

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

LXIII. DAVID.—CONTINUED.

- 844. The third place of David's retreat was Gath, one of the cities of the Philistines.—What were the humiliating expedients to which on this occasion David had recourse? and what was the issue?—(1 Samuel.)
345. The fourth place of his resort was the cave Adullam.—Who among his relatives here joined him? and what was the number and character of his general associates?—(1 Sam.)
346. The fifth place was Mizpeh, the residence of the King of Moab: the object of his journey seems to have been that of requesting a particular favour from the King.—What should you suppose it to have been?—(1 Sam.)
After this journey, David returned to his own land, and remained successively in the Forest of Hareth, the Wilderness of Ziph, the Wilderness of Paran, and other similar places, in the various strong holds with which the country abounded.—What are the incidents recorded during this period relative to—
347. I. The inhabitants of Keilah?—(1 Sam.)
348. II. The meeting of Jonathan and David?—(1 Sam.)
349. III. The cutting off the skirt of Saul's robe in the cave?—(1 Sam.)
350. IV. The sparing of Saul's life while sleeping in the trench?—(1 Sam.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- Jan. 6.—Epiphany.
13.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
20.—Second do do do
23.—Conversion of St. Paul.
27.—Septuagesima Sunday.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS. No. XXXIII.

JOURNEY TO BATH AND CLIFTON.

There was so much to render London to me a second home,—old friendships so much deepened and strengthened, and so many new ones formed,—that albeit the passion of curiosity was strong, and the desire highly excited of beholding other scenes, and customs, and people, I could not turn my back upon the metropolis of England without many feelings of regret. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of a sultry day in July,—all nature fresh and luxuriant from the rains which, in great abundance, had previously fallen,—that I took my seat for Bath at the Golden Cross, near the equestrian statue of the martyred Charles; and after some pause at that thoroughfare of coaches, Regent's Circus, we drove up Piccadilly, passed through Kensington,—just skirting its beautiful and inviting gardens,—traversed Hounslow Heath, surrounded with martial associations, and came abreast Windsor Castle just as the setting sun was flinging his declining splendours upon the turrets of that majestic royal residence, and gilding the summits of the "distant spires" of Eton College. There is in Windsor Castle,—standing out upon an eminence, and receiving, as it did then, the glow of the setting sun,—something which the eye and feelings recognize at once as an abode befitting the Kings and Queens of the world's greatest Empire: we feel, even from a passing view, that it is a structure in some keeping with the physical greatness and moral grandeur of the nation who have raised and adorned it as the residence of their honoured Sovereigns;—just as the massy and magnificent fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral tells out, in the heart of London, the homage which a religious people pays to its recognized Church.

It is a mistaken policy,—as most persons who have considered the subject admit,—which would stint the ministers of religion, though it be a heart-humbling Gospel that they preach, to a narrowness of stipend which, in worldly condition, would place them almost upon an equality with the day-labourer; because, while such lowliness of earthly state would too often exclude from all companionship with, and all influence upon, the higher orders of society, there are very many of its humblest grades who would be amongst the foremost to regard with indifference or contempt an office apparently so degraded; and it is no less a mistake to separate from royalty that state and splendour which, with an inherent and honest prejudice, we are wont to associate with the name. Amongst the conceits of the age, the offspring...to speak charitably,—of a spurious and misunderstood philanthropy, but—to speak truly—the effect of a levelling pride, is a mawkish attempt to bring down the profession of a Christian teacher to a state of artificial beggary, and to reduce forms of government to the sylvan simplicity of a period in the world's history, when kings followed the plough and performed their own menial offices! It seems to be forgotten that stern necessity constrained the condition of things, to which they would now assimilate the aspect of the more civilized world: that if there was a time when Gospel preachers had to toil as fishermen, or labour at tent-making for their subsistence, it was because a better provision for their wants was not practicable; and that, if kings once tended sheep and tilled the land, it was because their sterile or thinly peopled countries afforded an insufficiency of extraneous means for their becoming maintenance. In the voluntary humiliation which such empires would recommend, it would be needful to substitute the cave of the desert for the ornamented temple of prayer; or, in conformity with their primitive and Arcadian tastes, be content to live in thatched cottages, feed upon acorns, and be clothed with the skins of beasts!

