

Booth's Corner.

OBEDIENCE WHICH IS DISOBEDIENCE.

Frank told his Papa, he did not think he understood what he had been telling him of different kinds of obedience.

"I will try to make it plain by a story," said his Papa, "but I shall expect you not only to attend to the story but to endeavour also to perceive the point at which I shall be aiming."

Frank promised to do so, and his Papa proceeded: "Mr. Anson told his son James, that he wished him to take a letter to the Post Office. 'Oh dear,' said James, almost crying, 'I was just going to parade my soldiers.' His Papa took no notice of the remark; James put his box of soldiers away, went for his cap and jacket, and, in a short time, made his appearance with quite a cheerful face, to ask for the letter he was to carry. What do you think of that kind of obedience, Frank?"

"Well," said Frank, "the obedience seems to have been of the right kind, though it came out through a struggle. It would have been better, to be sure, if James had not felt grieved at the interruption of his play—or at least if he had not expressed his vexation, for that must have been painful to his Papa. But he struggled, and he overcame; and, the next time the struggle comes on again, it will find him stronger, and his obedience will be more cheerful."

"I think you have judged rightly," said Frank's Papa; "you have put the best construction upon the affair as it was stated. But now I will let you further into the secret. As James was going for his jacket, he kept muttering to himself: 'Tiresome—as soon as I set about any play for myself, he has some work for me. He might as well carry his letter to the Post Office himself.' His sister heard him mutter, and she said: 'Oh, have you to go to the Post Office, James? Then you are likely to find our Youth's Cabinet there; if you bring it, we shall have nice reading and painting instead of your play with the soldiers.' As soon as James remembered about his newspaper, which he had not thought of before, he was reconciled to the interruption all at once, and it was that gave him the cheerful look with which he came and was ready to go on his errand. What do you think of his obedience now, Frank?"

"Why, Papa," said Frank, "it looks very different from what it did, I confess. There wasn't the struggle, and there wasn't the victory; his cheerfulness arose from the hope of gratifying self, and not from having overcome an evil temper, nor from the pleasure of being useful to his parent. And so I fear, Papa, here was obedience which was disobedience."

"Yes, Frank," replied his Papa, "you may say so, for the sake of shortness; though it would be more strictly correct to say, here was disobedience in the intention, which assumed the guise of obedience through selfishness."

"But suppose his sister had not reminded him of the newspaper," rejoined Frank; "I imagine James would have come, ready to carry the letter, all the same, except that he would not have shown the cheerful face which he wore when his obedience fell in with his own interest: would he not, Papa?"

"I suppose he would," replied his Papa; "and you may judge for yourself what his obedience in that case would have been worth."

Frank took half a minute to reflect, and then he looked his Papa in the face with much concern, and said: "I see now, Papa, that in truth it would have been disobedience, restrained through fear alone from acting out its intention."

"You are right, Frank," replied his Papa. "And now I will just make a finish to my story, in order that it may bear printing and reading. Mrs. Anson had overheard the muttering of her disobedient son, and the remark made to him by his sister. She quickly stepped in to her husband to tell him how matters stood, and when James presented himself disguised into an obedient son, his parent told him that, perceiving how disagreeable it was for his son to go to the Post Office for his Papa, he had changed his mind and would himself carry his letter: in the meantime James might employ himself in carrying wood into the house from the pile in the yard, and if he were diligent at it during the time his Papa had to be absent, he might then use his liberty in parading his little tin soldiers."

Frank remarked, with a smile, that James might have fared much worse, and would still have had no reason to complain of undue severity. His countenance then resumed its former look of concern; he threw himself around his Papa's neck and thanked him for the light now thrown upon the motives of his own correct conduct towards his parent. "How often," exclaimed he, "have I taken credit to myself for obedience, when my real intention was disobedience, restrained only through fear of the consequences." His Papa, in return, assured him that he was thankful for the many evidences his son afforded him, that he struggled against evil within, and that it became habitual in him to overcome. "Ever seek for strength," he said, "from Him who knows your temptations and dangers; and you will receive help even to beat your enemy down under your feet."

