

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXXIV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN B.

- 274. Barabbas was the person whom the Jews preferred to the Saviour.—How do you ascertain that his crimes were sedition, robbery and murder?—(Luke and John.)
275. What was the general character of Bar-jesus? with what particular sin does he stand chargeable? and what was the judicial punishment inflicted upon him?—(Acts.)
276. Do you recollect the place where this wicked man resided; and the other name by which he was there generally called?—(Acts.)
277. On what two occasions in Barabbas introduced to us in the Scriptures? and can you find any reason for concluding that this name thus twice employed is intended to point out two different persons?—(Acts.)
278. Who was Bartholomew?—(Matthew.)
279. Bel was the great idol of Babylon.—Where is the destruction of this and its other idols predicted?—(Isaiah.)
280. Paul and Barnabas arriving at Berea, preached the Word of God.—What proof did its inhabitants give of their candid disposition?—(Acts.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- Aug. 5.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
12.—Ninth do.
19.—Tenth do.
24.—St. Bartholomew's Day.
30.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXVI.

KING WILLIAM IV; LORD BROUGHAM; EARL GREY; LORD DURHAM, &c.; BISHOPS OF QUEBEC AND SODOR AND MAN.

There seemed a cloud upon the brow of our gracious King, as surrounded by "lords and high estates," he proceeded slowly through the corridors of the Painted Gallery of the House of Lords. Not the galaxy of wealth and rank around him,—not the jewelled beauties who stood on either hand beside him, and who, with hundreds of the sterner sex, testified the ardour of their loyal affection by every manifestation which, on such an occasion, it was decorous to offer,—not all these proofs of his living in the honours of his people awoke the semblance of a smile upon the countenance of our beloved Sovereign, nor imparted to his features that mute eloquence which implied that the heart was affected by the welcome of this pageantry. And why was this, thought I? Could it be that a few weeks of reflection, a more philosophic contemplation of late events, had begotten in the monarch's mind a foresight of the dark results to which the measure he was at this moment about to recommend from the throne, would so infallibly lead,—that the moral convulsion which the reverberated cry of 'Reform' had created, was felt to be shaking the foundations of the throne, while it was threatening to extinguish the pure fire of Protestantism which blazed upon the altars of the land. I can believe this; although committed to the act, our gracious King could not now recede without a convulsion in the minds of his people and perhaps the fortunes of his country, even worse than that which the step he was taking was about to excite. I can, I repeat, believe this; because subsequent acts of this good King served to prove that the shadows of coming events were discerned by him on the day that he proceeded, with look so pensive and step apparently so reluctant, to tell the Representatives of his people that he wished the manner of that representation to be 'reformed.' It was within one short year that he resolutely denied assent to the proposition, so degrading to the dignity of the House of Lords,—to create a batch of Peers which, in that noble and truly patriotic body, would drown the independent and conscientious voice of opposition:—it was within about two years of that period that he told the Bishops of England, with an energy of manner worthy of a Protestant King, that no innovation should ever be permitted by him upon the rights of that Established Church which he was sworn to sustain.

That excellent monarch is no more,—gone, we trust, to exchange an earthly for a heavenly crown; and we know that in politics he became a Conservative long before the death-summons taught him the vanity of human applause, and the folly of being flattered by its changeful breath; and we know, from testimony which it is cheering to advert to, that as became a Christian king, he died. A young and beautiful Sovereign wears his relinquished crown; and millions hear upon their hearts to the throne of grace, while their lips and deeds attest the warmth of their loyal homage, the loved and honoured name of 'VICTORIA.' Long may she reign; and ended with victory over every earthly foe, may she share at last in the conquest achieved by the Saviour of the world over death and the grave!

King William the Fourth, on the occasion I have alluded to, struck me as bearing a strong resemblance to the best portraits of his admirable father George the Third. He was attired rather plainly in an admiral's uniform, a silver star the only decoration,—over which, upon his return from the House of Peers, was thrown a mantle of ermine. The person who first struck my attention in the magnificent train by which he was accompanied, was the Lord Chancellor Brougham; for none who had seen the numerous prints of this distinguished individual in the windows of every picture or caricature-shop in London, could fail to discern the likeness. His countenance was any thing but prepossessing: the flowing wig ill became his elongated and harsh features; and upon his ungainly figure the splendid robes of state sat awkwardly. In Earl Grey, then the premier, the contrast was very striking. He was a tall, elegant figure, and a countenance which bespoke the patrician at once.—Although at that time fully seventy years of age, there was a firmness in his step and a vigour of intellect stamped upon his pale brow and beaming in his mild bright eyes, which told you that the destinies of the country were not entrusted at least to incapable hands. Earl Grey's adherence to the constitutional rights of his "order" we much admire; and over shall respect the strength of real British principle which would not allow him to be a party to the schemes of spoliation into which certain degenerate guardians of the sacred interests of the land would have dragged him. Earl Grey is a Whig; but as Lord Stanley, himself a bright specimen of what he described, lately explained it,—he is a Whig who clings to the principles which animated that body in the memorable year of 1688.

