

Poetry.

HYMN TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

Thrice happy, blest, and glorious Being—
Great self-existent One in Three,
All-wise, Almighty, and all-seeing,
Who wast, and art, and art to be.
Thy praise the raptur'd seraph fires
Thy praise employs angelic lyres;
And earth with heaven's high company,
Lifts her adoring voice to thee!—

What tongue, O Father I can unfold
The works of mercy thou hast done—
The love that would not e'en withhold
From us thy Son, thine only Son?
Creator, Benefactor, Friend,
Wonders of goodness without end,
Are summed in that emphatic word,
"The God and Father of our Lord."

O thou who didst our nature take
And deign to draw terrestrial breath,
Enduring, for the sinner's sake,
A servant's life, a felon's death;
Son of the Highest! thy renown
Shall go to countless ages down,
And the wide universe confess
Our Lord, our Hope, our Righteousness.

We bless thee, Comforter divine!
Attest to the Christ thou art;
To lighten the dark eyes is thine,
To warm with love the torpid heart:
Thy breath, Creator Spirit, rise
With all the energy of life,
Can clothe with flesh the mouldering bone
And animate the skeleton.

Thrice holy, blest, and glorious Being,
Great self-existent, One in Three,
All-wise, Almighty, and all-seeing,
Who wast, and art, and art to be;—
Thy praise the raptur'd seraph fires,
Thy praise employs angelic lyres;
And earth, with heaven's high company
Lifts her adoring voice to Thee!

(Communicated.) (Dublin Record.)

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN A.—CONTINUED.

113. Whence did the valley of Achor obtain its name?—
(Joshua)
114. What reference do Isaiah and Hosea make to this Valley of Achor, (i. e. valley of trouble,) in their prophecies?
115. Who was Achish? and what conduct did David adopt in his presence? why did he feel this necessary? and what was its issue?—(2 Sam.)
116. When David fled, the second time, to Achish, what town did he give to him for his residence? and to which country, Philistia or Judca, did it afterwards belong?—(1 Sam.)
117. Who was Adonijah?—(2 Sam.)
118. When Adonijah usurped the kingdom, which of David's captains and which of the priests joined him?—(1 Kings.)
119. What punishment did Solomon inflict on Adonijah for his rebellion? and what on his two chief confederates, Abiathar and Joab?—(1 Kings.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- Nov. 12.—Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third, fourth or fifth Sunday after the Epiphany will be used.
19.—Do. do. for the fifth or sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.
26.—Do. do. for the 25th Sunday after Trinity.
30.—St. Andrew's day.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XII.

DEPARTURE FROM OXFORD; WOODSTOCK AND BLENHEIM; JOURNEY TO BIRMINGHAM AND DERBY.

To travellers seated on a coach-top, proceeding through some of the richest counties of the most highly cultivated, and, taking it for all in all, most beautiful country in the world, what can be more delightful or more inspiring than a bland and mild and bright morning about the end of May, when the herbage and the leaves are shewing the "lustiness of their young green," and before the dust and heat of summer have communicated their duskiness or their sear to the hedge rows and groves amongst which we are bounding merrily along? On such a morning it was, and who can view the richness and inhale the balm of such a morning without a rising of the heart to the Great and Good Giver of all,—that, with a very intelligent and lively young Oxonian as my companion, I left dear old Oxford on my northward journey. About seven miles from the University, on our route, lay the antiquated town of Woodstock, so celebrated in the stories of the civil wars, and more celebrated now for the contiguity of Blenheim park and palace, erected in testimony of a nation's gratitude for one of that series of splendid victories by the great duke of Marlborough which, with all the alleged emptiness of their glories, nevertheless gave a name to the martial prowess of England which she has ever since maintained. Perhaps its present ducal owner does not entirely uphold the honour of his gallant forefather, but as the husband of one who claims a near relationship to an individual, now no more, embalmed in the affectionate remembrance of thousands of Christians on this side the Atlantic, I shall not repeat a word of the disparagement which may justly attach to his name. The grounds of Blenheim are laid out after the plan of the battle from which it takes its name; but on this occasion I contented myself with a more passing view of its magnificent portal, shady groves, and imposing facade; intending, upon a second visit to Oxford, now fully determined upon, to spend a morning amongst its scenes of manifold attraction. But this was a purpose, like many others in this uncertain world, doomed to disappointment! Our journey to-day lay chiefly through the county of War-

wick, and nothing could be more various or beautiful than the scenes which it presented. Not long after mid-day we reached the town of Stratford upon Avon, so well known to fame as the birth-place of the immortal Shakespeare. It is not to be supposed that the good town of Stratford is forgetful of the honour which, by giving birth to England's greatest bard, it has received: on the contrary, relics of the departed genius are carefully preserved, and the very house in which he was born is kept up, and receives the steady homage of perhaps thousands of annual pilgrims. In general construction it is certainly antique enough to have belonged to the days of Elizabeth; and the compliment paid to genius by grateful posterity is well attested by the names of the visitors, of all ranks, which literally cover the walls of the habitation.—The Avon, too, is a noble stream, well worthy the praises of the bard who has consecrated it to fame; skirted by rich meadows, far as the eye can trace; and winding, with a solemn repose, past the church and cemetery where rests the dust of Shakespeare.

