

## Youth's Corner.

## THE INFANT PILGRIMS.

Thousands of happy children now  
Around the bright throne of glory bow;  
From north and south, from east and west,  
They came to that beautiful land of rest.  
Oh let us march, with cheerful song,  
Till we join the seraphic infant throng!  
Brighton. MYRA.

*This piece of Poetry, consisting of five verses, is taken from the Children's Missionary Magazine, and is headed as above; but as the first four verses contain nothing exclusively applicable to children, the Unknown has ordered them into the first page. He thinks them very pretty.*

## READING THE BIBLE.

"Mamma, why do you read the Bible so often?" said little Mary to her mother:—"Hav'n't you read it all through?"

"Yes, a great many times, my dear."

"Well, then you must know all that is in it by this time, but yet you read it every day."

"Do you remember last summer, Mary, when you were away at Miss Brooke's school, you told me that when you got a letter from home, you used to read it over and over again, until it was almost worn out?"

"And so I did, Mamma."

"Well, what made you read the letter so often? you knew all that was in it?"

"Why, because it seemed a pleasure, and made me think about home, and you, and dear Papa."

"Well, my dear, I read over some parts of the Bible that I have many times read before, for the same reason that made you like to read your letters. It reminds me of my home in heaven, of my heavenly Father, and my dear Saviour; and therefore I love to read it."

"Is heaven my home, too, Mamma?" said little Mary, "and will you take me with you when you go there?"

"I cannot tell you, my dear; I cannot give you leave to go to heaven, but I know who can."

"You mean Jesus Christ, Mamma?"

"Yes, my love, you must ask Him, and you must read and learn to understand this book, which is like a letter from Him to us, to tell us about himself and about heaven. When you do, I pray God you may love the Bible as much as I do."

## POLYCARP, THE MARTYR.

I am now to give you some account of the character and death of the holy bishop Polycarp, the friend of that Ignatius, of whose martyrdom you read in the November number of last year's volume of this Magazine. Like Ignatius, this Polycarp, who lived to be a very old man, had been acquainted with several of our Lord's apostles. He had been ordained to his bishopric of Smyrna by the apostle St. John, the same apostle who wrote the book of the Revelation; and he is believed to be the very bishop, or "angel of the church of Smyrna," to whom our Lord directed the message which you may read in Rev. ii. 8-10. Be this, however, as it may, his character answered to the character there described: in the midst of tribulation and poverty, he was "rich;" and being, as you shall hear, "faithful unto death," he doubtless received from the Saviour, for whose sake he willingly suffered martyrdom, the promised "crown of life."

This good bishop, Polycarp, was put to death by order of the Roman emperor, Marcus Antoninus, or, as he is sometimes called, Aurelius; a man who was very fond of learning and philosophy, but who was a cruel persecutor of all who believed in Jesus. I have told you in my account of Ignatius, that there were, in those days, Christians who were even too desirous of the honour of martyrdom; and perhaps, Ignatius himself was one of these. In this respect Polycarp acted exactly as became a disciple of Christ. Although quite as courageous and faithful as any other martyr who ever died in defence of "the truth as it is in Jesus," he did not needlessly run into danger; on the contrary, he waited, as our Lord himself did, till he was apprehended; continuing, in the mean time, to make open profession of his faith, and to teach and preach Christ "with all boldness." At length, about the year of our Lord 166, it pleased God, that the faithful bishop Polycarp, at the great age of eighty-six years, should receive the crown of martyrdom; and accordingly, being at Rome upon some business connected with his bishopric, he was taken prisoner upon the charge of being a Christian, and cheerfully surrendered himself to the officers who were sent by the emperor to apprehend him; calmly saying, "The will of the Lord be done." His great age and reverend appearance excited the pity even of these Roman officers of justice—"Surely," said they, "it was not worth while to take pains to seize so aged a person?"—and their pity for him was increased by his resigned and gentle demeanour. He immediately ordered food to be placed before them; and only begged to be allowed one hour in which he might pray without hindrance. This favour they granted; and as he prayed partly aloud, and entreated that God, for Christ's sake, would bless the whole Christian church; and all his (Polycarp's) own friends and enemies, the rude soldiers were so much astonished, and affected by what they heard, that they expressed their hearty sorrow that they should have been employed to apprehend so excellent a man. His prayer being ended, and the appointed time having arrived, Poly-

