

Youth's Corner.

THE GRUMBLING PENDULUM.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning suddenly stopped.

Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing for the general satisfaction to assign my reasons. The truth is that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me;—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who had nothing to do all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think how you would like to be shut up in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life, and if you please I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum?"

The minute hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so" replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, I felt so discouraged at the prospect, that, after a great deal of reasoning, thinks I to myself—I'll stop."

"The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this speech, but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such an industrious person as yourself should act so foolishly. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So we have all, and are likely to do; and although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do it: would you now oblige me and give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my meaning?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.—"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum—"it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the servants will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and to tick as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

MORAL.

In looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its troubles at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if one could be borne, so can another and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties and the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now, this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon one. Let any one resolve always to do right now, leaving then to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methusalem, he would never err. But the common error is, to resolve to act right tomorrow, or next time; but now, just this

once, we must go on the same as ever.—Dublin Christian Journal.

BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN BOOS.

A CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC PRIEST IN GERMANY. Continued.

Martin Boos was twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, when, in the diligent discharge of his pastoral duties, he had to visit a very humble woman on her sick-bed, to whom he said: "You certainly may die in great peace and comfort." "Why so?" inquired she. "Because you have lived so pious and holy a life," was his answer. At this, she looked gravely at him, and said with much earnestness: "What a pretty divine you are—what a poor comforter! Were I to die confiding in my piety, I know to a certainty I should perish. How could I appear before the judgment-seat of God, trusting in my merits and goodness? If the Lord should mark iniquity, who can stand? No, sir, it is because Christ has made atonement for my sins, and paid my ransom, that I hope to be saved and to go to happiness."

Boos was astonished, and not a little ashamed, to be told by this illiterate disciple things of which he, called a master in Israel, had remained ignorant. He had studied long and diligently in college-halls under the teaching of men of learning and renown; but in the most important of all subjects he had to be instructed by an ignorant peasant-woman on her sick-bed. But he did not suffer the pride of learning to blind him against the truth declared with such simple earnestness. His eyes were opened at that sick-bed, and the light which shone into him then, led him in all his future labours, success, and sufferings.

From that time, his preaching and visiting, and his dealing with souls in the confessional underwent a great change. He knew now, how to set forth Gospel-truth in public, and where to direct sinners to in private; and very soon he had acquired the love and confidence of the people to a degree which excited the envy of his ecclesiastical seniors. The Canons at Grunebach had the pastoral charge of the parish, and they had been glad to entrust that part of their responsibility to Martin Boos as the youngest among them, willing that the duty should be performed so as to give them no trouble. But no sooner did the boundless affection of the parishioners towards their laborious and devoted colleague remind them of their own neglect, than their wrath was excited to the utmost, and they resorted to every imaginable means to ruin him. His desk and book-case were secretly opened, his letters and papers examined, and turned to ridicule because nothing criminal came to light; at last they resorted to the severest measure which it was in their power to take; they forbade his residence amongst them, though they were obliged to pay him from year to year the stipend attached to his canonry, until he quitted Bavaria altogether.

He was now deprived of a large share of temporal sustenance, but it was much more painful for him to be thrown out of a sphere of usefulness in which he had received and conveyed so much good. A severe conflict arose within, as he took up his staff and set out from Grunebach, not knowing whither to go. Passing by an empty hut, he went in, threw himself upon the ground, and prayed that God would take off the intolerable load of heaviness which was weighing upon him.

And God heard the prayer of his disconsolate servant in the desert, and sent broad day-light into his soul. He rose from deep dejection, and proceeded with a comforted heart to the parish of Seeg, where a brother and companion in tribulation, the pious Priest Feneberg, was scattering the seed of God's pure word among a famishing and affectionate people. Here was work enough, though in the humble capacity of an Assistant only—but what did that matter to Martin Boos, if only he could invite sinners to come to Christ and be delivered from the curse and the dominion of sin!

In the meantime, however, the groundlessness of the charges which had been made the occasion of his removal from Grunebach, became so apparent that the Abbot of Kempen, unwilling to lose a zealous and popular pastor from his district, recalled him in the year 1795 by an appointment to the curacy of Wiggensbach, with the promise of speedy preferment. The weight of pastoral responsibility seems to have deepened his anxieties for increase of spiritual gifts to himself and for the spread of their influence among his people. Day and night were alike to him, when souls had to be cared for, when the study of the Scriptures proved particularly instructive to his mind, or when prayer to the Saviour seemed more especially needed or proved uncommonly refreshing. His ministry also was attended with extraordinary success. Many were roused from a state of spiritual death to life, and became partakers of the peace and consolation of the Gospel; many who previously, with all their own endeavours, could find no rest for their souls, were rendered joyful and happy by acquaintance with the efficacy of the atonement.

