

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXV. BEELZEBUB.—CONTINUED.

218. Ahaziah king of Israel sent on one occasion to consult Baalzebub. What proof did Elijah give to him of God's displeasure on this account?—(2 Kings.)

219. What rank was Beelzebub supposed to hold among wicked spirits during the days of our Lord?—(Matthew.)

220. Where does the Saviour inculcate upon his disciples the duty of patience under persecution, from the circumstance of himself being supposed to be in league with this infernal spirit?—(Matthew.)

XXVI. BEERSHEBA.

221. Dan and Beersheba were the northern and southern extremities of the Holy Land or Palestine. Can you find, among many others which might be selected, three passages in the 2nd book of Samuel in which they stand thus connected?—(2 Sam.)

222. Which of the patriarchs dwelt in the city of this name?—(Genesis.)

223. From what incident did Beersheba derive its name?—(Genesis.)

224. Do you recollect who it was that, wandering through the wilderness of Beersheba, was on the point of perishing for thirst, when a well of water, which she had overlooked, was shewn to her by the Lord?—(Genesis.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

April 29.—Second Sunday after Easter.
May 1.—St. Philip and St. James.
6.—Third Sunday after Easter.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXI.

RETURN TO ENGLAND; DALKEITH; FLODDEN-FIELD; NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

My stay in Scotland having been protracted to the utmost limit which circumstances allowed, I left Edinburgh in the coach for Newcastle on the morning of the 6th June. The shower of the preceding day,—which came then like an angel visitor to the earth, parched and dusty from the unbroken sunshine of three previous weeks,—had imparted not merely a coolness, but a positive coldness to the air; so that for the first few hours of our drive I sat actually shivering upon the elevated coach top. But who would not bear with the inconveniences of a chilly air at least, in the month of June, for the sake of enjoying the varied prospects which can only be seen, by the passing traveller, with any satisfaction, from the top of the coach? Escorted within, you catch but partial glimpses of the surrounding scenery; while the warmer atmosphere, the soft cushioned seats, and the gentle rocking of the carriage over the smoothest roads in the world, almost as infallibly court drowsiness and slumber as did, in the days of Virgil, the buzzing of the bees from the willow hedge:—

Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Scepæ levi somnum suadebit inire susurræ.

Winding beneath the bold rocks which overhang this beautiful city,—frowning the more gloomily through the grey mists of the morning,—we soon entered Dalkeith, a small town, about six miles from Edinburgh, which stands upon the estate of the Duke of Buccleuch. Not far from the town stands Dalkeith House, one of the seats of this wealthy nobleman; an edifice about two centuries old, but without any thing in its external appearance at least remarkably prepossessing. The present wearer of the hereditary honours, and inheritor of the vast estates of the house of Buccleuch, had but lately come of age; and although he had £200,000 per annum at his disposal, he was represented as a youth of amiable and unassuming manners. He is said to have been brought up a good deal under the personal superintendence of the Duke of Wellington; certain guarantee of those high, honourable, and conservative principles which ought to characterize the peerage of such a country, and which this kind-hearted young nobleman seems, on all occasions, to have manifested. It was but a few days, I believe, after my visit to Edinburgh, that a somewhat amusing interview took place between the young duke and the excellent Dr. Chalmers:—

A vacancy having occurred in the parish church of Dalkeith, one of the Duke of Buccleuch's most valuable livings, his Grace resolved to exercise his right of patronage in such a way as would gratify the parishioners. To accomplish this highly laudable purpose, his Grace, determined to be guided by the recommendation of the most celebrated divine in the Church of Scotland, waited upon Dr. Chalmers, at his house in Edinburgh. About six in the afternoon the reverend doctor, being at dinner, was informed that a young gentleman waited for him in the adjoining room, and, upon entering his study, was informed by the noble stranger that he had taken the liberty to call upon him in regard to the Church. The room being dark, Dr. Chalmers, imagining that the stranger was a young minister in quest of a living, replied in a hasty and good natured tone, "I assure you my dear Sir, I am quite overwhelmed with similar applications, and it is really out of my power to give you any assistance." His Grace bowed politely, and observed, that his object was not to ask the Doctor's patronage, but to request his assistance in bestowing a church upon a deserving individual. The Doctor observed, "That is quite a different thing;" and requested his guest to take a seat. He soon learned the rank of his distinguished visitor, begged a thousand pardons, and recommended a minister who was likely to endear himself to his parishioners by his indefatigable exertions and evangelical sentiments.