In the case of our Kings and Queens, we have observed, latterly, some show of accommodation to this shallow doctrine of political economists,—a readiness to curtail even a Coronation solemnity of the decent pomp and pageantry which fairly pertains to it. It is true that our Sovereign lives in the hearts of her subjects, and the solemn imposition of the diadem on her brow is not needed to quicken the homage of her devoted people; but we are unwilling to part with the gorgeousness even of earthly state in a ceremonial which Scriptural sanction as well as our fathers' customs have endeared to us; nor shall we deny that we look with a more religious awe to our loyal obligations, when the highest minister of the sanctuary invests her with the crown, and pronounces her the "anointed of the Lord."

Bidding adieu to Windsor Castle, we proceeded on,—the "shadows of the evening stretching out" over the landscape,—to the town of Reading; a place of considerable size, where, in a most comfortable hotel, a hot repast was spread for such of the coach passengers as were disposed to partake of it. This was a comfort which, at the midnight hour, ma-

ny were naturally glad to seize; but extraordinary, and, if we may term them so, unseasonable comforts, are—every where perhaps, but especially in England—purchased at an extraordinary cost. At a seasonable hour, a fair price is paid for the hasty meal which the brief halt of the coach permits us to snatch; but at an unseasonable hour, there seems no unfairness in nearly doubling the charge for the same hurried refreshment!

We rattled over the pavements of Reading; and not long after, in passing through a turnpike gate, we came bolt upon a jaunting car crowded with young gentlemen,—some of whom seemed in no mood to regard with complacency this accidental collision. While the driver of the coach and the driver of the car were, with great "spirit and decency," inveighing each against the other's stupidity, no progress of course was made on our respective journeys; so, with a becoming regard to the value of time—for the "iron tongue of midnight had long tolled twelve"—a youth from the car, suddenly dismounting, seized the bridle of one of our leaders and was whirling the coach rather hazardously round, when the coachman, in self-defence we must believe, applied his ponderous lash to the offender, and caused him effectually to unloose his grasp. We were now in a fair way for a row, and peaceable passengers might have suffered in the meleè; but our coachman was dexterous, and glided by, before the wounded assailant could recover his ground, or fresh ones dismount to the attack! No pause, of course, was made to inquire into the extent of damage inflicted upon the limbs of the rash youth, who would impede the progress and endanger the safety of a public coach with all its important freight!

About sunrise on the following morning, we discovered at some distance to the left, on the side of a precipitous eminence, what is termed the "white horse,"—a gigantic figure of that animal carved from a chalky cliff. We passed, on our way, through Marlboro' and Devizes, and the pretty village of Melksham, and arrived at Bath about 8 o'clock. The approach to this city is very striking,—hill and valley in continual interchange, and the same undulating variety marking the locality of the city itself. Terraces and crescents, built up with rows of beautiful houses and of that beautiful stone which takes its name from the city, present themselves in various directions,—standing out in bold relief upon some sloping eminence, which affords to the spectator a panoramic view,—and rendering Bath, taking the city in all its parts, next to the new town of Edinburgh, the handsomest in the United Kingdom.

The distribution of some of the few letters of introduction I had brought with me, produced an early response; and in not many hours I was engaged in a sight-seeing circuit with an obliging and intelligent friend. To expedite the progress of these rambles, I availed myself of what in Bath is termed a "fly," a lighter order of hackney coach; and the various quarters of the city and its environs were visited which offer to the stranger's eye the best attractions. There was little of the bustle of business to be discerned; but, as in the village of the Hague in Holland, an aristocratic stillness pervades the streets. Amongst the places visited, of course the hot-wells and the pump-room were not omitted; and in this last stands a statue of Beau Nash, once the presiding genius of the spot.

