party was the Rev. Henry Stebbings, a lively, intelligent, and very agreeable person; but whose conversation partook of the fugitive cast which the line of life he had adopted was probably instrumental in imparting, and whose views upon some of the more serious topics which it is natural to suppose would most anxiously engage the attention of the christian and the clergyman, struck me as being tinged by the rambling propensity which his peculiar avocations may have induced. We had a good deal of conversation, for example, upon the distinctive properties of our admirable church,—the veneration which is due to her Liturgy,—and the bulwark presented both in that and in our Episcopacy against the disorganizing efforts of the religionists of the day; but my old-fashioned notions of conservatism in Church and State seemed rather to excite the wonder of my amiable and intelligent companion, and to provoke something in the shape of a protest against the high ground which, with an humble reference to the principles of the Bible, I felt it a duty to assume. There is nothing more absurd, more unwarrantable, or more injurious even to the interests of those whom, by partial concession, they would seem to serve, than the tendency, latterly so apparent, to compromise the vital principles of our Church and Constitution to the clamours of its ignorant or selfish opponents. If our own principles be correct—if they be based upon the rock of christian truth—if their genuineness has been tested by their practical workings, developed throughout many ages of happiness and honour, it is more than absurd, it is wicked to sacrifice them to the quiet sneers or to the bold menaces of the foe. If this spirit of concession be allowed to proceed in the details of christian duty, by and by we shall be called upon to apply it to the root and source of them all: if the every day christian principles which, as drawn from the book of God, we feel it a solemn duty to maintain, are, upon such grounds, to be abandoned, we may be persuaded at last to sacrifice the book of God itself,—the very concession at which the aim of these infidel clamourers is ultimately directed.

On one of the evenings of this week—having been favoured with a ticket by that estimable nobleman Lord Bexley—I proceeded to the House of Lords, which was now in session. It required almost the skill of a Dedalus to master the intricate and perplexing passages which lead to the room in which the peers assemble. This room is very spacious, of an oblong shape—furnished with an elegant throne, consisting of an immense canopy of crimson velvet, surmounted by an imperial crown, and supported by two columns richly gilt, and adorned with oak leaves and acorns. The interior of the hall is ornamented with tapestry, representing the glorious triumph of Protestant England over the formidable combinations of Popery in the victory achieved by our naval heroes and completed by the indignant elements

which guard our native isle, over the Spanish Armada.—This is a stirring remembrance; and well have our patriotic House of Lords obeyed the mute but expressive appeal which breathes from the arras around them. They have been often sacredly regardful of the claims of Protestantism when the "vox populi" was vociferous with the cry of concession; and the history which speaks from the canvass that encircles their walls seems to have inspired them ever to a faithful resistance to those jesuitic arts, now more sly and subtle, but which, if unresisted, will prove as formidable and as fearful as were the machinations which prompted the invasion by the Armada.

Upon my entering the House of Peers, I found Lord Plunkett upon the floor, speaking in vehement advocacy of the Reform Bill, and telling of the feats of his sworn "Hannibals," in Dublin, in favour of that revolutionary measure.—Lord Plunkett is a nobleman of unquestionable ability, but his tone of voice was harsh, and his manner struck me as coarse and unamiable. He was replied to by the Marquis of Londonderry in that tone of impetuous earnestness and spirited denunciation of the principles he was advancing, for which this honest but perhaps intemperate peer is so remarkable; and the Duke of Buckingham, verifying in obesity of personal appearance the Falstaff of Shakspeare, but with a mind whose elasticity suffered not from these inconvenient trammels of the flesh, spoke also in a risible tone of the patriotic ardour of those Hibernian aspirants to the fame of the son of Hamilear! The debate, or rather conversation, was wound up, in a style of cutting satire but with a manner which betokened the accomplishments of the gentleman and the peer, by Lord Ellenborough. Beneath his caustic remarks Lord Plunkett evidently winced; and although he offered no reply, it was whispered that the acrimony of Lord Ellenborough's observations so deeply stung his adversary that possibly he might be induced to notice it out of doors.

