

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN I.—CONTINUED.

155. In what country was the city of Askelon situated.—(1 Sam.)

156. In what passage of Scripture does David so beautifully and pathetically allude to this hostile city?—(2 Sam.)

157. In what manner does St. Paul describe the Athenians' method of spending their time?—(Acts.)

158. What was the character of the religious notions and feelings of the Athenians? and what proof does the apostle give of this characteristic?—(Acts.)

159. Athaliah was mother of one of the kings of Judah, and daughter (or rather granddaughter) of one of the kings of Israel—can you mention these?—(2 Kings.)

160. Athaliah is spoken of in Scripture as "that wicked woman,"—of what particular crime was she guilty?—(2 Chron.)

161. What were the circumstances connected with her death?—(2 Chron.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Jan. 14.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
21.—Third do. do.
25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
28.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XV.

JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND; PRESTON, LANCASTER, CARLISLE; ARRIVAL IN EDINBURGH.

It was at an early hour and on a chilly morning that I left Liverpool on my journey northwards. The sky was overcast, and the wind blew freshly from the east,—at all seasons, in England, the most uncomfortable wind that blows; for although generally dry, it is keen and searching in the extreme. From one of these chilling easterly winds I have experienced more discomfort, even in the month of June, in England, than it was almost ever my lot to share in the frostiest morning in the winter of America.

From being a few minutes later at the coach-office than some of my fellow-passengers, I lost the seat I had intended to secure,—for in England the deposit of an umbrella or cloak upon the spot you design to occupy in the vehicle, secures it most sacredly from intrusion,—and therefore I was compelled to stow myself away in the hinder part of the coach. My companions there were,—a prisoner, between two constables, on his way to Lancaster gaol, and a poor disabled sailor! But let it not be fancied that because these my present travelling companions were of the humbler sort, they were on that account uninteresting. One of the King's officers who was, on this occasion, in the execution of a public duty, was a highly intelligent person, and intimately acquainted with the localities of the country through which we were travelling, and extremely obliging,—as I uniformly found every body in Great Britain and Ireland to be—in his communication of all that he knew. And as for the poor wounded tar,—wounded, however, in this instance not from the accidents of war,—can he be an uninteresting companion any where? he, who belongs to that gallant class to whom England owes so much of her greatness and glory,—the heroes who man her impregnable wooden walls? No, we can never look without interest upon the British sailor; whether it be, when his eye is lighted up in proud defiance of his country's enemies, or when shattered by the storms of ocean and of war he lies inactive on shore, like one of the dismantled hulks in the harbours of Portsmouth or Chatham,—apparently powerless now, but which, at the blast of the war-summons, can soon exhibit the pride of their adornings and pour forth the terrors of their thunder!

On approaching Preston, which is about four hours' drive from Liverpool, my companion of the police told us much of the Derby family, and of the indignation felt by that noble house at the preference recently shown by the electors of Preston for Mr. Henry Hunt over the heir of all their honours. By that individual, so degraded in political standing, was superseded the noble Edward Geoffrey Stanley;—noble always for commanding talents and for those virtuous principles which attach so generally to the old nobility of England, but of late years far more ennobled by abandoning the councils of those who aimed at the subversion of her time-hallowed institutions, and by his placing himself in the front rank of the battle for the altar and the throne. Thank God! that battle may be considered as won; and Church and King are as riveted now in the warm affections of the millions of old England, as they were in the palmiest days of her loyalty and religion.

At Preston, which is a handsomely situated and well-built town, we only stopped half an hour, and then proceeded towards Lancaster. This latter place commands extensive and pleasing views, having the Irish sea visible on the left; but one of its most interesting objects of attraction is the castle, once the residence of the puissant John of Gault, but now transmuted from the scene of baronial revelry to the receptacle of the debtor and the felon.