EARLY LESSON OF OBEDIENCE. A father of my acquaintance relates the following: "I placed my little boy, at eight months old, upon my knee, took his rattle from him, and laid it on the table directly before him, and within his reach. When he placed out his hand to take it, I drew back his hand, and spoke sharply to him. He looked up in my face, half frightened, half grieved, gave a deep sigh, and again reached out his hand for the rattle. I spoke sternly again, and again drew back his hand. He burst into crying

with grief and anger; and, after a violent struggle of ten minutes, ceased crying, and again reached after the rattle. I then let him take hold of it; but held his arm extended, continued to speak sternly, and snapped his fingers lightly with my pen, till he let go the rattle. He cried long and bitterly before he let it drop; and several times, at short intervals, took it up again. But I bore with inflexible though gentle authority upon him, till he perfectly understood my intent, and submitted; and then after a few moments' diversion of his thoughts to quiet his sobbing, he turned, with the tear standing in his eye, and fell to patting and rubbing his hand on the table, without touching the rattle, though it lay all the time within his reach. After a few moments, I held the rattle before him. He directed in my face a fixed look of solemn enquiry, which I met with an inviting smile, still holding the toy before him, till he took it and turned to his play. The next day I took him again upon my knee, and in a mild but firm tone, bade him lay it on the table. He looked deeply serious for a moment, sighed, and obeyed. "My boy is now eight years old; and I do not remember to have seen him since that time shed a tear in any conflict of his feelings against his parent's will."—New York Evangelist.

[Ah! if all parents would do like this father—how much scolding and beating their sons would be saved at eight years, by the light snapping of their fingers with Papa's pen, when they are eight months old!—Ed.]

A POOR RICH MAN.

The late Judge Martin, of Louisiana, left France, when a lad, with only 400 francs. He rambled about the West Indies, and finally reached North Carolina, and to avoid starvation, he became an apprentice to a printer. After three years' service he obtained wages, and after another three years, he had saved money enough to buy out his employer. After this he went to Louisiana, and became a Judge and the partner in a brick yard. At the end of seven years, his brick yard partner died, and in settling up the books, it was found that every item of their joint household expenses was put down from day to day, and that for seven years, the said Judge Martin expended on an average 25 cents per day, including food and clothing for servants, and all other expenses of house-keeping. That during all this time the judge was receiving a salary of \$5000 per year—the profits of his brick yard, and the interest on his money lent.

At length the poor rich man died also, and his estate exceeded \$400,000—all of which he left to a brother, having neither wife nor child. The conclusion of the notice is 'the Judge lived a very poor man and died a very rich one.'

This is the way to get rich, we are told—and the life of this man is pointed at as a true and shining light to guide those who come after.

Now, I hold, that although there are traits exhibited in the character of Judge Martin highly commendable, yet taking his life as a whole as recorded in the papers, the life of a pauper—a beggar—may be, and often is, more commendable and desirable than his.

Judge Martin, I regret to say, is not the last of his kind—there are plenty of men still vegetating in every community, whose only effort is, to get all they can, and hoard all they get—those who live as if the 'chief end of man' was to get rich.

Of all created beings among those called 'human'—a mean, pernicious, miserly man is the most useless, despicable and offensive thing. His whole life is a continuous effort to contribute nothing, voluntarily, to the comfort and prosperity of any fellow-man, and to limit his own comforts as far within the margin of 'cold and hunger' as human nature can endure.

Every man in this country, enjoying health, can easily provide for himself and those dependent upon him, with the comforts of life, and contribute his mite in aid of the many enterprises for the improvement and relief of his fellow-men—to do this is his positive duty, and should be his chief pleasure, for it is recorded 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' That man who spends his life in hoarding up earthly gains, refusing all aid to further the philanthropic and charitable efforts of his day—whose whole soul is engrossed in getting and hoarding, and cannot sympathize with those who mourn, and rejoice with those who rejoice—such a man's life, although he accumulated millions, is not to be envied or copied.—Cleveland Herald.

MISSION TO THE CANADIAN R. CATHOLICS RESIDING IN THE UNITED STATES. From a letter by the Rev. H. Norton, to the Committee of the American Protestant Society.

On Sabbath, 16th of August, I found myself at W. E. eight miles from the Canada line, where our Missionary M. has been toiling for several years among the French Romanists. From the family where I was hospitably entertained, I had two and a half miles to ride on the Sabbath to reach the place of meeting.

