

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XLIII. DAVID.—CONTINUED.

358. When the men of Jabesh Gilead showed respect to the mangled remains of Saul and his sons, what were the terms of commendation in which David addressed them?—(2 Samuel.)

359. Soon after the death of Saul, David was anointed king over Judah, but not over Israel at large.—When did this event take place?—(2 Sam.)

360. After the further death of Ishbosheth, Saul's surviving son, David was anointed king over all Israel, and then removed to Jerusalem.—How long did he reign, first in Hebron, and then in Jerusalem? and what was his age when he began to reign.—(2 Sam.)

361. After David had obtained possession of his kingdom one of his first cares had respect to the ark of God, which he was desirous of conveying from Kirjath-Jearim.—Do you remember the distressing circumstance which happened while they were in the act of removing it?—(2 Sam.)

362. David, being afraid of further removing the ark conveyed it to the house of Obed-edom.—What happened to this individual and his household during the three months the ark remained with him?—(2 Sam.)

363. When David heard of these circumstances relative to Obed-edom, he at length removed the ark into his own city.—Can you describe the whole ceremony?—(2 Sam.)

364. When David further desired to build a temple for the Lord his God, what was the answer which the prophet Nathan was commissioned to give to him?—(2 Sam.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- Jan. 20.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
27.—Septuagesima Sunday.
30.—King Charles the Martyr

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXXIV.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON.—VOYAGE TO CORK.

Bristol, in commercial importance and in the briskness and extent of its trade, ranks high amongst the cities of England, and may take its stand perhaps next to London and Liverpool; but with all these undeniable advantages, there are probably few even of those most wedded to its localities and most interested in its prosperity, who will say that it is a handsome city. Its docks, quays, and basins are certainly on a magnificent scale,—where, indeed, in England will you find such structures without that grandeur and finish which liberality and wealth combined with ingenuity can impart; much of the aspect of the town is imposing; and its venerable Cathedral stands out an object of attraction to every eye; yet, after all, we cannot yield to Bristol the distinction of being a beautiful place. I am one, however, that has an unfeigned respect for those local partialities which we discover to be so strong in the inhabitants especially of an old country, and I should feel as indignant as any inhabitant of Bristol could be, were the axe of the destroyer laid at the root of one of those old and majestic trees which overshadow and seem to protect from too bold and prying a gaze its ancient Cathedral; and, therefore, I have felt any lighter feelings chastened into grave respect at observing the very ingenious efforts which have been made to establish a resemblance between Bristol and Rome! I believe the precise number of seven hills can be pointed out on which the habitations of Bristol chance to cluster; and it is certain that the muddy Avon, when its scant rivulet is swollen by the tide into a respectable stream, may bear a resemblance to the 'yellow Tiber.'

retortis
Littore—violenter undis;

and it is certain that it exhibits what the Tiber never yet has done, in the heart at least of imperial Rome, crowds of vessels about to bear away its wealth to 'Afric and remotest Ind.'

Bristol is distinguished for many religious and philanthropic institutions; and many great and good men have flourished and died within its precincts. Nor is it without its curious memorials. In the Redcliff Church were said to have been deposited the manuscript poems which the youthful poet Chatterton gave to the world as the compositions of Rowley, a bard of the fifteenth century. But whether these productions were the ingenious and masterly fabrications of Chatterton, or the genuine poems of Rowley himself, has been matter for grave and protracted disputation amongst the learned; but the present age seems to unite with Dr. Vicesimus Knox in according the merit of the whole invention to the youthful poet of Bristol. In a beautiful apostrophe to that ill-fated boy, Dr. Knox elegantly observes, "Thou hast built an artificial ruin. The stones are mossy and old, the whole fabric appears really antique to the distant and the careless spectator; even the connoisseur, who pores with spectacles on the single stones, and inspects the mossy concretions with an antiquarian eye, boldly authenticates its antiquity; but they who examine without prejudice, and by the criterion of common sense, clearly discover the cement and the workmanship of a modern mason."

