

YOUTH'S CORNER.

THE BRAVE BOY.

I was sitting by a window in the second story of one of the large boarding houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"O yes; that's capital! so we will! Come on now! There's William Hale! Come on, William, we're going to have a ride on the Circular Railway. Come with us!"

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"O, O! so you must run and ask your ma. Great baby, run along to your ma! An't you ashamed? I didn't ask my mother." "Nor I," "Nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice, "come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward as long as you live. Don't you see we're all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched, in the midst of the group. He was a fine subject for a painter at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how that word *coward* was ranking in his breast.

"Will he prove himself indeed one, by yielding to them?" thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer, for I feared that the evil principle in his heart would be stronger than the good. But no.

"I will not go without I ask my mother!" said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion, "and I am no coward either. I promised her I would not go from the house without permission, and I should be a base coward, if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

There was something commanding in his tone, which made the noisy children mute. It was the power of a strong soul over the weaker; and they involuntarily yielded him the tribute of respect.

I saw him in the evening among the gathered multitude in the parlour. He was walking by his mother's side, a stately matron, clad in widow's weeds. Her gentle and polished manners, and the rich full tones of her sweet voice, betrayed a southern birth. It was with evident pride she looked on her graceful boy, whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Well might she be proud of such a son, one who could dare to do right, when all were tempting to the wrong. I shall probably never see the brave, beautiful boy again, but my heart breathed a prayer that that spirit, now so strong in its integrity, might never be sullied by worldliness and sin,—never, in coming years, be tempted by the multitude to evil. Then will he be indeed a joy to the widow's heart—a pride and an ornament to his native land. Our country needs such stout, brave hearts, that can stand fast when the whirlwinds of temptation gather thick and strong around and have scorned to be false and recreant to duty.

Would you, little boy, be a brave man, and a blessing to your country, be truthful now. Never, never tell a lie, or deceive in any manner, and then, if God spares your life, you will be a stout-hearted man, a strong and fearless champion of the truth.—*Youth's Companion*.

WHISKEY AND THE MONKEY.

In my drinking days, I had a friend who had a monkey which he valued at a thousand dollars. We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook all our chestnuts for us, and when he could not shake them off, he would go to the very end of the limb and knock them off with his fist. One day, we stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. About half a glass of whiskey was left, and Jack took the glass and drank it all up. Soon he was merry—skipped, hopped, danced, and set us all in a roar of laughter—Jack was drunk.

We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern next day, and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all day. I called in the morning at my friend's house. We went out for Jack. Instead of being as usual, on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a heap. "Come out here," said his master, Jack came out on three legs; his forepaw was on his head. Jack had the headache; I knew what was the matter with him. He felt just as I felt many a morning. Jack was sick, and couldn't go. So we put it off for three days. We then met; and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs. "Come here, Jack," said his master, "and drink," holding a glass out to him. Jack retreated, and as the door opened he slipped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master went and called him down. He would not come. He got a cow-skin, and shook it at him. Jack sat on the ridge pole, and would not come. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack slipped over the back side of the house. His master then got two guns, and had one pointed on each side of the house; when the monkey, seeing his bad case, at once whipped up on the chimney, and got down in one of the flues, holding on by his fore paws. That man kept that monkey twelve years, and could never get him to taste one drop of whiskey. The beast had more sense than a man who has an immortal soul, and thinks himself the first, and ought to think himself the best, of all creation.—*Children's Friend*.

NOURISHMENT OF PLANTS.

Examine the roots of this cabbage—you perceive that they are furnished with a great mass of fibres, like coarse threads of hemp or flax; and that some of these fibrous roots have struck downwards into the soil to a considerable depth; while others have branched out sideways—and if you look closely at the extremities of the roots, you will see (where they have not

been destroyed in the taking up, for they are extremely delicate,) soft white threads from six to eight inches long, covered with a fine down resembling cotton; these ends, which are called spongioles, from their power of imbibing moisture like a sponge, suck up portions of the nourishment which the earth and air around them contain, and convey it upwards through the roots, (which may be considered a multitude of mouths,) into the stalk, and thence with force and rapidity, as it rises, into the stems, and leaves, and every part of the plant.

