

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXVIII. CARMEL.—CONTINUED.

309. Carmel was the name of another mountain in the southern part of the tribe of Judah: it was here that the covetous and unfeeling Nabal resided.—Do you recollect any of the particulars of David's application to him?—(1 Samuel.)

310. The word Carmel signifies "The Vine of God," and this mountain was noted for its fertility. One of the kings of Judah, who is stated to have "loved husbandry" had vine-dressers in Carmel.—Do you remember his name?—(2 Chronicles.)

311. The blessings of the Gospel are frequently described by the names of places celebrated for their fruitfulness. Carmel is one of these places. Thus, The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.—Can you tell where this prophecy occurs?—(Isaiah.)

XXXIX. CYRUS.

312. Cyrus, the king of Persia, was foretold by name nearly 200 years before the events transpired which were predicted respecting him.—Where is this striking prophecy recorded?—(Isaiah.)

313. One part of this prophecy relates to the means which should be adopted by him towards rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem.—Where is the accomplishment of this event related?—(Ezra.)

314. Another part of the prophecy states that God would loose the loins of kings to open before Cyrus the two-leaved gates.—Where do you find the accomplishment of this declaration?—(Daniel.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Sept. 29.—St. Michael and all Angels. 30.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SONNETS IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXIX.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—CONTINUED.

Amongst the various sources of intellectual enjoyment in London, there is none more varied or bountiful than the House of Commons; so that after the gratifying evening I spent there, the particulars of which have already been detailed, it was not long before I availed myself again of the 'feast of reason' which it offers.

Upon entering, I found that the House had just gone into Committee on the Reform Bill; and clause 27 of that celebrated measure was, at the moment, under discussion. It proved a very animated and very interesting debate, and I sat many hours gratified and edified by the various able speeches which were delivered. Lord Althorp, at the time, was in possession of the floor; unravelling, as well as he might, the intricacies of the measure he was pledged to advocate;—"explaining," as in parliamentary phraseology, it is termed; mystifying, as, in sober parlance, his Lordship's well-meant but feeble exhibition of oratory must be deemed.

When he had concluded his remarks, Mr. Frankland Lewis rose,—a portly man, with a fine countenance, and a small but keen and searching eye. His words were evidently no desultory remarks,—no random shots, which might or might not take effect; but the leaky vessel of 'reform' was battered with an artillery of logic and eloquence which might provoke this cry of its adherent,

"nonne vides, ut Nudum religio Intus, Et nuda celeri suavis Africo, Antennis quo gemat?"

The chain of his reasoning was most creditably kept up; and the duller series of mere argumentation was enlivened by many a burst of genuine eloquence which woke the 'hear, hear,' in volumes of approving voices from the Conservative Benches, and won many tokens of approbation even from the occupants of the Treasury side of the House. Mr. Frankland Lewis, although, doubtless, not of the first order of public speakers, is one whom, upon a subject calculated like the present to call forth the vigour of a statesman's powers, you cannot fail to hear with satisfaction; and the prolonged cheers which followed the conclusion of his speech showed that his fellow legislators partook of the admiration which his hearers in the gallery so evidently felt.

Mr. Lewis's speech was powerful, and it manifestly made a great impression; and I was pleased to see that the Chairman of the Canada Committee of 1828 was, at bottom, so sound and eloquent a Conservative. Although the presiding member of that Committee, it does not necessarily follow that he was equally prominent in the advocacy of the opinions which it promulgated; yet its Report seems something anomalous in legislation, for while by many in the Canadian Provinces it has been regarded as a species of Colonial Magna Charta, and often alluded to as gravely by Cabinet Ministers and by others who can detect in its recommendations any thing to favour their peculiar views, as if it were the law of the land,—yet it is a Report that has never been adopted by the House which sanctioned its publication!