Lord Durham was also in the retinue,—tall in figure and slender; with features small and regularly formed, but his countenance extremely sallow and betokening ill health.—His appearance at the time was so extremely youthful as to

draw forth expressions of surprise from many of the bystanders, that the cabinet should possess so boyish a member.

Times have changed since the sketcher of those distant scenes, and the painter of those living portraits, beheld Lord Durham in that courtly train; and events as unexpected as they are extraordinary, have brought him, surrounded with vice-regal pomp and invested with more than vice-regal powers, to the shores of this new world. May he succeed in extracting the poison of disaffection from the tainted in our land, while he fosters the growth of that loyalty which in the bosoms of bold thousands amongst us is so thriving and vigorous a plant. It may be hard to do both; for while the care and caresses lavished on the one fail to win them, with the soul's affection at least, to the path of loyal duty, the other may droop and wither from unmerited neglect.—Lord Durham, too, is a Whig; but he is one to whom pertain the principles of an English gentleman and an English nobleman; so that while, from the avowed sentiments of his party, the rebel looks up to him with the expectation of lenity and forbearance, the loyal and the true turn with hope and confidence to his honour as a peer of the realm, and to his justice as the exalted representative of our loved and lovely Queen. As an English noble, too, proud of the country of his birth, and proud of the institutions which his ancestors spent their blood and treasure to uphold, he will naturally wish to see transplanted to every appendage of the Empire the spirit at least of the institutions which adorn and bless our mother land. And in this desire to be the bountiful instrument of good, he will not, we can believe, overlook the duty of scattering more diffusively in our moral soil the seeds of that "pure and reformed Church" which gives to the free and happy institutions of our parent land their characteristic blessing, and which throw around their human glory something of the sanctity of heaven. Churchmen in Canada may not buzz and flit about the Earl of Durham with a vexatious pleading of their claims. These stand out so brightly and broadly to the world, that they seek no better respect to them from that noble lord than what his own manly British spirit will naturally dictate,—the respect claimed by inherent and undoubted right; one which an English nobleman would feel that his honour was tarnished in infringing upon.

But this is a long digression, and I must return to my narrative. The King passed again through the Painted Galleries—the trumpets sounded, the cannon roared, the multitude huzzed,—and the gala of the day was over. But what a scene did the streets in the vicinity of the Parliament-House present! What an assemblage of gay and glittering equipages! what a mass of human beings! With the utmost difficulty and hazard, and after at least an hour's delay, I threaded the mazes of the mingled throng, and reached my lodging in safety.

In the evening of this day I had the pleasure of dining at the house of a friend, whose the Bishop of Quebec and the Bishop of Sodor and Man were guests. To me the former was no stranger, and to few who may favour these remarks with a personal view he a stranger either: therefore upon his character, marked by the simplicity and devotedness of a purer age, I need not dilate. The Bishop of Sodor and Man was a person of very mild and engaging manners, though exhibiting little in countenance or conversation to indicate superior talents; yet has this prelate—now no more—immortalized himself by the spirited and affecting memorial in behalf of the rights of his ancient and interesting diocese, which he indited almost upon his dying bed. It is well known that amongst the recommendations of the late Ecclesiastical Commission was one that, after the decease of the present incumbent, the bishopric of Man should merge into that of Carlisle; but so loud and strong have been the protestations against this suicidal measure, echoed with patriotic energy by the dying bishop, that every hope exists that the Isle of Man—which from the earliest ages could boast its bishop, and amongst its bishops the saintly and apostolic Wilson—will, for generations to come, enjoy the same high and spiritual privilege.

Amongst the company assembled was an excellent individual—now also no more—viz: George Marriot Esquire, at that time one of the Police Magistrates of London, with whom it was my privilege subsequently to enjoy frequent intercourse. His was a most harassing and responsible life; and various were the characters with whom, of course, he came in contact,—evincing all the grades of villainy, and sometimes alas! the various shades of insanity. In dilating upon the ludicrous and painful incidents which, in the course of duty, he encountered, he read us a letter received that morning from a lady who complained to this 'worshipful' protector that she was enforcing under a cruel infliction of spiritual anatomy. It was not easy to decypher the real meaning of this fair correspondent under the cloud of words through which it was attempted to be conveyed; but we all agreed that the best recommendation to this complainant, if of such she could avail herself, was to place herself under the spiritual guardianship of a pastor of the Established Church, with whom she would be spared at least any carelessness or injudicious or indelicate wounding of her excited feelings. There were many such, it was also agreed,—and each eye turned involuntarily to the amiable and beloved rector of the parish of our host, who happened to form one of the present party—many such to be found, who were imitators of their heavenly Master's gentle treatment, to "carry in their bosoms the lambs, and gently to drive" the sick and weary.