The Sydney Gardens are a fashionable and pleasing place of resort,—exhibiting a delightful interchange of grove and lawn; where we found some regaling themselves in still and shady arbours, or sauntering leisurely along the smooth gravel walks, while several youths were pursuing their manly sports upon the bowling green. It happened to be a club day; and at this moment, the gymnastic contention was closing. These are recreations which impart to the youth of England a mental and moral vigour, as well as that physical power which distinguishes them so much from the Continental nations; and long may it be before these hardy and virtuous exercises give place to the sensual and enervating pastimes of France, Italy and Spain, or to the blunt and brutish customs of northern Europe!—In another part of Bath, is a new Park, then just forming, and called, I believe, after our gracious queen Victoria,—laid out, as it struck me, as far as respects the tasteful interchange of grass and flower plots, after the model of the Zoological Gardens of London.

On one of the days of my short sojourn in this city, I dined with a friend, from whom the circumstance of certain transatlantic associations produced a succession of the most gratifying and obliging attentions, in a remarkably pretty cottage on an eminence about a mile to the west of the town. In front was the smooth shaven lawn; from whence a gradation of grassy terraces brought you to a pond in the centre of a kitchen and ornamental garden,—shrubs and parterres of flowers mingling with those useful viands which are transplanted to the hospitable board, and practically illustrating the saying of the poet—

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."

This intellectual evening was pleasingly spent; and on the following day, Sunday, I accompanied this interesting family to the Abbey Church. This is a capacious and very venerable edifice, and the vestibule contains a large number of monumental tablets, on many of which were engraven the names of individuals likely to enjoy a more durable immortality than marble can convey. The usual Church service, with an intermixture perhaps of somewhat more than the ordinary chanting, was performed; and a very appropriate and impressive sermon was preached upon the observance of the Sabbath.—I say appropriate, because in this city of fashion, trespasses upon the sabbath's sanctity are not so uncommon as to render needless these solemn reminiscences of its sacred origin and intent. During the afternoon of this day, I was pleasantly reminded of the endearments of a far-off home by the maternal attentions of a friend (now no more) in Pierpoint Place; who, with her immediate connexions, caused many of those hours to pass cheerily and joyously along, which otherwise in a place of strangers, might have proved wearisome and dull. In the evening of this day, I attended the chapel of Mr. Jay, the celebrated Independent Minister, in Argyll Place, Pulteney Street; but I was disappointed in the immediate object of my attendance, the hearing Mr. Jay himself. He was out of town; and his substitute, although he acquitted himself in a very creditable manner, could scarcely be accounted even second, if all accounts were true, to the individual whose place he supplied. A very fine organ,—but if I recollect right, placed in a loft behind the pulpit, and not, as is usual, in front,—was accompanied by the almost universal voices of the congregation; so that the singing was rendered peculiarly impressive and refreshing, while the conduct of the service in general was marked by much decorum and apparent piety.

The following morning was spent in a very gratifying manner in numerous calls upon individuals of various rank and fortune,—among the number, the venerable and excel-

lent Mrs. Bowdler, now past fourscore years of age, but unimpaired in intellectual vigour, and with the glow especially of Christian faith and hope undimmed. These calls were concluded by an early dinner with a very intelligent friend, then resident in Darlington Street, who pressed the acceptance of this hospitality at an obvious inconvenience to himself. A Captain of the Navy, who had known something of the hardships of American warfare, and a seriously disposed and well-informed young gentleman from the East Indies, formed part of this amiable and intelligent little party. The home-like gratifications enjoyed in this pleasant social coterie were, however, too soon abridged; for I had engaged my passage in the Clifton coach for that evening, and my ulterior arrangements,—amongst others, a voyage across the Channel to Ireland,—would not allow me to postpone my stay in Bath even for another day.

The coach road from Bath to Bristol intersects a country of surpassing beauty and interest. Keynsham, a very pretty village, lies about mid-way; and we also pass the village of Newton, where is the park and seat of Colonel Gore Langton. Another object of peculiar interest which meets us in this route, is the celebrated Lunatic Asylum, founded by Dr. Fox; one of those edifices, with which England abounds, grander far in their moral conception and influences than in the attraction which, from imposing front and just proportions, they lend to the scenery of the land!

We reached Bristol in about an hour and a half, but I did not alight until we were set down at the Gloucester Hotel in Clifton.

The Garner.

THE LONG SUFFERING OF GOD.

