

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXVI. BEERSHEBA.—CONTINUED.

225. Which of the prophets, afraid of losing his life, fled to this city, and, after leaving his servant there, went himself into the wilderness adjoining?—(1 Kings.)

226. Can you relate the peculiar circumstance which transpired while the prophet was in this wilderness of Beersheba?—(1 Kings.)

XXVII. BENEHADAD.

227. Who was Benhadad? and where did he reside?—(1 Kings.)

228. What proof have we of his intemperate habits?—(1 Kings.)

229. Which of the kings of Judah entered into league with this wicked man? and what was the object which he had in view?—(1 Kings.)

230. When Benhadad besieged Samaria in the reign of Ahab, what was the issue of the battle which afterwards took place?—(1 Kings.)

231. Can you relate the ingenious but ignominious expedient resorted to by Benhadad and his servants after they were defeated in their second battle with Ahab and the Israelites?—(1 Kings.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

May 6.—Third Sunday after Easter.
13.—Fourth do. do.
20.—Fifth do. do.
24.—Ascension-Day.
27.—Sunday after Ascension-Day.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXII.

JOURNEY TO YORK;—THE MINSTER.

At rather an early hour on the following morning, I left Newcastle for the ancient city of York,—the northern capital of England. After crossing the Tyne, which is a river of considerable size, nearly as wide, it struck me, as the Thames at Westminster Bridge, we enter the county of Durham; and it was not long before we came in sight of the venerable city of the same name. The approach to Durham from this direction, is very striking: the river, the castle, the cathedral, are viewed to much advantage; but upon entering the town, much of the charm is lost in the narrow streets and antiquated houses. Our stay in this old and celebrated city was not sufficiently long to permit me to view even the cathedral and the castle; so we drove on to Darlington a pleasant and airy town, near the confines of the county,—from whence, after half an hour's repose, we pursued our journey into Yorkshire. This is, at the same time, the largest and one of the most fertile counties in England; and at this season of the year, when the trees wore their richest foliage, and the fields their fairest verdure,—where hill and valley, and mead and grove, are presented in delightful interchange,—and when, from some elevated spot upon which now and then we entered, a view, the richest fancy can conceive, is presented,—this day's drive through Yorkshire was, upon the whole, one of the most delightful I had experienced in all the delightful drives it was my privilege to enjoy through the enchanting scenery of merry old England.

The pleasure and delight of this day's journey was much enhanced by a most agreeable and excellent companion, by whose side it was the will of a good Providence that I should be seated. In the progress of conversation, I discovered that he was a near relative of the late Peter Russel Esquire, once administrator of the government of Upper Canada; and, as I understood him, heir to a portion of the estate of that gentleman,—though not to all, it would appear, which the claims of consanguinity ought naturally to have awarded. But this truly excellent person,—a devoted clergyman of the Established Church, living about two miles from the city of York,—was not one to feel disappointed at the fickleness of fortune or the chicanery of the world. He pursued his quiet way, loving and beloved;—loving, with unfeigned devotion, those for whom his Saviour died; and beloved by a flock who saw, in this devoted pastor, one who cared for their best interests, because he cared for their souls.

With this companion,—one of the 'excellent in the earth,' I pursued my way through the delightful scenery of Yorkshire.—We passed through the pretty towns of North Allerton and Thirsk, and about four o'clock descried—like a giant standing solitary in the plain—the massive walls and towers of the ancient MINSTER:

Arrived at York, I lost not much time in repairing to this venerable Cathedral. It is an enormous edifice, 524 feet in length, 223 feet wide across the transept, and 235 in height; and surveying its stupendous proportions, how naturally come upon us the sensations which are embodied in these antique verses:—

What wondrous monument! what pile is thys!
That bynds in wonder's chayne entement!
That doth aloof the ayrie skyen kiss,
And seemeth mountaynes joined by cement,
From Godde hys greete and wondrous storehouse sente!