When Mr. Lewis sat down, after his admirable observations upon the Reform Bill, the friends of that measure probably thought that some speaker of name should come forward to break the force of that speech, and unhinge the compactness of its reasoning; and, accordingly, Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer rose to weaken, either by the celebrity of his name or the force of his eloquence, the impression which the opponent of 'Reform' had evidently left upon the House. Mr. Bulwer is a tall, and otherwise remarkably fine looking man, with a mild expression of countenance, a bland and winning smile, and a manner of much grace and considerable energy. His words flowed with rapidity enough; but there was not that variety in the intonation of his voice which, even had his words been better chosen or had they clothed an argumentation of greater power, could long rivet the attention of his hearers. His voice was peculiar and bordering rather on a feminine tone; and a strong lip, with a striking inability to pronounce the letter r, not only destroyed the pleasingness and effect of his enunciation, but rendered him in many of his sentences quite unintelligible.

Mr. Bulwer's vocation as a novelist evidently distinguished him more than his efforts as a public speaker, or his zeal as a politician; but I cannot say that I could wish him to abandon the latter for a more undivided devotion to what is clearly the bent of his taste and talent. I could wish him from my heart, to abandon both; because he is, in his political principles, a republican, and therefore unfit to sit in a legislature, the sworn duty of whose members is to protect the altar and the throne; and because his religious sentiments are tinged if not with infidelity, at least with

scepticism; and the poison of his principles spreads the more widely and is accepted the more incautiously from the gorgeous colouring which enshrouds them from the casual view.

Speaking of both the political and religious principles of Mr. Bulwer, it is refreshing as well as instructive to contrast him with the late Sir Walter Scott. I recollect that when the death of this great and good man was announced, and Bulwer told us, in his peculiar eloquence, of the potency of the magic wand which had been broken, and of the sweetness of the lyre whose chords had been snapped, he paid a compliment to the political principles of his rival of which Conservatives might be proud. He stated that although of the highest order of Tories in his political sentiments, Sir Walter Scott was a Liberal in the kindness of his heart and in the practical beneficence of his life; at the same time that, adverting to the contrasted qualities of the deceased Lord Byron, he spoke strongly of the painful contradiction between the principles and the practice of that noble bard,—that whilst he was a Liberal in his politics, he was the proudest and the sternest of mankind in the walks of every day life.

There are every day realizations of the incongruity of which Mr. Bulwer complains; and it may be asserted as an established truth, that while the professors of what are termed high Tory doctrines in politics are, as a general rule, the kindest-hearted and the most indulgent of men, the peer or commoner, or the meaner follower in their wake, who drops lionized accents about the rights of the people, the boon of universal suffrage, and all that can be thought to bring the mass of mankind to that dead level which neither Scripture, nor reason, nor expediency sanction, is often the voracious dog and the most capricious and irritable of tyrants in his sphere of social or domestic duty.

But a word more of Mr. Bulwer.—Rich and inventive as his genius is, and great the celebrity he has acquired, he seems lamentably deficient in that knowledge—and fervently do we pray that he may yet acquire it—which refreshed the dying hours of the good Sir Walter Scott. We could wish him, though it were at the eleventh hour of life, the possession of that comfort which, with a kindling look, yet with a moistened eye, Sir Walter thus expressed to an attendant friend in his last illness,—"I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and to have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted out."

The Honourable Mr. Trevor, member for the city of Durham, rose to reply to Mr. Bulwer;—a high conservative, but evincing no power of debate, and failing evidently to gain attention, far less to make an impression. There was a good deal of that species of interruption to his speech which the House of Commons know so well how to offer, when they would bring a prolix or inefficient member of their body to that consciousness which a native self-love and vanity so generally obstructs,—that he is saying little either to amuse or edify his hearers, that he is needlessly wasting the gas which sparkles in the burners around him, and that he is most thoughtlessly abridging the term of sleep to which the advanced hour is inviting many an eyelid! But this was an interruption which the aristocratic spirit of Mr. Trevor could ill brook: he paused—turned a scornful glance towards those who were loudest in the irreverential confusion—cast a hasty look of appeal to the chair—and then, in a calm yet energetic tone proclaimed to honourable members that he would await their convenience certainly, but should occupy the floor until he could be heard. This produced a momentary lull, and Mr. Trevor was heard rather patiently to the end of his speech. This calm and resolute behaviour—requiring a strength of nerve and a moral energy which few can command, because the pride of the spirit usually breaks beneath this cruel contempt of the House—was evinced out of doors a few evenings after by the same honourable member. He and the Marquis of Londonderry were riding together near the House of Lords; and no uncommon result of the popular and fostered frenzy of the day, various ruffians who might safely be challenged for a solitary reason for their enmity, assailed them with brick bats and stones. The noble pair looked calmly and contemptuously round upon the hooting and pelting crowd; and reining in their horses to a quiet walk, shamed the mob into a speedy cessation of their unmanly and unprovoked assault.