After this skirmish—in beautiful contrast to the war of words whose echoes had scarcely died away within these spacious halls, rose the benignant and placid Archbishop of Canterbury, on some matter referring to the pluralities of the Church. The "unsullied sanctity of his lawn" was beautifully interposed to allay the bitterness of personal invective, and to shew to the world that the British House of Peers was furnished with a corrective to the violence of party animosity by the presence of the learned and holy prelates of the land. The purport of the motion of the venerable Archbishop was the reformation of some abuse which time, as in the case of the best institutions it is wont to do, had engendered; a motion which Earl Grey immediately rose to commend, and, with many personal compliments to the venerable primate he congratulated the church upon applying the axe herself to these excrescences, and not waiting until unhallowed hands should strike the implement of destruction at the root. The noble Earl was doubtless sincere in his personal commendations of the Archbishop; and his professed regard for the real interests of the church may, at the moment, have been real; but zeal for his party and a morbid anxiety for the attainment of a favourite measure hurried him subsequently, we know, into expressions regarding the spiritual portion of the House of Lords which little became an independent Peer of the realm. His well-known declaration, or rather menace, to the Bishops—that they should "set their house in order"—was reiterated throughout the Empire by a thousand tongues; some, with a malicious satisfaction—others, in a tone of reprobation and from a quarter of influence, which must have called a blush to the cheek of the noble premier for so hasty and dangerous an expression. But days of a better and more conservative temper have arrived; and in the placid tenor of private life, Earl Grey manifests not only a religious adherence to the privileges of his "order," but a becoming determination to uphold the integrity of the Empire Church.

After this brief interchange of compliments between Earl Grey and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Aberdeen commenced a long speech, attacking the foreign policy of the ministry, and deprecating its system of interference in the affairs of Portugal, where the claims of legitimacy seemed to be overlooked by the rulers of our nation. Lord Aberdeen is a plain, good-natured looking man, with a little of the Scotch accent—gentlemanlike in his manner and mild in his address, but by no means, as far at least as from the present specimens I could judge, a fluent or agreeable speaker. His diction was very common-place, and there was at times a hesitancy and embarrassment which surprised me much in a speaker of so long standing. To Lord Aberdeen the Premier rose to reply: his speech was very animated; his manner earnest and graceful in itself borrowed a charm from the classic style of his countenance and the elegance of his person; and on the whole, even from the slight specimens of this one evening, you would feel empowered to pronounce Earl Grey an orator of no common stamp. His reasoning, however, was not free from sophistry, and the lack of argument was frequently supplied by those touches of declamation which the practised speaker knows so well how to employ; and when he could not unshingle the well-set propositions of Lord Aberdeen, he tried to break their power by a popular personal tirade against Don Miguel.

Upon Lord Grey's resuming his seat, the Duke of Wellington rose,—the hero of a hundred fights, and who, after the cessation of his campaigns in the "tented field," was called upon to fight his country's battles within the walls of Parliament. His Grace spoke mildly, but firmly, fluently and to the point; and although there was the utter absence of grace of diction or of oratorical skill about him, there was a sterling good sense in all he uttered which commanded universal attention. If inferior as a speaker to Earl Grey, which undoubtedly was the case, he struck me as much superior, in all the essential properties of a debater, to the Earl of Aberdeen.

It has not infrequently been a matter of doubt and dispute, whether the Duke of Wellington shone most in the cabinet or in the field: I shall not undertake to solve the difficulty; but may hazard this much, that it is hard to decide whether the services of this illustrious nobleman have been more efficacious to his country's weal when leading armies to conquest in India, or in the Peninsula, or at Waterloo, or when conducting to a moral victory the conservative phalanx in the House of Lords. But this is an ungrateful world, and the present generation have most lamentably attested the proverbial fickleness of popular favour. It was not many years since the Duke of Wellington was the idol of the people whom, by his foresight and able conduct of the gallant armies entrusted to his guidance, he delivered from the desolating ambition of a hitherto irresistible conqueror:—it was not long since the huzzas of the million welcomed his entry into his delivered country; not long