Long-suffering is God's darling attribute; and what is dear in his sight ought not to be less precious in ours. And how marvellous is his patience, who daily pours his blessings on those men, who as daily offend, affront, and dishonour him; making his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, sending rain on the unjust as well as the just, and not excluding the worst of us from those blessings, to the least of which the best of us have no title! For the benefit of the guilty as well as the innocent, of the impious as well as the pious, of the ungrateful as well as the grateful, the seasons take their rounds, the elements work together, the light and air exert their kindly influences, the fountains send forth their salutary streams, the corn-fields grow yellow, the grapes ripen upon the vines, the boughs of the fruit-trees bend down, the groves are clothed, and the pastures flourish.—The gospel is still preached to those who slight it; salvation is still held forth to those who have so often dashed it from them; Christ is still offered to those who have blasphemed him. And although God be provoked every day, yet he holds his hand, and waits patiently, till the last minute of man's trial and the world's duration be past. Although he have the power in his own hands, and the weapons of his indignation are all ready, he defers to strike, if perhaps men may at length be led by his long-suffering to repentance; "because he wills not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted, and live;" and, while judgment sleeps, mercy calls night and day to sinners, "Why will ye die? Repent, and ye shall be forgiven; turn ye, and ye shall live." Yet God's blessings are abused to the purposes of luxury and lasciviousness; his truth is denied; his commandments are broken; his Church is persecuted; his ministers are insulted; his Son is crucified afresh; and his own long-suffering is made an argument against his existence,—and he is still patient. What is man, then, that he should complain?—Bishop Horne.

OFFICE OF ANGELS.

Heaven has, no less than earth, its active duties; the blessedness of heaven is an useful and energetic blessedness; and they who are sometimes painted as feasting in the kingdom and enjoying the presence of their maker, are at others described as engaged in battle with the great dragon and his adherents, as stopping, in the cause of the saints, the mouths of lions, and subduing the violence of fire, as keeping guard round the prophets of the Lord, and as bearers of His orders to them; as ministering to the Son of God after his temptation, and in the hour of His mortal agony consoling and sustaining him; as anxious and exulting witnesses of His Kingdom upon earth; as calling the Gentile Cornelius to be the first fruits of Christian adoption; as smiting with an invisible sword the arrogant and persecuting Herod, and breaking down before the apostle Peter the chains and gates of his captivity.—Bishop Heber.

THE UNCHURCHING OF A NATION.

I know not how far the conquests, or the commerce of a country, might remain unaffected by the loss of its Christianity. But this I know, that God's blessing could no longer rest on its victories, or accompany its trade; and that, therefore, if its armies triumphed, the triumph would be virtually defeat; and if its ships were richly freighted, it would be with fruits, which, like the fabled ones from the Dead Sea's shore, turn to ashes in the mouth. No, we again say, come any thing rather than this. Come barrenness into our soil; come discord into our councils; come treason into our camps; come wreck into our navies—but let us not be unchurched as a nation. We may be beloved of God, and He may have purposes of mercy towards us, whilst he takes from us our temporal advantages, but still leaves us our spiritual. He may be only disciplining us as a parent; and the discipline proves, not merely that there is need, but that there is room, for repentance. But if we were once deprived of the Gospel; if the Bible ceased to circulate amongst our people; if there were no longer the preaching of Christ in our Churches; if we were left to set up reason instead of Revelation, to bow the knee to the God of our own imaginations, and to burn unhallowed incense before the idols which the madness of speculation would erect—then farewell, a long farewell, to all that has given dignity to our state, and happiness to our homes; the foundations of true greatness would be all undermined, the bulwarks of real liberty shaken, the springs of peace poisoned, the sources of prosperity dried up; and a coming generation would have to add our name to those of countries whose national decline has kept pace with their religions, and to point to our fate as exhibiting the awful comprehensiveness of the threat, "I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."—Rev. H. Melvill.

As sickness teaches the patient to prize the physician's aid; as slavery leads the captive to seek for liberty; and condemnation makes the criminal cry for mercy; so the knowledge of our own condemnation and guilt, prepares the soul for the reception of Jesus Christ.—Pike.

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