carp was taken to the place in which he was to suffer death. During his brief passage thither, certain persons in authority, struck by the prayer which they had heard, and anxious to save his life, vehemently urged him to obey the emperor's commands, by consenting to sacrifice to the heathen gods. Polycarp for a while was silent; but the same counsel being more urgently repeated, he at length quietly replied, "I will not follow your advice." Upon this, his guards were offended, and they treated him thenceforward with great cruelty. Polycarp, however, went cheerfully forward, and soon reached the tribunal of the magistrate by whom he was to be examined. There he was again entreated to have pity upon his own life; for the magistrate, or, as he was called, the proconsul, seemed, at first, really unwilling to condemn so old and venerable a man to a cruel death. "Do but reproach Christ," said he, "and I will release thee." "Eighty and six years," answered the faithful bishop, "have I served Him, and He hath never wronged me; how then can I blaspheme my Redeemer who hath saved me!" The proconsul, being provoked by his composure and serenity, then threatened to expose him to the fury of some wild beasts; and finding this threat of no avail, determined, as he said, to "tame" the old man's "spirit by fire." Polycarp, in reply, spoke to the heathen proconsul of that "fire which never shall be quenched," and of the eternal punishments reserved for the wicked. Then the people present exclaimed, as with one voice, that he should be burnt alive; and the fuel being quickly prepared, and the aged bishop having put off some of his upper garments, they were about to fasten him to the stake. He, however, desired to be left at liberty; saying, that He who supported him in the prospect of such a dreadful death, would enable him to remain unmoved in the midst of the fire. Then, his hands being bound behind him, he uttered aloud a most beautiful and touching prayer; commending his soul with full assurance of hope into the hands of his Redeemer. Just as he pronounced the word Amen, a lighted torch was applied to the pile, and a great flame burst forth, and formed, as it were, (as those declare who were witnesses of the scene,) a wail of fire around the body of the martyr. At length, when it was perceived that the body was not consumed, an officer was ordered to approach, and to plunge his sword into the faithful sufferer's side. Thus died the Martyr Polycarp. "The birthday of his martyrdom" was, for some years, annually celebrated "with gladness and joy," by his surviving friends; some of whom were, in due time, called to endure similar sufferings. And well might they call it his birthday; for it was, doubtless, the day of his admission into the glorious company of those spirits of just men made perfect, of whom it is declared, that "they overcame by the blood of the Lamb."

May we be "followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises?"—Mrs. Alder, author of the life of Deau Milner.—Children's Miss. Mag.

## BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN BOOS.

## A CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC PRIEST IN GERMANY.

Martin Boos was born on the 25th of December 1762, at the village of Hutterried on the borders of Bavaria and Wirtemberg. His father was a considerable farmer, for he kept twenty cows and four horses. His mother bore sixteen children, of whom he was the thirteenth. When he was about four years old, a bad disease prevailed throughout the country, of which both his parents died, within a fortnight of each other.

Twelve of his children were alive then, and they became orphans. The oldest daughter was eighteen years of age. It was determined that the children should be divided amongst the nearest relatives. Little Martin was to be given up to his uncle, Priest Koegel, who held the office of Ecclesiastical Councillor at Augsburg. His oldest sister took him upon her back, to carry him to that city. It was a long way, the Monday after Whitsunday, in very warm weather. The poor girl became so fatigued that she found it impossible to carry her little brother all the way. When she had nearly reached Augsburg, she laid him down in a corn-field, and walked the remainder of her way to the city. Perhaps she thought, her uncle would be sure to send for his little nephew directly and have him brought to his house; but the old gentleman does not seem to have been very affectionate, for the girl had to walk back, after resting herself, and she found her brother fast asleep on his bed of corn, though he had cried bitterly when she first left him there alone.