Soon after leaving Lancaster we enter the county of Westmoreland, and the change in the aspect of the country and in the dialect of the people soon becomes very striking. Both in this county and in Cumberland we observed much moorland, with a scanty amount of pasture, but whose chief production is peat; although there are many fertile spots interspersed, and the scenery is in general bold and interesting. We dined at the pretty town of Kendal, and drove through Penrith,—remarkable for its castle of the same name, but now desolate and in ruins.—Towards the close of the day we passed Brougham Hall on our right,—a neat edifice and of considerable extent; but more remarkable for the fame of its proprietor than for any exterior attraction. Lord Brougham, at the moment we were driving past his commanding residence, was in the zenith of his reputation,—filling the highest office to which his profession could raise him, and necessarily possessed of a political influence enough to

crown the hopes of the ambitious, if such are ever to be satisfied. Yet in at least one bosom of the few who witnessed, on this day, the rays of the setting sun lighting up the beauties of Brougham domain, the fame of its noble and talented proprietor met with no responsive gratulation; and never since Brougham had a name, could he—the traveller who now perhaps wearies the public with his descriptions of passing scenery and the subjects of his passing thoughts,—never could he raise his response to the acclamations which Brougham's genius has elicited. Talent is attractive, and must every where command some share of our homage; but talent without principle, the precepts of his Bible forbids the Christian to unite in lauding. With the same melancholy regret that we contemplate youth and beauty consigned to a moral ruin,—lovely and winning still, but pollution in its charms,—with such sensations must we regard the learning and genius of a man whose faculties pay no homage to the honour of a heavenly Master, and whose acquirements tend to and centre all in one too obvious aim,—the elevation and aggrandizement of self. To such as these the infirmity of the heart, blinded perchance by outward glare, may yield its momentary homage; but the mass of a Christian nation will, after the brief cycle of a few parliamentary eras, forget the political luminary which, like the comet, proved a day's wonder to the marvel-loving, but whose eccentricities will be overlooked and forgotten in the contemplation of the steadier lights with which the political sky is spangled.

It was not long after passing Brougham-Hall that we arrived at Carlisle, the capital of Cumberland; and though late in the day, we availed ourselves of the lengthened twilight to visit some of the curiosities of this ancient place. The old Cathedral, the river Eden and its massive bridge, and the venerable castle which frowns from an eminence upon the passing stream, were features of the scenery of Carlisle which chiefly engaged our attention; while far to the east the hills of Northumberland and to the north the mountains of Scotland, and on the west the Solway Frith combined to add attractions to our hasty view. Of the castle and the cathedral we had to be content with an external observation, for we failed, before darkness closed upon the world, to procure the means of inspecting the interior of the latter at least: suffice it then to say that underneath this venerable pile repose the ashes of William Paley and of Bishop Law. These honoured names came with sombre recollections to the heart at this quiet hour of closing day,—deepened by the shade of the aged trees which throw their shadows over the holy walls and seem to shelter the sainted remains which lay entombed beneath them.

On the following morning at 4 o'clock I was on my journey to Scotland;—a bright and beautiful morning, but still with the cutting east wind. Our coachman was a lively and intelligent young Scotchman, extremely obliging and ready to impart his knowledge of the country through which we were travelling. We soon reached the great toll gate which constitutes on this route the barrier betwixt the sister kingdoms of Great Britain; but I regretted that our way did not lead us through, nor nearer than four miles to, Gretna Green. The legal sanction which seems to be attached to the clandestine marriages so frequently performed at this noted spot, certainly does not speak as highly as it should for the wisdom of the government or the moral firmness of the nation; and although this neutral speck of territory may often have ensured the consummation of a happiness to which caprice or despotism may have interposed an unreasonable barrier, it cannot be right or safe surely to uphold so public a verdict against legitimate authority; and I for one am not unwilling to join in the passing remark of Legh Richmond, that "Gretna Green is a disgrace to both countries."

My first stop in Scotland was at Hawick, a small town in Roxburghshire, where, in company with three plain honest Lowlanders, we breakfasted. It was a cold morning, and the chimney of the room in which we were making our repast was well stocked with wood, but notwithstanding all our entreaties, to the eloquence of which our shivering frames most greatly have added, there was no fire applied to the expecting combustibles!

