

Youth's Corner.

THE FLOWERS AND THE COFFIN.

Last week I was at a funeral. Two rooms were filled with friends, who had come to attend the burial of a little girl. Her body lay in a coffin, on a marble table in the middle of the parlor. Her sweet lips were closed, and her pale hands folded over her bosom were as cold as the marble.

By the side of the little coffin was a silver cup, such as children use, and in it was a bunch of fresh flowers. I dare say it was Emily's cup. Whenever her father and mother look at it, they will always think of their child, who used to drink out of it.

It made me so sorrowful to see these sweet flowers by the side of a corpse. They were beautiful, but they were sad. Emily was like these flowers. She grew up, and was as promising and as lovely as they. Now she is cut down and withered.

In a few hours the flowers will be dead also. But here is the difference. The flowers will never bloom again. They are gone forever. But Emily is not gone forever. That little body will live again. Christ takes care of it in the grave. I saw it put into the deep, cold vault. Christ was buried in the same way in the sepulchre. But he rose again, and that is a sign that Emily will rise again too. As surely as Jesus rose, so surely will he raise this dear little one.

When the flowers die, all is over with them. All their gay colours, all their sweet perfume are lost. But all is not over with Emily. Her soul is not lost. It is with Christ. It is better to be with him, than to be with us. The soul shall be joined to the body at the resurrection. Then soul and body will be happy together to all eternity. This is what I thought, on looking at the silver cup and flowers, beside the coffin.—Youth's Penny Gazette.

VACATION-JOURNEY INTO THE MOON.

Continued.

Mr. Quintus had a long and refreshing sleep, from which he awoke in broad day-light, which he thought strange, for it was day when he lay down to rest. When he stepped out into the passage, his host the Censor met him with another gentleman who had more of a sharp look than of the placidity of the other, and whom he introduced as a Colleague. Mr. Quintus offered an apology for having slept so inexcusably long—"from daylight to daylight"—but the sharp Censor informed him that it had been daylight uninterrupted since the stranger had alighted in the moon. "You are not used to us yet," he said; "our days are a good deal longer than yours." Mr. Quintus then recollected that the moon has only one day and night in a month, and he wondered how he was going to manage, if the people in the moon work on during half a month's daylight—for that would hardly suit him. The sharp-sighted Censor seemed to guess at his embarrassment, and said: "When you have lived some time upon our vicinities, you will probably find yourself wakeful enough for our long daylight." This seemed reasonable, and Mr. Quintus felt comforted. Some lunch had been prepared for him, at which his host kept him company, for it happened to be not just study-time; he proposed to introduce him to the Chairman of the Board of Tutors immediately after meal.

Mr. Quintus now took courage to beg an explanation of the official titles which he found to be in use in the Seminary; upon which he was told that the body of Tutors entrusted with the care of youth in the Institution consisted of ten Regents of Classes, each of them with an Observer attached to him, whose province it was to take the Regent's place as often as might be necessary. The two Censors were not charged with particular classes, but being tried, and proved men, it was designed that their influence should pervade the whole establishment: the placid gentleman was Censor Morum, and his sharp-looking Colleague was Censor Studiorum. The stated employment of the latter was, to make the Classes throughout the establishment review their studies. Every one of them came under review in some branch of study or other, once a week at least, and some of them oftener. His occupation with each class amounted to two hours at a time, and commonly he was engaged with two each day; not infrequently with three. He kept a record of every review the Class went through, and generally spent some time afterwards with the Regent whose class had last engaged him. The Observers were candidates for the office of Regents, and it was their privilege to become acquainted with the mode of conducting a Class which the Regents were pursuing, while the Regents were constantly benefited by their conferences with the Censor Studiorum on the result of his reviewing the studies of their Classes.

"You mentioned your own charge as Censor Morum," interrupted Mr. Quintus. "The charge entrusted to me," said his host, "is properly that of the parental office. It is generally left to me to inflict punishment, though the power of doing so is possessed by all the Regents. They are agreed in desiring to use that power only so far as to let the Class know that the power is there. That being known, a great deal of misconduct is prevented at once, which otherwise would take place. But in most cases, complaint is made to me, and I have to deal with it as the case may require. Offenders are sent out of the Class-room, and dealt with in private. On such occasions, the Observer steps into the Regent's office. A scholar is ordered out of the Class; and after he has had a short time to recollect himself in the private study, the Regent goes in to talk with him while the Observer keeps the business of the Class going. The time for recollection, together with the Regent's expostulation, in many cases so melts the scholar as to allow of his return to his place without punishment. When

it does not, it is time the body should receive that impression which the mind will not take. But in every successful case, something has been gained for the cause of education. The nobility of our profession depends upon our success in moving the mind without hurting the body."

