

Youth's Corner.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

At the small town of Bruss, in the south of Ireland, a little boy was locked up one Sunday in the church by mistake. He had fallen asleep during the evening service, among the school children, and was not missed by the master. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a very poor widow, whose only comfort was this dear child. She searched for him in despair through the whole country, with the help of her neighbours, but none thought of looking in the church.

Day after day passed, but no tidings were heard of little Johnny; and many were the lamentations and tears mingled with those of the poor widow, for every one loved the child. Thursday passed, and brought no tidings of the boy; and when Friday arrived, the mother gave up all hopes of ever seeing her son again in this world. She had been used to grief, but this was the heaviest blow of all. The widow sat by the lonely hearth, the spinning-wheel stood near, but her usually busy hands were now pressed against her aching head, while her eyes rested in hopeless agony upon the little bench where her darling used to sit. But this lonely widow had read the word of God. On her humble dresser, in days long passed well filled with crockery, but which now contained only a few wooden bowls, one treasure still remained. In the midst of her trouble she heard a still small voice speaking peace to her heart, and with a look of hope, she moved towards the dresser, and took down her well worn Bible. She opened it, and her eye fell on these words—"Jesus said, suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Then the widow's eyes became enlightened with an expression of heavenly joy; for though the little bench opposite was empty, and she believed the beloved child who used to sit there would never gladden her heart again; yet by faith she could behold him, shining in glory, clad in white robes, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. That one text brought many other sweet passages of Scripture to her memory. She thought of Abraham, who willingly gave up his only child when God commanded; and, above all, of the great Creator himself, who gave his well beloved Son to die for the sins of mankind. Whilst thus meditating, the poor woman seemed to hear the voice of her child mingled with the mid-night blast,—"mother, mother," it seemed to say. Yes, it was certainly his voice; she could not mistake it, that dearest of all sounds. She started up—she listened breathlessly—'twas the voice of her son—his spirit had come to visit and console her. Again, and more faintly, it sounded. She rushed to the door, and who can tell her delight when she clasped her own living boy to her bosom. It was her own Johnny, but oh! how pale and thin! And he had no sooner crossed the threshold than he fainted away in her arms. "Oh! my God!" exclaimed the widow, as she gazed in agony on his insensible form; "my God, don't take him from me, now that I have seen his face once more." The prayer was heard, the child recovered, and though exhausted and half dead, was, in a few days, restored to his former health.

When he was strong enough, he gave the following account of himself:—"It was all my own fault for falling asleep in the house of God; and if I had not gone against mother, and went to play with Larry before church, it would never have happened—'twas all on the account of that. I was too tired to attend to the service; for before the minister got half through his sermon, I was fast asleep. When I awoke, it was all dark, and I didn't know where I was, till I felt the cold tombstones under my feet, and the figure of death that's upon the old monument. I thought, sure I am dead, or buried alive, and so there's an end o' me; and I felt so frightened and cold, that I began to cry, and fell asleep again. When I awoke the next time, the warm sun was shining on me through the big window, and I felt quite happy when I saw what had happened. I shouted and called as loud as I could, but no one heard me; and I tried to get out, but all the doors were locked. I didn't mind it so much though; and thinks I, if no one comes to me afore, sure I'll be let out next Sunday, without fail, when the people comes to church; so all that day I was quite easy in my mind, and I read my prayers, and some of the psalms and gospels I had in my prayer book. But when the dark night came again, I began to be frightened, and I was getting hungry and thirsty too, and the tombstones looked so frightful; and I thought of all old Molly used to tell me about ghosts, and things, and I longed to get out of the church. I climbed up to the lowest window and looked out; the green grass was just under me, not four feet down. Oh! how I wished to break just one little pane of glass, and squeeze out, and slide down into the church-yard, and run home to dear mother; but the minister will be angry, thought I, and if he sees the glass broke, may be he'd make mother pay for it—where in the world would she get the money? Sure she can hardly get together as much as will buy the praties, (potatoes) and flax for the spinning is dear, so I'll just stay quiet and comfortable where I am till next Sunday, please God, and I'll kneel down, night and morning, and ask Him to take care of me, and keep me from harm. Well, with that I fell asleep again, and didn't wake till morning; but there was no sun shining, and I felt as weak as water, and trembling with cold. I called out as loud as I could all that day, in hopes some one would hear me; but night came again, and then I thought, I was going truly to die. I dreamed I was in such a beautiful place, with my father and little sister, that died last year; but I soon

