

Youth's Corner.

EARLY DEVOTION TO GOD.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Eccl. xii. 1.

Oh! now in the morning of sunshine and gladness,
This gentle commandment obey.
Before the dark clouds of affliction and sadness
Have cast their deep gloom o'er thy way;
Before the gay hopes of thy spirit are blighted
By the fast-coming tempest of woe.
When the joys, which in youth's fairy season de-
Nor solace, nor peace, can bestow. (lighted,

Oh yield to thy Maker, in sweet consecration,
The brightest and best of thy days;
Submit to his guidance with meek adoration,
And live to his glory and praise:
And then, when the trials of earth shall oppress
Thou shalt find thy repose in his love: (thee,
In the evening of life he will comfort and bless thee,
And lead thee in safety above!

Brighton. MYRA.
Sund. Sch. Teachers' Magazine.

CRUELTY OF THE HEATHEN.

Related by the Rev. Robert Moffat.

I know not whether you are acquainted with the little story of a Missionary having taken the body of a little baby out of the ground, and rescuing it from death. I shall tell you the story. These were the hands that took the baby out of the ground. The baby was buried by its mother. Yes, its cruel mother buried it when it was only a month old, and left it for dead. A person, who was coming from a distance, passed by the spot where this poor baby lay; and as she passed by, she heard something cry, and she came to our house and told us what she had heard, and asked us if we had lost a kitten. I said that I would inquire; but I found that there was no kitten lost. A short time after, another woman came in, and she had heard that a mother had thrown away her baby. "Who knows," said the other woman, "but that is the little baby I heard crying as I came along. When I heard this I said, 'If the baby had been thrown away it would be eaten up;' for little children who wander away from their parents are devoured by savage hyenas; and I have rescued little children with my gun from this awful death. When I heard that a baby had been thrown away, I said to the woman, 'Where did you hear the sound?' She immediately pointed out a bush about half a mile from our house. I started off for the spot, and Mrs. Moffat came running after me, but I ran fastest, and I was soon there, for I always felt anxious about little children. When I got to the place, I looked round, but I could see nothing; and I was just going away, when I happened to set my foot on a part of the ground which was very soft. I thought this was remarkable, and I looked down, but I could see nothing. And would you think that I could imagine that a baby was under the ground? That never entered my head; but when I stopped to examine the spot, I thought I heard something; it was a very little faint sound. But my curiosity was excited, and I pulled away the loose earth, and after getting down about a foot and a half, I came to a large flat stone, which the mother had thrown in to kill her own baby; but as it was somewhat larger than the bottom of the grave where the body lay, the child was unhurt; and when I lifted the stone, there lay the little baby. There were no clothes on its little body; it was alive, and that was all. Well, I took it up and gave it to Mrs. Moffat, who had come up by this time, and she took charge of it, and nursed that baby with a great deal of care and trouble; and that baby is now fourteen years of age, and she can talk and read about many things. She was brought over to England to be instructed, and she is about to return with me to Africa, as an infant-school teacher, to instruct others. We call her Sarah Roby, and she calls us father and mother. The natives call her by a name which signifies 'one pressed under a stone.' Was it not a wonderful Providence by which she was rescued from death and brought under our care? My dear children, when you pray, pray for her, that she may love and fear God, and devote her life to his service and glory.—*Ch. Miss. Magazine.*

BISHOP SAILER AND THE SNIPES.

The late Roman Catholic Bishop Sailer of Ratisbon being one day with a friend at dinner, discovered snipes on the table; at which he made the remark: "This is now quite a *liturgical* meal for me." He was asked to explain himself, upon which he related the following incident out of his early life. In the year 1761, Andrew Sailer, a pious shoemaker in the village of Aresing, about a day's journey from Munich, set out with his little son Michael, ten years old, to try whether he could make arrangements for the boy's studies, at the capital, with a view to his becoming a priest. The master builder of Aresing was accompanying them; and as they were talking about the boy's prospects of present support and eventual success at Munich, they happened to pass close by a shop where some remarkably fine snipes were suspended by their bills, waiting for customers. "Come, Andrew," said the master builder, "let us buy a pair of these snipes; they shall make your boy's fortune." The shoemaker consented; and the snipes were bought, and on their arrival at the Grammar-school, poor Michael was introduced to a distinguished master of the name of Traunsteiner, with the present of his pair of snipes to bespeak favour. The birds really were much admired, and the boy was most kindly taken by the hand;

perhaps the experienced teacher discerned very quickly Michael's good abilities, and on that account took him the more readily under his wing.