The Censor's attitude here was indescribably dignified; and Mr. Quintus drew himself up, unconsciously, while he thought within himself: "Ah, let me get down to earth again, and I will try for the nobility of my profession!" "I have heard you mention the Chairman of the Board of Tutors," said he.

"He is waiting to receive us, by this time, I imagine," replied the Censor. He is a man that has gone through long and meritorious service as a Tutor, and is now too old for the quick movements of eye and mind required in the school-room. But he is of incalculable use to us in presiding at our conferences, when Censors and Regents meet to consult upon measures to be taken, and how to turn to account the experience which has been received. Sometimes one or other comes to conference, low-spirited or desponding; it seldom happens that he does not leave it cheered-up, and conscious of strength which he had not before. It is part of our regulations that the Chairman is to have a casting vote; but in practice we have almost laid aside voting altogether. Where we cannot have unanimity, we prefer suspending our measure: it is only in cases where action is unavoidable and some of us do not feel satisfied in bearing the responsibility of a course which does not entirely commend itself to their judgment, that votes are taken. When the decision has been formed, if the measure is found to answer, every one, as a member of the establishment, enjoys the benefit of it even as if he had voted in its favour."

"But does not this conference break in upon the subordination of Regents under Censors?" asked Mr. Quintus. "We avoid" was the reply "the term subordination; we happen to be clearly seniors in years and length of service to all the Regents at this time, and we find them to concede to us all that we require. The painful case of an impracticable man coming amongst us has occurred, and then the action of the Proprietors of the Seminary has been invoked to remove the individual on the simple ground that the needful co-operation among the Tutors was interrupted by him; harmony was thus restored. In fact, the case might very well arise of a Regent being senior to the Censors in years and experience, and having fitness to conduct a Class rather than to act as Censor: we should then by all means wish to retain him at his post, we should entreat him to act as Censor Morum of his own Class entirely, and we should not think it right that he should be subordinate to a Censor Studiorum, his junior in years and experience, though his Class would come under that Tutor's review like the rest. Stranger! we are all members of one body, and they eye does not say to the hand, I am better than thou."

They had left the table and ascended a flight of stairs which brought them into the presence of a gray-headed man with a large printed sheet in his hand, just come from the press. He laid it down to welcome his visitors, and Mr. Quintus was not a little surprised when he saw that the paper was an extra of a newspaper, containing a representation of himself, as he appeared through telescopes in his flight towards the moon. He was holding on to his stick, his legs drawn up and his head down so that chin and knees met together, and the tail of his coat streaming out behind like wings—but the meteor was expanded, by the lunar atmosphere, into an umbrella-shape, which at a glance explained how his descent was so broken as to land him without broken bones on the play-ground of the Seminary. (To be continued.)

THE SANDWICH ISLANDER CRITICIZING THE WHITE MAN.

The following is a fine specimen of composition of a native of the Sandwich Islands. It exhibits abhorrence of drunkenness. It displays in fact, the force of the Gospel in renewing the heathen,—and heathen of the most degraded caste. Let white men read, and ponder, seriously, this address of a native convert to Christ, by our Missionaries.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

The following graphic description written by a native of the Sandwich Islands, has been translated from a Sandwich Island newspaper, by Mr. Samuel Ruggles, late Missionary at those Islands, for the Michigan Observer.

Readers. On a recent Sabbath, I went to meeting at the place where the foreigners worship. Mr. Lee, a preacher from Columbia River, proclaimed the words of Jesus. After the meeting closed, when I was returning home, I met a beautiful horse. He had also in his mouth a bridle. There was no rider upon him; it was the horse only. He was a fleet horse; he ran very swiftly along the road that he might quickly get to the place of his keeper. I said to myself thus. What does this mean? Where is the rider? Has he without cause forsaken his horse? Or has he been seized with sickness and fallen? Has he been drinking rum? Has he become weak with intoxication and was unable to sit upon his horse? Thus I questioned myself. But I was not long in doubt, for I soon saw before me a man whose skin was white.—He came along with staggering legs. Very crooked indeed was his going. He was first on one side and then on the other side of the road. His going was like to a ship rocking and labouring in a heavy sea.—His face was handsome to look at, and his clothes were made of rich cloth, but great indeed was the quantity of dirt upon them. Alas for him! Perhaps he was a native of Great Britain, perhaps of America. He understood what was right, he understood also what was not right. Perhaps he well understood the