On my way I suddenly met a storm of wind, lightning, thunder and rain, that came rushing with vengeance down the mountains. It was truly terrific. I fled into a house by the wayside for shelter. Although the house trembled and threatened to fly from its foundations, yet when the storm was over we were all safe.

When I arrived at the place of meeting, the people had assembled and were singing most beautifully in French. The Missionary saw me as I was tying my horse to the fence, and came out and gave me a hearty shake of the hand. We entered the house. It was part of a building in which the Missionary resided; the room was filled with benches and people, with a cooking stove in the centre. When I

looked around upon this assembly, I felt emotions not easily described. The peaceful and joyous expression of their countenances while singing the praises of God, will never be effaced from my mind. My heart said, 'this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' Surely there is a work of God in this place.

As soon as they had sung the hymn, the Missionary said a few words to them in French. Immediately all in the room rose, and the tears started from their eyes. While I was surprised and in doubt as to the cause of this, the Missionary informed me that they rose to salute me and to give me a hearty welcome among them, as he had just told them who was present. I can assure you, brethren, this was a touching scene to me. I felt myself honoured and humbled as the unworthy representative of the American Protestant Society. Every person who stood before me had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. They were living witnesses of the power of truth over error, and of the Spirit of God over superstitious and benighted minds.

I was unmanned by such an unexpected reception, and knew not what to do or say. I rose, however, and addressed them about an hour. They were not only very attentive, but the tears flowed freely while they heard the simple truths of the Gospel. Most of them could understand English when very plainly spoken. There was an exception directly in front of me. One of the females, a member of the church, could not understand. A woman who sat next to her interpreted as I spoke, and whispered the whole address into her ears.

On this occasion females were present who came seven or eight miles on foot; but this is no unusual occurrence. Roman Catholics come ten or twelve miles to hear the Missionary preach. At the close of the meeting, it was proposed that I should preach to them on the next Tuesday in the afternoon. As this was in the midst of harvest, they would lose half a day's wages by attending the meeting. They are extremely poor, and working by the day, hence the loss of half a day's wages was something of a consideration. How many of our Protestant Christians would assemble under such circumstances? One of the members rose and told them the meeting would be worth more than their wages, and exhorted them to attend. On Tuesday they were all present. The time was 5 P. M., but at 2 P. M. they began to assemble at the house of the Missionary in order to hear the Bible read.—This is the common practice of those who cannot read. I saw some aged females. I should think over 70 years of age, who came seven or eight miles at this early hour for this purpose. One of the converts, a young man who is doing much good among them, read to them the Word of God without a word of comment. They heard and wept. It was affecting to see them. They were eating the pure bread of life. They were nourished by it; it was their life. Oh that all our Protestant church members were fed upon the same bread! How great and rapid would be the increase of spirituality, of life, of self-denial, and of prayer!

On Tuesday all were present at the school-house. It was a meeting of universal interest. The tearful earnestness with which they listened to a simple exposition of the nature and fruits of evangelical faith, was truly affecting. At times they were unable to suppress their joy and gratitude. Had the Committee, or the friends of the Society, been present they would have said, "here is enough, and more than enough, to compensate for all the toil, labour and expense that have attended the operations of the Society." To see a people, just emerged from the midnight of Popery, rejoicing in the faith of the Gospel, is a rare sight. Such a sight carries conviction along with it, that here is the work of God. And you are constrained to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

If any question whether any thing can be done for the conversion of Romanists, let them come and see. This is a work that will bear investigation. It need only be known, to secure the confidence of every Christian and candid mind.

As they retired from the meeting, having listened more than an hour to expositions of faith and its fruits, one and another said, "I am guilty, I am guilty, and I am resolved to do more than I have ever done before," &c., &c. Instead of being satisfied with the past, they were humbled under a view of their deficiency, and at the rich grace of God, of which they were the happy subjects.

This church now consists of eighty-one members. Every one of them was born and trained up in the Roman Catholic Church.—They have all been converted under the labours of your Missionary. Another church like this is not to be found in the United States. Such a company of believers I never saw before.

While looking upon them, and noticing the peaceful and happy expression of their countenances when singing the praises of God, the tears started from my eyes. Hard indeed must be the heart that would not be affected by such a sight. In this little church are ten times the number of souls saved in the Ark when the ungodly world was swept away—all monuments of the grace of God—all rescued from the iron grasp of despotism, and from the gloomy regions of superstition.

