

Poetry.

"Save, Lord, or we Perish."

MATTHEW viii., 25.

While thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

O Saviour! once rocked on the wave of the billow,
Arous'd by the shriek of despair from thy pillow;
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Grace, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

Bishop Heber.

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

V. ABRAHAM—CONTINUED.

29. What number of trained servants, born in his house, did Abraham muster, when he went out against Chedorlaomer and his associates?—GEN.

30. What were the two occasions on which he so sinfully perverted?—GEN.

31. What did Abraham so nobly say, when there were disputes between his herdsmen and those of his nephew Lot?—GEN.

32. What part of his history shews his pleading and interceding spirit?—GEN.

33. In what instance did he so strikingly discover his prompt obedience to God's command, and his entire resignation to his divine will?—GEN.

34. What was the hidden grace from which this obedience and resignation flowed?—GEN.

35. From what passage does it appear that the exercise of this grace in Abraham gave glory to God?—ROM.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. I.

THE COVERT.

Attending lately some lectures on electricity, I was struck by the earnestness with which the speaker dissuaded his auditors from yielding to the temptation of taking refuge under an oak, during a thunder-storm. He described this king of the forest as being the most unsafe of all apparent shelters, from its peculiar tendency to attract the electric fluid; illustrating, by experiments, the fearful consequences of the invited shock. The subject long occupied my mind, giving rise to reflections of more deep and solemn interest than the apprehensions of mere bodily destruction could excite.

When the judgments of the Lord are abroad upon the earth—when the thunder of his reproof is heard, and the lightning of his awakened wrath flashes before the startled eye of man,—the sinner, conscience-struck, will look around, seeking a covert from the storm. In less alarming seasons he found a shelter that seemed to answer all his purposes—some system of man's devising; a stately specimen, perhaps, of the wisdom that is from beneath. A religion of forms, and words, and sentiments, has perhaps often helped to ward off the little peltings of a passing cloud, and moderated, or seemed to moderate, the scorching rays of temptation. It has helped to keep him externally decent; while others, who lacked such a shelter, walked about openly discomfited and defiled. Why should he now question its powers of defence? In vain is he cautioned, in vain assured, that he trusts in a refuge of lies; and, by so doing, hastens to a swifter and more sure destruction. He credits not the warning voice; he clings to his old covert, his own righteousness, his moral respectability, his stated duties of lip-service and will-worship;—and there he abides, until the fiery bolt descends, cleaving his vain defence and smiting him with everlasting destruction. Such is the miserable end of him who seeks, by the works of the law, to be justified before God.

And who shall then be safe when the quiver of the Almighty is scattered around, and the dart of vengeance seems pointed at each guilty bosom? He shall be safe, who, rejecting all that earth can offer, renouncing all that flesh can do, goes forth into the unsheltered space, and casts himself upon the Lord alone.—Does he dread the hand upraised to smite?—The shadow of that hand is his only hiding place. O, let him but behold in it the hand that was nailed to the cross on Calvary; the hand from which trickled a crimson stream to wash away his sin; and, tho' it grasp the lightning that shall consume every unbeliever, it has no terrors for him. He knows that the briars and thorns, yea, the oaks and palaces that man confides in, are but set in array against God, provoking him to go through and consume them;—but he who flies to Jesus, and, in the boldness of simple faith, takes hold of his strength, shall find that in him is perfect security. Appointed to be the Judge of all men, Christ is terrible indeed to those who reject his rule. Rocks and mountains shall vainly be invoked to hide from the wrath of the Lamb such as now make light of his message of love. For them, all the terrors of the broken law remain; and from its vengeance nothing can shield them. But equally true it is, that to the humble believer this awful Judge is the surest of advocates; and the very power that makes him terrible to others, seals the confidence of his children. They know him as one mighty to save; they know that, towards them,

"He hath still'd the law's loud thunder,
He hath quenched Mount Sinai's flame."

