

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN A.—CONTINUED.

120. What punishment did Joshua inflict on Adonibezek, and why?—(*Judges*.)
 121. Who was Adrammelech? what foul deed did he perpetrate? and where in consequence did he flee?—(*2 Kings*.)
 122. The cave of Adullam was the hiding-place of a celebrated Scripture character.—Who was that individual?—(*1 Sam.*)
 123. Agabus was a prophet in the primitive Church.—What were the two occasions on which he prophesied?—(*Acts*.)
 124. Who was Agag? and what unauthorized lenity did Saul and the Israelites shew to him?—(*1 Sam.*)
 125. What reason have you for supposing that Agag was a merciless man? and in what manner does he appear to have suffered just retribution?—(*1 Sam.*)
 126. What answer did King Agrippa give to St. Paul, when pressed by him on the subject of religion?—(*Acts*.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- Nov. 19.—Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifth or sixth Sundays after the Epiphany will be used.
 26.—Do. do. for the 25th Sunday after Trinity.
 30.—St. Andrew's day.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.
No. XIII.

DERBY; MATLOCK; HADDON-HALL.

Whatever may be the truth in general of the unsteadiness of the climate of England, and that the traveller through its fair and enchanting scenery will ever have much of his comforts marred and his enjoyments lessened by the rains which, in this seagirt isle, are almost always pouring down, I certainly had no reason to join in the general accusation against the gloominess of its skies or the dampness of its atmosphere.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
 Manant in agros:—

On the contrary, during many months' daily exposure to its air, seated generally on a coach-top,—because from thence we obtain decidedly the best view of the surrounding country,—I certainly did not experience a greater average either of rain or cloudy skies than it has fallen to my lot to be incommoded with in regions which have the reputation of enjoying a climate more genial and more serene.

Like every other morning then which had preceded it, since I turned my back on busy London, *this* was one of those bright and joyous days, in the infancy of summer, which so much predispose one to view with a kindlier and less critic eye the beauties either of nature or of art to which, in rambling through a strange land, your attention is directed.

That the tower of All-Saints' Church in Derby gleamed to-day in the brightness of a mild morning's sun, and raised its summit in bold relief against a blue and cloudless sky, was certainly no disparagement to its exquisite proportions and rich architectural beauty. It is, at all times, thus distinguished; and, as my lionising friend explained, had the rest of the edifice been constructed in keeping with the tower, the cost would have been enormous and extravagant, beyond all propriety for a mere county town. In the chancel within the Church, is the cemetery of the Duke of Devonshire, and some of his noble ancestors are there exhibited, in monumental marble, robed in the martial fashion of the time, but in the expressive repose of death, with hands meekly crossed upon the breast in the attitude of prayer.

From the Church we proceeded to what the town of Derby is very remarkable for,—the china and porcelain manufactory.—In this several hundreds of persons are employed, of both sexes and of all ages: the process is laborious and slow of moulding, burning and colouring; but I did not omit the opportunity of inspecting the whole, from the kneading of the clay which is to be transmuted into the beautiful cup, or plate, or vase, to its final finish for the shelves of the vender.—First, after the kneading of the clay and its formation into the shape of the vessel for which it is designed, it is suffered gradually to harden, but by and by, to complete its firmness, artificial heat is applied;—yet, to prove the care and pains employed on such occasions, every china article, before exposure to this heat, is safely deposited in an earthen vessel of corresponding size. The painting and gilding follows,—a labour purely manual, and demanding therefore much time and pains. The gold put upon the china vessels is at first of a very dingy appearance, but upon being rubbed with a piece of blood-stone,—a particularly tedious process,—it receives its proper brilliancy.

We next visited the iron furnaces, and there I witnessed that hard metal in a state of fusion, and the red molten mass, sparkling fiercely as it was poured into the mould, transformed in a short time into utensils of various shape and use.