It was my expectation, in entering the coach in Edinburgh, that we should adopt a route by which a view would be obtained of 'fair Melrose;' but, through some mistake, I took place in a coach which went by a different way, and passed through Lauderdale, Kelso, Coldstream, &c. At Kelso, the scenery is very fine; and he who stands upon the bridge which crosses the Tweed in that town, will enjoy as rich a view as 'poet's eye' can desire. There is in Kelso an old church, co-eval in antiquity with

Melrose Abbey, but not possessing those classical associations with which at least the genius of Walter Scott has invested the former ruin.

About noon-day, we came to the vicinity of Flodden-Field, which the genius of the same gifted bard, in his beautiful poem of 'Marmion,' as much as historical legend itself, has consecrated to memory; and we passed close to the remains of Ford Castle in which King James IV. had slept the night previous to the battle. This memorable plain is skirted on almost every side by the Cheviot hills, and the interjacent country is uncommonly fertile and beautiful. On these heights the Scottish forces had been encamped; but the military tactics of the gallant Earl of Surrey drew them from their strong position into the open field of Flodden. James' repose in Ford Castle on the eve of the battle, was his last night of repose in this world; for on the following day, he and the flower of his nobility—while by their side lay many, too, of England's chivalry—were amongst the slaughtered on that sanguinary field.

In proceeding onwards through the county of Northumberland, we caught occasional glimpses of the sea, at this time vexed and tossed by a strong east wind; and even at the distance of several miles we could discern the spray tossed high in air, as the long billows of the German ocean swept against the rocks of that rugged and iron-bound coast.—The county town of Northumberland is Morpeth; and one indication of this distinction is conveyed to the traveller in the massive pile of buildings appointed for the use of the courts of law, as also for a prison.—Morpeth is a town of considerable size, and possesses some handsome streets with fashionable houses and evidently much respectable society; but we made a very short stop there, and proceeded on towards Newcastle. Our approach to this town was indicated by constantly recurring collieries,—pointing out the staple article of trade for which the place has become proverbial. Far and near, shafts and pipes, the gently curling smoke, or that which is puffed violently forth by the steam engine, betokened the universal occupation. It is, in short, the main source of the supply of coal not merely to Great Britain and Ireland, but to most of their possessions beyond the sea.

We entered Newcastle about sunset, and almost at the outskirts of the town, I was struck with the following inscription upon what is termed the New Jerusalem Church: "To the honour of the only true God Jesus Christ." Whatever may have been the peculiarities of the sect that worshipped within those walls, I came to the conclusion that they were at least not tainted with the Socinian blasphemy; yet I could not learn what constituted their particular doctrine or discipline. It is true that in large towns in England, and especially in those where extensive manufactures are carried on, and where there is of course a motley gathering of people, there is necessarily a good deal of variety of religious opinion and worship, although even in them the Established Church maintains her due preponderance in the wealth, intelligence, and influence of the members of her communion. But in the small towns, and in the rural districts especially, we are presented with a more cheering picture of that religious concord so refreshing to every Christian spirit, in the almost universal prevalence of the principles of the National Church. The inhabitants of the village or the hamlet—unsophisticated even by the arts of the wandering delegates of sectarian institutions—cling to the faith of their 'rude forefathers,' purified, as it is, from the stains of popish corruption; and in the steady maintenance of that faith, there are thousands of witnesses ready at hand to prove, that they are invariably more steady in their department, more exemplary in every domestic and social relation, more respectful to those in authority, more honest, more content, and more happy than such as imbibe the republican sentiments of those designing religionists, who, with the secret rapacity of the 'wolf,' traverse the land in the clothing of the 'sheep,'—not to promote the spread of unadulterated Christianity, but to wean away the population from that allegiance to Church and State for the security of which the blood of so many Protestant martyrs has been shed. I can excuse enthusiasm, even if it be somewhat wild and eccentric in its workings:—we have for the abettors of such extravagance the kindly sensation of pity, coupled with the hope that time will allay that consuming heat;—but for the cold and selfish hypocrisy of those political Pharisees, we feel a stronger sensation even than contempt. In a cursory contemplation, present and prospective, of the influence of their unhallowed knavery, we cannot suppress the feeling of deep and shuddering abhorrence.

