

Youth's Department.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

For four weeks in advance.

- 414. Gen. xxxv. 30. 429. Exodus vii. 17, 18.
- 415. Gen. xxxvi. 8, 9. 430. Deut. xxviii. 60.
- 416. Numbers xx. 14-21. 431. Deut. xxviii. 27.
- 417. 1 Sam. xiv. 47; 2 Sam. xlv. 1-10. 432. Gen. xlv. 1-10.
- 418. 2 Chron. xxi. 8-10; 433. Exodus i. 8-22.
- 419. Psalm cxxxvii. 7. 434. Exodus ii. 24, 25.
- 420. Deuter. xxiii. 7. 435. Exodus vii. 8-12.
- 421. Genesis x. 1, 6. 436. 1. Water turned into blood; 2. Frogs; 3. Lice;
- 422. Genesis xii. 10. 4. Flies; 5. Murraia of beasts.
- 423. Acts vii. 22; 1 Kings iv. 437. 6. Boils; 7. Hail; 8. Locusts; 9. Darkness; 10. Death of the First-born.
- 424. Ezekiel xx. 7, 8. 438. Exodus xiv. 3-21.
- 425. Prov. vii. 16; Ezekiel 439. Exodus xii. 37, 38.
- 426. Numbers xi. 5. 440. Exodus xii. 40, 41.
- 427. Isaiah xix. 10. 441. Ezekiel xxxii.
- 428. Isaiah xix. 7.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- May 5.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
- 9.—Ascension Day.
- 12.—Sunday after Ascension-Day.
- 19.—WHITSUNDAY.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXXVIII.

PORTARLINGTON;—MONASTEREVEN;—THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE;—DUBLIN.

Before leaving Goshill, I must not omit some mention of one in the household of my warm-hearted host, who lay bed-ridden in a recess of the apartment which served for dining-room and boudoir; who had for years been the afflicted and helpless, but patient and uncomplaining tenant of that couch. My introduction to him, the sire of many gallant sons who had fought and bled for their country in various parts of its wide dominions, on which "the sun never sets," was made at an early period of my visit; and while he adverted without a murmur to the life of inaction and comparative solitude it was the will of Providence he should lead, he spoke cheerfully of his hopes of a brighter and better world, to which the pains and troubles of this one had caused his spirit to yearn the more intensely. It is now long since the spirit has been disembodied from its weak and shattered tabernacle; and through the appointment of an inscrutable Providence, the remains of the son, then comparatively so young and vigorous, have, since the days of my pleasant sojourn in that vicinage, been deposited by the parent's side in the narrow receptacle of the grave!

The same jaunty car in which I had made so many pleasant excursions from this hospitable spot, bore us now towards Monastereven, in order to take the mail coach thence to Dublin. On our way we made a short stop at Portarlinton,—a handsome town, containing about 2,000 inhabitants, situated upon and intersected by the river Barrow. This place was originally peopled by a colony of French refugees, who, upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, were compelled to fly their country; doomed alas! if they still adhered to their Protestant principles, to experience persecution again for the maintenance of "the faith once delivered to the saints." These exiles from the vine-clad walls of their native France, adopted for a livelihood the instruction of youth; and the celebrity which the neighbourhood acquired as a place of education, especially in the French language, caused it to be the resort of very excellent society. It is said that, in his early boyhood, the illustrious Duke of Wellington was a pupil in a French academy at Portarlinton.

Monastereven,—where, in waiting for the Dublin coach, we made a considerable stop,—is situated also on the river Barrow, and is a town of neat and pleasing appearance.—Amongst the attractions of the neighbourhood is Moore Abbey, the seat of the Marquess of Drogheda, possessing a beautiful park bounded on one side by a mountain. We sauntered amongst its shady walks, and gazed upon the glassy surface of its beautiful lake, until the twang of the horn apprized us of the arrival of the coach. At about half past three in the afternoon, we commenced our journey hence for Dublin, and drove merrily on to Kildare. This is an ancient town, containing the ruins of several Abbeys, a Cathedral, and a Castle; and amongst other relics of the olden time, are the remains of a Nunnery said to have been founded by St. Bridget in the 6th century, and long celebrated, as tradition has it, for the sacred fire which, lighted there by her, continued unextinguished for more than 700 years! In the church-yard is a beautiful and perfect Round Tower, 130 feet in height, surmounted by a battlement; and not far from the town, is the Hill of Allen, containing a cave where lie, it is said, the remains of Oscar and other chiefs whom Ossian, in his wild songs, has consecrated to fame.