Amongst those who took part in the discussions of this evening, was Sir Charles Wetherell,—who dealt out volumes of wit and sarcasm against the misshapen bantering of the infatuated Whigs! He is the very personification of drollery: his countenance so quizzical that it alone would provoke a smile—his dress so untrimmed, and his manner so odd, that you would suppose him the standing jester of the House! But perhaps there was not at the time a sounder lawyer, or a man of more vivid intellect in the kingdom than Sir Charles Wetherell; and although in his railings at the Reform Bill, and in his appeals to the House not to reduce them to the beggary of political sans culottes, he excited roars of laughter, when not a muscle of his own humour-breathing face was moved, there was a tenderness in his observations, a point in his remarks, and a vigour in his conceptions that made you feel that, altho' like Esop at play, he had partially unstrung his master-mind, it could soon be braced up to a vigour and power before which his opponents, parting with all their mirth, would quail.

Colonel Sibthorpe followed,—a fine, soldier-like looking person; but his mustachios were more prominent than his eloquence, and his whiskers would command more attention than his speech. His remarks were very rambling; and he had better have been content to be one of the 'dumb dogs' of the House, than weary it as he did into distressful signs of impatience.

Lord John Russell also appeared upon the floor, but said little, and that in a tone of voice almost inaudible. His appearance is very homely; and his look as heavy almost as the queries from his pen which encumber the shelves of his bookshelves! At that time he was the lordly representative of a County, and in the application of the pruning-knife to the borough, had declared—with a lingering persuasion, no doubt, that Devon would never forget its mood of gratitude to a patriot so disinterested—that never would he sit in the House of Commons, unless as the representative of a County. His lordship has subsequently arrived at the belief that rash vows are wont to be made which are better honoured in the breach than in the observance; for in about four years after this magniloquent resolve, the changed temper of the ungrateful people of Devon compelled him to avail himself of the influence of political connexion in procuring a seat for the humble borough of Stroud! Lord John Russell, too, in the sudden and unlooked intoxication of forming one of a majority, could speak of the conscientious and salutary opposition of the House of Lords as "the whisper of a faction." The whisper has since grown into a potent voice, sufficient

to alarm the wild abettors of revolution; and it is a voice which a large majority of the electors, and an immense majority of the wealth, intelligence, and piety of England most heartily responds to.

Sir Robert Peel rose soon after; and, like some great magician, he soon stilled into silence the murmurs which were floating throughout the House. Even at the announcement of his name by the chairman, there was a check to the hum of conversation around; as he proceeded, there was a hush of every murmur; and as his tones grew louder, and his manner more energetic, you could have heard the dropping of a pen upon the floor in the remotest extremity of the House. Shouts of approbation soon followed;—deep and concentrated, when they bespoke assent to some high principle, which neither persecution nor taunt could induce them to forego,—harsh, quick and ironical, when they would lend an impetus to the sarcasm which he knew so well how to direct. Sir Robert Peel is certainly a speaker of extraordinary power; and in adverting to him and to others both in the Lords and Commons of the same principles, we may look forward with hope to the ultimate triumph of the party which possesses beyond all comparison the wealth, the talent, yes and the integrity of the country.

COWPER.