great charge of Jehovah, 'Remember the Sabbath day, &c.' Perhaps he saw the flag at the steeple of the meeting house, and read upon it the word 'bethel,' which means 'house of prayer.' But he had forsaken prayer, he had trampled upon the sacred day, he had gone in the path of ruin in the way of the wicked. What led him in this road of death? Who was it? Rum is his name, he is Satan's servant; he is an enemy of man and also of God. But how did he obtain this guide?—His friends bought him with strong drink.—This man drank and quickly forgot Jehovah, and his own soul, and the Sabbath, and the house of prayer, and the night of eternal burnings. He became as one void of reason, as a fool, as sick drunk, exceedingly wicked.

The horse was ashamed of his white skinned drunken rider, and for this reason perhaps, he threw off the man into the dirt and escaped from him. Alas! the drunkard, the lord of the brutes is down in the dirt under their feet.—Readers, what profit is there in buying rum, and drinking it? Think ye of these things, and when you have thought sufficiently then tell your thoughts.—Va Ahulan.

THE TWO BROTHERS.—AN ARABIAN LEGEND.

The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, cultivating, in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest soon had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them, and left them on the field. During the night, the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. My brother, said he to himself, has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his. Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his brotherly offering might not be refused. On the same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, 'My brother lives alone, without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labour, nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness. If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a certain number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased.' The project was approved and immediately put in execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went to the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side; for as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves, mutually destined for the other. It was thus all elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother.—Voice of Jacob.

A SIX-FOLD EMPHASIS.

There are two passages—one in the Old Testament, and one in the New, in which a six-fold emphasis occurs, which is remarkable. Both have reference to the death of Christ.

The first, including verses 4 and 5 of Isaiah, 53d chapter, teaches the doctrine of imputed guilt; of Christ's dying in the stead of the guilty. "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; . . . he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

The second asserts the same doctrine, but lays a similar emphasis upon the personal dignity of him of whom it speaks. "Who himself bare our sins in his own body on the tree." The emphasis is upon the sorrows; and including the last clause, it is six-fold repetition. The sentence would be grammatical, and the sense complete, if it simply said, "Who bare our sins." All the rest beyond this expression is emphatical, and it is a noble climax. Let me state it thus:

Who bare our sins;
Who himself bare our sins;
Who himself bare our sins in his body;
Who his own self bare our sins in his body;
Who his own self bare our sins in his own body;
Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.

The personal dignity of the sufferer upon Calvary is the ground of the acceptance of his sacrifice. It was impossible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sin. But the blood of bullocks cleansed the Jew from ceremonial pollution; and the argument of the apostle (Heb. ix-13, 14.) is, if the blood of such inferior beings could avail for any thing, the sacrifice of one, dignified as Jesus was, could avail for every thing. The truth of the divinity of the Messiah alone, can make the New Testament writers speak common sense.—The Presbyterian.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

The subjoined extract of a characteristic letter from John Adams, describing a scene in the first Congress in Philadelphia, in September, 1775, shows very clearly on what power the mighty men of old rested their cause. Mr. A. thus writes to a friend at the time:

"When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments—some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and

some Congregationalists,—that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said, 'that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duche, (Dushay they pronounced it,) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress to-morrow morning.' The motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. Duche, and received for answer that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning he appeared with his clerk, and his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for the seventh day of September, which was the 35th Psalm. You must remember this was the next morning after we had heard the rumour of the horrible cannonade at Boston. It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.

"After this, Mr. Duche, unexpectedly to every body, struck out in an extemporary prayer which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalians as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such correctness, and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of the Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It had an excellent effect on every body here. I must beg you to read that psalm. If there is any faith in the sortes Virgilianae, or sortes Homerice, or especially the sortes Biblicae, it would be thought providential."

The thirty-fifth Psalm was indeed appropriate to the news received and the exigencies of the times. It commences:

"Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me: fight against them that fight against me.

"Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for my help.

"Draw out also the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me; say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

What a subject for contemplation does the above picture present. The forty four members of the First Congress, in their Hall, all bent before the mercy seat and asking Him that their enemies "might be as chaff before the wind." Washington was kneeling there, and Henry and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay, and by their side there stood, bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriots of New England, who at that moment had reason to believe that an armed soldiery was wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently "for America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston;" and who can realize the emotions with which they turned imploringly to Heaven for Divine interposition and aid? "It was enough," says Mr. Adams, "to melt a heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia."