woke, and there was a sort of blue dim light all over the place. I saw the monuments and tombstones looking more frightful than ever, and I could not help crying, I felt so lonesome; but I prayed again to God, and then I felt safe. Well then, I believe another day and the night passed, and no one came.

"I don't know how long after this it was that I began to think what mother would say, if she found me dead when she came to church, and stretched on the cold tombs. I cried like rain at this, for I remember how bitterly she sobbed when little sister died last winter, and I thought I saw her cry now over me, and I felt her big tears drop on my cheeks. In truth they were real tears too that were there; I was not dreaming, for I felt them scalding hot to my hand. I crept near the window, for the church looked darker and more dismal than ever. The wind howled, and the rain beat outside, and I heard all sorts of noise in the church, like groans and sobbings. I groped about for the panes of glass, and it was then the thought first came across me, that may be mother could pay for the glass, if she worked very hard at the spinning wheel and knitting; and the minister would not be so very angry after all. Sure, she paid for little sister's coffin herself, though the minister offered to give her one, and she'd have to work hard for mine too; and so, thought I, may be the glass would not cost so much as the coffin would, if I stayed to die there, and besides, then she would have me alive to do for her when I'd come to be a man. All these thoughts came into my mind; and, at last, after thinking, I ran my knee through the big pane. I fell down like dead on the grass outside, after I done it, I was so weak and numbed entirely. Oh! it was then I was sad in real earnest, for I thought I was going to die before I see my dear mother, and that I had broke the glass all to shivers that way for nothing at all, at all. But the Lord be praised, I heard the sound of the stream running over the pebbles, at the end of the grave-yard, and the thirst was burning me so, I thought if I could but drag myself to the water to drink, I'd be able to walk home. I crawled along on the ground, like a wounded wren. The Lord, in his goodness, gave me strength to drink, and my heart revived. I could stand on my feet, and move them too, though it seemed as if a heavy stone was tied to both of them; and the time seemed longer than even a whole day and night in the church, before I could reach mother's cabin. At last I saw the light through the door, and called out, but I don't know what came of me afterwards: every thing seemed to turn round, and then grow dark afore my eyes, but I felt soon I was in my own dear mother's arms, and fell asleep there. When I opened my eyes, the bright sun was shining on mother's face, and she was leaning over our own bed, and looking on me; sure we were that morning both in heaven."—Children's Friend.

JOHN GILPIN, SLEIGHT-RIDING.

The various forms of sleighs which are used in Canada, it would be impossible to describe; some are handsome, painted bright scarlet, highly varnished, richly carved, and ornamented with valuable black bear-skin "robes," as they are termed; others are composed of an old English packing case placed on runners. However, whatever may be their construction, their proprietors, rich or poor, appear alike happy.

One healthy clear morning, accompanied by a friend, I was enjoying my early walk along the cliff which overhangs the bay of Toronto, when I saw a runaway horse and sleigh approaching me at full gallop, and it was not until both were within a few yards of the precipice, that the animal, suddenly seeing his danger, threw himself on his haunches, and then, turning from the death that had stared him in the face, stood as if riveted to the ground.

On going up to the sleigh, which was one of very humble fabric, I found seated in it a wild young Irishman, and, as he did not appear to be at all sensible of the danger from which he had just been providentially preserved, I said to him,—"You have had a most narrow escape, my man!"