When the poor boy was told that he must stay with his uncle, he protested against it as well as he could, and insisted upon returning with his sister to the country. She concluded upon leaving Augsburg without his knowing of it. Early in the morning, therefore, while little Martin was yet asleep, she set out on her return, and the boy had to resign himself to the necessity of staying where he was.

These early incidents in his life were something like indications of the hard usage he would have to bear from men as he grew up. Perhaps they served as a preparation to him also for the patience and submission he afterwards practised, when those to

whom he might have looked for protection, forsook and disowned him; and when his name was cast out as evil. His uncle, for many years, seems to have done little more for him than what he could not help doing. He sent him to school at eight years of age, that he might learn to read and write; but he troubled his head no farther about his studies, until he seemed old enough to learn some trade. He then told him it was time for him to leave school, and what business would he like to learn? To his astonishment, the boy said he would like to be a Priest. "A Priest, indeed? why you have neither money nor head enough to get the learning which is required for that," was his first answer. But when he saw the boy's disappointment, he began to think there might be more in him than he gave him credit for, and that it would be for his own credit, if his nephew rose in life; he therefore changed his tone and said he would inquire of his Master at the school, to know what progress he had made.

Upon a note which the old gentleman wrote in consequence, there came an answer in which Martin's Schoolmaster spoke of the boy in the highest terms. "He was the best and the most diligent among three hundred scholars, stood at the head of them all in Latin, and it would be a sin and a shame not to let him continue his studies." Martin's uncle was surprised beyond measure, for he had never so much as suspected that his nephew was learning Latin at all; he was pleased, too; and now he told the boy: "Well, as your Master gives so good an account of you, I will give you a trial, and you shall continue at your studies, provided you get on as well as you have so far done; if you do not, you must become a shoemaker."

Martin now became more diligent than ever, and his uncle never had reason to find fault with him on that score. He passed from the lower school into the higher one, called the Gymnasium of St. Salvator, which was kept by Jesuits—though the order of the Jesuits had been suppressed at that time. His Masters there were men of great learning and great cunning too; he was under their care for five years, and then returned during vacation to his uncle who received him as if he had forgotten all about him: "Where have you been all this time?" the old gentleman said; and then, as if he just refreshed his memory again, he added: "you must go to Dillingen and study at the University there; make haste and fetch your testimonials from the Jesuits, that you may set out to-morrow."

The lad went with great joy to get testimonials from his Masters, but they wholly refused to let him have them, when they heard that he was to go to Dillingen; several good and enlightened men like Sailer, Zimmer, and Weber were engaged there as Professors, who were adversaries to the Jesuits and sought to reform the Church by the spread of sound learning and godliness. "Dillingen is a dangerous place for young people to go to," they said; "you will lose your religion there. Better stay with us; it does not signify if your uncle should give you no further support; you shall be a private Tutor, which will be provision for you at once, and your studies you may prosecute free of expense." When Martin came back with this answer, his uncle, who was no friend to the Jesuits, became very angry, and said: "Go back and tell them they must give you your testimonials; and if they refuse, I know how to make them." At this, the Jesuits gave him testimonials, most highly to his credit. The very next morning, Martin set out for Dillingen, not without many fears and even weeping; for he believed that the wily Jesuits had told him, and it grieved him to think that his teachers and companions at the University would aim at seducing him from those good principles which he had received, and of which he was not a little proud.