It is a common thing with the German Professors, to encourage poor young students, if they are steady and promising, by employing them about their own persons as *famuli*: the word means *servants*; and according to the disposition or the wants of the Professor himself, his *famulus* has to do every kind of work for him that he may require. A great advantage to the young man is access to his master's library, and the acquaintance with learned pursuits which he acquires. Frequently he has to copy the Professor's manuscripts; and if he makes himself useful to him, he is very likely to be recommended for a bursary, which is a little allowance in money from the University, or for free boarding in the students' hall. Now Mr. Traunsteiner soon found poor Michael a place as *Famulus*: in due time he entered College and commenced studies in Theology; and at the age of nineteen he was received at Landsberg into the order of Jesuits, as a young man that would do credit to that sagacious society by his talents as well as by his exemplary conduct. He was now certainly in great danger of being corrupted by the loose principles and intriguing spirit of his associates and superiors; but God had prepared an escape for the pious student: in the year 1773, when he had been only three years connected with the Jesuits, that dangerous order was abolished in Bavaria, even as it had been expelled from most other countries already. He now proceeded to the University of Ingolstadt, engaged with great diligence in the study of Philosophy and Divinity, and during three years delivered public lectures; he also advanced to the priesthood in the Church of Rome during that time, and on a visit which he paid to his friends at Munich in 1776, he said with much emotion to Mr. Ocker, the Warden of the mint, from whom he had received much kindness in the days of his poverty: "It is to a pair of snipes and you that, under God, I owe all my literary advancement."

In process of time, Michael Sailer became Doctor in Divinity, and taught publicly as Theological Professor in the Universities of Ingolstadt, Dillingen, and Landshut. His endeavours were always for the good of souls rather than for the increase of power and riches to the priests, the monasteries, and the Pope. He published many books of easy and pious reading which the common people could understand, and others particularly suited for students in Divinity. You may easily conceive that he was not exempt from persecution. In 1794 he was suddenly dismissed from his Professorship, and then his means of living were very narrow; but he applied himself to every work of usefulness that invited him: in the year 1800 he had his honourable appointment at Landshut, and at an advanced age he was elevated to the Episcopate. That was done by the King, to whom the appointment of Bishops belongs in Bavaria, and the Pope could not hinder it, because no evil could be proved against the old man.

A very skillful engraver, Beta Meyer, of the order of Benedictines, once cut a pair of snipes for a seal with the inscription: "Under God's direction," on a cornelian stone, and sent it to him as a present with which the Bishop was exceedingly pleased, for he was ever willing to remember the small beginning that his success in life had; and those who knew his snipe-story may well be supposed to have recollected, when they saw his seal, that those birds did not "fall on the ground" nor afterwards into little Michael's hands without his "Father." Matt. x. 29.

LOYALTY TOWARDS THE SAVIOUR.

A pious woman, wife of a serjeant, whose regiment was quartered in my neighbourhood, was invited to attend the preaching of a Unitarian minister; and, upon her refusal, great solicitation was used. Amongst other arguments, it was said: "Why, no one wants you to be convinced against your will. It is mere prejudice, that would object to hear the fair merits of a case. All that we want of you, is to weigh the proofs which can be adduced from Scripture; and then to determine, on which side the truth lies." To which she replied, in words that burn. "Truth!" she said, "I should hate truth, if it could persuade me that my Saviour was not God. Nay, if that were proved, I should not care whether there was a God at all. My only wish would be that I never was born."