Bristol, as a commercial city, suffered much for a time from the rivalry of Liverpool; but, for some years, it seems to have been recovering from that influence,—partly from the indomitable spirit of enterprise which animates its inhabitants, and partly that new channels of trade have been opened, as well as the old ones extended and enlarged. In the present magnificent experiment of Atlantic Steam Navigation, Bristol has taken a conspicuous and honourable part; and its results will no doubt prove as profitable, as the undertaking itself is honourable to the commercial spirit of this ancient city.

I know not whether Clifton would be rightly named a daughter of Bristol, for it appears to be an appendage of the city, and to have grown up under its auspices; if so, it compensates, in the boldness and beauty of its features, for any harshness or homeliness which the mother-town may exhibit. Clifton is one of the most delightful spots in the kingdom,—a tranquil, elegant, and classic retreat; the chosen residence of many a poet, philosopher, and divine,—of many, too, who had mingled in the battle strife, and have hung up their martial harness until their country's need or their country's honour may summon them to the tented field again. From the level of the Hot Wells, which lie close to the margin of the muddy Avon, to the towering eminences above, it presents a rich variety of scenery; whilst its terraces, mansion-houses, and cottages—not clustered together, but offering themselves to the view interchangeably with gardens and groves—afford a most pleasing combination of the conveniences of the town with the retirement of the country.

I had several introductions to Clifton, and employed a considerable portion of one morning in delivering them; but few, unfortunately, of those whose attentions they would have ensured, were at home. Almost the first person whom I made the attempt to see was one whose name is consecrated to imperishable fame, Mrs. HANNAH MOORE,—to whom I was the bearer of an introduction from one of her particular friends, a Bishop of the Established Church. She was ill and confined to her room at the time,—she never, I believe, left it,—and all persons were peremptorily denied admittance to her presence, except the physician and a few confidential friends. It was, therefore, useless to plead for an interview; and I had, almost within sound of the voice of that venerable and admirable woman, to forego a gratification which it were alone worth a journey to experience. Few persons have done more for the cause of literature, for the religion of her country, for the morals, the piety and the patriotism of the Empire, than Hannah Moore; and I should have been proud to have tendered in person an humble acknowledgment of the debt under which she has laid the Christian world. Blessings on her memory, is an aspiration which no honest British heart will deny, now that her sainted spirit has flown to "the bosom of her Father and her God:"—blessings on her,—the richest that a gracious heaven bestows,—was the prayer which lingered on the lips as I turned from her threshold and wandered from her abode!

There were many others, elevated, in worldly station, and amongst "the excellent in the earth," whom I was disappointed this day in seeing. Some were invalids and could not receive the visits of strangers; and many were absent. Amongst others, Colonel Hawkshaw was gone, and the inmates of Meridian Cottage had flown to the sea-coast. At Rodney House, however, I was more successful. Its intellectual and amiable owner was at home; and in his hospitable abode, I had the pleasure of concluding a pleasing and interesting day. He was a near relation of the gallant Sir George Murray, and had been employed, under the auspices of Government, as a Commissioner for inquiring into the state of education in Ireland. A copy of his published Notes of this tour he kindly gave me; affording much valuable statistical information, and faithfully descriptive of some portions of the country over which I was subsequently to pass.

About noon on the following day, I took my passage in the Steamer "City of Bristol" for Cork; and in rigid observance of the important and never to be slighted duty of punctuality, I was not a moment beyond the appointed time of embarkation. Fully two hours, however, elapsed before we were clear of Cumberland Basin,—so many, and unusual and unexpected were the impediments; and still another half hour had to pass before the paddles of the Steamer were dashing the muddy waters of the Avon into foam. At length, however, we were fairly under weigh, and with arroy speed were coursing the winding stream; which, until it reaches the Bristol Channel, meanders between bold and wooded banks, and amidst scenery the most grand and picturesque. Not far from the Hot Wells, a suspension bridge is projected across the Avon; and if it be accomplished, it will surpass in boldness of conception even the splendid structure at Menai. The banks at that spot are very high and precipitous on either side; and the proposed bridge would be about 250 feet above the level of high-water. But as there is no reasonable prospect of a return for the enormous expense which would be incurred, the undertaking seems to have been abandoned.

