

Youth's Corner.

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

I had quarrelled with my little brother Willy, who had not quite passed his sixth year. I was two years his senior, and he was the only being I ever loved. Willy was a frail and affectionate little fellow, not meant to struggle long through this dark and weary existence. The little golden locks fell upon his slender and beautiful neck, and his large blue eyes wore a soft and confiding expression, which called forth irresistibly your love and protection.

In a short time he recovered his breath, and said: "Jamie, tell Annie to come and carry me in. I cannot walk; my breast is very, very sore."

"Don't cry," said the little fellow, "you know I love you dearly; come, Jamie, let me play with your hand again, as I used to when we sat together on the little grass plot in the warm sunshine, and don't cry, my dear little brother Jamie. You will be kind to my little Pussy, when I am gone, and fill her saucer with new milk, won't you, brother?"

Pussy lifted up her head, as she heard her name, and purring, smoothed her sleek and glossy coat against the pallid face of the young sufferer, as though to thank him for his kind remembrance.

"I am going to Heaven," he continued, "and that is a happy place, you know, for God our Father whom we say our prayers to every night, lives there, and you know how often we have wanted to see him, Jamie; and there is Jesus whom we love so much, and who loves little children too so dearly: he will be there, and he will carry me to his father, for he will be like a big brother, and take care of me, you know Jamie! And then there is little Harry Bentley, he is gone to Heaven too, and I shall see him there, and we will have two little wings, and a little golden music book between us, but we will leave a corner for you, Jamie, so that when you come, we will all bow down together before the throne of God our Father, and sing his glory for ever and ever."

The little fellow lifted up his bright blue eyes to heaven, and his countenance seemed to grow brighter and brighter; I gazed upon his face for some minutes in silent anguish; but as I gazed, his face appeared to wax brighter, and yet more bright; a smile still lingered upon his parted lips, and his little soul winged its flight to a sure and glorious eternity.

And now, when the hurricane of riotous and irresistible passion sweeps over my soul, tearing down all distinctions of right and wrong, and dethroning reason, their cherub voices seem to come, wafted on the gale, and as these two little angel forms, with their little golden music book, and my empty and unmerited corner, rise up, as it were in a vision before me, my passion vanishes, my frame shudders, and I burst into tears.—By Mrs. S. Jones; Bedford, E. T.—[Halifax Times.]

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS TO PALESTINE.

Very many of you who read this little Magazine love the Jews, and therefore I am sure you will rejoice to read what I am going to tell you respecting them.

REASONS FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS. I send you some references of God's promises to the Jews, that they shall be gathered out of every nation whither they have been scattered; restored to their own land; no more a reproach and a by-word, derided and oppressed by all; but cultivate the waste places, build houses, and plant vineyards, and be the joy of the whole earth; and Jesus himself shall reign over them. I hope that you will find out these texts, and pray earnestly that the Holy Spirit may guide you unto a knowledge of his word.

Deut. xxx. 1—5; Isa. xi. 11, 12; xxviii. 7; Jer. xxxiii. 5, 6; xxx. 3, 10; xxxi. 17, 38—40; xxxiii. 37—44; Amos ix. 11—15; Ezek. xxxvii. 10, 24—28; Mic. iv. 4—7.

Now, if you had been for years away from your own country, would not your heart rejoice at the prospect of returning to it? How much more the Jew, who is so ill treated every where! God has put it into the heart of a gentleman, Mr. Milford, who has travelled a great deal, and seen much of the Jews in Syria, India, Arabia, Turkey, Africa, and Palestine, to pity them; groaning under the cruelty of the Turks, and he has written a book, in which he entreates our country to stretch forth its arm to help the oppressed Jews, and bring back the outcast of Israel

* See Milford's "Appeal in Behalf of the Jewish Nation, in connexion with British Policy in the Levant." Hatchard.

"to their own possessions," Obad. 17. I will tell you what he says of

THE CRUELTY OF THE TURKS TOWARDS THE JEWS.

The word of a Jew is looked upon as good for nothing in law, whereas if two Mussulmans swear any thing, however falsely, against the Jew, their statements are believed, and the poor Jew is most unjustly punished. They plunder, rob, and beat the Israelite as they like, he can gain no redress, and meets with no compassion from the rulers.