On account of the exceeding tenderness of the spongioles, they cannot absorb any nourishment in a solid form; it is therefore received by them in that of fluid, containing gases and earth salts in a dissolved state. This fluid is the sap, which though at first very thin, becomes thicker and heavier as it rises to the farthest points of the branches, and penetrates into the leaves, by dissolving some of the slimy vegetable matter which it meets in the stalk, and at last it becomes changed into a sweetish substance of the leaves.

The leaves perform their work by means of a vast number of little holes on their surface, which can only be distinguished by a microscope, called sponules, which, like the pores of the human skin, have the power of perspiring,—and they have also the faculty of inhaling air, and which causes the sap to flow; while the more watery and lighter parts of the *crude* juice, (as the sap in its first state is called) escape through those pores, the most substantial particles remain, and thus the returning sap, being digested and changed in its qualities by the leaves, which may be considered both as lungs and stomach, gives solidity to every part through which it runs, depositing, like a flowing river, rich matter in its course, and enlarging every portion of the plant through which its fertilizing particles pass.—*Letter from Martin Doyle, to the Farmer's Gazette, quoted in the Newcastle Farmer*.

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE SEA.

Mr. Lyall makes a remarkable statement respecting Sberingham, on the coast of Norfolk: "I ascertained, in 1829, some facts which throw light upon the rate at which the sea gains upon the land. It was computed, when the present inn was built, in 1803, that it would require seventy years for the sea to reach the spot, the mean loss of land being calculated, from previous observations, to be somewhat less than one yard annually. The distance between the house and the sea was fifty yards; but no allowance was made for the slope of the ground being from the sea, in consequence of which the waste was naturally accelerated every year, as the cliff grew lower, there being at every succeeding period less matter to remove when portions of equal area fell down. Between the years 1824 and 1829, no less than a small garden was left between the building and the sea. There is now a depth of twenty feet (sufficient to float a frigate) at one point, in the harbour of that port, where, only forty-eight years ago, there stood a cliff fifty feet high, with houses upon it. If once in half a century an equal amount of change were produced at once by the momentary shock of an earthquake, history would be filled with records of such wonderful revolutions of the earth's surface; but, if the conversion of high land into deep sea be gradual, it excites only local attention. The flag-staff of the preventive-service station, on the north side of this harbour, has, within the last fifteen years, been thrice removed inland, in consequence of the advance of the sea.—*Gallery of Nature*.

A PLAINTIFF, HIS ADVERSARY'S COUNSEL.

The following anecdote was told by a Senator of Berne, in Switzerland. Two neighbouring farmers had a dispute about their right to some property, which they could not settle, and therefore an action was brought to determine it. On the day of the trial one of the farmers having dressed himself in his Sunday's clothes, called upon the other to accompany him to the judge, when he found his neighbour at work in his ground; on which he said, "is it possible that you can have forgotten that our cause is to be decided to day?" "No, (said the other) I have not forgotten it, I cannot well spare the time to go; I knew you would be there, and I am sure you are an honest man, and will say nothing but the truth. You will state the case fairly, and justice will be done." And so it turned out, for the farmer who attended stated his neighbour's claims so clearly that he lost the cause, and returned home to inform him that he had gained the property.—*Bakerwell's Travels*.

THE PLAN FOR ACCOMPLISHING GREAT THINGS.

The late Rev. William Yates, of the Baptist Mission in India, accomplished so extraordinary a quantity of work in translations, and in compilations of Grammars and Dictionaries, that the question presented itself to those who knew the extent of his labours, what plan he used to pursue for getting through all his work. It is related that the Rev. Mr. Mursell, of Leicester, once asked him on the subject: and he answered, in his own quiet and unassuming manner: "I have no particular plan, Mr. Mursell; when I have any thing to do, I go and do it—that is all."

PLEASURE OF ACTIVE LIFE.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only enjoy life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends

on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves—they are a burden to themselves.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Jeremy Taylor was one of the most eloquent and imaginative divines of the Church of England, which, at the time in which he lived, was favoured by the services of many able and profound theologians—men who had thought and studied deeply, and possessed a vigorous and original character of intellect. He has been styled by some the Shakespeare, and by others the Spenser, of theological literature.—His picture of the Resurrection, in one of his sermons, is in the highest strain of poetry, but he generally deals with the gentle and familiar; and his allusions to natural objects, as trees, birds, and flowers—the rising or setting sun—the charms of youthful innocence and beauty—and the helplessness of infancy and childhood—possess a delightful purity of feeling and delicacy of fancy.—This freshness of emotion and imagination remained with him to the last, amidst all the strife and violence of the civil war in which he was so anxious a participator and sufferer—and amid the still more deadening effects of polemical controversy in which he was engaged. The stormy vicissitudes of his life seem only to have taught him greater patience, gentleness, and resignation, a larger toleration of human failings, and a more ardent love of human kind.

