

Youth's Department.

ANSWERS TO  
SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

For six weeks in advance.

- 162. Numbers xxv. 3.—Judges 181. Revelation xvi. 19.—xvii. ii. 10, 11.
- 163. Judges vi. 27—33.
- 164. 1 Kings xviii. 19—40.
- 165. 2 Kings x. 18—28.
- 166. 2 Kings xi. 17, 18.
- 167. 2 Kings xxi. 3.
- 168. 2 Kings xxiii. 4, 5.
- 169. Genesis xi. 9.
- 170. Some think they wished to be independent of a second flood—others, that they wished to establish universal dominion.
- 171. Genesis x. 10.
- 172. 2 Kings xx. 12—18.
- 173. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 6, 18, 20.
- 174. Psalm cxxxvii. 1.
- 175. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 20, 21.
- 176. Daniel ii. 48, 49.
- 177. Daniel iv. 30—33.
- 178. Daniel v. 30, 31.—Cyrus, however, was conjoined with Darius, and was the principal agent in the transaction.
- 179. Isaiah xliii. & xiv.—Jeremiah l. and li.
- 180. 1 Peter v. 13.
- 181. Revelation xvi. 19.—xvii. and xviii.
- 182. Ezekiel xxvii.
- 183. Numbers xxii. 4—6.
- 184. Numbers xxii. 13.—By the terms "The Lord refuseth to give me leave to go," he intimated that he wished for leave, but that God refused to give it to him.
- 185. Numbers xxii. 22—31.
- 186. Numbers xxxi. 8.
- 187. Micah vi. 5—8.
- 188. 2 Peter ii. 15, 16.
- 189. Revelations ii. 14.
- 190. Judges iv. 6.
- 191. Judges iv. 8, 9.
- 192. Judges iv. 2.
- 193. Judges iv. 21, 23.
- 194. Hebrews xi. 32.
- 195. Acts iv. 36.
- 196. Acts iv. 36, 37.
- 197. Acts xi. 22—24.
- 198. Acts xi. 25.
- 199. Acts xiii. 1, 2.
- 200. Acts xv. 36—39.
- 201. 2 Timothy iv. 11.
- 202. 2 Sam. xvii. 27—29.
- 203. 2 Sam. xix. 32.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- Jan. 21.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
- 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
- 28.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
- Feb. 2.—Purification of Virgin Mary.
- 4.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

SCENES IN OTHER LANES.

No. XVI.

EDINBURGH; GENERAL LOCALITIES; ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH; ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL; OLD & NEW TOWN & C.

The Star Hotel in Edinburgh, altho' certainly not to be classed amongst the very first in the city, is nevertheless one to which for pleasantness of situation and for every essential internal comfort, I cannot refuse a passing commendation. At the table d'hote at 5 were six or eight highly respectable and intelligent gentlemen,—chiefly, I believe, members of the General Assembly, which was then in Session,—who received me cordially into their little circle, and with them a couple of hours was passed in interesting and edifying conversation.

Towards sunset,—an hour the most propitious for contemplating those beauties of nature which distinguish this "modern Athens," when day's garish splendours are not thrown upon the scene, but rock and castle and hill and spire receive the rich mellow rays of the sinking sun,—at this hour, I sauntered forth to enjoy a sort of panoramic view of this matchless city. In that grandeur and beauty which nature furnishes,—but let it not be thought that art does not second here the embellishments of nature with her choicest skill,—Edinburgh stands perhaps unrivalled in the world. On the east, Salisbury Crag, Arthur's Seat, and the Calton Hill,—in the centre of the town, to the west, the towering rock on whose summit the impregnable castle frowns,—and the steep ravines on either side in which motley edifices are clustered;—an amphitheatre of mountains in the distance,—and to the north-east the broad expanse of the Frith of Forth glowing beneath the setting sun, its surface whitened by the sails of innumerable barks of various size;—all these constitute a richness of scenery which one may travel far and wide to be hold again.

Content for the present with this general view,—to the attractions of which are to be added what cannot escape a first observation, the magnificence of the public buildings, and the symmetric and almost classic construction of the houses in general,—I proceeded to avail myself of the hospitality of which one of my letters of introduction immediately secured the cordial offer. The conversation of the present evening, and of all the other mornings and evenings which I was permitted to spend in that society, was much heightened in pleasing interest by certain transatlantic reminiscences, the delight of recurring to which on this occasion was mutual. One, especially, was there—an individual to whom the literary, perhaps the religious world is under some obligation—who added, in a peculiar degree, to my enjoyment of this evening by a noble and eloquent advocacy of those principles which refresh the heart in every clime and amongst every tongue; for in almost every company into which we may chance to fall, we are often doomed to experience some of the rubbings of opposition against the tenets as well of religious as of political faith, which it is our comfort and pride to cherish.

