

Poetry.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."—
Exodus xiv. 15.

Forward and fear not—the billows may roll,
But the hand of Jehovah their rage can control;
Though the waves rise in tumult, their anger shall cease,
One word of His bidding shall calm them to peace!

Forward and fear not—though trial be near,
The Lord is thy refuge—whom then shalt thou fear?
His staff is thy comfort, thy safeguard his rod;
Be sober, be steadfast, and trust in thy God.

Forward and fear not—though false ones deride,
The hand of The Highest is with thee to guide;
His truth is thy buckler—his love is thy shield,
Then on to the combat, and scorn thee to yield.

Forward and fear not—be strong in the Lord,
In the power of his promise, the truth of his word;
Through the sea and the desert thy pathway may tend,
But He who hath loved thee will love to the end.

Forward and fear not—speed onward thy way;
Why now dost thou shrink from thy path in dismay?
Thou tread'st but the way which thy Leader has trod;
Then, forward!—press forward!—and trust in thy God.—
(Communicated.)

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN A.—CONTINUED.

127. There was a prophet named Ahijah the Shilonite.—To which of the Kings of Israel did he declare his prophecy?—(1 Kings)

128. When Ahijah was old, and could not see by reason of his age, who came to him in disguise? what was the occasion of the errand? and what was its issue?—(1 Kings)

129. Where does it appear that Ahijah's prophecy concerning the house of Jeroboam was accurately fulfilled?—(1 Kings.)

130. Whose acts from first to last were written in the prophecy of this Ahijah the Shilonite?—(2 Chron.)

131. Who was Ahimelech? and where did he reside?—(1 Sam.)

132. How did he meet with his death? and in what manner was David implicated in the transaction?—(1 Sam.)

133. How many of the Lord's priests were slain together with Ahimelech? and what became of the city where he dwelt, and all its inhabitants?—(1 Sam.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Nov. 26.—Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the 25th Sunday after Trinity.

30.—St. Andrew's day.

Dec. 3.—First Sunday in Advent.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XIV.

BAKEWELL; BUXTON; MANCHESTER; RAIL ROAD TO LIVERPOOL.

Having breakfasted at Rowsley, my companion and I parted,—he on his return to Derby, and I on my journey to Manchester. In a few minutes after leaving the Hotel, the coach was opposite the old Hall which, a few hours before, we had visited; and the guard, at the moment, blew a few notes on a bugle-horn that we might hear the multiplied reverberations which, in this lovely vale, are slung back upon the ear;—which leap from cliff to cliff and hill to hill, as if the unseen spirits of the air were making melody!

To Haddon-hall I now bade adieu; but never will that venerable structure, with all its antique associations, be obliterated from the memory; for never was there a more complete realization of the most romantic descriptions of romantic castles which even the "Mysteries of Udolpho" contain, than this time-worn edifice. Long forsaken by its noble owners, its massive walls crumbling with age, its huge stone steps literally worn with the footsteps of visitors, its hangings and furniture within falling, from the corroding influence of time, peaceably away, and its only inhabitants two or three old worn-out domestics of kind and indulgent masters,—all bring to vivid recollection the haunted halls and spectral scenes with which the stories of romance abound. But, certainly, all dreams of haunting spectres or visions of enchantment must soon be dissipated by a glance at the surrounding country,—romantic, indeed, but so fair and smiling, evincing so much of the peaceful, prosperous quiet of rural bliss, that our thoughts turn unconsciously from the restless spirits of the invisible world which those legends speak of, to the happy and unsophisticated inmates of the pretty cottages around.

Journeying merrily along, we were soon at Bakewell,—a neat and romantically situated town, with probably the best hotel in England. It is the property of the Duke of Rutland, and has been fitted up by the noble owner in the style of a magnificent private dwelling; its apartments elegantly furnished and its walls adorned with pictures. The Church of Bakewell is also deservedly regarded as a curiosity, having sustained the shocks and buffetings of time for full a thousand years. In this aged sanctuary are many monuments of the Vernons, and amongst the marble sleepers is to be discovered "Peveril of the Peak" with his two wives; their faces mutilated, however, by the barbarous puritanism of the followers of Cromwell.

