

Youth's Corner.

"I WISH I WAS A KITTEN."

"I wish I was a kitten," said little Mary E. to her mother one day; "I do wish I was a kitten;" then I could play all the time, jumping and running, and rolling a ball: oh! how pretty she does look! see, ma, only see her play." Mary E. was a very good girl, but excessively fond of play. Her mamma thought that all little girls should sew a part of the time, and she had fitted her some nice work that day, and had seated her on a stool by her side. For a while she worked very well; but pretty soon she grew tired, and began to wish she was a kitten, as I told you. Her mamma thought she would teach her a lesson; so she said, "Well, Mary, you may be a kitten a week, if you finish that work first." "Be a kitten!" said Mary, laughing, "how can I be a kitten?" "Why, I mean you can act just like one, play all the time and not sew, and we will call you kitty." "Oh! ma, I wish you would, it would be so nice and funny; but do let me be more than a week—a week is not half enough." "Well, my dear, be a kitten a week, and then if you like it, I may let you be longer." "You are very good," said Mary, and soon she finished her work and went to play. First she rolled her ball and marbles about the room; then she played in the garden and chased the butterflies, until she quite forgot it was tea time. When she went in, she found her little sister Emily had gone to bed, and she had to go to Betsy, the domestic, to get her supper, as all "kittys" do. The next day she frolicked as much as ever. At noon some ladies called, of whom she was very fond. She heard them ask for her, and was very much disappointed, though she could hardly help laughing, when she heard her little sister tell them, that "she was a kitty this week, and her mamma could not let her come into the parlour." That night she went to bed so tired that she could hardly rest. She began to wonder if kittens were always so tired, and why it was, that her mamma did not hear her say her prayers as she did Emily. Then she recollected that kittens, and all such things, had no souls, and could not go to heaven when they died, and she almost wished that she had not chosen to be one. The next morning was very bright and sunny, and when Mary awoke, she found her sisters almost ready to go to the Sabbath school. She watched them eagerly some time, and listened to the beautiful chime of the church bells; then she thought of her beloved teacher and class, and could hold out no longer. Bursting into a flood of tears, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and besought her that she might go, saying that she did not wish to be, or do, anything that would keep her away from the Sabbath school. —S. S. Visitor.

FRUIT FROM THE PRECIOUS SEED.

When travelling some years ago in a distant part of Ireland, the writer was asked by a brother clergyman very anxiously, and with much warmth about Mr. Roe's Sunday School; and the inquirer mentioned the following circumstance as that which led him to feel peculiar interest in that institution. A little girl, niece to the narrator, had been sent by her widowed mother as boarder to a school kept in Kilkenny by a Roman Catholic lady. The Protestants who attended this school were regularly sent to the Sunday School at St. Mary's Church, and this child among the number. After a time she fell ill—her lungs were attacked, and consumption began its silent and insidious progress. In consequence of increasing debility the child was taken home; and an eminent physician in the neighbourhood having been consulted, declared in the child's hearing that she was past recovery, and that apparently her course was nearly run. The narrator, who was present, described the little girl as overwhelmed with grief at hearing the melancholy tidings. He administered what consolation he thought suited to her case and age, and took his leave. Residing in a distant parish, this clergyman could not see his niece again for some weeks; but when he was permitted to visit her, his very first look convinced him that she had undergone a change. Her tears were dried up—her sadness was dissipated—her fears were removed, and the peace and joy which ruled in her heart were legible in her countenance to all who saw her. She no longer shrank from the thought of dying. Jesus was precious to her soul; and she expressed herself fearless of the passage through the valley of the shadow of death, knowing that He would be with her. Her uncle was amazed, and rejoiced. He asked her what had produced this change, so sudden, so unlooked for, so happy. She replied—"When first I heard that I was dying, I was very much frightened, for I did not expect it; but after you left me I began to think of all that I had learned of Miss C. M.—, in Mr. Roe's Sunday-School at Kilkenny; and now I am not afraid." Soon after, she fell asleep.

It often happens that the ministers of the Gospel are not permitted to enjoy any great share of the fruit of their labours. The Lord oftentimes uses one to sow, another to reap; but Mr. Roe was in this

respect highly favoured; for as he sowed, so he reaped. This was remarkably the case with his Sunday School labours; to pass by many other instances in proof of which, two which seem particularly remarkable may suffice. One is, that before his death, Mr. Roe was enabled to reckon up no fewer than eighteen ordained clergymen, all of whom had been scholars in his Sunday School; together with three persons employed in lay situations, one in the Jewish Mission, one in Africa, and another in the East. Of the eighteen clergymen, four had finished their course before their beloved teacher: and it is interesting to see the brief remark which Mr. Roe has placed after their names in one of his note books—"Died in the Lord." It tells a long and interesting tale of seed sown, of grace given, of a Saviour loved, of Heaven secured.—Memoir of the Rev. Peter Roe, by the Rev. Prebendary Madden.