It is almost impossible to speak of the productions of this amiable and unfortunate poet, except in connexion with his religious character; and it were well for us all if, in doing so, we remembered the remark of Hooker, that three words uttered with charity and meekness will receive a more blessed reward than volumes written with disdainfulness and sharpness of wit. They who, against every principle of common sense, venture to attribute the sufferings of Cowper to religion, evidently know nothing of the subject. They mistake religion for fanaticism. Under the most happy combination of circumstances he would always have been subject to occasional melancholy, but there can be no doubt that a milder and more scriptural belief would have mitigated his malady. For many years he had been living in an artificial manner. His mental constitution, always weak, lost its tone more and more; and the gentle and beneficial stimulants afforded by change of scene and society were out of his reach in the seclusion to which he had banished himself. If it be objected that the poet followed his own inclination, we venture to doubt the assertion: the delight with which he welcomed Lady Austen rather opposes such a conclusion. His amiable mirthfulness of temper, his blandness of manner, his delicacy of taste, all rendered him more than commonly susceptible of the innocent enjoyments of life. There is such a thing as change of air for the mind as well as for the body. It is vain to say that the intellect may retain its vigour. Mozart composed his 'Requiem' while sinking beneath the imaginary terrors of a supernatural visitor; and Cowper wrote the 'Cast Away' while doubting if his servant, Sarah Kerrison, would find him in the morning. The instantaneous rapidity with which he leapt from the lowest depth of horror into the most triumphant ecstasies, soon produced a corresponding intensity of exhaustion. It was impossible that those days and nights of rapture could continue without a fatal result; at length the body vanquished the spirit, and then came the depression, the weariness, the heart-sickness, all centering in the terrible delusion that God had abandoned him. The moment he ceased to feel what has been called the transcendental comfort—that moment he beheld an insurmountable wall built up between himself and eternal happiness. Such were his own words to Hayley.—Nothing can exceed the ingenuity with which he argues his own condemnation; to employ a phrase of Locke, he reasons rightly on a wrong principle. The favour of God, he thought, was revealed in glimpses of divine light, in sensations of unearthly joy, in elevations of the soul to heaven; the faintest cloud upon the spirits was interpreted into a sign of God's displeasure. Thus he kept the edges of his wounds raw by perpetual irritation. But if his theological learning had not been limited to the works of Doddridge and Watts, he would have known that he shared these spiritual droopings with the best and greatest men. There will always be days of storm as well as sunshine in the Christian's calendar. It is the nature of all sectarianism to narrow and prejudice the mind, and Cowper did not escape its injurious influence. * * * But we will not linger upon this painful passage in Cowper's history; his errors arose out of those of his friends; his prejudices were the offspring of theirs. He is gone to their reward, and it is consolatory to believe that the pillow of death was smoothed by ONE, whose salutation was PEACE! and that his weakness was made strong in the might of a Redeemer. His epitaph may be found in the touching expressions of another poet, upon whose eyes the mild rays of paradise have also shone!

"Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long; But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking, And the sound which thou heard'st wast the Seraphim's song." Heber.

The change of the seasons, and particularly the falling leaves of autumn always affected him with melancholy forebodings. "Shall I behold these trees another year?" Such mournful communion did he hold with his heart. He is now gone where the leaves never fall, and all is well! * * * It is as a descriptive poet,—as the adorning of the domestic charities of life,—that Cowper has obtained a home in every heart of sensibility. He has brought the muse in her most attractive form to sit down with us by our hearths, and breathed a sanctity and a charm over the commonest transactions of life. He builds up no magic castles, he leads us into no enchanted gardens, or bowers of bliss; no silver lutes sigh through his verse; no wings of fairy glisten upon his page; instead of wandering along the twilight shores of old Romance, he is teaching over the book of life, and unfolding to our eyes that conjugation of many duties which forms our intercourse with the world. How pleasantly with him glides away the morning in all the rural delights of 'the Garden,' and what a delicious warmth and comfort breathe over his 'Winter Evening':

"Gathering in short notice in one group The family dispers'd, and fixing thought, Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares."

