

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXII. BAZILLAI.—CONTINUED.

201. From what expressions would you conclude that Bazillai, in this his advanced age, was no longer attached to the gaieties of life or the splendours of a court?—(2 Sam.)

205. What happened to the descendants of Bazillai in the time of Nehemiah, in consequence of their names not being found in the national register of genealogies?—(Nehemiah.)

XXIII. BARTIMEUS.

206. Bartimeus was a blind beggar, who was restored to his sight after the Saviour had passed through Jericho. Can you relate the different circumstances connected with this miracle?—(Mark.)

207. Can you find any name given to Simon Peter which illustrates the reason for that name given to Bartimeus?—(Matthew.)

208. What effect had the importunity of this afflicted man upon the Saviour, when he had actually passed him, and was proceeding on his way?—(Mark.)

209. From what expression of the Saviour does it appear that the restoration of Bartimeus to his sight resulted from his faith, or the firm reliance which he placed upon him?—(Mark.)

210. Can you find any passages in the Gospel of St. Matthew connected with the healing of the centurion's servant, the sick of the palsy, the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment, and the Canaanitish woman, illustrative of the same point?—(Matthew.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

April I.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
8.—Sunday before Easter.
13.—Good Friday.
15.—Easter-Day.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XX.

GLASGOW; RETURN TO EDINBURGH; DR. GORDON; MR. TERROT.

It was between six and seven o'clock in the afternoon when I again reached Glasgow; but as in the Latitude of fifty five in the solstitial month of June, the shadows of night do not enshroud the beauties of the world until a very late hour, a considerable time could still be appropriated to the inspection of the 'sights' of the city. I entered the noble and spacious reading-room of the Tontine Coffee House, and for a time mingled amongst its crowds who, doubtless with very diverse sensations, were poring over the news of the day. In front of this edifice stands an equestrian statue of King William III., indicative at least of the Protestant spirit of the good citizens of Glasgow, and striking me as evincing a correspondence of sentiment—visible in other particulars—between them and the great bulk of the population upon the opposite coast in the north of Ireland.—Too late for the Hunterian Museum, I made a hasty inspection of the venerable old College,—beautifully situated, and from the neatness of its environs, its smooth gravel walks and shady rows of majestic trees, reminding me very forcibly of many scenes in Oxford. To this peerless seat of learning I am willing to pay Glasgow College the compliment of a resemblance upon other grounds also;—from the high and honourable conservative tone which of late years it has exhibited; impelling its ingenuous sons to a forgetfulness of the ties of nationality when they came enrobed in the unchristian garb of radicalism, and prompting them to the almost undivided choice, as their Lord Rector, of that illustrious statesman and estimable man, Sir Robert Peel. For this act of spirit and of virtue,—for this rejoicing proof of holy reverence for time-honoured and hallowing institutions,—who would not be proud of the youth of Glasgow University? And who amidst the dull dark trails of revolutionary infidelity which may have crossed the masses of this town, turns not with an eye gladdened and a spirit refreshed to that index of a regenerated patriotism, the stately pavilion which seemed to rise, as if from the touch of the enchanter's wand, to welcome and entertain the same gifted leader of Britain's high-minded conservatives? That was a deed and a day which will stamp with lasting honour the political chivalry of Glasgow; but while Glasgow accords its heartfelt reverence to the statesman who breasts the waves of revolution and impiety, it forgets not the claim of the warrior who, on a distant field, pours forth his life-blood, fighting for the altars and the firesides of his country. In a neat park, in a commanding and handsome portion of the town, there stands a statue of Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. Although sleeping his sleep of death in the strangers' land, and buried in haste in his 'martial cloak,' although his funeral honours were rude and few, his fellow-citizens of Glasgow forgot not his worth and bravery, but raised this pillar in honour of his memory.

After perambulating for some time the handsome streets and squares in this quarter of the city, I descended once more to the margin of the 'arrowy' Clyde, on which the winds were this time sleeping; and as day-light was closing, I gazed again upon the massive walls of the aged Cathedral, bringing to the heart with deeper power, as its walls and turrets frowned in the gathering gloom, the days and deeds of the 'olden time.'

On the following morning I bade adieu—it is probable for ever—to the city of Glasgow;—mounted the coach once more for Edinburgh; passed over the road already traversed; and in a few hours, driving through the magnificent Athol Crescent, was again in Prince's Street, and at my former lodgings in the Star Hotel. At the table d' hôte at five I encountered two young American gentlemen from Philadelphia, who had just arrived from a visit to the picturesque lakes of Cumberland, and after making the tour of Scotland, intended to proceed via Hamburg up the Baltic to St. Petersburg. With them the evening was very agreeably spent, for there were many transatlantic reminiscences in common; and the haughty republican of the United States having, by ocular evidence, arrived at the conviction that there is a spot in the world superior even to his own flourishing, but youthful and in many respects unpolished country, partici-

pates in the honest admiration of the land of his sires, respects the prejudices of rank and title, and comes to feel—when he gazes round upon the splendid structures, the moral institutions, and the enchanting aspect of the British isles—that there at least are to be discerned the copious blessings of practical freedom.

On the following day, being Sunday, I went in the forenoon to the Tron Church, to hear the celebrated Dr. Gordon, described to me as a person equally eminent as a divine and a private Christian. If we may dare to form a judgment from countenance, the graces of a pious and benevolent heart beamed conspicuously there; for a deportment breathing more of the spirit of the meek and merciful Saviour whose commission he bore, it never was my lot to observe. He resembled much in countenance—wanting, however, the vivacity—the portraits which we have of the 'saintly Fletcher' of Madeley. Of this meek and gentle spirit his manner in the pulpit partook; and although it threw the calm impressiveness of truth about all that he said,—although his were appeals which, though addressed chiefly to the understanding, stole like the insinuating dew into the heart,—still in a preacher who could rivet long and steadily the attention of an audience, we could wish a less rapid and less monotonous intonation of the voice, and some little occasional interruption, by a higher cadence or more earnest manner, to the still and even flow of the words. But Dr. Gordon was one, nevertheless, whom I heard with profit and delight; and his saintly aspect betokened the converse of his spirit in that better world where the flow of spiritual love is not to be interrupted by the endless lapse of ages.