It was about 4 o'clock when we arrived at Birmingham, and a comfortable dinner was, without much delay, obtained at the Hotel of the "Hen and Chickens." The singularity of the names so frequently given to inns in England, cannot but strike the traveller; and having met with a very good illustration of these peculiarities lately, I shall transcribe it as likely to afford some amusement as well as instruction upon the subject in question:

"The absurdities which tavern signs present are often curious enough, but may in general be traced to that inveterate propensity which the vulgar of all countries have to make havoc with every thing in the shape of a proper name.

"The *Swan with two necks*, has long been an object of mystery to the curious. This mystery is solved by the alteration of a single letter. The sign, as it originally stood, was the *Swan with two nicks*; the meaning of which we find thus fully explained, in a communication made by the late Sir Joseph Banks to the Antiquarian Society.

"He presented them with a curious parchment roll, exhibiting the marks or nicks made on the beaks of swans and cygnets in all the rivers and lakes in Lincolnshire, accompanied with directions to the King's swanherd to prevent any two persons from adopting the same figures or marks on the bills of their swans. The number of marks contained in this parchment roll amounted to 219, all of which were different, and confined to the small extent of the bill of the swan.

"The *Goat and Compasses*, has been supposed to have its origin in the resemblance between the bounding of a goat and the expansion of a pair of compasses; but nothing can be more fanciful. The sign is of the days of the Commonwealth, when it was the fashion to give Scriptural names to every thing and every body; and simply expressed, *God encompasseth us*. The corruption of this to *Goat and Compasses* is obvious and natural enough.

"The *Bag of Nails* of Chelsea, is claimed by the smiths and carpenters of the neighbourhood, as a house designed for their peculiar accommodation: but, had it not been for the corruption of the times, it would have remained the *Bacchanals*—the sign of a house much frequented in the time of Ben Jonson.

"An annotator, of the year 1807, on "Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature," says, 'I remember, many years ago, passing through a court in Rosemary Lane, where I observed an ancient sign over the door of an Ale-house, which was called *The four Ales*. There was a figure of a king, and on a label, "I rule all;" the figure of a priest, the motto, "I pray for all;" a soldier, "I fight for all;" and the yeoman, "I pay all." About two years ago I passed through the same thoroughfare, and looking up for my curious sign, I was amazed to see a painted board occupy its place, with these words inscribed, *The four Ales*."

It was at the inn in Birmingham in which we were reposing that the following anecdote had its origin. The waiter in attendance upon a gentleman at dinner was somewhat more than usually loquacious and even obtrusive in his remarks,—animated, as it would appear, by the levelling spirit of the mania of the day, the Reform Bill. He did not hesitate to assure the guest that no half-way measures would be congenial to the sentiments of at least the waiters at hotels,—and that with them, as with so many others in the nation of greater influence and standing, the watchword was, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!" Unaware of the double-edged character of the weapon he was flourishing, he shortly after, at the request of the gentleman, produced his bill from the bar. This was promptly discharged; but, with a beseeching look and an attitude of obeisance, he asked for the customary *douceur* which to that bill is generally, as a matter of course, appended. No, said the gentleman, my doctrine assimilates to yours: "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill!"—There is a moral in this little tale.

We employed our few spare hours in Birmingham in walking about and viewing its localities, which, on the whole, are pleasing. It presents by no means the dull monotony of a mere trading and manufacturing town: many of the streets are remarkably neat, and lined with attractive houses and beautiful shops: the churches are numerous and handsome; and there is something picturesque rather than otherwise in the interchange of level and declivity which marks the town itself; and particularly the circumjacent country. Amongst the attractions of this "toy-shop of the world," as it is sometimes fancifully called, we did not fail to inspect Mr. Thomason's splendid show-rooms of Birmingham manufacture;—cutlery, plated ware, and glass, in brilliant profusion. The greatest curiosity we there witnessed was a model of the great Warwick vase, 21 feet in circumference, made of bronze, and exquisitely finished. The original was found amongst some ruins in Italy, and the present copy, it is said, occupied a full year in the construction. In Mr. Thomason's rooms, likenesses of this curious vessel were to be found, of every size and almost of every material, profusely exhibited for sale.

