# Youth's Bepartment.

# To the Edilor of the Church.

Ma Editor.—Having been requested to furnish the answers to the series of Historical Questions, of which the publication has been commenced in your valuable paper, I have thought it expedient, in the present number, to suspend the printing of the Questions themselves, and to allow the Answers to appear in their room. Below, will accordingly be found not only the answers to the Questions already published, but to those also which may appear for several weeks to come. I would merely suggest that parents or others, who may find the use of these Questions profitable, would do well to lay by the present number for their own private consultation.

### A WELL-WISHER.

## ANSWERS

### TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

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69. Esther i. 12, 19,-ii. 17.

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No. V.

LONDON, Continued: Excursion to Woolwich: The Arch-

The CITY of London, properly so called—for all to the eastward of Temple Bar comes under that particular designationnext claimed a visit; and after an inspection of the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, and the Bank of England, a low massive building which covers, in quadrangular form, a great deal of ground, I entered the area of the Stock Exchange. This became afterwards a frequent lounge, and the visiter is well repaid by the exhibition of the latest commercial news of the day, suspended on every side. From this, in company with an obliging and intelligent friend, I paid a visit to Lloyd's,—where the throng of people, and the perpetual buz of voices was very striking. In the centre of the room is a compass plate upon a table, where a hand connected with a staff outside which veers with every change of wind, points to the precise quarter from which, at the time, the wind is blowing. Returning through Lombard Street, which is filled with the offices of bankers, and which, during the hours of business, is so crowded with people that there is no small difficulty in threading your way, I walked on through Cheapside and continuous streets to Charing Cross, where in order to fulfil an engagement, I mounted the dickey of a coach to Woolwich. The drive thither is through a beautiful country; and many neat villages and splendid edifices are passed in its progress.

At Woolwich, in company with a kind and obliging friend of the Artillery, my first visit was to the docks, where many ships were undergoing repair;—a very comprehensive word, by the way; for as the ships in commission were not allowed, except under express limitations, to be increased, it not unfrequently happened that of some old vessel nothing but a small part of the keel was left, and the repair commenced therefrom! In the arsenal every variety of work pertaining to a military depot was exhibited,—the boring of cannon and the whole process indeed of the fabric of that formidable engine;—amongst the appendages to which I was not a little struck by the blacksmith's shop, where the ardour of occupation and the extensive scale upon which it was carried on, afforded a vivid realization of Virgil's picture of the toiling Cyclops' when busied about the armour of Æneas!

The barracks of Woolwich, their extent and neatness, and even elegance of construction, are all in keeping with the magnificence and completeness of every institution, both civil and military, in England;—while the reading-room, library, mess rooms, buttery and kitchen proved that the internal arrangements did no discredit to the imposing character of the external appearance. In passing these numerous edifices, the hearse of Na-

poleon was pointed out to me,—an article which, except from association, had nothing certainly of attraction about it; but once, I was informed, it had been covered with a velvet pa!l, every vestige, however, of which had been carried away by enthusiastic Frenchmen!

After following the meanders of the beautifully shaded walks, where we discovered the artillery-men undergoing the drill and exercise of their particular department,—throwing temporary bridges across streams, raising the great guns up steep places, &c.—we entered the Rotunda. This is a very spacious tent built by order of the late King, when Prince Regent, in which to entertain his royal visitors, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia &c. during the short peace of 1814. It was originally placed in St. James's Park; but being afterwards presented to the depot at Woolwich, it has since been used as a cabinet of curiosities or museum, containing various ingenious models of fortified towns, ships, &c.—and drawings of innumerable variety.

On the evening of this day,—as an instance of the variety of character we encounter in travelling,—I chanced to be in company with a Sicilian lady of princely descent, who, almost at the moment of introduction, commenced a very earnest description of a remarkable fight, to which she had been witness, between a lizard and a snake! I thought, however of Longinus's celebrated simile of an "elevated genius employed in little things," and remembered that even the peerless Homer condescended to describe in Hexameters a terrific battle between the Pigmies and the Cranes!

On the following morning we rose early in order to have a view of the splendid scenery visible from Shooter's Hill,-in the course of the walk to which, we passed the school of cadets and saw the display of their substantial breakfast. We viewed also the castle, usually termed Lady James's folly, as exhibiting a rare triumph of affection over reason. Her husband had been killed at the storming of some castle in India, and she, as a living memento of his deplored fate, elected a castle-upon which her whole fortune was consumed-after the exact model of the fatal fortress. The morning being hazy, we were disappointed in the expected treat from Shooter's Hill; -not the Thames itself, nor a trace of London being visible on account of the thickness of the atmosphere. In returning, we passed by Shrews bury House and its beautiful grounds, where the lamented Princess Charlotte had been educated, and rambled and romped in the guildless buoyancy of childhood.

Postponing any further examination of Woolwich to a second visit, I bid a temporary adieu to my hospitable friends, and returned to town in a vehicle of which, on this occasion, I made the first experiment, and it certainly presented no attraction to invite a repetition,—in an omnibus,—where, with fully twenty companions and a vast variety of bandboxes and packages, I was literally stowed away; but in which, however, after stoppages innumerable and serving as an admirable trial of patience, we contrived to reach Charing Cross in about two hours.