Less venerable and sombre perhaps, in its time-worn walls and antique turrets, than the ancient 'pile' of Westminster Abbey, and less classically magnificent than the more modern cathedral of St Paul, York Minster seems nevertheless to combine much of the hoary and reverend antiquity of the one, with the rich and striking grandeur of the other. Entering by the great western door, we are presented at once with a spectacle of rare sublimity and beauty. Beneath our feet is a mosaic pavement, of alternate shades of marble, the pieces of which are made to bear some proportion to the grandeur of the building. Above is the 'fretted vault,' at the height of an hundred feet,—the parts of which are ribbed and knotted with exquisite workmanship. In front, in long perspective, stand on either hand gigantic yet graceful columns, branching off into groined arches above. The screen of the choir, surmounted by the organ, appears about midway in the

distance; and the view is bounded eastward by the huge oriel window, 75 feet high and 32 wide, the stained glass of which represents various scenes from the books of Genesis and Revelation.

Over the centre of the transept stands what is termed the great lantern tower; which is supported by four massy pillars, from whence there spring four arches which unite far above, crowned with armorial bearings. Looking back from this position, we are struck with the beauty of the great window over the door, in the form of a heart, representing in stained glass the figures of several archbishops and saints arrayed in gorgeous robes; and at the moment the declining sun was pouring a rich flood of mellowed light through the ramified tracery of the window-head.—Five tall, lancet windows, inimitably stained, adorn the northern transept; and on the south transept three tiers of windows bound the view,—that at the top, wrought in the form of two concentric circles, representing a marigold, with its glass richly stained in imitation of that flower.

All have heard of the injury done to this magnificent Cathedral by the mad or malicious incendiary, who so nearly succeeded in rendering it a heap of smoking ruins. Much of the damage, at the time of my visit, had been repaired; but the contrast between the modern and ancient staining of the glass was, by the greater gloss and brilliancy of the colours now introduced, very striking. The art of communicating to the glass the soft and mellow tints which distinguish the ancient painting, seems now to be irrecoverably lost; and perhaps no modern ingenuity can restore its peculiar charm to the magnificent eastern window of the cathedral. Some think too,—though there may be prejudice in that,—that no instrument of modern workmanship can pour forth the same mellowed richness of tones which were wont to swell from the old, but now irrecoverably injured organ.

I cannot forbear adding to this notice of the noble Cathedral of York, the following fine remarks of a gifted traveller, for I had not the opportunity of observing it under the favourable circumstances which he describes:—

"Wishing to observe the effect of the rising sun, I repaired to the cathedral one morning, just as he was beginning to 'shed his dim blaze of radiance, richly clear,'

through the transparent colouring of the eastern window. What a flood of glory here burst upon the sight! It seemed like a scene of Arabian enchantment. The groups of kneeling saints and patriarchs, the winged forms of cherubim and seraphim, illuminated and glowing under the rays of a clear morning sun, the tessellated pavement chequered with a thousand rainbow hues, and the perfect stillness which reigned at this early hour,—all conspired to produce a momentary illusion that I was not in a temple made with hands, but translated to a palace, called up by the wand of an eastern magician.—I did not omit the opportunity of attending the Cathedral service, which is here executed in a masterly style. The effect, in a distant part of the building, is peculiarly grand and solemn. The peals of the organ, rolling huge billows of sound along the vast arches—the soft voices of the choir, breaking out into sweet gushes of melody, soaring on high and playing about the lofty vaulted roof like the pure airs of heaven—the pause, the swell, the stunning explosions of sound in the 'Gloria Patri,' and the chorus of the Anthem—cannot fail to entrance the ear which delights in the solemn harmony of Cathedral music."

I was but four hours in all in the city of York, but most of these were spent within, or in the environs of the venerable Minster. There is more than curiosity gratified,—there is more than the eye and the imagination delighted, as we gaze upon these stupendous piles which the piety of our forefathers has reared. There is something in the contemplation to wake up the best sympathies of the heart,—something which serves to elevate and quicken our religious feelings as well as our national predilections. We are inspired, somehow, with a more solemn sense of the majesty of the adorable Godhead, when the eye gazes about entranced upon the varied magnificence of the human structure erected to His honour; and the chords of Christian hope and love vibrate more instantly, and beat more quickly, as the low voice of prayer murmurs in broken whispers round the gigantic walls, or the loud notes of praise reverberate through aisle and vault of these stupendous temples.