In the hour of elementary strife, nature leads us to the lofty tree, while reason brings many plausible arguments to recommend such a shelter; but when science has revealed the peril of fleeing to it, he must be indeed infatuated who prefers not the open plain. In like manner, nature and carnal reason oppose the act of confiding faith, as the very madness of enthusiastic folly, and would fain persuade us to turn to some refuge of man's contriving; but the light of revelation, directed to our hearts by the Holy Spirit, exhibits the danger of such a course; and the

believer, strengthened with might by that spirit in the inner man, goes forth to meet his Lord, seeking no covert but the strong tower of his adorable name.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. VI.

LONDON, CONTINUED;—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL; THE COLOSSEUM; ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

That I should have been ten days in London without visiting London's greatest wonder, St. Paul's Cathedral, may reasonably excite some surprise; but no opportunity had previously occurred of allowing for the minute inspection of this noble edifice all the hours which justice to its manifold attractions would require. But its exterior aspect had not gone without examination; for who that walks up Ludgate Hill towards the magnificent cathedral, has not often paused to contemplate its beautiful and commanding front? There stands a magnificent portico consisting of twelve Corinthian columns, with another above supported by eight: at the respective angles rise two elegant turrets, each terminating in a dome ornamented with a gilt pine apple;—the one containing the clock, whose deep-toned announcement of the hour is heard above every other in London, and the other is used for the belfry. From the centre of the building rises the stupendous dome, about 200 feet above the roof of the building, terminated by a ball, on the summit of which is placed the well-known and appropriate emblem of the Christian faith—the cross.

St. Paul's, unlike York Minster or Westminster Abbey, has a modern appearance, being built in the purest style of Grecian architecture, and of white Portland stone. Most of this beautiful material, however, has lost its snowy whiteness, having grown grey and black from the storms of more than a century which have beaten against it, and not least from the smoky vapour which so strongly affects the atmosphere of London. But these are stains and soils which are susceptible of removal, and persons are sometimes employed to scrape away the dingy colouring,—leaving St. Paul's, like the English Church of the Reformation, not altered in foundation, or turret, or stone, but freed from the spots and blemishes which time or carelessness had induced!

St. Paul's is built in the form of a cross; and some idea of its prodigious magnitude may be conceived from its being 500 feet in length within the walls, and 285 feet in breadth across the transept,—covering moreover, in all, more than two acres of ground. But vast as is its size, and inconceivable the amount of workmanship about it, it is a circumstance worthy of remembrance—as demonstrating what many will feel to be a special Providence in behalf of this giant structure of Protestantism in the heart of England's metropolis,—the whole building was completed by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and one master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong, and while one prelate, Dr. Henry Compton filled the see of London. This is an incident the more remarkable, when it is recollected that the whole time employed in its erection was 35 years.

A cast iron-balustrade, resting upon a low stone-wall, encircles this magnificent cathedral; and some opinion of the magnitude of every thing pertaining to this noble structure may be formed from the fact that the iron employed in this railing alone weighs about 200 tons, and that the cost of the enclosure was upwards of £10,000.

The customary entrance into St. Paul's—unless on grand occasions—is not by the stupendous portico in front, to which you ascend by a flight of twenty-two marble steps, but by a smaller door at the north side. Here then, on this interesting occasion—for what more interesting than a first visit to St. Paul's,—I gained admission, and was overpowered with admiration at the vast area, the majestic columns, and the magnificent dome by which we are canopied above. The monumental tablets and inscriptions are very striking, and would beguile many hours; for they record the names and deeds of scores of England's venerated and lamented dead. Perhaps the marble-slab, which stands over the entrance to the choir, speaks not the least deserving epitaph:—"Beneath, lies Christopher Wren, builder of this church and city: who lived upwards of 90 years, not for himself, but for the public benefit. Reader, do you seek for his monument?—look around!"

Having gazed a while at these mementos of the illustrious dead, I ascended to the *Whispering Gallery*, which encircles the dome at its base, and is so called from its remarkable reverberation of sounds; so much so, indeed, that the slightest whisper can be heard from the opposite part of the gallery, 100 feet distant. Our guide, on this occasion, afforded us a realization of this remarkable property, by narrating, in a whisper which we distinctly heard, a brief account of the history of the cathedral we were viewing. Soon after he manifested another property of sound which it possessed;—by his forcibly shutting the door of the gallery, a noise was produced similar to a heavy clap of thunder. Indeed, the accidental dropping of a piece of deal upon the floor of the cathedral below, produced an effect almost equally astounding.