But all this may be pronounced by some, bigoted, wild, and frantic. To me, however, it appears in a far different light. I never met, in spite of all her ardour, a more sober-minded Christian, than the one in question; one who better knew her innate depravity; who more thoroughly renounced her own righteousness as filthy rags; or who trusted, with a more simple faith, to the alone merits of a Saviour. But that Saviour's death, and sufferings, and sorrows had won her heart; and she desired neither life nor heaven, without him.

This is what I would term true loyalty of heart. I do not call it disinterested affection. Strictly speaking, there can be no such thing, in reference to God; for we know that all things work together

for good, to them that love him. Neither do I say, that it can be irrespective of our own salvation; for love like this is salvation. The man who bears this jewel in his breast, is not a mere expectant—he is saved already. This charity never faileth; this love can never die; for it is the seed of immortality, and the dawning of endless day. 'Herein,' says the Apostle, 'is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment.' He who loves his Saviour for his own sake, will not fear to meet him face to face, upon that tremendous, that glorious day. It is true, that when he sees his blessed Lord and Master, wearing upon that brow which was once pierced with thorns, his many crowns of glory; and bearing in that hand which was once transfixed with nails, the sceptre of universal empire;—all thoughts of selfish interest will be lost, in the shouts and acclamations of saints and angels, to the once despised, but now exalted Saviour. But though he may forget himself, he will not be forgotten by the Judge of quick and dead. His all-seeing eye will search him out, amidst the countless millions which crowd around the bar; and say, in more than words, 'It is I, be not afraid; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I am the Saviour, whom, though unseen, you loved—when you thought upon in your bed, and remembered when you were waking. You confessed me, before a generation that disowned me. You were not ashamed of me, nor of my words, amidst a hostile and contemptuous world. And now I fulfil my promise. Now I confess you, before my Father, and the holy angels. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'—*Lectures on Ruth, by Rev. H. Woodward.*

THE LATE BISHOP BURGESS:

ON ABOLITION.

Among his early publications, there is one which ought not to be forgotten, as it places him very high indeed in the ranks of that honoured band of Christian patriots and philanthropists by whose exertions the slave-trade and ultimately slavery were abolished. As long back as the year 1789, Mr. Burgess had the courage to publish a volume, entitled, "Considerations on the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, upon grounds of natural, religious, and political duty." Thus early did this humane and enlightened man chain and brand slavery and the slave-trade together, and demand the extinction of both. The book, we doubt not, was very effective at the time—for it was written with great ability, and with bold, uncompromising animation; but it had been long out of sight for more than thirty years, when at the commencement of the late arduous anti-slavery contest, the writer of the present remarks happened to be making some explorations at the British Museum, and accidentally found a copy of it; and resuscitated it, as an invaluable treasure at that moment, both from the weight of its arguments, and the high character of the writer. We in consequence alluded to it, (March 1823, page 197), in mentioning the presentation to Parliament, of a petition for the abolition of Slavery, by Mr. Wilberforce, when that veteran Christian philanthropist, finding his health unable to bear the fatigue of the contest,—"for a contest," we forebodingly and too truly remarked, "we fear it will be,"—resigned the leadership to Mr. Buxton, who in May following opened the first campaign of that memorable struggle. Next year (Oct. 1824, p. 621-633; we gave the references, in case any of our readers should wish for a fuller account of the bishop's publication,) we drew up an analysis of its arguments, with extracts from its indignant eloquence; and no publication was more serviceable than these passages from Bishop Burgess, in reply to those clergymen and others, who upheld slavery on the ground that it is a Divine institution. When so many of our reverend brethren were galling us from month to month, it was consoling to us to be able to refer to the long expressed and unretreated opinion of this venerable Father in the church, that slavery was not a civil institution to be ameliorated, but a sin, a crime, an atrocity to be extirpated.

ON TEMPERANCE.