since the House of Commons rose to a man when the conqueror entered, and the Speaker, in the name of the representatives of the nation, expressed their thanks for his inestimable services;—but now the breath of the multitude was changed from its flattery into malediction. The Duke of Wellington was the opponent of 'Reform,' rather of 'Revolution,'—not hostile to the eradication of ascertained abuses, but steadily opposed to the mad proposition of tearing up by the roots the hardy and venerable 'oak' of the Constitution. These destructive innovations he resisted for the Empire's good; and, thank God, the Empire have returned to that soundness of reason and propriety of judgment which enables them to discern that the Duke of Wellington was right. Lately, when the venerable warrior kneeled before the throne of the youthful Victoria, and swore his loyal fealty, the huzzas of Britain's chivalry testified their admiration of its war-worn champion, and, by their applauding voices, proclaimed to their queen how safe was her diadem while such veterans were spared to defend it.

But the retrospect of 1831 is melancholy. A few weeks after the visit to the House of Lords already adverted to, I chanced to stand upon the memorable field of Waterloo: I looked from the mound raised to commemorate the glorious victory, upon the smiling plain around me; I marked the spots where warriors fell; and saw where the reeling squadrons of the French first compelled the now vanquished Napoleon to fly. I saw all this, and returned to England with heightened feelings of regard and gratitude to the Duke of Wellington; but alas! in walking towards Hyde Park, I observed the windows of Apsley House, the residence of the conqueror, barred up with deals and apparently tenanted. I inquired the cause, and was told that a mob, a few days before, had dashed their panes in pieces, and that this precaution had been adopted, against a repetition of their lawless outrages! The feeling that followed was humiliating, and I blushed for the ingratitude of Englishmen; yet, in reference to the wise designs of an overruling Providence who, by such evidences of popular vacillation, would teach us the worthlessness as well as fickleness of human applause and glory, I could not help responding in the words of the wise man, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

## ANECDOTE ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE EXCELLENCE OF THE PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH.

The rector of the parish called, for the first time, upon a poor woman who had just come into the parish and who was seriously ill. His visit appeared to be welcome. He sat down by her bedside, conversed with her for some time upon her spiritual state, and directed her attention to all the points on which it was most proper for him to insist. In all this she seemed to "hear him gladly." He then took the prayer book from his pocket, and knelt down. Her manner became immediately changed; but of this he took no notice at first, and proceeded to read a portion of our beautiful service for the visitation of the sick. It soon became evident that she was not joining in the prayers; that she was unmoved by what she heard; that it gave her no satisfaction—but the contrary. "Like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, and will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," she refused to listen to the solemn, and touching, and spiritual petitions, which the minister was offering in her behalf. He ceased therefore and asked for an explanation of this conduct. "Oh," she replied, "I can't bear to hear prayers that are read from a book; there's nothing spiritual in them. It isn't that I don't love prayer of the right sort; oh, no; there's my neighbour Simon Long who has the gift of prayer; I love to hear him; I could listen to him for ever." The worthy clergyman endeavoured to convince her of the absurdity of this prejudice; he observed to her that if a prayer was in itself a good prayer, it was not the worse for being printed in a book; he reminded her that "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works," proceed from the spirit of God and argued that prayers which have been well considered, well digested, and carefully drawn up, are more likely to be appropriate, and comprehensive, and scriptural, than the prayers "without book" of any man living.—But it was all to no purpose the poor deluded creature could pay no respect to a minister who did not come to her with what she termed the gift of prayer. The rector, therefore, took his leave; but not with the intention of abandoning her to the care of Simon Long without another effort to open her eyes. This Simon Long was in the same station of life with herself, and scarcely her superior in education. But he had learned to read, and by retaining in his memory certain texts and expressions of Scripture, and stringing together certain passages which he had collected from religious tracts, he was furnished with materials to perform the office he undertook; and had thus succeeded in persuading his neighbours, and perhaps himself, that he had the gift of prayer communicated to him by the Holy spirit. The rector (as I said was not willing to leave the poor woman in such hands. Accordingly he requested his curate to call upon her shortly afterwards, and try what could be done by keeping the prayer book out of sight. When the curate entered her room, she received him as she had received the rector before—respectfully. She did not know who he was, nor did he then tell her; but she was glad (she said) to see any one who came to talk to her on religious subjects, and begged him to sit down. A Bible was at hand, and he took it up, and went to her a suitable chapter, and commented upon it as he read along, much to her satisfaction. He then told her that he was about to offer up some prayers for her; and, kneeling down, repeated by heart, some from the Visitation Service, and some from other parts of the Prayer Book. She was delighted; "She had never heard anything so fine, so comforting, so spiritual!" so different from the cold, dull, formal, book prayers she had heard the other day from another gentleman! She even liked them better than the prayers of her neighbour Simon! I need hardly add that some of them were the very same prayers which the rector had read by her bedside before.—From the Rev. Sir Herbert Oakley's *Ad. dress to his Parishioners, &c.* (Penny Sunday Reader.)