From hence we walked to the market-place and town-hall, for these are appurtenances to every substantial and loyal English city which a visitor must, by no means, omit to inspect. They are sure to evince some excellency in construction, or some conveniency in arrangement, which no other hall or market in the kingdom quite so completely possesses! But who, with all his travelled stoicism, would be without the pride of *locality*? And who does not discern in his native town, or even in his native village, some beauty which the God of nature has furnished to it, or which the hand of man has fabricated, that no other spot in the known world can vie with? I love a ramble dearly, and can enjoy, with the most enthusiastic, the rich and rare scenes of other lands; but there is always in our own village green, or in our own church-yard, something that tells of the surpassing sweetness and loveliness of home,—something more attractive, because more endearing, than even the meads that smile, or the trees that wave, or the flowers that bloom beneath the classic skies of Italy or Greece.

It was a trial, short as the acquaintance was, to part from friends so peculiarly kind as those with whom it was my happiness to make a brief sojourn at Derby; and, after an early

dinner, I started with a youthful and pleasing companion, in a most comfortable gig, over the finest road in the world, towards the beautiful and romantic village of Matlock. The road leading to this lovely spot runs much along the Derwent, up a narrow and verdant valley, bounded on either side by ranges of hills, and dotted here and there with pretty villages. A few miles before we come to Matlock, the scenery assumes a bolder aspect and a ruder character. Winding around a steep promontory, whose bold point projects nearly athwart the valley, and about which the road has been hewn from the cliffs, scene after scene opens upon the view with a wild, picturesque and romantic beauty. Above, to the height of several hundred feet, the hills are shaded with primeval forest, broken here and there by patches of the rude grey rock,—sometimes retreating amongst the foliage, and at others, obtruding their naked and precipitous ledges from behind the rich curtain of verdure.

At the point where the village of Matlock is situated, a bold swell of the land upon the right of the river and the towering cliff of the High Tor, rising three or four hundred feet on the left, seem to check at once all passage to the road or stream:—but the latter steals along in a narrow and obstructed bed, boiling and bubbling over rocks, immediately under the heights of Tor, and the former winds between the precipices till it enters the narrow slope of the village. There the houses rise, tier above tier, far up the bold hills,—cottages gleaming among the forest trees, and these, at this sunset hour, with their hazy summits tipped with mellowed gold.

Long could I have lingered amongst the enchanting scenes of romantic Matlock, but our time was limited; so we inspected the thousand specimens of spar which had been culled from its rocks, and the thousand varieties of vases and vessels into which that spar had been constructed;—we visited, too, the petrifying spring, whose waters at the time were dropping upon baskets of eggs and various other articles, and gradually transforming them into stone!

Reluctantly leaving Matlock, we drove on to Rowsley, a small village, with a very delightful inn, to which numerous visitors attracted by the fishing sport of the Wye, afforded a very considerable patronage. Having slept there, we rose early next morning in order to visit Haddon-Hall,—an old baronial habitation, about a mile and a half distant, and formerly the seat of the Rutlands. An old grey-headed porter conducted us over the building, and with well-practised alacrity, pointed out to us all the wonders of the venerable habitation. In a room near the entrance, we were shewn the enormous boots and other articles pertaining to the martial equipment of one of the old lords of the hall. Passing on, the apartment of the chaplain, sombre and cheerless enough, with its prison-like walls and stone floor and single narrow window, was pointed out to us; and then we were conducted into the chapel where still stand some vestiges of the Romish faith, and into which the light dimly enters by low Gothic windows of stained glass. We afterwards examined the banqueting-hall, which realized most vividly the numerous descriptions we have of the scenes of old baronial hospitality.—There hung suspended the huge antlers of a stag, emblematic of the manly pleasures of the feudal lords; there stands the enormous fire-place; and there are still the capacious side-boards, the massive table, and the long strong benches, all of oak. In the old kitchen, too, remains its appropriate furniture: the wide and deep chimney, the ponderous crane and hooks still hanging there; the blocks and oaken tables, worn through in cleaving venison and other viands for the feast, all furnish evidence of the days when festive merriment rang through the hall. From hence we ascended to the bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, and drawing-rooms, of which this aged castle possessed no small abundance. The tapestry and other ornaments of the principal apartments were in good preservation; and a bedstead with its complete furniture was shewn us, exhibiting all the antique, but rich magnificence of the Elizabethan age. The assembly room, more modern in its structure than the rest of the castle, contains an oaken floor made, it is said, entirely from one tree; and the circular flight of steps which leads to it, echoing back with hollow sound the footsteps which are impressed upon it, are formed it is stated, of the roots of the same tree. We were also admitted to the inspection of numerous portraits of the heirs and heiresses of this old and noble house; and our guide did not omit to shew the spot from whence, in olden time, the lady Diana Vernon had eloped.