Jeremy Taylor was a native of Cambridge, baptized on the 15th August 1613. He was the lineal representative of Dr. Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary; and his family had been one of some distinction in the county of Gloucester. The Taylors, however, had "fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces."—to use an expression of their most illustrious member—and Jeremy's father followed the humble occupation of a barber in Cambridge. Still, he put his son to College, as a sizar, in his thirteenth year, having himself previously taught him the rudiments of grammar and mathematics, and given him the advantages of the free Grammar School. In 1631 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in Caius College and, entering into sacred orders, removed to London, to deliver some lectures for a College-friend, in St. Paul's Cathedral. His eloquent discourses, aided by what a contemporary calls "his florid and youthful beauty, and pleasant air," attracted all hearers, and procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud, by whose assistance Taylor obtained a fellowship in All Souls' College, Oxford, became Chaplain to the Archbishop, and Rector of Uppingham in Rutlandshire. In 1639 he married a lady by whom he had three sons;—she died soon after this, and they also left him behind, clouding with melancholy his troubled years.

The turmoil of the civil war now agitated the country, and he embarked his fortunes in the fate of the Royalists. By virtue of the king's mandate, he was made a Doctor of Divinity; and at the command of Charles he wrote a defence of Episcopacy, to which he was by profession and principle strongly attached. In 1644, while accompanying the royal army as Chaplain, he was taken prisoner by the parliamentary forces, in the battle fought before the castle of Cardigan in Wales. He was soon released, but the tide of war had turned against the royalists—and, in the wreck of the Church, Taylor resolved to continue in Wales and, in conjunction with two learned and ecclesiastical friends, to establish a school at Newton-hall in the country of Caermarthen. He appears to have been twice imprisoned by the dominant party, but treated with no marked severity. "In the great storm," he says, "which dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, I thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England, in a far greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and, thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor. And here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could distinguish neither things nor persons: and, but that He who stilleth the raging of the sea and the noise of its waves and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I should have been lost to all the opportunities of content or study; but, I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy."—This fine passage is in the dedication to Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," a discourse published in 1647 "showing the unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith, and the iniquity of persecuting differing opinions." By "prophesying" he means, of course, preaching or expounding—and this work has been described as "perhaps, of all other Taylor's writings, that which shows him farthest in advance of the age in which he lived, and of the ecclesiastical system in which he had been reared—as the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom." He builds the right of private judgment upon the difficulty of expounding Scripture—the insufficiency and uncertainty of tradition—the fallibility of councils, the Pope, ecclesiastical writers, and the Church as a body, as arbiters of controverted points—and the consequent necessity of allowing every man prayerfully to study the Bible for himself,—since, says he, "any man may be better trusted for himself than he can for another."—The style of this able discourse is more argumentative, and less ornate, than that of his sermons and devotional treatises; but his enlightened zeal often breaks forth in striking condemnation of those who are "curiously busy

about trifles and impertinences, while they reject those excellent precepts of Christianity and holy life which are the glories of our religion, and would enable us to gain a happy Eternity." He closes this work with the interesting apology of "Abraham and the ungodly old man," which has been transferred to the columns of the Berean, on page 80 of the last volume, under the heading "Toleration."

In Wales, Jeremy Taylor was a second time married,—his wife was Mrs. Joanna Bridges, a natural daughter of Charles the first, and mistress of a large estate in the county of Caermarthen. He was thus relieved of the irksome duties of a Schoolmaster; but the fines and sequestrations, imposed by the parliamentary party on the property of the royalists, are supposed to have dilapidated his wife's fortune. It is known that he received a pension from the patriotic and excellent John Evelyn, and the literary labours of Taylor were never relaxed.