On the following morning, at an early hour, I entered the coach for Derby, about 40 miles distant, which we reached precisely in four hours. In this town I spent nearly two days, chiefly

in the society of a most agreeable family from whom an introduction from a relative in a transatlantic clime produced a very cordial and even affectionate welcome. In the kind-hearted and hospitable head of this amiable family I experienced an admirable specimen of that most valuable and estimable of characters, the plain and honest English gentleman, unsullied even by a particle of the imported doctrines of an atheistic and licentious country which have, in so many unhappy instances, marred the moral beauty of our incomparable Isle.

"Religious, punctual, frugal and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth!"

without any of the after depravations which sullied the virtues and destroyed the name of him to whom that striking couplet was applied.—This class of English gentlemen, and most truly do they constitute the pride and safeguard of their noble country, I universally found to be in the foremost rank of opposition to the wild and revolutionary projects of the day. No nostrums of conceited or interested or unprincipled politicians could make them forego the belief that their fathers were as wise as the present generation: no argumentation of the weak or the wicked could persuade them that it was wise to pull down the fair structures of England which were built upon the rock of religion, and transfer the airy gew-gaws which might be substituted in their room to the sandy basis of infidelity and rationalism!

With such an individual and a family who partook of a kindred spirit, and who to honest English principles conjoined the substantial and elegant comforts of genuine English hospitality, it is easy to believe that the hours passed pleasantly along.—Night, ere we were aware, drew her sable curtain over the world, and I had to postpone to the morrow the inspection of the many curiosities of the good town of Derby.

(To be continued.)

EARLY PIETY OF THE LATE BISHOP HEBER.

He very early became sensible of the necessity and importance of prayer, and was frequently overheard praying aloud in his own room, when he little thought himself within reach of observation. His sense of his entire dependence upon God, and of thankfulness for the mercies which he received, was deep, and almost an instinct planted in his nature; to his latest hour, in joy as in sorrow, his heart was ever lifted up in thankfulness for the goodness of his Maker, or bowed in resignation under his chastisements; and his first impulse, when afflicted or rejoicing, was to fall on his knees in thanksgiving, or in intercession, for himself and for those he loved, through the mediation of his Saviour.—(Extract from his Life)

MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

Meditation and prayer are like the spies that went to search the land of Canaan; the one views, and the other cuts down, and both bring home a taste of the fairest and sweetest fruits of Heaven. Meditation, like the eye, views our mercies; and Prayer, like the hand, reacheth in those mercies: or Meditation is like a Factor, who lieth abroad to gather in what we want: and Prayer, like a Ship, goeth forth and bringeth in what we desire. It is my misery that I cannot be so perfect as not to want; but it is Thy mercy that I cannot be so miserable as not to be supplied. Meditation cannot find out a real want, but Prayer will fetch in an answerable comfort. Lord! if mercy be so free, I will never be poor, but I will meditate to know it; never know it, but I will pray to supply it; and yet not rest, until thou shall do no more for me than I am able to ask or think.—*Lucas's Divine Breathings.*

The Church

Will for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg every Saturday.

TERMS.

To Subscribers resident in the immediate neighborhood of the place of publication, TEN SHILLINGS per annum: To Subscribers receiving their papers by mail, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, postage included. Payment is expected yearly, or at least half-yearly in advance.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Hon. and Ven. The Archdeacon of York; The Rev. Dr. Harris, Principal of the U. C. College; the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg; the Rev. H. I. Grasett, Asst. Minister of St. James's church, Toronto;—to any of whom communications referring to the general interests of the paper may be addressed.

EDITOR for the time being, The Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom all communications for insertion in the paper (post paid) are to be addressed, as well as remittances of Subscription.

AGENTS.

The Clergy of the Church of England in both Provinces.

- Robt. Stanton Esq., King Street, Toronto.
Mr. C. Scadding, New Market.
Dr. Low, Whitby.
Charles Brent Esq., Port Hope.
H. Hughes Esq., P. M. Emily.
W. Warren Esq., Darlington.
J. Beavis Esq., Clarke.
B. Y. McKyes Esq., Colborne.
J. B. Ewart Esq., Dundas.
Brooke Young, Esq., Guelph.
John Burwell, Esq., P. M. Port Burwell.
J. White, Esq., P. M. Camden West.
A. Davidson, Esq., P. M. Niagara.
Mr. J. Ruthven, Hamilton.
T. S. Shortt, Esq., Woodstock.
Hon. James Kerby, Fort Erie.
G. W. Baker, Esq., Bytown.
Alfred Knight Esq., Wm. Henry, L. C.
Mr. Jas. McLaren, Quebec.
Messrs. Swords Stanford, & Co. New York.

[R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.]