HANS SACHS—(pronounce Sax),
THE NUREMBERG MASTER-SINGER.

(Concluded.)

One of the best among Hans Sachs's poems describes in a very expressive similitude the great work which God was doing by the hands of Luther and the other reformers. The title which he gave it, was

The Wittenberg Nightingale
Singing over hill and dale.

In it he represents the Pope of Rome, whose name was Leo, as a cruel lion, and all Christendom as a flock of poor, famished sheep, kept by the lion in wretched captivity upon a dry and barren heath instead of pasture; by that he meant the corrupt teaching of the Romish Church, with her many traditions and worshiping of images, and her taking God's book, the Bible, from the people, so that they knew not where to betake themselves, when they felt the threatenings of God's wrath and the vanity of their priests' inventions. Then the lion has about him a great attendance of bears, wolves, foxes and other voracious animals, and a number of others scattered all over the heath, and the whole of them, even as the lion himself, worry and devour the sheep at their pleasure. By that, the Master-singer meant the Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, and Monks who were fattening and pleasuring at the cost of the people whom they professed to take care of as shepherds under the Lord Jesus. Then, when any of the sheep get desperate, and are looking any way about to escape into better pasture, fox, wolf, bear, or lion rush upon them in the most savage manner, and all help together to tear them to pieces: those were the martyrs, like John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who were burned alive, because they had found out the true way of salvation, and would not deny it, but sought the peace of their souls and taught others to look for it by faith in the only name which is given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved. Now while poor Christendom is in this sad plight, like the famishing flock of sheep under its master lion, a nightingale, which neither lion nor bear nor wolf nor fox can get at, begins to sing a most lovely song which seems to revive the sheep, and makes them turn the way the sweet voice comes from. The nightingale is Martin Luther, and her song is none other than the pure Gospel, in plain, good German, which he translated and caused to be printed and which was soon carried into all parts of the country and made people desire for such teaching as they had never heard from the monks and priests that professed to teach them the way to heaven. So when some of the sheep make a good run for the place where the nightingale's song is heard, they get into a beautiful, green pasture, where they can feed to their hearts' content; there they find springs sending forth their clear waters, and the sheep can refresh themselves, and lie down and rest in safety. For the lion has no power over them, after they have once got into that pasture, and by the side of those still waters. He dreads to get across the boundary of his own barren dominion, though he is in a terrible rage at seeing one and another of his sheep escape him. So he sends all the wild and cunning creatures about him to keep his flock together; and they make a great howling, to drown the song of the Nightingale: then many of the sheep get frightened and hear the sweet song no more; but others heed not the howlings, and to them come the notes of the nightingale as lovely as ever, and neither lion nor bear, wolf, or sly fox can stop their flight: the bright land of gospel light and liberty receives them.

When this kind of poetry was hawked about the country, it made no small stir, and caused numbers of people to listen if they also might hear the sweet sounds that were breaking forth from Wittenberg, and at which great wrath was manifested by those whose rule could not endure, if the pure word of God was to be laid open before the people. The Master-singer lived to see the victory of God's truth in the establishment of Protestant freedom throughout the most of Germany. But in the mean time he himself had to pass through the fire of sharp household troubles. His wife bore him five little girls and two boys, and every one of them was taken from them again by an early death. These seven burials

in the family had severely tried the old man's faith, when he was called upon to part with his partner in life also. She died in the year 1560, leaving him a widower and very desolate, because he was of a sociable, communicative disposition. His friends then persuaded him to marry again, for the comfort of his declining years. In his sixty-seventh year, therefore, he took to wife Barbara Harscher, who proved a suitable companion to him as long as he enjoyed his health, and a most affectionate nurse when he became infirm. He collected all his pieces of poetry, which proved to be 6048 in number. These he published in five large volumes, subjoining a sketch of his own life in verse, which concludes with praise to God for having enabled him, "a man that knows neither Latin nor Greek," to help towards the spread of light, and with prayer that his works may "green, bloom, grow, and bear fruit abundantly."

Towards the close of his life, he almost entirely lost his hearing. Then he seemed to live wholly with God and with his books. When any one spoke to him, he looked up, as if he tried to the utmost to hear; but he showed no impatience, nor did he speak: presently his eyes would be again upon the books before him, among which the Bible was the most prominent; and he read in them with great apparent zeal and satisfaction. In his eighty-second year the Lord released him by an easy and peaceful death. If you should ever visit the ancient city of Nuremberg, you may see the simple gravestone with Hans Sachs's name upon it, under which his remains were deposited, in the old burying-ground. He will sing a sweeter song, when he rises to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and to enter with all the Lamb's followers into the joy of his Lord.