These are not merely converts from Popery to Protestantism, but there is, we believe, deep and self-denying piety in this little flock. From ministers of the Gospel, and from Christians of various denominations, I have received the most favourable account of the piety of this church. One aged minister said, "there has been more of the revival of religion among them this year, than among all our Protestant churches in this region. Another says, "Nowhere

do I find such an exemplification of spiritual religion as in this little church."

Their piety is of the primitive character.—They drink the pure streams of the word of God, uncorrupted by human tradition. To them there is nothing like the Bible. To have this explained to them, and to enjoy the privilege of prayer and of praising God, seem to be the desire and consummation of all their earthly hopes.

DISCOVERIES LATELY MADE AMONG THE NEBULÆ, BY LORD ROSSE.—Several nebulae, which were formerly supposed to be only immense masses of luminous substance, have been resolved into starry systems, by means of the magnifying powers of his lordship's 36 feet telescope, whose speculum is six feet diameter, and particularly on account of the vast quantity of light which this immense telescope contains. The circular nebula of Lyra has been discovered to be a mighty galaxy, with parts of its stars attached to its mass in irregular filaments or streams. A spiral nebula has been discovered in the Dog's ear, so strange and complex, that there is nothing to which it can be likened, except a scroll gradually unrolling, or the evolution of a gigantic shell. Some of those nebulae, which formerly appeared as nearly circular masses, have now been described to have numerous luminous filaments, streaming out in every direction, and interwoven with streams of stars. Even the great nebula of Orion, which no former telescope could resolve, has been surveyed by Lord Rosse, who has no doubts of its resolvability, having plainly seen a mass of stars about the Trapezium, and the characteristics of resolvability in other parts strongly marked. Sir James South remarks, that when observing with this telescope, he saw nebulae amounting to 30 or more, "the most of which the telescope removed from the list of nebulae (where they had long figured) to that of clusters; while some of these latter, more especially the fifth of Messier, exhibited a sidereal picture such as man never before had seen, and which, for its magnificence, baffles all description." There has not yet been sufficient time or opportunity for exploring the wonders of the planetary and starry regions with this instrument; but it has already expanded our views of the grandeur of the sidereal heavens, and of the boundless extent of that empire which stretches into infinity; and in the course of time, it will doubtless be the means of disclosing to our view scenes and subjects which have never yet been anticipated.—Dundee Advertiser.

A CAPTURE.

It was the 1st of April, and the grass-cutters having been out, as usual, early in the morning, were returned with a small supply of forage for the horses and beasts of burden. The supply, however, was more scanty than heretofore. Indeed, for some time back the enemy had striven to cut off the garrison from this resource, by driving flocks of sheep upon the meadow lands, and sending them, under an escort, as near as from four to six hundred yards from the crest of the glacis. To-day, they repeated the manoeuvre; and Sir Robert Sale determined to try whether it might not be possible to make them smart for it. With this view, the cavalry were ordered to mount, without sound of trumpet; while 650 infantry, namely, 150 sappers, with 200 from each of the regular regiments, got under arms, and made ready to support them. Suddenly, the south gate was thrown open, and a part of the horse, crossing the drawbridge at speed, made for the sheep. No sooner were they seen, than the shepherds ran to drive their flocks away; but the troopers were too quick for them. Having headed the nearest flock and secured it, they rode at another, and, heading them in like manner, cut down the shepherds ere they could escape. Meanwhile the rest of the cavalry, with the infantry supports, hurried on; and a body of grass-cutters, armed with poles, being thrown in the rear of each flock, not fewer than three were driven towards the town. There was great consternation, as may be imagined, in Akbar's camp, and an earnest desire to prevent, if possible, the besieged escaping with the prey. Multitudes of men, some on foot, others on horseback, turned out and advanced at a rapid pace against the escort; but they soon found that the gunners on the ramparts had not forgotten their cunning. Shot after shot rushed through their masses, sweeping down whole sections, while the gallant 5th faced their horses round, and stood ready to meet, in midcareer, any force which might be induced to charge them. None, however, were bold enough to do so, and the consequence was, that the rallying party returned into the town with the loss of one man killed and a few wounded, driving not fewer than five hundred head of sheep before them. Great was the joy of all concerned in this brilliant affair, and very hearty the congratulations that met them on their arrival; but of a still nobler trait in the character of the 35th Native Infantry I am bound to take notice, because it reminds me of the behaviour of Clive's sepoy at the celebrated defence of Arcot. On the 2nd, Sir Robert Sale proceeded to distribute the captured sheep among the corps and departments composing his garrison. The 35th declined to accept the boon. They sent a deputation to the general, which respectfully acquainted him that animal food was less necessary for them than for Europeans, and besought him to give their portion of the booty to their gallant comrades of the 13th. No wonder that between these two corps there should have sprung up a romantic friendship, which, though the accidents of service have parted them probably for ever, neither is likely to forge, at all events as a tradition, while they keep their places respectively in the armies of the Queen and of the East India Company.—Sale's Brigade in Affghanistan.