2. Whenever there is any riot or disturbance, the Turks rejoice, because they take this opportunity of rushing to the Jews' quarter, they enter their dwellings, take all they wish for, ill treat those they meet with, and often end with firing their places. This was the case the other day, when a wicked Turkish girl went into a Jew's shop, and stole what she wished for: the Jew tried to seize her, but she fled to the door, and threw herself down in the street, calling out, "Help! help!" and when the Turks ran to her, she wickedly said the Jew was beating her. Two hundred immediately poured down upon the poor unoffending Jew, and depriving them of every thing, burnt their houses.

3. A poor girl, a Jewess, was accused one day by two Mussulmans of having said, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." When any one says this, they make him swear that he has become a Mahometan, as it is part of their religion to say this sentence. If the poor Jew will not swear, he is condemned to be burnt! The poor girl in vain protested she had never said these words, nor would she change her religion: the two Mussulmans asserted she had, and though the Jews came and offered large sums of money, all the compassion she could obtain from the Turks was, that instead of being burnt, she was to have her head taken off!

Mr. Norton urges our country to bestir itself, that it may have the high privilege of sending back the Jew from all quarters of the globe. He proposes that England, after bringing them back, should take them under her protection till they are able to govern themselves; and adds, "The soil is so rich, that it will soon produce every necessary in abundance," so that the desert, in one year, would blossom as the garden of Eden, Ezek. xxxvi. 35. The Jews would then trade with England, which would benefit our country. Dr. Keith, in his account of Syria, says that Palestine is ready for those to whom God has given it, i. e. the Jews; and that one season is sufficient to render it so fruitful that the hills may drop with wine: read Amos ix. 13, 14. There are actually many houses standing empty, ready to be inhabited: the desolate cities that have been laid waste, and are without an inhabitant, might be rebuilt most speedily. He is now there taking sketches of the old ruins, which he expects will soon be cleared away; and I have been told, but cannot vouch for its truth, that the Sultan has declared his readiness to give the Jews as much land as they wish for.

THE JEWS LONG FOR RESTORATION. It is a striking fact, that the minds of the Jews are much impressed with the idea that a remarkable crisis is at hand, that their Messiah is coming, and they are about to be restored; so they are flocking thither month after month in numbers. The harsh decrees of the emperor of Russia, such as not letting them exercise their usual trade, not dwell upon the sea coast, driving them out of Livonia, and the cruelties practised upon them in other places, together with their unquenchable love for and yearning towards their country, make them desire to return to the land of their forefathers: and the consequence is, that Jerusalem is full, there is no more room for them, so that they are obliged to go and reside at Jaffa, Acre, Tyre, Sidon, and other places. Thus we see the wrath of man is made to "work together" to fulfil the designs of God.

A rich Jew who lives in England, Sir Moses Montefiore, who went to Damascus to intercede for and protect his brethren when so barbarously persecuted, has his mind much occupied with the thought of his countrymen being restored to Palestine, which he ardently desires, and would no doubt do all he could to help it forward. He thinks that this is the time, that the Jews are ready and waiting, only waiting to be conveyed there under suitable protection, and to be furnished with land and implements of husbandry.

CHRISTIANS LOVE THE JEWS. One cannot but think that the time to favour Zion, yea, the Lord's set time is come, for his servants take pity upon her. There is a universal interest in and for the Jews nearly as much as formerly there was a prejudice against them, and is not this the Lord? turning the hearts of his people that they may fulfil His designs towards the house of Israel.

SCRIPTURE READERS AT JERUSALEM. You will be glad to hear that there are three Scripture Readers at Jerusalem; one is a man who was wealthy, but has given up riches, family, home, all for Christ, and now has nothing of his own, but the pearl of great price, which is far better than "silver or gold which perisheth," or aught that this earth can afford, for he has the promise from his Saviour of eternal life. He speaks German, Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, and Turkish, so that he can converse with the pilgrims who come up, yearly, to Jerusalem, from surrounding nations, to about the number of 10,000. There is a room where the Scriptures and religious publications are sold; it is often so crowded, that he remains there the whole day, reading and conversing with those that come. The first has been so much blessed in his labours, that two others have been employed; but funds are wanted to furnish them with a small salary each. They can be occasionally employed in

Disciples of the false prophet, Mahomet.