"Och! your honour," he replied, "it's nothing at all. It's just this bar as titches his hocks!" And, to show me what he meant, he pulled at the reins with all his strength, till the splinter-bar touched the poor creature's thigh, when instantly this son of Erin, looking as happy as if he had just demonstrated a problem, triumphantly exclaimed,—"There's agin'!" And away he went, if possible, faster than before.

I watched him till the horse galloped with him completely out of my sight; indeed, he vanished like a meteor in the sky, and where he came from, and where he went, I am ignorant to this day.—Sir F. B. Head's Emigrant.

DISCOMFORT FROM BEING A GENERAL.

The eminent lawyer, Mr. Dunning, when Solicitor General (during King George III's reign) made an excursion, in vacation-time, to Prussia. From his title of Solicitor General, the King supposed him to be a general officer in the British army; so he invited him to a great review of his troops, and mounted him, as an eminent military person, upon one of his finest chargers. The charger carried the Solicitor General through all the evolutions of the day, the "General" in every movement being in a most dreadful fright, and the horse's duty never allowing him to dismount. He was so terrified and distressed by the great compliment, that he said he never would go abroad again as a general of any sort.—Related by Lord Eldon.

DRINK—THAT HARD MASTER! From a Correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot.

Now that General McConnell is dead and gone, people begin to remember there were bright spots in his character. I knew him long long ago in Alabama, and while he was in Congress and some of the newspapers and letter writers were handling him roughly, he would often come to me, on account of our old acquaintanceship, perhaps, and with tears in his eyes beg of me to intercede in his behalf, and try to get the editors and letter writers aforesaid to let him alone. He would say that he asked it, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his excellent wife and children. On these occasions I more than once told him that he knew as well as he could be told, how he could put a stop to the abuse he complained of. He would reply, "I know it, I know it; you would have me stop drinking and frolicking, and shut up this walking groggery! But I can't do it. I have tried many times, and it is impossible. I can't stop, but must go on." I once asked him what he expected his end would be? He replied seriously—for he was sober—that he knew not! His wife was a good Christian, and would go to heaven. He hoped his children would; but as for himself, he could only say, that at one period of his life he was for thirteen months a sincere exhorter in the Church, and if the God above did not look back to that period of his life with a favourable eye, and save him, why then he would be lost, for he could do nothing now towards saving himself—it was too late.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. Continued.

"I am afraid, Squire," said the blacksmith, "my boys Jim and Tom will have to be set down as idlers for all the pains they have taken, for their labour has produced nothing, look at it any way I may. And yet there is a wide difference, too, between Tom's harmless taste in his gardening, and the noisy dissipation which Jim encouraged by his race-course."

"Indeed, Mr. Quim," answered the shoemaker, "I should not like you to be too hard upon your young gardener, for I will say so much for him that it did my heart good, many a time, to spend half an hour after work in walking over his plantation; and my Lucy has begged seeds and cuttings of him which she says shall make a little garden in front of my cottage, if I will let her. That is a thing I should like very much; but I asked, how she would find time for it: oh, says she, there will be plenty of time of an evening, between tea and spinning; and it will do her health good to be stirring among the flowers, rather than sitting down and reading the books which Miss Tinkle has brought from that place in the States where she has been at Boarding School. So I have made a bargain with her: she shall have liberty to make a garden in front of the house, provided she will read no books except what the curate, or the schoolmaster, or her teacher at the Sunday School approves of. To that she has consented, and I can't tell you how thankful I shall be to see her nourishing a taste for God's beautiful flowers, rather than read those stories about Jeanie Deans and Ellie, and Wildfire, and Merrilies which, in very truth, have made me afraid the poor girl would soon rather be spoken of as the smart, rumed mistress of a dashing young do-no-good, than the quiet, happy housewife of a steady tradesman."