Among the bishop's publications we recollect a little waist-coat-pocket tractate, which he presented to us in 1819, but which not having had much circulation, and his Lordship's name not being on the title-page, is probably known to very few, even of his friends. It was entitled, "An easy way, by one duty, to serve Religion; to double your income, and to prolong life; or devotion, frugality, and health promoted by the observance of Lent; to which are added extracts from the works of the Rev. W. Jones, Lessius, Cornaro, and Cheyne." The object of the tractate was to recommend constant temperance and occasional fasting; and what he urged he practised. He considered the church days of abstinence useful, not only spiritually but physically; his own diet was always extremely simple; he had a distaste for wine, and an abhorrence of ardent spirits; he attributed his comparative health in advanced years to his practice of the rules of strict temperance; and we have heard him reason, though in vain, with an elderly clergyman, now deceased, upon the manifold evils of a custom to which he had addicted himself, of taking, once a day, a small quantity of ardent spirits, largely diluted with water: one of the bishop's arguments, we remember, being,

that as the digestive powers decay in age, they ought to be less taxed; and that an old man should not try to keep up his vigour by stimulants, but by simple nourishing diet, like a child, and avoiding all unnecessary expenditure. The church fasts he observed, not rigidly, but with considerate abstinence; but we remember his once telling us, at nearly nine o'clock on a Sunday evening, after evening service, that he had not dined; for though Sunday is a festival, not a fast, yet he had adopted the practice of taking his chief repast in the evening, to prevent being drowsy at church. We ought, perhaps, to add, lest from his practice, or the title of his little book, it should be thought that his abstinence was in a spirit of formalism or pharisaism, that he one day in Lent requested us to give a leg of mutton for him to some poor old woman, as that would have been his dinner; but he added, in allusion to a theological conversation, "Mind I do not put it in the place of the doctrine of justification by faith." As he was a slavery abolitionist by anticipation, so he was also a temperance advocate.—*Christian Observer; Obituary of the Right Rev. Thomas Burgess, D. D., Lord Bishop of Salisbury.*

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

On the all-sufficient name of Him who is our peace, who died to make peace, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us; through whom the guilty obtain pardon, the alien is brought nigh, and they that labour and are heavy-laden find rest, did he found his hope of peace. As justified by faith alone, and not for his own works or deservings, did he humbly hope he had peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, how well do I remember some striking words of his on this very subject about three weeks before his death: they were among the last I heard him speak. "I think," said he "on looking back to my past life, I have acted for the most part conscientiously; but how unworthily and how shortly!"—Here tears interrupted his speech. "Oh, what a comfort there is in looking to Christ! I scarcely like," he added, "to use that expression, common as it is, of looking to the cross; it is a figurative term, whereas I want something substantial. I had rather make mention of Him who died, than of the instrument by which he suffered. Can there be a doubt but that he who expressed himself, simply and sincerely, in language such as this, had the root of the matter in him? Must not the Lord have been keeping him in true peace, the peace which passeth understanding, who could thus humbly and entirely cast aside all self-righteousness, all self-dependence, and rest every comfort and every hope on his Saviour, and determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified as his foundation?"

During his illness in the last autumn, considering himself on a death-bed, he sent for a friend on whose Christian faithfulness he could rely, and said to him, "I feel that in all probability I shall not long survive this attack; I wish, therefore, to be tried as to the foundation on which I am resting. Will you give me your view of the frame of mind, and the particular objects of faith and dependence, which a person thus situated ought to contemplate and cherish? What should be my views and feelings in the near prospect of an eternal world? When you have given me your sentiments, I will tell you my own." His friend immediately held up the Saviour as the one and all-sufficient refuge, and dwelt on the simple promises made in the Gospel to the penitent and believing, mentioning several passages of Scripture which he thought peculiarly suitable to the occasion. To these views the bishop cordially assented, expressed the strong consolation he had derived from such texts as that in 1 John i. 9.—"If we confess our sins," &c. &c.; and quoted several others, all bearing upon the mercy of God to the penitent believer in Christ Jesus. Surely these were the sentiments of one "clothed with humility," of one who, feeling his own wants and weakness, had received the kingdom of heaven as a little child, and had been made partaker of that grace which God giveth to the humble.—*Archdeacon Leur.*