The view which bursts upon us as we emerge from the narrow and winding Avon into the Bristol Channel,—at that spot, properly the mouth of the Severn,—is very imposing. On one hand were the mountains of Wales, "rob'd in their azure hue," and at their feet, rich and placid meads and valleys; on the other hand were cliffs, and fields and groves in beautiful interchange; and before us was the waste of waters, widening in the distance to a boundless expanse, and dotted with innumerable vessels. We proceeded rapidly along,—the shores, on either hand, receding from us as we advanced; but the eye lingered, as long as day-light lasted, upon the bold mountain tops of South Wales, and the blue hills and rich valleys of Somerset and Devon.—Showers ever and anon were falling, and the winds were angrily "lifting up their voices;" but the sun threw his parting glory on the Devonshire hills and arrayed its fading scenery in smiles, at the moment that the increasing surge and the heaving vessel drove me from the deck and forced me to bid to beautiful and merry England a reluctant "good night."

The plash of the paddle-wheels, the clanking of the engine, the rush of the angry waves, and the howl of the wind—now increased into a gale,—was the hoarse music which alone greeted our ears during that tedious and trying night; and when the morning dawned, there was no cessation of the storm. Slowly but steadily the vessel mounted the wave and plunged into the valley, to ascend again the foam crested billow; and thus were we heaved and tossed thro' nearly forty continuous hours,—the vessel with all her speed and power, scarcely averaging five miles an hour over the opposing sea. Never on the wide Atlantic did I suffer so much as during this forty hours' voyage; and never did I greet with more heartfelt joy the sight of land, than I did, after the expiration of those tedious hours, the first distant glimpse of the Emerald Isle. Ballycotton island was the first land we made; and in about three hours more we were in the Cove of Cork,—that magnificent and capacious harbour in which the whole navy of England may ride. The circumjacent country is magnificent, and the town of Cove itself, composed of handsome buildings and containing a population of about 10,000, stands upon a high acclivity, and shows to much advantage. Near the town is a Battery, from whence three tiers of guns are ready to pour forth their thunders; and abreast the channel, stands Carlisle fortress.

We could proceed no further up than Passage, on account of low-tide, and there we were taken ashore by boats which came alongside the Steamer in scores. There was amongst them a vehement struggle for the passengers; and they became at last so obstreperous and troublesome, that to keep a little order, the captain ordered the water-pipe to play upon them, and thus effect a dispersion which reasoning and remonstrance had failed to produce! On our landing at Passage a similar struggle commenced amongst the car-men, who very zealously proffered their services to drive us up to town. These vehicles are denominated jingles,—drawn by one horse, circular in construction, and having the door behind. You may engage one to Cork, about seven English miles, for half a crown; and this expense may be shared by two passengers whom with their portmanteaus, this vehicle will easily contain. The country between Passage and Cork is beautiful and highly cultivated; the road is admirable, and in many places almost completely overarched with trees; and it is skirted by several gentlemen's seats,

with their ornamented grounds. The demesne of a gentleman was pointed out to me on the left,—though I shall not vouch for the accuracy of the statement,—who possessed that peculiarity of disposition that, notwithstanding his very ample fortune, he was scarcely ever known to pay an account without being sued! And even the process of law, if my informant could be depended upon, was rendered precarious from the peril encountered by sheriff's officers, in the presence of several sons of herculean frame and numerous ferocious dogs, who, on the principle of the superiority of might to right, constituted a very effectual safeguard against unwelcome visitors.

Our pleasant ride was soon accomplished, and at 8 o'clock, we were set down in Cork at the Imperial Hotel.

The Garner.

SCRUPLES.