But while numbers were thus blessed, there were not wanting those who took offence at the work of conversion which thus invaded the quiet dominion of Satan; and on New-Year's-day 1797, when Boos had preached with unusual power and success, the enemies could peaceably endure neither him nor the spread of truth

any longer. Just as the flame of divine love was most strikingly kindled in many hearts, the wrathful fire of the enemy of souls broke out in open persecution. The Rector of Wiggensbach was applied to with urgency which to him, being an unenlightened man himself, though very friendly towards Boos, proved irresistible, and he reluctantly ordered the man of God to remove from the parish. He took refuge again with his tried and willing brother Feneberg at Seeg. There he lived quietly for a few weeks until Counsellor Roessle, as Commissary from the Bishop's Court, made his appearance, took possession of all his letters, papers, and books, and cited him to appear before the inquisition at Augsburg.

On his arrival at that city, he was consigned to the clerical House of Correction at Goggingen, about three miles from the city; a place where none but ecclesiastics and lunatics were put in confinement—under the charge of a Priest as Director of the establishment. This worthy man, whose name was Hoffman, received Boos as a very dangerous person, being unable to conceive that a good and pious Priest could be put in prison by the rulers of the Church. But while he was looking upon his prisoner with abhorrence, it struck him that there was an appearance of humility, patience, and piety about the man which it was difficult to ascribe to dissimulation; he entered into conversation with him and heard him tell his own story. The experience of a heart which the grace of God had melted and out of which had flowed that teaching which God again had blessed to the souls of many, while it had provoked others to persecuting measures, struck a chord in the heart of this attentive clerical jailer, and he cried out: "O that I were like you—that I could attain this divine gift!" Then Boos preached to him the Gospel and assured him that God was willing to bestow the like grace and deliverance upon him also; the jailer believed his prisoner's words and experienced the saving efficacy of Christ's blood. From this time, the clerical House of Correction was the scene of the most spiritual intercourse between Boos and his keeper; Priest Hoffman ever afterwards showed the greatest kindness to the persecuted children of God who were from time to time committed to his charge; and when he was appointed to the pastoral charge of Goggingen, he preached that Gospel with which through Boos's confinement he had become savingly acquainted.

The majority of the judges before whom Boos had to make his defence were not unfriendly to him, though there was not the light in them which had shone into the heart of the accused man before them; but there was one bitter adversary in their midst, who kept them all in awe; and as a similar case was at the time pending before the Bishop of Constance, great delay arose from the anxiety of each of these Prelates to know what the other would do. At last the accused Priest Bach was pronounced free and guiltless by the Bishop of Constance; but this raised such a storm of indignation among the powerful enemies of the truth, that the Bishop of Augsburg did not venture wholly to acquit his prisoner Boos. After eight months' inquiry, sentence was pronounced against the man of God for dissemination of "fanaticism and erroneous doctrines contrary to the decrees of the Council of Trent;" and his punishment was to be suspension for a year and a day from his ministerial functions, imprisonment in the clerical House of Correction during that period, with an injunction to review his theological studies under some ecclesiastic to be appointed for that purpose. After this severe sentence was pronounced for public effect, it was readily mitigated by allowing the eight months he had already passed at Goggingen to be reckoned part of the time of his imprisonment; for the remainder of the period also, he was only confined within the walls of the city of Augsburg, having hired apartments for his residence; and with regard to the review of his studies, he was told to choose the ecclesiastic he preferred for that purpose.

Boos fixed upon Father Ulric, the Senior of the Capuchins at Augsburg. He went to the Convent, and as he ascended the steps, he heard the monks in the choir chanting the words of Jeremiah (xiv. 9.), "Thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by thy name." The Latin version in use with them renders the first clause simply thus, "Thou, O Lord, art in us." Now the teaching of Boos respecting "Christ in the believer" was principally the "fanaticism" of which he had been found guilty. So up he goes to Father Ulric, and asks: "Do you in this convent believe what you have just now been singing?" "Certainly," replied the old monk, "why should you doubt it?" "Why," said his reverend pupil, "for these very words and this truth I have been accused of heresy, have been persecuted, and condemned." The Senior answered: "Your judges have condemned what they do not understand, because they have had no experience of it." Father Ulric spoke feelingly on the subject: he himself had fallen into the hands of the inquisition forty years previously for preaching the Gospel which the rulers of the Church counted fanaticism. He embraced his persecuted brother with the greatest affection, profited by the opportunity of his visits as a means for edifying converse, and declared his resolve to live and die in that hope

which the ecclesiastical judges had condemned as error.

To be continued.

EDUCATION.

THE QUESTION OF YOUTHFUL RECREATION.