"I join you, Mr. Preston," said the Squire, "in speaking a good word for my young friend, though certainly it must be owned that he did too much of a good thing by bestowing all his labour upon what is ornamental only. Notwithstanding the curse which rests upon the ground, and which brings the sweat upon man's brow in the cultivation of it, God has been so bountiful towards us, that a man's steady and well applied labour in tillage produces vastly more than what would suffice to feed him and the young family he has to provide for; he has some surplus labour, therefore, to dispose of. If those people in Africa, whom your brother has told you of, neighbour Quim, had our improved tools and mode of husbandry, it would require so little labour to supply their wants, in the mild climate and on the rich land they inhabit, that they would have to spend a much greater amount of time in idleness than they have already, unless a taste sprung up, in them, for something beyond the mere supply of their most urgent wants. So it would be with us, if there had not been created a multitude of wants beyond that of the mere necessities of life. A certain amount of time remains upon our hands, after we have raised as much food as we immediately require, and as we can store up, without fear of spoiling, for future use. God certainly would not have us spend that time in idleness: a thoughtful application of it, then, will include some labour of taste which it would be very wrong to condemn."

"I am thinking," said the blacksmith, "that there are things about my dwelling already which are as entirely matters of taste as my boy's flower-beds: only they are kept in some proportion, and therefore I have all along looked upon them as matters of course. I may consider the plain painting of the wood-work all over my cottage as a means of preserving the material; but there is the pretty border which my wife's brother has painted round my parlour: that certainly is a mere matter of taste and not of use. Yet, as the good man required country-air, after the attack of cholera he had in town last year, and it made him fret to be without work, he could do that little service for us as well as do nothing. And perhaps it makes me feel more kindly towards him when I look at it—at all events, I always say a kind word of him when any one of my neighbours calls in and notices the border, and that does my wife good, for she is passionately fond

of that border. So it seems as if this superfluity had some moral influence, too, among us."

"This reminds me," said the Squire, "of what the curate told me one day respecting your boy and his garden. He said, Tom bid fair to do more for improving the manners of the young people all round, than all the talking and scolding of fathers and mothers and masters. He had made a law that none but 'Ladies and gentlemen' could be allowed to see his garden: so when any one of the boys or girls came to look at it, he would examine whether their hands and faces were clean, and if not, they had to go to the brook first and make themselves fit for admission. Holes in jackets or aprons he would not put up with at all, though he never objected to any garments properly mended, how many soever the patches which had been put on. No pushing or pulling or knocking each other down was ever allowed on his grounds: indeed I looked on, sometimes, with pleasure at the nice behaviour which prevailed among the youngsters, so long as they were under his authority."

To be continued.

SCENES IN NEW ZEALAND.

(From Angus's Savage Life in Australia and New Zealand.)

THE WAHI TAPU.—Several miles up the Waiharikiki river, a stream which flows into the harbour of Ahuhau, is a wahi tapu, or sacred repository of the property of a deceased chief, which stands at a small heathen kainga. The scenery along the Waiharikiki is varied and romantic; steep banks clothed with the most luxuriant foliage rise on either side, and almost every opening discloses a kainga maori or native settlement; the water was strewn with the golden-coloured blossoms of the kowai, and the day was warm and sunny. On arriving at Te Pahé, we landed from the boat and proceeded to the wahi tapu, which stood upon the side of a hill sloping towards the river. The sacred enclosure was surrounded with a double set of palings; and within the inner row, which were painted red, were the decaying remains of the tapued property elevated upon a framework of raised sticks; the weather-worn garments were fluttering in the wind, and the chests, muskets, and other property belonging to the deceased, were arranged in front; a little canoe, with sail and paddles, was also placed there to serve as a ferry-boat for the spirit to enter in safety into the eternal abodes. Calabashes of food and water, and a dish prepared from the pigeon, were placed for the ghost to regale itself when visiting the spot; and the heathen natives aver that at night the spirit comes and feeds from the sacred calabashes. So fearful are the natives to approach this wahi tapu, that they will not even come within some yards of the outer enclosure.