The conversation during dinner turned also upon the late Bishop Hobart,—known and hospitably entertained by some of the present party during his visit in England;—and some remarks were uttered in condemnation of his memorable Sermon upon his return to his native land. The Bishop of Quebec interposed in defence of his able and lamented friend and brother prelate; and although he excused not the obnoxious sentiments of that sermon, and dissented heartily from the untenable views by which it was characterized, he was loud in his praises of the zeal, the piety, the efficiency of Bishop Hobart, yes, and of his unfeigned attachment to the Church of England herself. I can easily believe that had Bishop Hobart lived to the present day,—when the question of an Establishment has come under fair discussion, and when its weak and selfish enemies have literally been crushed beneath the weight of scriptural and rational argument,—when, after this full and free discussion, the trumpet of victory on the side of an Established Church can sound its triumph and its challenge to any Goliath of dissent who may venture to enter the arena;—had he lived to this time, it is easy to believe that, whether from the incontrovertible reasons advanced in its favour, the practical proofs afforded of its incalculable blessings, or the melancholy evidences which this very continent exhibits of the effect of its absence, Bishop Hobart would himself have regretted the

sermon, which friends and foes are all fast forgetting in unimpaired admiration of a holy man and a devoted bishop.

Nor, amidst the friendly discussions of this hospitable board, was allusion forgotten to the gala splendours and tumults of the day. With the present company it constituted no topic for peculiar gratification; and with many a sigh of apprehension, while the health of our gracious King was given, the hope was expressed and the prayer was breathed that the multitude who cheered to-day the royal advocate of 'reform,' might not evince the fickle cruelty of those who, in the case of a greater King, shouted to-day "Hosannah in the highest," and to-morrow raised the infuriate cry, "Crucify him, crucify him."

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE TOMB.

THE INFIDEL.

I had been spending a few hours among the tombs in our village churchyard. The day had gradually worn away.—The sun was sinking behind the western hills, and the shadows of evening began to steal over the landscape, before I was aroused from my musings. The simple eloquence of the rustic epitaphs around me, had brought to my mind many a subject of rich, though melancholy contemplation. My feet trod upon the dust of forgotten generations. All the various incidents and anxieties of life, a thousand times repeated, had sunk into the gloom and stillness of the grave. The mother had brought her tears, and poured them upon the dust of her sleeping child. The husband had groined to see the beloved of his youth shut up in those silent chambers. The beauty of the rich and delicate was consuming away "in the sepulchre out of their dwellings;" and the sorrowful sighing of the poor was here heard no more for ever.

Whilst I was wrapped in these contemplations I was somewhat startled by a voice beside me.

"A good evening to you, Sir—for the day's sinking blithely."

I turned and found that old John Hodges, our parish clerk had approached, without my having perceived him.

"You've chosen an awful spot, Sir," said he, "for your evening meditations."

"How so, John?" said I.

"Why, Sir, look beneath you. We turn a few sheep into the churchyard, to nibble the grass a bit now and then; but ne'er a one of them will feed where you are standing."

On looking down, the grass did seem to grow rather rankly above the spot to which John had pointed. I could not help smiling at the old man's superstition; but knowing that he was a kind of living register of this ancient burying-place, I endeavoured to hide my smile, for the sake of gratifying my curiosity.

"There's many a story told in the village," said John, "of him that's sleeping under that greensward; but none know better than I do, the long and the short of it."

"Well, John," I replied, drawing nearer to him, and putting on a countenance of as grave a character as the old man's self-important communication allowed of, "what is the history of this perished child of mortality?"

"Aye, perished indeed!" said John, "you may well say that: perished in body and in soul too, Sir, I fear. He was a good man's son, Sir, and the more's the pity: but you know, it isn't of blood, nor yet of the will of man. 'Ho will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.' But he had his day of grace, and his means of grace, notwithstanding; and an awful use did he make of them. He was taught the Scriptures, Sir, from a child. Many a goodly sermon has he heard from the pulpit yonder. At first the neighbours thought that much good would come of him; and often had our old minister laid his hand upon his head, and praised him for the wisdom of his youth.—But it all passed away, Sir, like the early dew, as the Scriptures say. As he grew up, he got connected with some free-thinkers. They used to meet of a night, at the Falkland's Arms, down by the road side; and awful doings they had at those meetings of theirs. One night, Sir—it was blowing a hurricano, and I wonder the house didn't topple upon their heads—they had got the Bible fastened to a string and were roasting it before the fire. Well, Sir, they argued all the poor lad's good out of his head. Did you ever hear of a book that's said to be written by one Tom Paine, Sir?"

"I have heard of it," said I, "and a sad production of blasphemy it is."