From Hawick we drove on to Selkirk, situated on the river Etterick; and soon after we crossed the Tweed with which the Etterick unites. For many successive miles we drove along the banks of the winding Tweed, with frequently a bold height on our right, and often a pretty and quiet village to enliven the scene. The country as we advanced became more mountainous, and by and by we descried on a towering eminence, not far from our road, a pillar to the honour of the "poet of the seasons." Many of the hills, far and near, which we passed were nearly bare of verdure, and their naked summits were seldom relieved by a solitary tree; but the interjacent valleys were fertile and blooming, and often we discerned in our progress the handsome house and grounds which betokened that, amidst the apparent barrenness of the general scene, wealth and prosperity were here also to be found.

About noon I had a distant view of Abbotsford on the right, but its distinguished proprietor was feeble in health and away. We drove rapidly along, and soon a sight of Salisbury Craig and Arthur's seat, frowning gloomily against the clear blue sky, betokened the vicinity of Edinburgh. In a short time we were driving beneath those rugged eminences; we entered the shady street at the southern extremity of the city,—crossed one of those stupendous bridges which preserve the continuity of the new town,—wound to the left into Prince's Street,—and reposed at the Star Hotel.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN DEATH-BED.

We look not always for triumph and rapture in the death-bed of the righteous. We hold it to be wrong to expect, necessarily, encouragement for ourselves from good men in the hour of dissolution. But if there be not ecstasy, there is that composure in departing believers, which shews that the "everlasting arms" are under them and around them. It is a beautiful thing to see a Christian die. The confession, while there is strength to articulate, that God is faithful to his promises; the faint pressure of the hand, giving the same testimony when the tongue

can no longer do its office; the motion of the lips, inducing you to bend down, so that you catch broken syllables of expressions such as this,—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" these make the chamber in which the righteous die one of the most privileged scenes upon earth; and he who can be present, and gather no assurance that death is fettered and manacled, even while grasping the believer, must be either inaccessible to moral evidence, or insensible to the most heart-touching appeal.—*Rev. Henry Melvill.*

PROVIDENCE.

I remember reading the history of some good man who was persecuted by the Papists, and obliged to fly for his life: he suddenly espied a cave, into which he entered, and soon after observed a spider busily employed in weaving his web across its mouth. His enemies came to the place; and one of them observing, "He cannot be there, for there is a spider's web," they left the spot and continued their search. Is it presumptuous to think that the spider, on this occasion, had been more expeditious than usual? He was engaged in a new work, in shielding a saint of God, in protecting one of the family of heaven.—*Huxley.*

HOWARD'S INTREPIDITY.

Dining one day at the table of Sir Robert Murray Keith, our ambassador at the Austrian court, the conversation turned upon the torture; when a German gentleman observed, that the glory of abolishing it in his own dominions, belonged to his Imperial Majesty. "Pardon me," said Mr. Howard; "his Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture to establish in its place another more cruel; for the torture which he abolished lasted at the most but a few hours; whereas that which he has appointed lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as bad as the black hole at Calcutta, from which they are taken only if they confess what is laid to their charge." "Hush!" said the ambassador; "your words will be reported to his majesty."—"What!" replied he, "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity." Deep silence ensued; and every one present admired the intrepid boldness of the man of humanity.

PRAYER.

Dost thou labour under a load of guilt? Come unto Christ, all that travail and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest! Dost thou feel the pressure of affliction or the blast of censure? Instead of loathing thy being, instead of breaking out into sudden bursts of passion against thy foes, or contracting a settled gloom of malice, unbosom thy secrets, and disburthen thy cares to Him who is both able and willing to resettle thy discomposed mind. All that envenomed rancour, which is apt to embitter our spirits against mankind in general, and our enemies in particular, when we suffer, or think we suffer, undeservedly, will abate and die away as we strive to set our affections on things above. Our thoughts, like the waters of the sea, when exhaled toward heaven, will lose their offensive bitterness and saltiness; leave behind them each distasteful quality, and sweeten into an amiable humanity and candour, till they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-creatures.—*Seed's Sermons.*

To have your enemy in your power, and yet to do him good is the greatest heroism.

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