And they are in happy keeping, too, with the greatness of our country, and with the moral magnificence of that Established Church which forms the noblest adjunct of our country's matchless Constitution; for while that Church boasts of its prelates and ministers who are 'giants' in their literary acquirements, and as much exalted for their piety as for their learning, we ought to discern here and there the religious structure, commensurate in the vastness of its size and the magnificence of its workmanship, with the glorious and mighty object of the material and the moral fabric,—the extension of the kingdom of God upon earth.

So felt at least our pious forefathers, and they were willing to make many sacrifices in order to save from hurt or pillage these hallowed piles. There is a tradition that, during the civil wars in the time of Cromwell, when York sustained a long and vigorous siege, Fairfax, the republican general, wearied by this obstinate resistance, pointed his guns at last towards the noble Minster, and threatened it with the devastations of his fire, unless the city surrendered. This threat, it is said, produced the desired effect: attachment to their cathedral was even stronger than the love of liberty or life: that was a hostage, entwined in their heart's affections by associations innumerable and indescribable, which no personal, which no earthly considerations, would allow them to sacrifice?

(To be continued.)

REV. C. WOLFE.

"On his return from Scotland, the writer met him at a friend's house within a few miles of his own residence; and, on the following Sunday, accompanied him through the principal part of his parish to the Church; and never can he forget the scene he witnessed as they drove together along the road, and through the village. It must give a more lively idea of his character and con-

duct as a parish clergyman than any laboured delineation, or than a mere detail of particular facts. As he quickly passed by, all the poor people and children ran out to their cabin doors to welcome him, with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of gratitude so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell upon their knees invoking blessings upon him; and long after they were out of hearing, they remained in the same attitude, shewing by their gestures that they were still offering up prayers for him; and some even followed the carriage a long distance, making the most anxious inquiries about his health. He was sensibly moved by this manifestation of feeling, and met it with all that heartiness of expression, and that affectionate simplicity of manner, which made him as much an object of love, as his exalted virtues rendered him an object of respect. The intimate knowledge he seemed to have acquired of all their domestic histories, appeared from the short but significant inquiries he made of each individual as he was hurried along; while, at the same time, he gave a rapid sketch of the particular characters of several who presented themselves—pointing to one with a sigh, and to another with looks of fond congratulation. It was indeed, impossible to behold a scene like this (which can scarcely be described) without the deepest but most pleasing emotions. It seemed to realize the often-imagined picture of a primitive minister of the Gospel of Christ, living in the hearts of his flock, 'willing to spend and to be spent' for them, and enjoying the happy interchange of mutual affection. It clearly shewed the kind of intercourse that habitually existed between him and his parishioners; and afforded a pleasing proof, that a faithful and firm discharge of duty, when accompanied by kindly sympathies and gracious manners, can scarcely fail to gain the hearts of the humbler ranks of the people."

MAN LIKENED TO A BOOK.

Man is, as it were, a book; his birth is the title-page; his baptism, the epistle dedicatory; his groans and crying, the epistle to the reader; his infancy and childhood, the argument or contents of the whole of the ensuing treatise; his life and actions, the subject; his crimes and errors, the faults escaped; his repentance, the connection. Now there are some large volumes in folio, some little ones in sixteens; some are fairer bound, some plainer; some in strong vellum, some in thin paper; some whose subject is piety and godliness, some (and too many such) pamphlets of wantonness and folly; but in the last page of every one, there stands a word which is *finis*, and this is the last word in every book. Such is the life of man: some longer, some shorter, some stronger, some weaker, some fairer, some coarser, some holy, some profane;—but death comes in like *finis* at the last, to close up the whole; for that is the end of all men.—Fitz Geoffrey. 1620.

ANECDOTE OF LORD BURLINGHE.

This great statesman was very much pressed by some of the disaffected divines in his time, who waited on him in a body, to make some alterations in the articles and liturgy. He desired them to go into the next room by themselves and bring him their unanimous opinion upon some disputed points. They returned however without being able to agree. "Why gentlemen (said he) how can you expect that I should alter any point in dispute, when you who must be more competent, from your situation, to judge, than I can possibly be, cannot agree yourselves in what manner you would have me alter it."

Satan is never likely to do more mischief than when he puts on Samuel's coat.—Gurnal.

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