## The Garner.

## MATERIALISM.

The doctrine of the Materialists was always, even in my youth, a cold heavy, dull and insupportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I had heard with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual accretion of matter and its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening into sensibility and acquiring such organs as were necessary by its own inherent forces, and at last rising into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields or woods by the banks of rivers brought back my feelings from nature to God; I saw in all the powers of matter the instruments of the deity; the sunbeams, the

breath of the Zephyr awakened animation in forms prepared by divine intelligence to receive it; the insensate seed, the slumbering egg, which were to be vivified, appeared like the new born animal, works of a divine mind; I saw love as the creative principle in the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute. Then my own mind, I felt connected with new sensations and indefinite hopes, a thirst for immortality; the great names of other ages and of distant nations appeared to me to be still living around me; and even in the funeral monuments of the heroic and the great, I saw as it were, the decree of the indestructibility of mind. These feelings, though generally considered as poetical, yet, I think offer a sound philosophical argument in favour of the immortality of the soul. In all the habits and instincts of young animals, their feelings or movements may be traced in intimate relation to their improved perfect state; their sports have always affinities to their modes of hunting or catching their food, and young birds even in the nest show marks of fondness, which when their frames are developed become signs of actions necessary to the reproduction and preservation of the species. The desire of glory, of honor, of immortal fame and of constant knowledge, so usual in young persons of well constituted minds, cannot I think be other than symptoms of the infinite and progressive nature of intellect—hopes, which as they cannot be gratified here belong to a frame of mind suited to a nobler state of existence.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

## THE REDEEMER'S TEARS.

All the tears that Jesus shed on earth were tears of compassion. Those he wept over Jerusalem were, perhaps the most tender and the most numerous. There was much pathos in the transaction at the tomb of Lazarus. But that was the grave of a friend, and he was surrounded by those whose tears were yet freely flowing for their recent loss. He gazed upon a rebellious and guilty city, thronged with his bitterest enemies, who thirsted for his blood. He foresaw the sufferings he was about to endure without her gates. These however elicited no tears. He looked further to the tempests of wrath, that were already gathering over her towers, and were soon to burst in desolating judgments upon her children. This opened the fountain of his compassionate sorrows, and if tears alone could have saved her, she had not perished.—And I look back to the full accomplishment of Jerusalem's woes with only the common interest of a student of history? Can I contemplate the present state of her outcast and scattered families, and withhold the tribute of a tear? Surely the callous indifference of christians to the condition of the children of Israel has been a part of the curse denounced upon unhappy Zion. Nor has it been less than a partial curse to ourselves. "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee." O Saviour! let one of those tears as it were, fall upon my heart, and assimilate it to the tenderness of thine. Then shall I look on sinners generally, as thou didst; and my best affections, and my most strenuous efforts, will be engaged to every plan which promises well for the wide diffusion of the saving benefits of thy redeeming love. Were I more like thee, I could not pass a day without shedding many a secret tear; without pouring forth many a fervent prayer; without using some means for the salvation of perishing sinners.—*Rev. J. East.*

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