On his arrival at Dillingen, however, he found that at all events he had excellent opportunities before him for the improvement of his mind; and accordingly he threw himself with great zeal into the study of natural philosophy as well as metaphysics, and after some years took his degree of Master of Arts with great honour as a scholar, besides acquiring a high character for blamelessness of life. He was appointed to the office of *Ammun Pontificus* or Priest's Assistant, which entitled him to have his tuition in Divinity gratuitously. His uncle began to be highly pleased with him and to look with desire for the time when his nephew should be advanced to the priesthood. Martin took the four minor Orders, according to the fashion of the Church of Rome, in the first year of his theological course. Early in the second, he was made Sub-Deacon; but just then he fell into a serious illness, which prevented him from studying, at the time when he required it most, in preparation for his examination for the higher Orders. From Easter to Whitsuntide, he was not allowed to have to do with books, and not even to repeat the customary prayers. He was ordained Deacon, however, in due course, and in the autumn following he was admitted to the priesthood.

When Martin, for the first time, officiated at the celebration of the mass, his uncle made a great time of it, after his fashion. He was a man of some consequence, and chose to honour himself, by making much of his nephew. The director of the Theological Seminary was had to preach; the uncle himself, though seventy years old, assisted the young Priest at the altar—and

the finish of it was a grand shooting-match which lasted three days. This was the old Priest's doing, and Martin could not help it; but it was very far from what he would have thought of on such an occasion, for he practised the severest self-denial, and was of a very serious turn of mind. While yet under the care of the Jesuits at Augsburg, he gave himself, as he expresses it, an immense deal of trouble to lead a truly pious life: he slept on the hard and cold ground, though his bed stood near him; he scourged himself to blood, and mortified his body with a shirt of hair; he suffered hunger, in order to give his bread to the poor; every leisure-time he spent in the church or burying-ground; he confessed and communicated almost every week. For all this he was greatly regarded by his Masters, but in himself he was not happy. He sought safety by his own good works, and did not find it. People looked upon him almost as a saint, while in himself there was self-seeking and despondency. He was anxiously inquiring within him: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" And there was no one to answer: "The grace of God through Christ." It was not to his liking, therefore, that festivity attended his admission to the priesthood; he would have preferred fasting and prayer; but his uncle would have his own way.

Martin returned to Dillingen after this, to complete his four years' course of study. He was then appointed to the curacy of Unterthingau, a large market-town in the Bavarian province of Kempten. Upon this charge he entered with zeal, according to the light that he had. Serious impressions also were made by his ministry. But he was now removed to the honourable preferment of a canonry at Grunembach, and God had prepared instruction for him from the lips of a simple-hearted parishioner who was to strike a blow that brought down the proud elevation of his self-righteousness.

## To be continued.

## WOMAN'S POWER.

With habits of domestic usefulness—by gentleness and decision—by order, industry and neatness, a wife may create in her house an atmosphere of peace, to which, amid the toils of business or labour, her husband's heart shall often revert with joy, and hasten, when permitted by duty to enjoy it. For the absence of such qualifications at the domestic hearth, neither beauty, wit, nor talent can compensate. These may be called little matters, but the wife binds her husband's heart by many bonds, not the less strong, because they seem so slender. Who, then, can limit the influence of a wife? In every instance where she strengthens right resolves, or inspires good feelings, or awakens high principles in the heart of her husband, she elevates his character; and making him firm in integrity, conduces to his power for good, and adds to the weight of his example.—How often do her kind persuasions reclaim the wanderer and restore the erring to peace! It is her kindness that alleviates pain and illness—her affection that makes poverty tolerable. The companion of youth, the comforter of riper years, the patient nurse—woman—faithful till death, is often called to sustain her husband in mortal illness—to cheer his last hours—smooth the pillow of death, and receive upon her bosom his last sigh. Are there not high and solemn responsibilities here? Can they be rightly discharged without superior aid?—Can any other than Christian principle sustain the heart, and nerve the moral energies through a course of duties so various—often so trying?