"Well, that they called their Bible, Sir; and they used to read a chapter of it every night, after the first three quarts were done. But to speak of the poor lad that's lying down below there: oft and again did his friends warn him of the danger of such doings, and told him that the 'end of such things was death.' But he only laughed at them, and told them that he had learned to know better—that he was 'ot such a fool as to believe in a future state—and that when death came, there was an end of body and soul too. I think he called it 'annihilation,' Sir."

"Poor youth!" said I, "and was it for this miserable notion that he exchanged his hope of heaven?"

"For nothing better, Sir," replied the old man, "and stoutly would he contend for it. Indeed, at last, he seemed given up to believe a lie. Warning came upon warning—affliction upon affliction—but he was none the better for it."

"Well," said I, "and how did it end, John?"

"Awfully, Sir," said the old man. "It was on a cold winter's night. I remember it well, Sir. The sleet had been coming down all day, and a thick snow-storm had set in at evening: you could hardly see your hand before you, it was so wild and gloomy. Some one knocked at my door. 'Who is there?' said I. 'Oh! John Hodges,' said the man, 'do you think you could get the minister to come to the poor lad that's dying down yonder? He's in a dreadful state, John.' 'Come in, man,' said I, 'and I'll go with you, as soon as I've wrapped my old coat about me.' Well, Sir, off we set to the minister. He was preparing to lie down to rest; but as soon as he knew our errand, 'Go with you?' said he, 'I should be an unworthy servant of my Master, if I shrunk from any of his work. Come John,' said he, 'let us seek this lost sheep.' Off we set, Sir; and many a time did I think we should never find the way to the lad's dwelling. But our minister bore the storm bravely. 'It's but a little thing,' said he, 'to the storm of God's wrath, John.—When we got to the dying lad's bed-side—I call him a lad, Sir, but he was at that time some two or three and twenty—Oh! the horror that was upon his countenance! He was as pale, Sir, as death itself. His free-thinking companions had all fled away from him: the scene was too horrid for them. As soon as the minister reached him, he stretched out his poor shrivelled hand, and grasping the minister's arm, with a look that I shall never forget, Sir, to my dying day—'Mercy! mercy! mercy!' cried he, 'Oh,

tell me, can there be any mercy for me?' Our good old pastor could hardly speak, Sir, for a few minutes. In the meantime, the dying lad filled the room with his moanings. At length the voice of the minister was heard: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' 'Oh! name Him not,' said the dying youth; 'I despised Him, I ridiculed Him, I trampled under my feet the blood that he had shed for me; and now—Oh! now I find no place for repentance, though I seek it with tears.' Our good minister tried to calm him, but in vain. Those awful passages of Scripture which speak of the everlasting wrath of God upon his enemies, rushed like a torrent upon the dying man's memory. 'He is laughing at me,' said he; 'He is mocking me; I cry but he heareth not; He hath a controversy with me; heaven is barred against me; the pit openeth its mouth to swallow me up. Woe, woe, woe upon me, for I shall soon make my bed in hell!' The deep, unearthly tone in which he spoke these last words, Sir, made my blood run cold. We knelt down to pray, but we had not been long upon our knees, when he started from his pillow, 'It's of no use,' cried he, 'its of no use. For heaven's sake, pray no more; it only makes me worse. I am going—none can save me!' We heard no more, Sir. His voice rattled in his throat, and before we could collect our thoughts, he was gone!"

Cottage Magazine.

The Garner.

PRAYER

Is the key which opens the repository of spiritual food, the wardrobe and the armoury of heaven. It is the bolt which excludes the thief and the robber, the stormy wind and tempest. It is the outlet of trouble, and the inlet of consolation.—Biddulph.

Subject (to Christ) we must be, whether we will or no: but if willingly, then is our service perfect freedom; if unwillingly, then is our averseness everlasting misery. Enemies we all have been: under his feet we all shall be, either adopted or subdued. A double kingdom there is of Christ; one of power, in which all are under him; another of property, in those which belong unto him. None of us can be excepted from the first; and happy are we, if by our obedience we show ourselves to have an interest in the second; for then, that kingdom is not only Christ's, but ours.—Bishop Pearson.

The heart is a small thing but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.—Hugo de anima.

He forced him not: he touched him not: only said, Cast thyself down; that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the devil, casteth himself down; for the devil may suggest, compel he cannot.—S. Chrysestom.

The idea of having heaven, without holiness, is like the idea of having health without being well,—it is a contradiction in terms.—Erskine.

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit good works; as the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works: so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.—S. Bernard.

We may be sure, that when we leave our sins and wickedness, and turn unto God, with all our hearts earnestly, then he will turn himself to us, and shew himself a loving father.—Bishop Latimer.

A wise man counts his minutes. He lets no time slip: for time is life, which he makes long by the right use and application of it.—L'Estrange.

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