various places where Missionaries cannot go; in Palestine and Egypt, also among the Druses of Mount Lebanon, who are earnestly asking for Christian instruction, amongst whom the Papists have already spread their fearful errors. Now, dear children, will you not ask God to bless the efforts of the Bible Readers, and pray earnestly that the Lord would put it into the hearts of our rulers to help forward the Jews, and restore them to their land? Remember the duty of the "Lord's remembrancers," Isa. lxxii. 6, and the precious promise to those who pray for and love "the chosen people of God," and forget not that "when the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in his glory," Psa. cii. 16.—Children's Miss. Magazine.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"Well, Squire," said an ill-looking, shabbily dressed man to the village store-keeper, as he was turning away from the shop-door,—"if you will give me no goods except for money, I must go without them; but as you are very regular at church, you ought to know that money is the root of all evil." "No, Master Turner," answered the Squire, "I do not see that I ought to know that, and if you were as regular at church as I am, you would know that the Bible does not say it is money, but it is 'the love of money' that is the root of all evil. It would be no evil to you at all, if you would set to work and earn as much money as would pay off your old debt to me, upon which I could honestly trust you some more goods out of my shop. But to deal fairly with you and with my neighbours who are industrious and thrifty, I must accommodate those on whom I can depend for payment, so that the merchants who furnish me with goods may also get their money from me, when they require it."

Turner went away grumbling; but Preston, the shoemaker, had come just in time to overhear the conversation, and he seemed to be in bad humour, as he threw a strong pair of shoes under the bench, and took a seat near the shop-window. "What you say is true enough, Squire, as regards lazy Turner," said he, but to tell you the truth, the way matters stand in this back country it's of no great use for a man to be thrifty and industrious; for when he has done his work, he can get no money for it. Here is a pair of shoes which I have made for farmer Coley; and when I take them to him, and look for payment, he has no money. He has butter, and eggs, and pork, and oats; but of all that I have as much as I require: what I want is sugar and tea, and some leather and nails out of your shop; and these I cannot get, because I will not have them without paying for them at once. So the love of money seems to be in me this evening bad enough, and yet I cannot see that it is the root of evil in me neither."

"Why, neighbour Preston, it seems to me that it is not the love of money that is in you at all, so far as I understand your case; and perhaps I can make it clear to you by helping you out of your trouble without money having any thing to do with it this time. If you will just let me send your shoes to the farmer, I will take his butter instead of money for them; and you may take whatever articles you require out of my shop, to the amount of what the shoes are sold for. So you can have your comfortable cup of tea with your family, and the material to go on with in your pursuit of industry."

The proposal was accepted, and the business arranged in accordance with it. "But," said the shoemaker, "this is a round-about way of doing business, after all; and it's a poor country where gold and silver-coin is scarce, as in this." "I do not see that, exactly," said Quim, the blacksmith, who had been listening to the conversation from the first. "It strikes me that the Squire's account book would be just as good to us all, as money could ever be. He is always ready to take the farmers' produce at a fair price, so that he may get some profit for his trouble in making up loads of it to send to town for sale: he may put down in his book the value of what is delivered up to him, and may issue that value again, in shop-goods, to the farmer himself or to the tradesman that does any work for the farmer, as you and I have to do, neighbour Preston."

"That would be very much like making me both the merchant and also the banker for my neighbours all round," said the Squire. "I think it might answer pretty well between some of them and myself, because we should deal fairly together; but there are many who would try to take advantage of me in the price of their produce, and would suspect that I take advantage of them in the charge for my goods; and matters might be worse in other parts of the country, where people are not so fair-dealing as we are here in this neighbourhood. Mr. Preston calls a whole country poor, when coined money is scarce in it; and I do not think he is quite wrong, for if there were great riches in the country, part of those riches would be invested in gold and silver-coin. But the quantity of that would after all be but a very small fraction of the riches of that country: it would be there for convenience only, and the great bulk of property would be in other things."

"I suppose, the true wealth of a country is its soil," said Preston. "From that we get the staff of life, grain to make bread from." "I imagine," observed the blacksmith, "that could be after a manner only. Last spring, I measured out three small pieces of land to my three boys, for them to occupy as they chose, during the year. The land was all equally good, and the youngsters set out as farmers, the one about as rich as the other at the time for putting in seed. So Jim set to, and made a race-course of his piece of ground. All the idle boys from the neighbourhood came to spend hours in setting up poles and banners, and smoothing the earth, and then trying their speed, one against the other. Sometimes they quarrelled and came to blows; and if I had not given the ground to the boys to occupy as they chose, I would have interfered, quickly; but upon the whole I preferred making Jim feel it next year, when he shall be kept well at work at the anvil

and hammer. As to Tom, he made his piece of ground into ornamental beds, and planted evergreens which looked like little trees, but never took root; he also sowed flower-seeds, and raised the plants and transplanted them over his beds and for borders: and you may remember what a tasteful thing he made of it; but as to property, nothing is come of all the trouble he has taken with it. Jack, on the other hand, went into my barn, and picked out the largest he could find of the seeds of corn, and of wheat, and of cabbage and turnips—the boy seemed so particular, when I observed him taking up one handful after another of the seed, and throwing them down again, keeping only a grain or two, that I really had to restrain myself from telling him he had better take as many handfuls as he wanted and have done. But at harvest-time, I tell you, the boy brought in such a crop of farmer's produce as I doubt whether any of my neighbours would be able to match. So you see there was the same property of soil to begin with by each of the three boys, but what a difference in the property possessed by each at the year's end!"