Soon after the publication of the "Liberty of Prophesying" he wrote an "Apology for authorized and set forms of Liturgy," and in 1648, "The life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar," a valuable and highly popular work. These were followed by his treatises of "Holy Living and Holy Dying," "Twenty seven sermons for the summer half-year," and other minor productions. He wrote also an excellent little manual of devotion, entitled "The Golden Grove," so called after the mansion of his neighbour and patron the Earl of Carberry, in whose family he had spent many of his happiest leisure hours. In the preface to this work, Taylor had reflected on the ruling powers of Church and State, for which he was, for a short time, committed to prison in Chepstow Castle. He next completed his "Course of Sermons for the year," and published some controversial tracts on the doctrine of "Original Sin." In 1657 he went to London and officiated in a private congregation of Episcopalians, until an offer was made him by the Earl of Conway to accompany him to Ireland, and act as lecturer in a Church at Lisburn. Thither he accordingly repaired, fixing his residence at Portmore on the banks of Lough Neagh, about eight miles from Lisburn. Two years appear to have been passed in this happy retirement, when, in 1660, Taylor made a visit to London to publish his "Ductor Dubitantium" or "Cases of Conscience," the most elaborate but least successful of all his works. His journey, however, was made at an auspicious period. The Commonwealth was on the eve of dissolution in the weak hands of Richard Cromwell, and the hopes of the Cavaliers were fanned by the artifice and ingenuity of Monk. Jeremy Taylor signed the declaration of the loyalists of London on the 24th of April: on the 29th of May, Charles the second entered London in triumphal procession to ascend the throne; and in August following, Taylor was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor. The restoration exalted many a worthless parasite, and disappointed many a deserving loyalist; let us be thankful that it was the cause of the mitre descending upon the head of at least one pure and pious Churchman! Bishop Taylor was afterwards made Chancellor of the University of Dublin, and a member of the Irish Privy Council. The See of Dromore was also annexed to his other bishopric, "on account of his wisdom, virtue, and integrity."—These well-bestowed and well-deserved honours he enjoyed only about six years. The duties of his Episcopal functions were discharged with zeal mingled with charity; and the few sermons which we possess, delivered by him in Ireland, are truly apostolic both in spirit and language. The "evil days and evil tongues" on which he had fallen, never caused him to swerve from his enlightened toleration of fervent piety. Any remains of a controversial spirit which might have survived the period of his busy manhood were now entirely repressed by the calm dictates of a wise experience, sanctified by affliction, and by his onerous and important duties as a guide and director of the Protestant Church. His learning dignified the high station he at last attained: his gentleness and courtesy shed a grace over his whole conduct and demeanour; while his commanding genius and energy in the cause of truth and virtue rendered him worthy of affection and veneration.

We have alluded to the general character and style of Jeremy Taylor's works. A late eminent Scholar, Dr. Parr, has eulogised his controversial writings:—"fraught as they are," he says, "with guileless ardour, with peerless eloquence, and with the richest stores of knowledge—historical, classical, scholastic, and theological—they may be considered as irrefragable proofs of his pure affectionate and dutiful attachment to the reformed Church of England." His uncontroverted writings, however, form the noblest monument to his memory. His mind loved to expatiate on the higher things of time, death, and eternity, and to draw from the Divine revelation its hopes, terrors, and injunctions (in his hands irresistible as the flaming sword) as the means of purifying the human mind, and fitting it for a more exalted destiny. He himself says, in his "Via Intelligentiæ," "Theology is rather a Divine life than a Divine knowledge. In Heaven, indeed, we shall first see, and then love; but here on earth, we must first love,—and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, and perceive, and understand."

By quoting the following somewhat severe remarks, from a Memoir by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, taken in conjunction with the praise accorded to his writings in a general manner, we shall avoid being thought to give our approbation to every one of his sentiments: "As a theologian, he partook rather largely of those faults which characterised the age in which he flourished, when Biblical criticism and the best rules of Scriptural interpretation were less studied and less known than they are at present;

moreover, to these he added others, arising from his own peculiar genius, the impetuosity of which often led him beyond his mark, and not unfrequently to contradict himself." Enough, however, has been said to account for the selection made of him, by a majority of the Parliamentary Committee (see last vol. p. 144,) among those thought worthy of having statues erected to them in the new Houses of Parliament. Whether their recommendation be complied with or not, the Church will honour the memory of the great and good Jeremy Taylor. He died at Lisburn of a fever on the 13th of August 1687 in the fifty-fifth year of his age,—and, certainly, few finer patterns of a Christian divine existed in his day.

C. S. J.

SIGHT RESTORED.

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For its efficacy in removing Disorders incident to the EYES AND HEAD.

THE FORCEPS, 14th Dec., 1814.

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CHAS. T. PALSGRAVE.

June 12th, 1845.

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