In the afternoon of this day I attended at St. Peter's, an Episcopal chapel, the minister of which was Mr. Terrot, a person of considerable celebrity both as a scholar and a preacher. St. Peter's Chapel is a small and very humble edifice; and on the present occasion I was denied the gratification of seeing it well filled. A heavy shower of rain—the first I believe that had fallen in three weeks—just at the moment the congregation should have been assembling, proved what constitutes in such cases too common an interruption to the fulness of attendance, and Mr. Terrot was of consequence obliged to deliver a very superior sermon almost to empty pews. That a shower of rain just at the moment of divine service is an inconvenience, none will deny; but that it should, unless in a few scattered instances, prove an insurmountable one, no Christian can, upon reflection, admit. A comparison of conduct when the gains or the amusements of the world invite on the one hand, and when the house of God opens its portals on the other, will practically decide the argument as far as respects the possibility of overcoming that inconvenience; but unhappily the toys of a day and the comforts of an hour have too generally an influence which the claims of the imperishable soul often fail to gain to its side. I am no advocate for the fanaticism which, in the first bursts of its fire and heat, moves so irresistibly along in defiance of every obstruction, and which, when that fire and heat have sunk into 'spectral ashes,' has lost its substance and its life together; but it is to the sober, even piety of the well-established Churchman that we would chiefly look for a calm indifference to, and a resolute conquest over these minor impediments in the way of his steady duty.—The thinness of the congregation was, on this occasion, the more to be lamented, as Mr. Terrot was prosecuting a series of discourses on the "Parable of the Sower," and the interruption of the connection between its various parts thus caused to so many of his hearers was a misfortune which they at least should have endeavoured to avoid.

The evening of this holy day—my last in Edinburgh—was spent with the same hospitable family with whom my first in this city had been passed; and should the then sojourners in Middlebury Street chance ever to cast an eye upon these passing remarks, they must accept the assurance that the grateful sentiments of their author are as fresh towards them now as on the calm, sweet summer evening on which he reluctantly bade them farewell.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS AT THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

We jumped over it with ease. From what obscure causes do the mightiest effects flow! The river celebrated throughout the world, and rolling by some of the noblest cities, is here feeble and inconsiderable. It is thus the current of evil from a single individual, small at first, sometimes swells as it flows, till distant regions are desolated with its waves. The sources of the widest blessings to mankind have also their first rise in small and unnoticed beginnings. Nay, the first bursting forth of that "well of water which springeth up into everlasting life," is small and inconsiderable. No wise man undervalues the beginnings of things.—Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta.

THE REAL CHRISTIAN.

He that said, "fear God," immediately added, as one evident proof of this godly fear, "honour the king." Being chief magistrate, the king is God's first temporal minister, who is to bear the sword of justice and judgment, "for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well." The Christian, then, living like a Christian, has no just cause to fear a wound. We are commanded by God to reverence those who act under the king for these ends; how much more then are we bound to regard himself; and, if the Christian be concerned for his country, he cannot be unconcerned for his sovereign, who is more deeply interested for his country than any other man. The Christian prays publicly and privately for his king, for his family; and for all that are put in authority under him. It is his wisdom, interest, principle; and duty, thus to pray, because their prosperity is not only connected with his own, but their downfall would occasion the worst of hazards to millions of people.—B. J. Nott.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity; and the sister of meekness.—Bp. Jeremy Taylor.

AN EFFECTIVE SERMON.

"The men of Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonah."—LUKE XII. 15.

Jonah was but one man, and he preached but one sermon, and it was but a short sermon either, as touching the number of words, and yet he turned the whole city, great and small, rich and poor, king and all. We be many preachers here in England, and we preach many long sermons, and yet the people will not repent nor convert. This was the fruit, the effect, and the good that his sermon did, that the whole city, at his preaching, converted and amended their evil-living, and did penance in sackcloth. And yet here, in this sermon of Jonah, is no great curiousness, no great clerkliness, no great affectation of words, nor of painted eloquence; it was none other but "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed!" It was no more. This was no great curious sermon, but this was a nipping sermon, a pinching sermon, a biting sermon; it had a full bite; it was a rough sermon, and a sharp, biting sermon. Do you not here marvel that these Ninevites cast not Jonah into prison; that they did not revile and rebuke him? They did not revile nor rebuke him; but God gave them grace to hear him, and to convert and amend at his preaching. A strange matter, so noble a city to give place to one man's sermon!—Bishop Latimer, 1530.

A righteous man will acknowledge all he hath, be it ever so little, to be the gift of God. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," is his constant motto. Whereas the proud worldling, like Esau, gets all by his own quiver, and his own bow. I have read of a great cardinal who wrote in his diary what one lord had done for him—how gracious such a king was to him—and what preferment the Pope heaped upon him. Some one, reading all this, took a pen, and wrote underneath,—"*Here God hath done nothing.*"—(Squire)

THE CHURCH.

The devout see things in a true light; they enter the church with veneration, knowing it to be the house of God; they consider the preacher as God's messenger; his sermon as God's Word; the congregation as God's children; and the sacraments as effectual means of grace, and as inestimable blessings.—Bp. Wilson.

Have every day higher thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you.—Fletcher.

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