From Bakewell, over hill and dale, and often through deep ravines, where frowning groves on either hand almost excluded the sun-beams, we drove on to Buxton; a beautiful village of no great extent, but abounding with romantic and classic associations. Amongst the number of the latter is the Well of St. Anne's, the remains it is said, of a bath constructed by the Romans; but Buxton is not the least remarkable as having been one of the favourite retreats of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Of her regard for this pretty spot she is said to have left the following classic testimony:

"Buxtona, quæ calide celebrare nomen lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, vale."

Thus rendered into English:

"Buxton, whose fame thy tepid waters tell,
Whom I perhaps no more shall see, farewell!"

Amongst the other curiosities of Buxton were pointed out to us what are called Anne's Stables, a large pile of buildings in octagonal form, designed as a circus for the amusement of visitors to this watering place. We had also a momentary view of a beautiful semicircular range of buildings, compassing the well of St. Anne's, called the Crescent,—occupied chiefly as hotels and baths.

Much of our drive on leaving Buxton was still through a very romantic country; and most rapid was our progress until about 2 o'clock we entered Manchester. As we were driving through the town, we met some hundreds of the children of the Charity Schools, with their teachers at their head, proceeding, as we were told, to the race-course, where some treat, peculiarly gratifying to the juvenile, was it appears in store, prepared for them by their benevolent superintendents. This interesting procession, of faces ruddy with health and lively with happiness, all in neat and uniform attire, told loudly and affectingly of England's sacred guardianship of the poor. And to what is owing this care of the otherwise untended and destitute, left per chance to the wild and ruinous effects of moral degradation and spiritual ignorance,—a care not confined to a few isolated spots where the wealthy have been concentrated and can spare the means of that provision, but visible in every hamlet and parish of the kingdom,—a care embracing as well the sick, decrepid or aged poor as the fatherless and houseless child;—to what is this benevolent nurture of the unprotected and the needy to be ascribed but to the influence of that Established Church which, vilified as by some it may be, has rendered England in moral beauty and in richness and extent of spiritual cultivation all that it presents in the goodness of its soil, the loveliness of its scenery, and the exquisite fairness of its fields and meads, and groves and habitations?—Yes, without its Established Church—founded upon the rock of Protestantism, the Bible—we might discern here and there a patch of spiritual cultivation, here and there a garden blossoming amidst the moral wild, here and there evidences of the power of that faith which constrains to deeds of love;—but never should we discern that universal provision for the soul's wants of poor and rich, in the millions of the city or amongst the scattered dwellers in the country, which England now presents, and which may God grant, through His benignant blessing to this fostering Establishment, she may ever manifest!

My stay in Manchester being limited, I contented myself with an inspection of the Collegiate Church; an extensive structure in the Gothic style, and exhibiting, in the antique sculpture of many of its crowded monuments, much that carries back the mind to days of superstition and of ruder taste. Here, at the time, the service was performing in the same manner as in Cathedrals;—rows of choristers, in their white surplices, chanting aloud with youthful voice the praises of our God and Saviour, as directed in the inimitable ritual of our National Church.

Hence, after some further examination of the many imposing buildings which Manchester presents, I proceeded to the Rail-road office, and took seat in an omnibus for the rail-road itself about a mile from the spot. There, with my ticket duly numbered, I claimed in one of the well-finished, well-cushioned and spacious cars, the place which that ticket indicated,—a hinder seat and next a window. We left at five o'clock, and after one stop, about half-way, and the check of speed experienced where the train has an ascending course, we reached Liverpool, a distance of 32 miles, in one hour and seventeen minutes!

At the first starting of the train we moved but slowly, but soon that motion was accelerated, and presently we were speeding on, as the mile-posts observed by a stop-watch indicated, sometimes at the rate of 45 miles an hour. Such, at those times, was the swiftness of our progress that the rail adjacent to that on which we were moving, appeared like some bright substance quivering in the air, and hurrying along with us and not appearing to recede as is the case in ordinary movements. But that which conveyed the most striking idea of our speed was the meeting another train of cars, moving on probably at the same rate with ourselves. These assumed the form of some dark body, the outlines alone distinguishable, hurrying past us with the velocity of a lightning cloud. When at a distance we observed in some of the open cars many passengers, both male and female, seated; but when they came abreast of us it was almost impossible to distinguish the form, far less the features of a single individual.