THE DURATION OF MARRIED LIFE.—The tables of the mean joint lifetime of men and

women show that in England husbands and wives, married at the age of 26, live, on an average, 27 years together, the widows living rather more than 10 years (10.4) after their husbands' deaths, and the widowers nearly 9 years (9.3) after their wives' deaths. Where the husband is 40 and the wife 30, the mean term of married life is 21 years, the widows living 13 years after their husbands, and the widowers five years after the deaths of their wives. The tables furnish ready answers to a great number of questions of this kind, and others in which two lives are concerned.—Registrar General's Report.

THE IRON STEAM-SHIP, SARAH SANDS.

The SARAH SANDS was built by Messrs. J. Hodgson & Co., of Liverpool, under the immediate superintendance of Capt. W. C. Thompson, her experienced commander and part owner. Thirty years' experience in navigating the ocean has enabled Captain Thompson to suggest several improvements in the model of his ship, which, upon trial, have proved his judgment to be correct.

The great diversity of opinion among experienced individuals respecting the advantages of the screw in navigating the ocean is not singular. Differences were entertained with regard to the railway, to ocean steam navigation, and to all great innovations of past ages. It is well, perhaps, that these differences of opinion do exist, for they tend to bring out more clearly and forcibly the grand discoveries of genius, and to stamp the master-mind with immortality. The first failure of any new principle should not always be condemned—for if it were, what encouragement would the inventive mind receive?

The SARAH SANDS is of 1300 tons burthen, and her engines are 200 horse power. Her machinery is built on the most approved principles; the screw can be disconnected in the heaviest sea with the greatest facility. With the exception of two or three days, when the wind was favourable and blowing fresh, the screw was used throughout the voyage. With an ample supply of coal there is no reason why the screw should not be used in every kind of weather, as an additional speed of two or three knots is often of the utmost importance.

This noble ship has four masts,—is 220 feet in length, 22 feet in width, and 27 feet from her upper deck to the hold. Her saloons and state rooms are large and convenient,—and are fitted up in the best manner. The main saloon is 40 feet in length and 30 feet in width. It vies in the richness of its furniture and decorations with the most sumptuous drawing-room. The couches are covered with the most expensive crimson velvet, and the paneling is mahogany, highly polished, and profusely ornamented with elaborate and beautiful gilt carved work and figures. There are six large mirrors, which give the effect of a succession of saloons. Four rich paintings decorate the saloon.

The SARAH SANDS left Liverpool on the afternoon of the 20th of January, on her trial trip across the Atlantic. The wind was blowing strong from the south-east, with a violent snow storm. At night a favourable wind induced Captain Thompson to take the northern passage. At 8.30 p.m. on the 21st, the Inimistral light bore south-west by south, half south, from which the captain took his departure. During nearly the whole voyage we encountered head winds, squally weather or heavy gales; yet, taking into consideration these serious obstacles, the vessel proved herself a superior craft. The machinery was new, and during one entire day it was useless, owing to an accident.

With the screw alone, all her sails being furled, she steamed, during twenty-four hours, one hundred and thirty-two miles in a heavy head sea. Without the screw she went, with all sails set during twenty-four hours, two hundred and sixty-one miles; and with all sails set and with the screw, she went two hundred and seventy miles in twenty-four hours.—Particulars taken from N. Y. Com. Adc.

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