GRAVE-YARDS AT AUCKLAND.—On the slope of a lovely glen, leading inland from behind the eastern extremity of Auckland, is situated the burial-ground belonging to members of the Church of England; and on the opposite side of a road which separates it from the open farm country extending towards Mount Eden, is enclosed a small piece of land, where those of the Catholic faith may find interment. The Jews, also, have raised in a neat parlour-enclosure, with a simple yet elegant entrance-gate, where they too bury their dead. The Dissenters' grave-yard is next to that of the Jews, and is but partially enclosed; and further on, the burial-place of the Scottish Presbyterians is pointed out by a few flower-grown mounds peeping from amongst the fern and heather.

BOILING PONDS IN NEW ZEALAND.—On the edge of a great swampy flat, I met with a number of boiling ponds; some of them of very large dimensions. We forded a river flowing swiftly towards the lake, which is fed by the snows melting in the valleys of the Tongariro. In many places in the bed of this river, the water boils up from the subterranean springs beneath, suddenly changing the temperature of the stream, to the imminent risk of the individual who may be crossing. Along whole tracts of ground I heard the water boiling violently beneath the crust over which I was treading. It is very dangerous travelling; for if the crust should break, scalding to death must ensue. I am told that the Roturua natives, who build their houses over the hot springs in that district for the sake of constant warmth at night, frequently meet with fatal accidents of this kind: it has happened that when a party have been dancing on the floor, the crust has given way, and the convivial assembly have been suddenly swallowed up in the boiling cauldron beneath. Some of the ponds are ninety feet in circumference, filled with transparent pale blue boiling water, sending up columns of steam. Channels of boiling water run along the ground in every direction, and the surface of this calcareous flat around the margin of the boiling ponds is covered with beautiful incrustations of lime and alum, in some parts forming flat saucer-like figures. Husks of maize, moss, and branches of vegetable substances were incrustated in the same manner. I also observed small deep holes or wells here and there amongst the grass and rushes, from two inches to as many feet in diameter, filled with boiling mud, that rises up in large bubbles, as thick as hasty-pudding; these mud-pits send up a strong sulphurous smell. Although the ponds boiled violently, I noticed small flies walking swiftly, or rather running, on their surface. The steam that rises from these boiling springs is visible at a distance of many miles, appearing like the jets from a number of steam-engines.

GIVING PRESENTS IN EGYPT. To show you to what an absurd degree this system is carried, I must tell you that one day when I had dismounted from my donkey, at

old Cairo, to visit some monument there, a pretty little kid ran up to me, and in the fulness of my love of animals, I raised it in my arms and kissed it. An Arab immediately approached me, and holding out his hand, stoutly demanded "Backshish!" I enquired for what? and was very gravely answered, for having kissed the kid which belonged to him! But an anecdote related to me by Dr. Abbott is still more delicious. He had been called in to attend, in his medical capacity, upon an Egyptian lady during a long illness, and had done so with all the skill and kindness for which he is noted, but without having received a fee during the whole period. Of course, he naturally expected that the usual remuneration would be forthcoming at the close of his attendance; and accordingly when, in his last visit, he saw the lady hold out her hand to him, he supposed that it contained the reward of his labours. Not at all! the action was accompanied by a demand on her part for Backshish from the doctor, for having allowed herself to be cured by him!—Mrs. Romer's Tombs and Temples of Egypt.

AFFLICTION, TEACHING THE SINFULNESS OF SIN. The first summary comprehensive lesson to be learnt from affliction is the sinfulness of sin. Sin is always very sinful; but in our prosperity we are not so sensible of it; the dust of the world doth so fill our eyes, that we cannot make a clear and distinct discovery of the evil that is in sin; but now, by the sharp and bitter waters of affliction, God doth wash out that dust, and clears the organ to make a perfect discovery, and to discern sin, as it is, and not as it usually doth appear: sin becomes exceeding sinful. (Rom: 7. 13) God has four glasses wherein he discovers to the soul this evil that is in sin:—1st. The glass of the law. (Jam: 1. 23, 24.)—2d. The blood of Christ. (Rev: 1. 5.—3d. Afflictions and chastisements in this present world. (Lam: 3. 39, 42.)—4th. The torments of hell. (Matt: 25. 41.)—Case, on afflictions.

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