[Church of England Quarterly Review.]

The Garner.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

In the absence of a national Church, worship may be conducted, week after week, without prayer for the king. We are altogether unwilling to leave this important matter in any uncertainty. We observe that it formed a part of the decree of the heaven-instructed king of Persia, concerning God's house of prayer, that therein prayer should be offered for the

king and his sons. And it is a subject of high scriptural satisfaction to us, that in the houses of God in our land we have a prescribed "form of sound words," wherein, according to the commandment of God, and the commandment of the king, (not according to our own fluctuating choice or treacherous memory,) we are to pray for the king, and for all who are in authority under him; that we may be quietly and godly governed. Under this is a precious exercise! There is something in it so congenial to the heart that loves the King of kings,—there is something in affectionate loyalty so near akin to true religion, because the king is an image on earth of God's temporal authority over all men,—there is something so congenial to the soul that is subdued under the authority of the great King, and finds that subjugation of spirit mingled with true affection, the love of Jesus as the Saviour of sinners joining with submission to Jesus as "the Prince of the kings of the earth,"—there is something so congenial to that soul, in pouring forth prayer for God's blessing upon the King, that I marvel not at the joy real Christians find in the liturgy of our Church in this respect. And I would affectionately and earnestly exhort you all to cultivate this joy more and more; and let the affections of your soul go forth, while your lips utter words of prayer for the king—"O Lord, save the King." You are invited to say it often in the course of our service; you are invited to remember that he is "the minister of God to you for good," and to pray "that he, knowing whose minister he is, may above all things seek God's honour and glory; and that we and all his subjects, duly considering whose authority he hath, may faithfully serve, honour, and humbly obey him in Christ and for Christ, according to his blessed word and ordinance."—Rev. H. McNeile.

Advertisements.

TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

OFFICE OF KING'S COLLEGE, Lot-Street, Toronto, Opposite the College Avenue.

SEPARATE Sealed Tenders, for the undermentioned Buildings of the intended University of KING'S COLLEGE, Toronto Upper Canada, will be received by the Bursar of the University, on or before the first day of November next, viz:

- No. 1. The South-East Building, containing the Students' Apartments, &c. No. 2. The South side of the Quadrangle, containing the Chapel, Library, Museum, Lecture Rooms, &c. No. 3. The South-West Building, containing the Hall, (pro. tem.) Proctor's Apartments, Steward's Rooms, &c.

The Drawings, Specifications, &c of the several Buildings, may be seen at the Office of Mr. Thos. Young, Architect, No 98, Newgate Street, between the hours of Ten and Four, from the 20th of September to the 1st. of November, 1838.

Each Contractor to provide two good and sufficient Sureties for the due performance of his Contract or Contracts, and the envelope of each Contract to be numbered and directed as above described.

The Council reserve to themselves the right of deciding whether any of the tenders are such as they will accept and they do not bind themselves to take the lowest Tender, unless they are satisfied of the competency of the person tendering to perform his undertaking in a workmanlike manner.

By order of the Council of the University of King's College, bearing date this Fifth day of September, 1838.

JOSEPH WELLS, Registrar & Bursar.

4W13

INFORMATION WANTED

OF CHARLES ALEXANDER STELL, (formerly of Hampton Court, Middlesex, England) who came to Canada on board H. M. ship Active about the year 1819, and was employed in the ships in Ordinary at Kingston, whence he was discharged.

The last that was heard of him was in June 1828, when he was supposed to be working on the Welland Canal in the Township of Thorold. If living, he is entitled by the death of his mother to a small sum of money.

Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by the Rev. B. D. Cartwright or J. S. Cartwright Esq. Kingston.

* * * The Clergy in the Niagara, Goro, Western and London Districts are requested to examine their Registers whether there be any record of the death of a person of the above name. 13—8w

PRIVATE TUITION.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, residing in a central and healthy part of Upper Canada, has a vacancy in his family for another pupil. Application may be made (if by letter, post-paid,) to the Editor of "The Church." 10-8w

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The Church

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TERMS.

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