Leaving this town, we cross the celebrated common, called the Curragh of Kildare,—containing about 3000 acres, not of barren plain, but of beautiful and cheering verdure. Here, and in the vicinity, are many striking objects, whose interest is heightened by important historical associations; but in modern days, the Curragh of Kildare is frequented more for the attractions of the race-course than because of its legendary fame, or its Druidical remains. Driving across this spacious lawn, as it may be termed, we come, after a short drive, to the town of Naas,—celebrated also for historical recollections. Its name signifies the "place of the Elders," for here were held the assemblies of the States previous to the 9th century; and it is famed also as having been the residence of the kings of Leinster. About half a mile from the town, are the remains of a seat which belonged to the Earl of Strafford, one of the victims of the regicides of the 17th century.

As we approached the metropolis of Ireland, the country presented a very improved appearance; the cultivation was superior, the hedges more neatly trimmed, trees and shrubs distributed more abundantly and in better taste, and all betokened the life and vigour of prosperity. We arrived in the city about dark, and at the recommendation of a fellow-passenger, we proceeded, for the sake of greater quiet and its attendant comforts, to Tuthill's Hotel in Dawson street.

After a long day's journey, and at so late an hour, the first thing naturally thought of is repose; but the first attempt at its gratification in the quiet abode of Mr. Tuthill did not seem to bear out the strong recommendation of the comforts promised by our travelling companion. The bed proved to be about a foot and a half too short,—a hasty abstraction, probably, from the nursery; but sloaks and morn-

ing gowns served tolerably well to supply that deficiency of length, without appealing for a redress of the grievance to the proper authorities. Another imperfection, the "all tattered and torn" condition of the bed linen, which ought long before to have become the property of the rag-man, happily escaped attention until a sound night's rest had been enjoyed; when the usual remonstrances were made to the usual servitors, and produced all the profusion of apologies and all the fulness of reformation which could possibly have been desired. These "mistakes" of a night notwithstanding, I cannot leave the mention of Tuthill's Hotel, without bearing testimony to the comfort and even elegance of all its appointments, the easy quiet of the house, and the civility of all its inmates.

On the following day, at an early hour, I called upon an individual whose kind and assiduous attentions contributed so much to the gratification of my short sojourn in Dublin, and one whose amiable qualities have been long and well appreciated in many places on this side the Atlantic.—I need not disguise the name of Major General Pilkington, as he is now beyond the reach of mortal flattery, the inhabitant, I humbly trust, of a better world. At that time he held an important post,—the command of the Engineers in Ireland; and his rank and official situation naturally threw him into much of the bustle and gaieties of society. He found time, however, amidst the claims of the public service, to be my companion to many of the sights and curiosities of Dublin; and his hospitable house was all but my home during the term of my stay in the city.

Winding round from Upper Stephen Street, and designing to proceed along the Liffey to College Green, I paused to view that well known and far-famed structure, Dublin Castle. It is an ancient building, having been erected in the year 1220,—founded by the celebrated Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, and converted into a viceregal residence in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is divided into two parts, called the Upper and Lower Courts or yards; the former being properly the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, and the latter appropriated to public offices.—The Upper Castle Yard is a spacious quadrangle, to which the entrance on the eastern side is by a lofty arch called the East Gate, surmounted by a statue of Justice. "Justice to Ireland," has become a hackneyed term of late years, and is included among the favorite phrases of the O'Connell faction; and some of the later viceroys, who have adopted the agitator's views of what that term implies, seem to have forgotten that there are two scales to the balance which even-handed Justice holds, and in the desire to conciliate the "rabble rout" of that political incendiary, appear to think that no regard need be paid to the claims for justice presented by the Protestant Church and Protestant Constitution of the country!

I shall not attempt to describe half of what I viewed, and was delighted with in the beautiful city of Dublin; but as a very humble subject, not in the Republic,—no, I loathe the name,—but in the Kingdom of Letters, I must not defer some notice, however imperfect and unworthy, of its learned and noble University. In visiting this venerable institution, the nursery of so many of our most highly-gifted and devoted champions in Church and State, and the unflinching guardian of Ireland's Protestantism, I had the advantage of the company of one of its alumni,—a son of the Rev. Henry Woodward, a distinguished divine, then settled in the County of Cork. He had been bred at Oxford, however, and was a contemporary, at All Souls's College, of that man "without guile," the late lamented Bishop of Quebec. Trinity College, which comprises the University of Dublin, was projected as far back as the year 1311; but the charter of an University was not conferred upon it until the reign of Elizabeth, and at the instance of the great Archbishop Usher. Its buildings, affording accommodation for about 1600 students, surround three extensive squares, and are handsome and imposing; the principal front is towards College Green, and about 300 feet in length. At the north side is the Chapel,—a handsome structure, entered by a portico supported by Corinthian columns; and on the south is the Theatre or Examination Hall, ornamented with several portraits of distinguished persons,—amongst others, of Queen Elizabeth, Archbishop Usher, Bishop Berkeley, and Dean Swift.