"I think, neighbour Quim," said the Squire, "the ease of your boys will go pretty near to let us into the secret, what makes the real wealth of a country."

To be continued.

THE HAPPY MINER.

"There's danger in the mines, old man?" I asked of an aged miner, who, with his arms bent, leaned against the side of the immense vault, absorbed in meditation: "It must be a fearful life."

The old man looked at me with a steadfast but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half-broken sentences he uttered: "Danger! where is there not! on the earth, or beneath it; in the mountain or in the valley; on the ocean or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot: where is there not danger? where has not death left some token of his presence?" "True," I replied; "but the turns of life are various: the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him; the hunter seeks death in the wild woods, and the soldier in the battle field; and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb."

"It is so, indeed," replied the old man; "we find death in the means we seek to uphold life; 'tis a strange riddle: who shall solve it?" "Have you long followed this occupation?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

"From a boy. I drew my first breath in the mines; I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of those trials," said I, "to which you have just now alluded?" "Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings. Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me, so proud in their strength, and I, filled up with a father's vanity, but the Lord chastened the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding man."

"One moment, and his light laugh was in my ear; the next, and the large mass came: there was no cry, no look of terror; but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash; and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment; but time that changed all things, brought relief; and I had still two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They too were taken from me. Side by side they die—not as their brother—but the fire-damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man—his fair jewels—by whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price—and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should thus survive the stripling things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?"

"You have indeed," I replied, "drank of affliction. Whence did you derive consolation?" The old man looked up—"From heaven: God gave, and he hath taken away; blessed be his name." I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer—and the old man passed on.—Friendly Visitor.

READING AT SCHOOL.

Remarks upon the mode commonly adopted.

Its characteristic is violence of tone and emphasis; and some of the masters defend the mode, on the ground that it is necessary to impress on the pupils' minds and memories the rules and principles of reading, and that, in after years, their experience and improved taste will correct their excesses. But I am sceptical as to the expediency of learning that which it will be necessary to unlearn;—besides, the habit tends to a great fault, which the reading-books used are very likely to aggravate, and which, in some of our schools, they may have produced. The books referred to are made up, in a great measure, from the most vehement parts of orations, and the most exciting scenes of the drama; these the pupils are inclined, and are permitted, if not taught, to read with an imitation of the tone and manner of the orator in the actual, or the actor in the mimic scene;—and this is to confound the purposes and rules of declamation and of reading. The reader of a play, or an oration, is not understood by his audience to be acting it, and the rules for acting it are not applicable to the relation between him and them; for a reader is merely a narrator; the sentiments he expresses are not from his own breast, but from the printed book in his hands; and all he is to exhibit or convey is a full apprehension and apprecia-

tion of them. For this, vivacity and emphasis may be required, but not the degree or kind of either which belongs to real action or its dramatic representation. Whoever, at his own fireside, attempts to read a scene of Shakspeare, with any approach to the tone and manner in which it is given on the stage, always makes himself ridiculous; for he affects a feeling foreign to his relation to his audience, and his strongest impression on them is that of the awkwardness of a false position. In reading of the singing of birds, we do not attempt to imitate their notes; yet there would seem to be quite as much reason for doing so, as for imitating the husky voice and gasping utterance of Marmion, in reading his death scene, in the battle of Flodden Field. The highest grace of narration is simplicity, and in the violence of declamation this is likely to be lost; and the pupil who is permitted to confound narration with declamation, or who is not carefully taught the difference between their purposes and principles, will never read well.—Report by Examiner of Boston Schools.

CAUSES OF FAILURE IN BUSINESS.

1. The leading cause is an ambition to be rich—by grasping too much, it defeats itself.

2. Another cause is aversion to labour.

3. The third cause is an impatient desire to enjoy the luxuries of life before the right to them has been acquired in any way.

4. Another cause arises from the want of some deeper principle for distinguishing between right and wrong, than a reference merely to what is established as honourable in the society in which one happens to live.—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

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