"For every idle word that men shall speak," saith the Saviour, "they shall give an account in the day of judgment." Nay, say the world, we are not accountable even for our idle hours, months and years, provided we do no harm, and our pecuniary circumstances can afford it. "Work while it is day," saith the same Divine Teacher, "the night cometh when no man can work." But the world replies, Not so; we prefer the wisdom which never works when it can be avoided, and we claim the right to bestow on our pastime all the leisure which the bounty of heaven allows. "Redeem the time," saith the Apostle, "seeing that the days wherein we live are evil." Enjoy your time, says the world, in every possible way, which is harmless and reputable. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do," saith the same inspired Director, "do all to the glory of God." Extravagant and impossible requisition! exclaims the world. Our own earthly interest, our own pleasure, and our own glory, furnish sufficient motives for the daily course of life, and the attempt to regulate our meals and our diversions by the maxims of religion, is equally absurd and vain.

With this contrariety of sentiment between the Gospel and mankind, it is no wonder that the prevailing theory of education should abandon the whole question of youthful recreation to the influence of principles directly hostile to the truth. Our children are taught to believe that a certain portion of every day belongs to them of right; and that they may dispose of it just as they please, without any sense of accountability, provided they abstain from gross transgression. And the pleasant system of indulgence, thus inculcated, continues to govern them, as might be expected, to the end of life. The boy plays marbles, and the man plays cards. The boy delights in mimic personations, and the man carries the same disposition to the theatre. The girl has her dolls decked in all imaginable finery, with her tiny house and equipage; and the woman, in due time, shows the power of early association, in the mania of fashion and love of company. Even the child who is hardly emancipated from his petticoats, is encouraged to strut with his sword and his drum; and why should not his maturity exhibit the natural fruits, in the military passion, and in all the proud petulance of worldly honour and high spirit, which are so sadly at variance with the humble and sober doctrines of the cross? In just accordance with the same plan, the vacant hours of the school-boy are given up, as a thing of course, to all the varieties of contention and misrule, under the name of necessary relaxation; and appetites are indulged, and habits formed, and self-will strengthened, and the dominion of pleasure confirmed, until life becomes esteemed chiefly as an instrument of gratification, and piety and religion are thought of only to be dreaded or despised.

Now can it be true that a serious mind may content itself with such a system? Can it be true that a Christian parent would deliberately assert such a course to be consistent with the "training up his child in the way he should go," or the "bringing him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?" And if not, surely it must be worthy of our most earnest inquiry, whether anything can be done to supply our children with useful and wholesome exercise, in which the body may be benefited, without injury to the soul,—in which the health may be secured, without the risk of moral and spiritual contamination.

We will not say that a perfect remedy for the prevailing evil is equally in the power of all; but we doubt not that the majority of Christian parents and teachers could do much more towards such a result than is usually supposed.

Might they not, for instance, in most cases, provide a room for a domestic work-shop, and a little spot of garden ground, either of their own or in the neighbourhood, so as to afford their children an opportunity of useful, as well as salutary occupation during their leisure hours? Could they not refuse to purchase or permit toys of any description, and discourage the waste of life, by continually presenting to the understanding and the conscience of their youthful charge, the great truth that all are stewards of the Lord's bounty, and should therefore religiously avoid the common practice of lavishing, in idleness and folly, that precious time, on the uses of which depend the issues of eternity? Could they not contrive occupations for them of a domestic, or mechanical, or philosophic description, and labour with them on subjects of utility, art, or science? Could they not draw the line of strong and plain demarcation between the love of pleasure and the love of God, and convince their offspring that the true secret of religious happiness consists in the habit of conformity to the will and example of Christ in all things? Could they not easily convince their children that the most delightful spectacle on earth is the work of our own hand, the fruit of our own exertion; and by taking an affectionate interest in their attempts, could not parents teach the tender and impressionable mind to prefer industry to pastime, and to detest idleness, as being equally opposed to

the precepts of God, and the real enjoyment of man? In a word, could not usefulness be rendered the great object of their desires, on the high ground of Christian responsibility, if parents and teachers would only devote the necessary attention to the principle? And if our children were thus taught, that the path of happiness was but another name for the track of Christian duty,—that no part of their existence was freed from accountability to Christ, but that the very essence of their discipleship must consist in the imitating of him whose whole life was passed in doing good,—what might not be expected as the fruits of such a lesson! What treasures to the Church, to their parents, and to society, would not youth so trained become! And how would the good pleasure of the Lord prosper in the hands of those whose very recreations were sanctified by religious principle, and who had been educated to engage in no act, on which they could not honestly supplicate the divine blessing!—The Right Rev. J. H. Hopkins, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont.

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