On the following morning I attended at St. Andrew's Church, belonging to the Scotch Establishment, in George Street. The congregation struck me as remarkably thin for so populous a portion of the town,—a circumstance which I had occasion to observe in others of the Established Churches of this city, and partly owing, I understood, to the number of inhabitants absent from town in the summer season;—the singing was conducted in the very extreme of bad taste; and although, in the sermon of the preacher there was much to edify and please, his manner seemed to be characterized by more fervency than judgment, by more zeal than taste. Not that warmth and earnestness are to be abandoned, because they comport not with scrupulous nicety to the rules of taste or to the regulated laws of intonation and

cadence; yet must I avow my persuasion that grotesque gesticulation can never add real effect to an impassioned delivery, or shouts and screams at the very top of the voice precisely supply that desideratum of energy which is doubtless needful to give efficacy to the word of exhortation or rebuke, and to aid the appeals which may be made to the sympathies of the heart.

Between services I was fortunate enough to meet with an old friend in whose company I had looked forward to much of the enjoyments expected from my stay in Edinburgh. This was a gratification to a great extent imparted; but this friend was unhappily then suffering under long-protracted and painful illness,—an illness which, at no distant period, brought him prematurely to the grave. But he lives in the affectionate recollection of many besides the individual who pays this passing homage to his sterling worth; and his remains rest in consecrated ground in that spot of transatlantic territory where his best days of usefulness were passed.

Amongst the group of individuals who, on this afternoon, were proceeding towards St. John's Chapel, was a young and lovely daughter of one well remembered in this country, Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe,—whose interesting child I should not now name, were it not that in the prime of a life marked by all that gentle sweetness which, in this instance, was the genuine product of piety, she has since been cut off,—transplanted to the land where bloom the "plants of Paradise,"—gone from many of the survivors of that day of earthly worship to pay, we trust, an acknowledgment of praise of which the lapse of everlasting ages shall not diminish the 'joyful sound.'

St. John's Chapel is a beautiful structure, standing at the head of Prince's Street, and built in what is termed the florid Gothic style. In front is a very imposing square tower, surmounted by numerous minarets, and the same ornaments are placed at short distances upon the top of the side walls. The light and finished style of the architecture within is peculiarly striking; there being no side galleries, but the roof is supported by two rows of graceful Gothic columns. A very handsome, though not highly ornamented, marble slab in honor of Bishop Sandford is placed on the right of the communion recess. The chanting and singing were conducted in a very pleasing manner, and the performance of the whole service was such as to make one most impressively feel at home. It conveyed the soothing effect of the "songs of our own Zion in a strange land."

On the following morning I had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the old Town, and to observe the sudden contrast which its narrow and filthy streets and antique houses present to the airy walks and elegant mansions of the newer portion of the city. At one moment you grope your way through narrow alleys, called closes or wynds,—the way almost impassable from an accumulation of filth, the constant accessions to which precipitated from doors and windows on either side threaten not a little disarrangement to the apparel of the passenger;—and in a few minutes ascending a gradual slope, or flight of steps, or it may be winding up the stairs of some ten storied shop, you are, as if by the magic of Aladdin's lamp, in a square of palaces!—In my rambles through the 'auld town,' I had occasion to ask direction to some spot which I was very anxious to reach; but the answers—either misunderstood, from being conveyed in a dialect almost as unintelligible to me as the Flemish of Louvain, or improperly given—uniformly caused me to make my travels in a circle, and to bring me back nearly to the same spot from which I had set out!

From these solitary rambles, in which I saw as much of contrasted poverty and wealth in a short time as perhaps it would be possible to discover in any other portion of the world, I rejoined the friend at whose house I had spent my first evening in Edinburgh, and whose unremitting attentions I shall ever have cause gratefully to remember. We sauntered leisurely towards Calton Hill and on our way entered into, and made an inspection of the prominent curiosities of the ancient palace of Holyrood House.

(To be Continued.)

UTILITY OF THE BIBLE.