There are many good men, and many characters eminently worthy, who are more apt to be despondent than confident. Indeed, he who in this respect is confident and who boasts of the certainty of his assurance, has yet to learn the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. He is either many degrees beyond St. Paul, which is of all things the least likely, or he is vastly below the humblest Christian, who modestly labours, amidst many doubts, to perform his duty. The scruples of a tender conscience are frequently a very severe affliction. Generally they are the marks of genuine sincerity, and of real religious progress: it is not difficult to distinguish when they are so. The language of sincerity and the language of hypocrisy are very different. The hypocrite pretends scruples which he does not feel that he may reap praise which he does not merit. He frequently dwells with satisfaction on the failings which he confesses, and the virtues which he loves; and he flatters himself that he is virtuous, because he gives a moral colouring to his conduct, and a moral turn to the expression of his thoughts. The scruples of a sincere and serious Christian, of a tender conscience, give the expression of that mental anguish, which is really felt. Such scruples in hypocrites are a mere cloak, and an encouragement to vice. To excite or to encourage them in sincere, sober, and virtuous minds, is always wrong, inasmuch as they frequently lead to the utmost extravagance of fanaticism, which, through the medium of despondency, leads at length, in many instances, to the dangerous downfall of despair. The scruples of the sober and the serious, may always be effectually checked, under God's blessing, by scriptural counsel; and by a strict reference to the law of God, as the gospel administers that law in mercy, they may be happily turned into a modest conviction of the Divine favour.—Dr. Walker, Bishop of Edinburgh.

THE SEED SOWN IN STONY PLACES.

The Gospel, at first, is frequently received with joy; for it holds out bright and blessed views of the destiny of man; and it exhibits righteousness and mercy in forms which must be captivating, where the heart has a capacity for admiration or for love. The spirit must feel exalted and enriched by that truth which puts to shame all earthly philosophy. So long, therefore, as the Gospel speaks only to the hearer's understanding, or to his fancy, or to his sensibility, so long is he surrounded by visions of glory. He hath heard the sound of it in the season of serenity and sunshine; in the voice of solemn ordinances, and heavenly sacraments, and in the lessons of holy and venerable men; and he cries, in transport, it is good for us to be here. But then, perhaps, cometh a cloud which darkens the scene, and chills him to his inmost soul. The season of heaviness is at hand; and he hears a summons which says, not only, Look on the Cross but, Take up the Cross and follow me. And then, alas! the stately growth of his profession boweth down even to the dust. Then is betrayed the shallowness of that rich mould, into which the seed hath fallen, and the unfruitful rock which it concealed. Then is it found that there was something in the "heart of heart," which resisted the inward thriving of the plant; something which was starving the root downward, while, upward, nothing was to be seen but a fair and hopeful increase.—Rev. C. W. Le Bas.

ATHEISTS AND FREETHINKERS.

I am well assured, that all that I have heard from the witliest atheists and libertines in the world, is nothing but bold ravery and madness, and their whole discourse a heap of folly and ridiculous nonsense; for what probable account can they give of the wonderful frame of the visible world, without the supposition of an eternal and infinite power, and wisdom and goodness that formed it and themselves, and all things in it? And what can they think of the many thousands of martyrs in the first age of Christianity, that endured not simple death, but all the inventions of the most exquisite tortures, for their belief of that most holy faith, which, if the miracles that confirmed it had not persuaded them to, they themselves had been thought the most prodigious miracles of madness in all the world? It is not want of reason on the side of religion that makes fools disbelieve it, but the interest of their brutish lust and dissolute lives makes them wish it were not true.—Archbishop Leighton.

AN ANGEL STANDING BY.

We read of a certain youth in the early days of Christianity, (those periods of historic suffering and heroic patience and legendary wonder to which I have already ventured to call your attention)—we read of a Christian youth on whom his persecutors had put in practice a more than common share of their cruel ingenuity, that by his torments (let those who will, or can, go through the horrible details) they might compel him to deny his Lord and Saviour. After a long endurance of those pains they released him in wonder at his obstinacy. His Christian brethren are said to have wondered too, and to have asked him by what mighty faith he could so strangely subdue the violence of the fire, as that neither a cry nor a groan escaped him. "It was indeed, most painful," was the noble youth's reply; "but an angel stood by me when my anguish was at the worst, and with his finger pointed to Heaven." Oh thou, whoever thou art, that art tempted to commit a sin, do thou think on death, and that thought will be an angel to thee! The hope of Heaven will raise thy courage above the fiercest threatenings of the world; and the very extremity of thy trial may itself contribute to animate thy exertions by the thought that the greater thy endurance now, the greater will be thy reward hereafter.—Bishop Heber.

If we are wicked, we hurt not God but ourselves; if we are righteous, the benefit is to us, not to him.—Bishop Bull.

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Toronto, 8th October, 1838. 18 3m

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Toronto, July, 1838. 7—tf.

The Church

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