But rapid as this movement was, we experienced no sensation of suffocation or even shortness of breath, as some had dreaded. Nor was the motion of that jarring, head-affecting kind, which on the American rail-roads is so often experienced; but such was the admirable construction of the carriages, or whatever else the cause, that it was by no means impossible to read even at our utmost speed, and the experiment, at the time, was also successfully tried to write!

In the thirty-two miles over which we travel by the rail-road, there is a great variety of country, but in general it is not highly interesting. For many miles a moss common is traversed, where the rail is laid upon an artificial elevation effected by piles driven deep into the earth,—a work of enormous expense;—again we run beneath and sometimes over bridges, the latter, when constructed specially for the rail-road, denominated viaducts; for a time we proceeded through a narrow passage hewn out at a considerable depth from rocks; and when near to Liverpool we ran for some distance through a tunnel lighted by gas!

At the termination of the rail-road, we were taken up by an omnibus, and conveyed to whatever part of the city we desired where the principal hotels were situated. I alighted in Dale Street, proceeded for the night to the Royal Hotel, and being content for this time with a very slight inspection of the wonders and attractions of Liverpool, I took my place in the coach at 4 o'clock on the following morning on my journey towards Scotland.

(To be Continued.)

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

Suppose professors of religion to be ranged in different concentric circles around Christ as their common centre. Some value the presence of their Saviour so highly, that they cannot bear to be at any remove from Him. Even their work they will bring up, and do it in the light of his countenance; and, while engaged in it, will be seen constantly raising their eyes to Him, as if fearful to lose one beam of his light. Others, who, to be sure, would not be content to live out of his presence, are yet less wholly absorbed by it than these, and may be seen a little farther off, engaged here and there in their various callings, their eyes generally upon their work, but often looking up for the light which they love. A third class, beyond these, but within the life-giving rays, includes a doubtful multitude, many of whom are so much engaged in their worldly schemes, that they may be seen standing sideways to Christ, looking mostly the other way, and only now and then turning their faces towards the light.—And yet farther out, among the last scattered rays, so distant that it is often doubtful whether they come at all within their influence, is a mixed assemblage of busy ones, some with their backs wholly turned upon the sun, and most of them so careful and troubled about their many things, as to spare but little time for their Saviour.

The reason why the men of the world think so little of Christ is, they do not look at Him. Their backs being turned to the sun, they can see only their own shadows; and are therefore wholly taken up with themselves. While the true disciple, looking only upward, sees nothing but his Saviour, and learns to forget himself.—*Doctor Payson.*

THE CLERGY DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

On the breaking out of the civil war in America, most of the Clergy of the Church of England adhered to their loyalty, and acted a part suitable to the blessed religion which they preached. But the propriety of their conduct, and the sacred order to which they belonged, did not protect them from the persecution of their enemies. Many of them have taken shelter in Great Britain, and others in different Colonies. I met several of them at New York, and frequently attended divine worship at the City Hall, where they preached in rotation. I was much edified with their truly Gospel doctrine, for their discourses were intended to mend the heart, and not to mislead the head with fine-spun theories; and they delivered themselves with that zeal, which distinguishes those who feel what they preach to others. Amongst men of this primitive stamp, I should mention Mr. Leaming, and the two Sayers from Connecticut, was it not that good men are dead to the applause of the world, and look for their reward in another country, where merit will not be mistaken or overlooked.—*Stokes's Constitution of the Colonies. 1783*

SELDEN'S TESTIMONY.

"I have taken much pains," says the learned Selden, "to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men: but with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners: to this I cleave, and herein I find rest.'"

A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, residing in a pleasant and healthy situation in this Province, is desirous of undertaking the tuition of two pupils, for whom he has accommodation in his family. Letters may be addressed to the Editor of 'The Church,' (post paid), who is empowered to communicate terms and other required information. 22—4

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