The Library is a noble apartment, 210 feet long, and 40 feet high. It contains upwards of 80,000 volumes, and a large collection of rare and valuable manuscripts. We were also favoured with an inspection of a very curious collection of Mexican antiquities, consisting of a series of hieroglyphical pictures. Passing through the Library Court, we enter the College Park, which contains about twenty acres, and possesses a bowling-green and tennis-court. The Anatomical apartments and Chemical Laboratory, stand at the right of the entrance into the Park; and opposite these is that important appendage to an University, the Printing Office. After viewing the third quadrangle, which possesses the rather humorous designation of Botany Bay, and contains the Museum, we returned and visited the Refectory or Dining Hall. This is a very spacious and handsome apartment, adorned with several portraits of illustrious persons; and my companion did not forget to remind me that a king had lately been the guest of his Alma Mater,—that George IV. had dined in this Hall.

After further rambles; as long protracted as my time would admit, through the spacious premises of this noble University, we entered again into College Green; and pausing a moment to contemplate the equestrian statue of the great champion of Protestantism, William III.—since clandestinely pulled down by those who would subvert the moral structure of which he was the defender,—we resumed our walk, and proceeded towards St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The Garner.

LOYALTY OF THE CHURCH.

Here it may not be amiss to observe, what I have often thought of, not without admiration, how strangely the spirit of the Apostles hath run through our church, all along, ever since the Reformation, diffusing itself from the head, which first received it, into all her real members; as may easily be seen, not only in the discipline of our church, but likewise in its doctrine, manner of worship, patience under sufferings, universal charity, and particularly in its loyalty and submission to the civil magistrate; which the Apostles, assisted by the Spirit of God, did not only press upon others, but practised themselves. And the same spirit hath enabled our church constantly to do the same: inasmuch, that malice itself could never fasten anything of rebellion upon our church, as now constituted, nor upon any of her members that lived faithfully in her communion. Many of them have suffered imprisonment, sequestration, yes, martyrdom

itself, as the Apostles did; and yet all have been as free from rebellion and treason as they were: which to me is a great instance of the same Spirit still working in our church, which wrought so effectually upon them.—Bishop Beveridge.

THE TRUE STATESMAN.

The true Statesman is inviolably constant to his principles of virtue and religious prudence; his ends are noble, and the means he uses, innocent; and, if the ship of the state miscarry, he had rather perish in the wreck, than preserve himself upon the plank of an inglorious subterfuge. His worth hath led him to the helm; the rudder he uses is an honest and vigorous wisdom; the star he looks to for direction is in heaven; and the port he aims at is the joint welfare of prince and people.—Archbishop Sancroft.

A FRUIT-BEARING REPENTANCE.

Many things doth a tree bring forth, and divers of them as fore-runners to the fruit, as boughs, and leaves, and buds, and blossoms. Saint John mentions none of them; passeth by them all; stays at none, till he come to the fruit.—That is it, the tree was planted for. Not to make materials, not to give shadow; not for the green boughs, nor the gay blossoms, nor for any thing but for the fruit. The tree is for the fruit, and, but for the fruit, there had been no tree. Fruit it was, for which it was first set, and for which it is let grow: and when there is no longer hope of bringing forth fruit, down with it (saith the Lord of the soil) why troubles it the ground any longer? And then comes *Ira ventura* with his axe, lays it to the root, and down it goes, and into the fire it is cast; and seeing it will not serve for fruit, makes it serve for fuel,—the end of all unfruitful trees. Mark it well, this. It is the fruit of repentance, not repentance itself, but the fruit it is, is sought for. That is all in all. So not only a bearing, but a fruit-bearing repentance.—Bishop Andrewes.

SERMONS.

There are many who place abundance of merit in going to church, although it be with no other prospect but that of being well entertained, wherein if they happen to fail, they return wholly disappointed. Hence, it is become an important vein among people of all sorts to hunt after what they call a good sermon, as if it were a matter of pastime and diversion. Our business, alas! is quite another thing, either to learn, or at least to be reminded of our duty, to apply the doctrines delivered, compare the rules we hear with our lives and actions, and find wherein we have transgressed. These are the dispositions men should bring into the house of God, and then they will be little concerned about the preacher's wit or eloquence, nor be curious to enquire out his faults or infirmities, but consider how to correct their own.—Dean Swift.

THE POOR.

The poor are either good or bad, that is, the poverty of men is found either in the way of righteousness, or in the way of wickedness. The good and virtuous poor man, though he deserves our greatest pity, (as by that is signified our propense inclination to do him good, and relieve his necessities,) yet he is also an object of our greatest esteem and admiration. This is the man that baffles the Devil's challenge to God concerning Holy Job, that serves God for nought, that courts virtue without regard to her dowry, that is, any visible dowry, any present pay, and by a mighty faith rests satisfied with the future reward. On the other side the poor man that is as wicked in the sight of God as he is wretched in this world, is of all men the most miserable. For how great must be the misery of that man, who being poor towards God as well as men, shall consequently be miserable, not only in this, but in the other life also! This is a poor wretch indeed.—Bishop Bull.