At the close of this day, it was my privilege to be introduced to, and to partake of the hospitality of the amiable, learned and pious prelate who possesses the first sent upon the Episcopal Bench,—his Grace the Archbistiop of Canterbury. The present residence of his Grace was in Richmond Terrace, in the house recently occupied by Sir Wilmot Horton,-Lambeth-palace being at that time undergoing repair and improvement upon a very extensive scale. The Archbishop is rather a slight man and not tall; of a sallow complexion, but with a countenance of remarkable benevolence, and yet a dark eye of piercing vivacity. He has rather a downcast look, speaks in a low, deliberate tone of voice, and is, on the whole, of what may be termed a quiet demeanor. His Grace is a great favourite with all parties; because all feel that he is a sincere Christian, and that, although enjoying the presidency over a Church which, whether for wealth or learning, yes and the Scriptural purity of its creed and ritual, is immeasurably the greatest in the world, he is meek in spirit and "walks humbly with his God."

In the temper of the political world, as then existing, neither prince nor prelate were objects of any particular popular favour; on the contrary, there was too general a revival of that spirit so atrociously manifested in the hall of the Jewish highpriest when the Saviour of the world was reviled and condemned; -and all the wild projects of amelioration, all the plans of reform which were blazoned in every print and echoed by every tongue, seemed to contemplate as necessary the downfall of that church which has been justly styled the bulwark of Protestantism and the glory of the Reformation. In a mood of reckless ferocity, and rioting upon the wild schemes of improvement which so many of the weak and the wicked were sedulous in fostering, many therefore were the taunts and insults which, in the memorable years of 1831 and 1832, were heaped upon the prelates and other ministers of the Church of England; but many thanks to our God, He looked with pity upon the temporary aberration of the nation and stayed "the mudness of the people." At the present moment, the Established Church is so rooted and fixed in the hearts of the great budy of the English people,-as the crowning blessing of the land,-that its friends may well look with the security of confidence,-confidence in the justness of their cause and in the approving smiles of their God--upon the vain attempts which are making, or may be made, to subvert our national altars.

The party at the Archbishop of Canterbury's contained amongst its number three other prelates,—one of whom was the Bishop of Bangor, who, in mildness of manner and meekness of temper, strongly resembles the archbishop, and who, in strength of understanding and vigor of talent, has probably not a superior upon the Episcopal bench. In the whole family of the Archbishop the same obliging and amiable disposition is evinced which characterizes their venerated head; and although in the first subject, next to the royal family, in the realm,—in one who is brought into every day association with princes and peers and the great ones of the earth,—there is a degree of munificence and splendor in every household appointment naturally to be expected, still in the excellent Archbishep and in all about

him, there is an utter absence of that glare and glitter and show which a noble income might induce the more worldly-minded to exhibit. Nor should it ever be forgotten—apart from the fact that in most cases not half the income is actually possessed which the tongue of vulgar rumour commonly ascribes to the Bishops of England—that thousands are annually bestowed by them in the various charities presenting themselves continually to the prominent and pious in the land, which the unthinking and often uncharitable world wot not of.

The next morning was my second Sunday in London; and at 11 A.M. I attended the Church of St. Clement's Danes, and heard there one of those vigorous preachers who dwelt upon the topics nearest and dearest to the Christian's heart and Christian's wants, with whom London, yes and all England and Ireland, was then abounding. He was not one of the few whose names fame had designated as the clerical "stars" of the day; but he spoke "the truth as it is in Jesus," and made a wanderer feel how precious are the hopes and how sweet is the comfort which is built upon that only rock of our salvation.

At 3 P.M. I repaired to Westminster Abbey,—a venerable and time worn structure, of which, on the present occasion, I must content myself with a very cursory description. Extering by "Poet's Corner"—a most appropriate and classic passage—we find ourselves surrounded at once by countless monuments of the great and good of by-gone ages,—of poets, philosophers, warriors and divines, whose names live in tablets more enduring than brass and marble, and who will be remembered when the venerable Abbey which shelters their mouldering remains, shall have crumbled itself into dust!

The "long-drawn aisles" of the Abbey, are each bounded by a beautiful stained window, and the "fretted vaults," whose workmanship is in the most exquisite style, re-ccho with a thrilling power the "swelling note of praise." Then, and often afterwards, did I listen to the pealing organ and the youthful voices which accompany it in the tribute of praise to our God and Saviour. Its soothing charm I bore away upon the soul; and the remarkable stillness of the London Sabbath Evening was mellowed and sweetened by the fresh recollection of the lovely services of the Abbey.

(To be continued.)

THE BIBLE.

There is in this world an entire remedy, a complete antidote for all the sorrows, for all the miseries, for all, the wickedness, that exist. This remedy, this antidote, is the Bible. I wish you, therefore, my dear friends, to have recourse to it as the great physician, as the pearl of immense price, as the infallible guide; to seize it as the thing most necessary, most valuable, most indispensable; as the only medicine that begins to operate exactly where the malady of man commences, namely, in the heart.—C. V. Whitwell.

No preacher is so successful as time. It gives a turn of thought to the aged, which it was impossible to inspire while they were young.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it flourish there.

ANTED,—To take charge of a select school; to lead the singing in the Church, and to instruct in singing the youth of the congregation,—a person fully adequate to each of these duties. He must be a truly correct, pious person, and a communicant of the Church of England. Good recommendations founded upon personal knowledge of character, from a clergyman of the Church will be required. A liberal salary will be given. For further particulars reference can be had (if by mail, post paid) to the Rev. T. B. Fuller, to D. M'Gregor, or T. M'Crea Esquires, Church Wardens, Chatham, U.C.

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The Church

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