ADMINISTRATION OF THE PAPAL STATES.

From the Marquis d'Azeglio's work "Degli ultimi casi di Romagna" (on the latest occurrences in Romagna.) January 1846.

After having developed these grave charges, viz. of depending, for support abroad, on a foreign power, and at home on the bayonets of mercenaries,—M. d'Azeglio enumerates the particular vices of the Pontifical Administration. The finances are in a miserable state, and the author is astonished that bankruptcy has not yet taken place; for the annual expenditure exceeds the receipts, and it seems that measures have been taken to dry up all the sources of public prosperity. An exorbitant prohibitory system serves only to maintain the monopoly of some privileged individuals. The masses pay far too high a price for the most necessary articles of consumption, and licentious bands of smugglers (a fresh source of immorality), are organized on the frontiers, to counteract these senseless measures. The taxes are framed, as under the old system in France, in consequence of which a few intriguers make scandalous fortunes, while around them prevails universal poverty.

That which especially occupies the attention of the Court of Rome, and fills it with continual terrors, is the fear of opening by any breach whatever the way for new ideas. This is a real nightmare—the hallucination of every moment, which leads the vision to discover conspiracies and invasions of modern mind in things of the most innocent tendency. Let there be agricultural or industrial associations. Who knows? Liberalism may be concealed therein. Under the pretext of advancing the cultivation of corn, or the spinning of cotton, dangerous principles may be sown in the country. No railways! Railways would open a free passage to licentiousness of opinion, and the spirit of the age would take up its residence before the door of his Holiness. "Europe may laugh at this," says M. d'Azeglio, "but the subjects of the Pope find that it is no laughing matter." There is no commerce. Situated between two seas, that country, which might form the line of communication between the East and the West, is struck with an incurable indolence. The ports of Civita Vecchia and of Ancona are almost empty. Except some foreign steamers, M. d'Azeglio has seen there nothing but miserable coasting vessels and small fishing-boats. Thus, to stifle the unhappy spirit of the age, all is arrested, fettered, and interdicted. Stir not, inhabitants of Romagna. You have fertile lands; leave them to be covered with pestiferous marshes. You have great mineral riches; let them remain beneath the soil. Your geographical position is admirably

adapted to your becoming one of the most prosperous populations of Europe; do not entertain a thought of realizing the advantages it offers. Make an effort not to act, think, or hope. Go, bask in the sunshine of your lovely climate, in the rays that have escaped the exactions of the Pope's farmers-general. If you have still a few pence, there is the lottery, which the Court of Rome preserves with tender solicitude, because the lottery excites no liberal tendencies, and produces some money. If inactively produces irksomeness, you have your remedy; the Holy See will give you possessions as plentifully as you please, and during the Holy Week you may witness the representation of scenes taken from the gospel history. Buy one all, endeavour to become contented. Do not complain; see here the Swiss! Do not revolt; see there the Austrians!

In all this, there is for us a valuable moral, and this is our chief object in this article. Let us learn and well understand how the priests would govern should they again obtain the ascendancy in France. To hear certain preachers and to read certain journals, one would think that all our ills spring from not being sufficiently devoted to the Romish Church and her ministers. If there are so many charges before our Assize Courts, so many poor in our hospitals, so many persons in mental distress, so many clogs on the working of our constitutional system—the Jesuits will boldly tell you that it is owing to the unbelief of the age, and that if we had more Catholic fervour, things would go on infinitely better. Give more power to the priest; hand over to him the education of the young; allow him to interfere in all affairs of importance; enable him to cover the country with monasteries and convents, and you will be the most flourishing, the happiest nation in the world.

Alas! the Pontifical States have long enjoyed these admirable privileges; they have priests; monks, and nuns in abundance; they have a sufficient number of clerical institutions of every kind; the young are sufficiently under the direction of the reverend disciples of Loyola; the priesthood interfere quite enough in all public affairs, and you see what these States have become! They almost desire the Tyranny of Austria, in order to escape from that of the Pope and the Jesuits.—Cont. Echo.

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Other Testimonials can be seen. The Wholesale and Retail Agent for Canada has just received a fresh supply of Zealous. THOMAS BICKELL, Grocer and Importer of China, Glass and Earthenware. St. John Street, Quebec.

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