GAMING.

It is argued both ways about play and gaming, whether it be lawful or no: (especially when sums of money are played for; and the thing becomes rather an avaricious contention, than a recreation and divertisement) some believing that it is innocent: others that it is a grievous sin. But there is no man, even of those that use it most, but will readily acknowledge, that it exposeth a man to great and dangerous temptations of sundry kinds; that it is the occasion of abundance of sin, and abundance of mischief, and that it seldom fails to produce intolerable consequences, both as to men's souls, and estates, and families. Now to a man that loves God, and has a tender sense of his duty, this is enough in all conscience to deter him for ever from the practice of gaming, though it be not made to appear to him, that it is expressly and explicitly forbid by any law of Jesus Christ.—Archbishop John Sharp.

CHURCH HISTORY.

They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For God is marvellous in the surges and tempests of the sea: he is marvellous in the firmament of heaven; but much more marvellous is he in the surges and stormy tempest of his church. Here may we behold the work of his hands. This is the shop of his power, of his wisdom, of his light, and truth, and righteousness, and patience, and mercy. Here may we see the children of light, and the children of darkness: the vessels of honour, and the vessels of shame; the assaults of falsehood, and the glory and victory of truth. Here shall we see how God leadeth even into hell, and yet bringeth safely back: how he killeth, and yet reviveth: how he refuseth the full, and feedeth the hungry: how he is the ruin of many, and the resurrection of many. Here may we see the wonderful ways, and the unsearchable judgments of God.—Bishop Jewel.

Advertisements.

**BANK OF UPPER CANADA.**  
PUBLIC Notice is hereby given, that a general meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at the Bank, in Toronto, on Monday, the third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the election of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, as the act directs.  
THOS. G. RIDOUT,  
Cashier.  
Bank of Upper Canada,  
Toronto, 18th April, 1839. 1w81  
Editors of the several newspapers in this Province are requested to give the above one insertion.

ANY respectable Female residing in the country, (the vicinity of Cobourg would be preferred) desirous of taking charge of three girls, between the ages of 4 and 10, to board and educate, may apply to the Postmaster, Cobourg. None need apply whose terms would not be moderate. Boarding-School charges would not suit.

LADY of the highest respectability is anxious to receive two or three children, from six to twelve years of age, who would be boarded and educated in her family. They would be instructed in the usual branches of a good English education, and the greatest attention would be paid to their religious improvement. Music, Dancing, Singing and the Guitar would be taught, if required. Application may be made (if by letter, post paid,) to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg, or Mr. Sheriff Ruttan, of the same place.  
Cobourg, January 18th, 1839. 32-6w.

YOUNG LADY, accustomed to tuition, wishes to obtain a situation as GOVERNESS. She would undertake to instruct children under twelve years of age in French, Music, and the usual branches of an English education.  
Application to be made (if by letter post paid,) to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, or to G. S. Boulton, Esq. 44-1f.

WANTED, by the 1st June next, a Teacher for the CORNWALL FEMALE FREE-SCHOOL, capable of instructing in all the common branches of education and needle-work. None will be accepted but an experienced Teacher, a member of the Church of England, and one who can procure the most unexceptionable references. To the school is attached a comfortable dwelling house, partly furnished. Application to be made to Mrs. Mountain, Cornwall, U. C. 43-4w.

ASSISTANT WANTED.

IN consequence of the rapid increase of Pupils in the District School of Johnstown District, at Brockville, the Principal is desirous of engaging a permanent Assistant, to whom a liberal compensation would be given. Satisfactory testimonials as to character and acquirements from at least one clergyman would be expected. For particulars apply (post paid) to the Rev. Henry Caswall, Principal of the Johnstown District School, Brockville. 40-1f.

WANTED.—In a Private Family, on the first of May next, a Gentleman duly qualified to teach *Greek, Latin, Mathematics, &c.* and fully qualified to prepare pupils for either Oxford or Cambridge. Apply personally, or by letter post paid, to the editor of the Church. 37-1f.

FOR SALE.

FARM pleasantly situated within four miles of Cobourg (to which there is a good road), containing 100 acres, 50 of which are cleared and fenced. It is well watered, and has an excellent mill-seat upon it. Upon the premises are a dwelling-house, barn, stable, and shed, in good repair.—Application may be made (if by letter, post paid) to the Editor of the Church or Cobourg Star. 41-1f.

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C. B. & Co. are agents for the sale (to the Trade) of Joseph Van Norman's well known Castings, a large Stock of which they have always on hand, consisting of

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Sugar Kettles, Pot Ash Coolers, &c. &c. &c.  
Toronto, July, 1838. 7-1f.

The Church

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