Dr. Olinthus Gregory relates the following visit which he paid to a poor man greatly afflicted. "On entering the cottage, I found him alone; his wife having gone to procure him milk from a kind neighbour. I was startled at the sight of a pale-faced man, a living image of death, fastened up in his chair by a rude mechanism of cords and belts hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having for more than four years been totally deprived of the use of his limbs; yet at the same time suffering extreme anguish from swellings at all his joints. As soon as I had recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiful an object, I asked, 'Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?' 'No, Sir,' replied he, in a touchingly feeble tone of mild resignation, (nothing but his lips and eyes moving while he spoke,) 'I am not left alone, for God is with me.' On advancing, I soon found the secret of this striking declaration: for his wife had left on his knees, propped with a cushion formed for the purpose, a BIBLE, lying open at a favourite portion of the Psalms of David. I sat down by him, and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had a small weekly allowance certain, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. 'Why,' said he, 'tis true, as you say, seven shillings a week would never support us; but, when it is gone, I rely upon the promise I find in this book, *Bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure?* I asked him, if he ever felt tempted to repine under the pressure of so long-continued and heavy a calamity? 'Not for the last three years,' said he, 'blessed be God for it,' the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance while he made the declaration;—'for I have learned in this book in whom to believe: and though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded he will never leave me nor forsake me. And so it is, that often when my lips are closed with locked jaws, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, he enables me to sing his praises in my heart!'"

A man who prays much in private, is generally glad also to join with his fellow Christians in worshipping God in public.

ELI TREMBLING FOR THE ARK OF GOD.

We have just been looking at the Christian as a man of a benevolent heart; we must regard him now as a man of a tender conscience. Some of you never fear for the Gospel. You never dream of its being taken away from you, or of any spiritual privilege being withdrawn. And we can tell at once who you are: You are men who do not know yourselves. You do not feel how unworthy you are of your spiritual mercies, how thankless you have long been for them, and how unprofitable and rebellious under them. You see no reason in yourselves why they should be withdrawn, and therefore you never fear that they will be withdrawn. But the real Christian is a man who carries about with him a heart that God has wounded. He feels, every day he lives, that he is a guilty sinner. When, therefore, he sees threatening appearances in the Church, he is ready to apprehend danger in the Church. 'Here is God,' he says, 'coming out of his place to take vengeance;' or rather, 'There is God departing from us; he is leaving us to ourselves.' And instead of blaming others, his heart smites him, and he blames himself. 'Is not this my work?' he says. 'Talk not to me of other men's sins; I have no heart to hear of them. They are heavy, perhaps, but not so heavy as mine; and besides, others around me would have honoured the Gospel more, had I not so dishonoured it. If the ark goes from us, it has been driven away from us by my unprofitable and unholy life.' Oh, that we could at this hour hear such language as this from every man in our Church! Oh! that whenever danger seems to threaten our Zion, we would all think of the part we have had in bringing on that danger! We blame others, and they may be worthy of blame; but it would become us better to blame ourselves. We are all guilty in this thing. May the Lord, therefore, give us self-accusing, as well as anxious and trembling hearts!"—Rev. C. Bradley.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

I have no time, and assuredly as little taste, for expatiating on a topic so melancholy, nor can I afford at present, to set before you a vivid picture of the other miseries which war carries in its train—how it desolates every country through which it rolls, and spreads violation and alarm among its villages—how, at its approach, every home pours forth its trembling fugitives—how all the rights of property, and all the provisions of justice must give way before its devouring exactions—how, when the Sabbath comes, no Sabbath charm comes along with it—and for the sound of the Church bell, which was wont to spread its music over some fine landscape of nature, and summon rustic worshippers to the house of prayer—nothing is heard but the deathful volleys of the battle, and the maddening outcry of infuriated men—how, as the fruit of victory, an unprincipled licentiousness, which no discipline can restrain, is suffered to walk at large among the people—and all that is pure, and reverend, and holy, in the virtue of families, is cruelly trampled on, and held in the bitterest derision.—Dr. Chalmers.

THE LITURGY.

I have often thought, when I have perused the Liturgy, that it appeared to be made for a time of suffering and sorrow; and, as an individual I can say, that, when in sorrow, I have most prized and valued that Liturgy. It appeared as if a spirit of martyrdom pervaded all its pages; and it will be more highly valued by us if we are called to testify our zeal for the truth by our individual sufferings and sorrows.—J. Poynder, Esq.

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.

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