Ascending to the top of the building by rather a crazy flight of steps, we obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country,—rich meadows, groves and hills, with the river Wye meandering at our feet, smooth at times and noiseless, but hurrying afterwards down a rocky channel and throwing back its murmurs through the desolate apartments of the ancient Hall.—We descended from our eminence with no little risk down the narrow and dilapidated stairs, our venerable guide often interrupting his story or description with these words of caution, "mind your head and feet, gentlemen:" we took a few moment's walk through the pleasure grounds; and after depositing the customary fee with the grey-haired porter, we walked rapidly back to enjoy the refreshments of our inn.—*To be continued.*

SAFE RULES.

"I will conclude my address to you," says the Rev. Henry Venn, "with an observation, confirmed by the experience of the Church of God, and built upon his own promises; it is this:—Whoever desires to persevere, and increase in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, to live and die in hope that maketh not ashamed, must be diligent in earnest prayer; must constantly read God's word, begging him to explain it, and give faith in it; and must walk with those who walk conscientiously before God; who are always aspiring to what they have not attained—in whose manners, spirit, and discourse, there is what reaches the heart, and tends to humble, quicken, and comfort the soul. In all my reading and acquaintance, for forty years, with religious people, I never saw an instance of one decaying and coming to nothing, who observed these rules—never saw one who presumed, on any consideration, to give over attention to them, who did not fall away."

SICKNESS.

In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality.—And first, she unties the strings of vanity, that made her upper garment cleave to the world and sit uneasy. She puts off the light and fantastic summer-robe of lust and wanton appetite.

Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride, and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down; those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into the sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the forwardness of fancy, and allaying the vapour of conceit and factious opinions.

Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and animosities, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconciliation and Christian atonement in their places.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

PRAYER.

Prayer is the application of want to Him who alone can relieve it: the voice of sin to Him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty—the prostration of humility—the fervency of penitence—the confidence of trust. It is not eloquence, but earnestness—not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it—not figures of speech, but compunction of soul. It is "The Lord save us, we perish," of drowning Peter—the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.—*Hannah More.*

ENGLAND'S HAPPINESS.

O England! happy in thy Gospel and Religion,—a religion doubly lovely and beautiful, both because thou deservest the hatred of thy enemies, and because God has so owned thee against thy haters. Blessed be the great God of grace and truth, who hath planted thee, watered thee, preserves thee, and so shines upon thee. And so may it grow, and prosper and flourish, and bring forth blessed fruit, under the same influence of heaven.—And let all the people say, "Amen. Halleluiah."—*Lightfoot.*

"The stars in their courses fight against" unbelief; the works of God give hourly confirmation to the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel, of which one day telleth another; and the validity of the sacred writings can never be overthrown, while the moon shall increase and wane, and the sun shall know his going down.—*Dr. Johnson.*

That which linketh Christ to us, is his mere mercy and love towards us. That which tieth us to him, is our faith in the promised salvation revealed in the word of truth. That which uniteth and joineth us among ourselves in such sort that we are now as if we had but one heart and one soul, is our love.—*Hooker.*

There are two things which we are particularly directed to have in our eye in searching the Scriptures.—*Heaven our end; and Christ our way*—*Matthew Henry.*

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. 29—4

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