Leaving this, I ascended to the outer galleries which encompass the dome at the foot of the cupola, and from thence enjoyed a panoramic view of this vast metropolis. The magnificence of the scene which here lies around you, no words can describe. A compass of at least 30 miles is taken in by London and its environs; and while the extremities of the imposing view are bounded by verdant and grove-crowned hills, all the intermediate space is crowded with houses, palaces, towers and spires,—the habitations of two millions of human beings!

After a cursory inspection of the model and trophy room, which contains little more than Sir Christopher's original design of St. Paul's, and a few flags which had been borne in procession at the funeral of Lord Nelson, I visited the enormous clock, whose minute hand is 8 feet in length, and whose pendulum at the end weighs an hundred pounds; and thence viewed the great bell, already alluded to, whose weight is more than 4 tons, and which can be distinctly heard for 20 miles!—These were all the wonders of St. Paul's which, on the present occasion, I had leisure to inspect.

On the following day,—resolved to visit as many of the curiosities of London as time would allow,—I proceeded towards the Colosseum and the Zoological Gardens; in reaching which, you pass through decidedly the most splendid portion of this great metropolis. Starting from Charing-Cross, and having crossed Pall-Mall, you are immediately in Waterloo-place, on either side of which stand most magnificent houses with rows of shops in the lower stories, exhibiting every attraction which a seemingly boundless wealth can supply. Thence we enter that street of palaces, Regent Street, which, at its intersection with Piccadilly, forms a circus, whence it extends for some distance in the form of a Quadrant—the rows of houses therein, on either side, fronted by a beautiful colonnade supported by 140 cast iron pillars. Passing through this, we proceed again in a direct line,—magnificent habitations lining the airy and capacious street,—to that still more magnificent residence of the wealthy and the noble, styled Portland place. Following on, we pass the Diorama, and come to the stupendous edifice termed the Colosseum from its colossal size. It is surmounted by a dome, built on purpose for the exhibition of an immense panorama of London, the ingenious and masterly work of a Mr. Horner. Entering by a fine Doric portico, we usually visit first a saloon containing numerous excellent statues, models, &c.—and then ascend, either by a stair case, or at a small additional cost by a platform elevated by pulleys, to the galleries of the panorama. London, as seen from the top of St. Paul's, and as here exhibited, presents so remarkable a similarity, that the person who had very recently enjoyed the *natural* view, might easily forget that this was an *artificial* one,—so perfectly is the perspective maintained, and so nice is every touch, even to the signs upon the shops, and the smoke in the distance which partially enshrouds the quarter whither the wind may have driven it. Some idea of the magnitude of this panorama may be found from the fact of its covering 40,000 square feet of canvass, or the space of one acre!

From the Panorama I descended into the gardens which surround the Colosseum, comprising conservatories of various rare plants, and flowers, and shrubs, beautiful waterfalls and fountains, upon whose watery curtain the cheering Iris sits enthroned, and to whose soft murmurings the notes of various little warblers—emigrants from a warmer clime—are added. From these scenes of attraction, reminding one very forcibly of those vivid paintings of the fancy with which childhood is so wont to be delighted in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, I entered another not less fanciful and beautiful,—the Swiss Cottage,—where are presented all the accompaniments of a rustic habitation in that land of simplicity and romance, and where is exhibited too the appropriate representation of wild Alpine scenery.

Many hours were whiled away amongst these diversified attractions,—the more attractive, because so much of the beautiful and grand in nature was tastefully mingled with the master works of art,—and I walked on to the Zoological Gardens, situated on the East side of Regent's Park, and so called from combining numerous vegetable productions with rare specimens of the animal kingdom gathered from every clime. Here we have the enjoyment of delightful walks, adorned with parterres of flowers, laid out with skill and taste, with a view of an immense variety of beasts and birds, not confusedly mixed together, but classed with scientific taste, and exhibited at various stages of our walks through the garden. Many hours may here be profitably as well as pleasantly spent;—and the attractions of these ever-varying scenes, combined with the enlivening effect of the crowds who are continually entering to partake of the same rational enjoyment, render the Zoological Gardens one of those points in this metropolis of wonders which no stranger should omit to visit.

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