In the vicinity of Newcastle is to be seen a fragment of the memorable wall of Severus, thrown across the island from hence to the Solway Frith at Carlisle, in order to repel the incursions of the Scots and Picts; and a commanding object in the environs of this town is a very ancient castle, which resisted, it is said, the foes of England as early as the days of William the Conqueror. But the most stirring spectacle is the Tyne itself, which winds its way through the town, and which, up to its very bridge, is crowded with steam vessels and craft of every size, as far as the eye can carry you below. Newcastle is also celebrated as the birth-place of the poet Akenside; and if not a native, De Foe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, was at least a resident of this town. Neither ought it to be forgotten that one of the most noble of our Protestant army of martyrs, Ridley, was educated in the Grammar School of Newcastle; the same in which another champion of the Church, the late venerable Earl of Eldon, received the rudiments of that learning for which he was afterwards so signally distinguished.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS.

Would you know whether the tendency of a Book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others; and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue—and consequently no happiness? Has

it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country, and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend!—Young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book case!—*The Doctor.*

SAYING OF BISHOP HALL.

Dr. Hall, sometime Bishop of Norwich, was as humble and courteous as he was learned and devout; and had all the qualifications of a good bishop in great perfection. The following sentiments, which he was in the habit of practically illustrating, deserve to be written in letters of gold. He was accustomed to say, that "he would suffer a thousand wrongs rather than be guilty of doing one; he would rather suffer a hundred than return one: and endure many rather than complain of one, or endeavour to right himself by contending; for he had always observed that to contend with one's superiors is foolish, with one's equals is dubious, and with one's inferiors is mean-spirited and sordid. Suits at law may be sometimes necessary, but he had need be more than a man who can manage them with justice and innocence."

OMNIA VANITAS.

"Your mentioning *omnia vanitas*, reminded me of a smart saying of Queen Elizabeth, to a nobleman who had built a magnificent house, and by other extravagancies had ruined himself. Over one of the doors he had finely carved these words, '*Omnia Vanitas*.' He had abbreviated the word *omnia*, as the scroll over the door would not admit the word at length. 'My Lord,' said the queen, 'I am sorry to see your *omnia* so curtailed, and your *vanitas* at full length.'—*Stonehouse's Letters.*

Prayer, like Jonathan's bow, returns not empty. Some prayers indeed have a longer voyage than others; but they return with a richer lading at last.—*Gurnal.*

PRIVATE TUITION.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and whose Rectory is situated in one of the healthiest parts of Upper Canada, is desirous of receiving into his house four young gentlemen as pupils, who should be treated in every respect as members of his own family, and whom he would undertake to prepare for the intended University of King's College,—or, if preferred, give such a general education as should qualify them for mercantile or other pursuits. The strictest attention should be paid to their morals and manners, and it would be the endeavour of the advertiser to instil into the minds of his pupils these sound religious principles, which form the only safeguard in the path of life. Testimonials as to the character and qualifications of the advertiser will be shewn, to any persons who may wish to avail themselves of this advertisement, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Hon. & Ven. the Archdeacon of York, the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg, the Rev. H. J. Grasett, Toronto, and the Rev. J. G. Geddes, Hamilton. 32-1f.

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