She who neglects or despises the obligations thus involved in the relation of wife, will find such feelings not only productive of misery to her household, but recoiling with tenfold severity upon her own heart. For she who deservedly loses the esteem and affection of her wedded friend, loses all for this life. No appliances that wealth can buy—no blandishments of the gay—not even the kindness of other friends, nor the endearments of children, can supply the place of a husband's confidence. Surely, then, no female heart can examine a woman's duties, a woman's influence, without fervently imploring aid from Him, who was emphatically a woman's Saviour.—*Protestant Churchman.*

## THE SELF-CONVICTED COMMITTEE.

During a visit to a recent Association in Connecticut, the following anecdote was related which is too good to be lost:—In a certain church, there were four brethren, heads of families, who were generally known to neglect family worship. The subject being introduced at a church meeting, it was proposed to appoint a Committee to wait upon two of these brethren, and labour with them on this subject. When the Committee was nominated, who should be named, but the two other brethren who were known by many to be guilty of the same neglect. They tried to shift off the appointment and excuse themselves, without, however, stating the true reason of their reluctance; but it was all in vain, the vote was put, and these two were appointed the Committee. They were now in rather an awkward situation—pretty sort of persons, thought they, to be appointed to labour with others for the neglect of family prayer, when we are

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guilty of the same ourselves. The result, however, was good. The two brethren got together to talk the matter over, and concluded that they could not very well converse with the others till they had reformed themselves. After conversing together, and reflecting alone, they were each convicted of their criminal neglect. They assembled their families, confessed to them their guilt, re-established at once the family altar, and the Lord came down and blessed their souls. They were then ready to go and converse with the other two delinquents; they told them how they had been equally guilty, how they had repented of their sinful neglect, and how the Lord blessed them and their families in erecting afresh the broken down family altar, and entreated them to do the same. The consequence was that family prayer was immediately re-established in these families also, and at the next church meeting, the Committee reported with tears in their eyes, that they had been successful in reclaiming not only their brethren, but also themselves, from the guilt and the inconsistency of those professedly Christian heads of families who call not upon the name of the Lord.—*Chr. Watchman.*

[The above is taken from the columns of "The New York Churchman." If even that paper agrees that the story, so favourable to personal religion and corresponding practice, is too good to be lost, how good must it be!—*Editor.*]

## RECOVERY OF AN RAGER POLITICIAN.

Samuel Bamford, a Lancashire weaver, has published his own memoirs, under the title "Passages in the life of a Radical." He is now upwards of sixty years of age and, having had full time to meditate upon the value of the political principles formerly entertained by him, he gives the following now as his "settled faith":

"That the industrious and poor man best serves his country by doing his duty to his family at home. That he best amends his country by giving it good children; and if he have not any, by setting a good example himself. That he best governs, by obeying the laws, and by ruling in love and mercy his own little kingdom at home. That his best reform is that which corrects irregularities on his own heart. That his best meetings are those with his own family, at his own fireside. That his best resolutions are those which he carries into effect for his own amendment and that of his household. That his best speeches are those which promote peace on earth, and good will towards mankind? That his best petitions are those of a contrite heart addressed to the KING OF HEAVEN, by whom they will not be despised; and those to the governors of the earth, for the peaceable obtainment of amelioration for his brother man; and that his best means for such obtainment, is the cultivation of good feelings in the hearts, and good sense in the heads of those around him. That his best riches, is contentment. That his best love is that which comforts his family. That his best instruction is that which humanizes and emboldens their hearts. And his best religion is that, which leads to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God. Would he triumph? let him learn to endure. Would he be a hero? let him subdue himself. Would he govern? let him first obey."—Vol. i., p. 112.

## EDUCATION.

MISS EVANS begs to inform her friends and the public, that she purposes opening a FRENCH and ENGLISH SEMINARY at No. 1, Des Grèzes Street, Cape, on MONDAY, 5th MAY NEXT. Reference can be given to most respectable families in this city, where she has instructed as visiting Governess for some years past.

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