In 1835 the Bishop sank at the communion table at Warminster in the midst of the office of confirmation. He was then prevented by illness from holding his visitation, and published an address to his clergy, exhorting them to contend earnestly for the faith as handed down by the pure and apostolic church of England. He went from Salisbury to the milder air of Southampton, whither he had repaired more than once before, to recruit his health, and still to be as near as possible to his diocese, to perform all the duties of its superintendence. His bodily strength continued much as usual until two days before his decease, when it became apparent that the hand of death was on him. He was himself fully aware of it, and, in the full assurance of Christian faith, patiently waited for his passage to eternity. He was interred in Salisbury cathedral: the spot, situate in the south aisle of the choir, having been previously indicated by his Lordship.—*Christian Observer.*

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

A very near relative of mine, still living, after having held, for some time, a dis-

tinguished military command on a foreign station, was on his voyage home, with his lady and several children, in a troop ship. The weather was fine, and the vessel under easy sail, when two fine boys, his sons, about 6 and 7 years of age, were sent to amuse themselves on deck, under the care of a steady seaman. Amongst other amusements, they prevailed on their attendant to allow them to play with the log-line, by dragging it in the water, and, as they termed it, fishing. This continued to amuse them some time, and the attention of the sailor had probably been called away from his young charges, when suddenly he was aroused by an exclamation from the younger boy, that he had caught a fish! and on seizing the line, which was rapidly slipping through the child's hands, he found that something was indeed hanging to it, which, as he knew it could not be a fish, excited his alarm, and the word was soon heard of "a man overboard!" Not a moment was lost in lowering a boat, and in hastening to the rescue of the "unfortunate" sufferer. But who can express the astonishment of all on board, when the eldest of the two boys was picked up, nearly exhausted, and with the log-line so firmly grasped in his hand, that it was not removed without considerable force! The means of recovery were promptly used, and the child was restored to the arms of his mother, before she was made aware of the serious risk from which he had just been rescued.

It afterwards appeared, from his own account, that he had, unperceived by the seaman, quitted that part of the ship where his younger brother was still amusing himself with the log-line; and that, on looking over the bows of the ship, he had lost his balance, and fallen into the sea. The ship, being under easy sail, passed him; and he could give no further account of his sensations, nor of the means by which he caught hold of the floating cord, which, happily for him, *chanced* still to be the object of his little brother's pastime on deck. It is certain, that in his natural efforts to save his life he would have instinctively grasped at any straw which might happen to be within his reach; and therefore it may be urged, that his seizing the cord ought only to be considered as an instinctive effort, and such as even a drowning dog might almost be supposed capable of exhibiting. But who can fail to perceive, in this instance, the goodness and providence of God? Had the boy *chanced* to fall overboard at any other time; had he *chanced* to fall on the opposite side of the bowsprit; had the sea been stormy, or the ship gliding rapidly through the water; had his brother been, as he was, tired of his play; or had the line, so often out of the water, not *chanced* to be in the water at that exact moment; in short, when his hand was guided to it; had he not grasped it with a convulsive force, much more than is natural: had any one of these links been wanting in the chain, he never would have been missed, until far beyond the reach of human rescue. In the common language of the world, this would be described as a most *fortunate* escape, and by the merest accident; but in this speaking of it, the idea of a providential interference seldom occurs to the mind. It may even be objected by some, that unless some great ulterior object was to be attained, the circumstances were too trifling to be worthy of being deemed providential. It may be demanded, What was the eventual history of the individual? and was he ever called forth into such prominent view as to warrant the supposition of such providential interference in his favour? Events have subsequently shewn, that if the providential character of this event depended on such evidence alone, the idea must at once be abandoned. Both the interesting objects of this narrative were permitted to grow up to manhood, but have now been called into another world, in the very bloom of manly beauty. The circumstances above related were, however, too remarkable ever to be forgotten, either by themselves, or by numbers of others who witnessed them; and it is a sufficient vindication of the Divine intention, in so visible an interposition, that the minds of many might be roused from that indifference into which continued prosperity too often lulls us. It is to be hoped that the warning was not then thrown away; nor will it even now have been in vain, if it excite the attention of any one of your readers to circumstances not less providential which are daily occurring around him.—*Corresp. of Chr. Observer.*

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