SLAVE-EMANCIPATION, AN ENCOURAGEMENT.

For many years, the glorious work of negro emancipation was, as it were, a private account, kept between the souls of its promoters and their God; but long perseverance at last succeeded; those who were not weary in well-doing, in due season reaped, because they fainted not. That "due season" seemed long in coming; but the promise was sure: though it tarried, they waited for it, slackening not in their protracted efforts; and what was the result? England, in her national character, was at last roused; and by an act, the noblest that ever the pen of history emblazoned on her ample record, she at once commanded with authoritative voice the liberation of the slave, and paid with munificent hand the full price of his ransom. The crime was an inheritance bequeathed to us by our fathers' fathers: the profit the doubly-accursed wages of unparalleled iniquity, flowed principally into the coffers of individuals, who, with a frightful mockery of justice, claimed as their own English birthright unobstructed freedom to enslave the bodies, and to murder both the bodies and souls of their fellow men. Nationally, the deed of liberation was nothing more than the tardy putting away of a most heinous crime, daily persisted in from age to age, while the perpetrators heaped up wrath against themselves; but as regards the generation which effected it, they made a sacrifice that could not but be acceptable in the sight of God, silencing the clamour of the slaveholder, while they unlocked the fetters of his victim. O ye students of English history, point, if ye can, to an achievement in arms worthy to be compared with this! How was it wrought? A man in whose heart the love of God was shed abroad by the Holy Ghost took pity on the prisoners, and longed to deliver those appointed to die: he prayed, he gathered about him a few like-minded with himself, who took counsel together, and united their supplications with his. Then he worked, like one who was pledged to a mighty enterprise; and his long life was but as one long day of unremitting toil; until while the shadows of evening closed around him, he saw the finishing hand put to his wonderful undertaking, and the secret prayer of William Wilberforce became the public, national, triumphant deed of England. It was the Lord's doing, and if we pondered it aright, it would not only be most marvellous in our eyes, but would also, in a voice of divine encouragement, cheer us on to go and do likewise.—C. E. in the Christian Lady's Magazine.

BRITISH INFLUENCE LIBERATING THE SLAVE,

in the Kingdom of Shoa, south of Abyssinia.

Ankobar, August 12, 1842.

Sir,—I have great satisfaction in announcing, for the information of the Governor-in-Council, that the presence of the British Embassy at the Court of Shoa, has proved on a late occasion of that commanding and salutary effect, which must ever be the case when humanity and civilization come in contact with barbarity and savage ignorance.

His Majesty, labouring under a strange infatuation, and in utter defiance of all existing laws of the realm, on the 3rd day of August, promulgated an edict through the Royal Herald, that from henceforward, the progeny of all his numerous slaves, whether the children of free fathers or of free mothers should be accounted his sole property, and should forthwith render themselves to be

enrolled by his drivers, and have their daily tasks allotted according to custom.

The capital was in a state of wild confusion and consternation; weeping and wailing resounded in every hut, and no Abyssinian possessed sufficient courage to oppose the dictate of the angry despot.

Deeming the opportunity of that imperative nature which required interference on my part, and considering that the chance of success was certainly worth the risk of some misunderstanding with the Court, I forwarded the annexed remonstrance to His Majesty with the most lively results.

The offensive proclamation was annulled on the following day. Four thousand seven hundred unfortunate victims were rescued from the degrading shackles of slavery, and returned to their homes and families, blessing the name of the white men; and during the succeeding interview with the King, who has still some fear of God before his eyes, he declared that the act had proceeded in a hurried moment of hot anger, and that the letter of his European guests had made him perfectly sensible of the injustice and cruelty of his proceedings.

(Signed) W. C. HARRIS,
Capt. of Engineers, on special duty at the Court of Shoa.

COPY OF THE REMONSTRANCE REFERRED TO IN THE ABOVE.

You call us your children, and have always treated us with the affection of a father, and we should not act in justice to the character of dear relations, did we keep silence at this season; may you hear us in love.

We have now sojourned in your kingdom for upwards of twelve months. Have we ever committed wrong or injury to yourself, or to any of your subjects during this period?

On the contrary, have not our best endeavours been always on the strain to gratify every wish your Majesty has expressed, and to alleviate every sorrow and distress among your subjects, which has been brought to our notice! Although earnestly solicited by many great men to ask favours from your Majesty, we have hitherto remained mute, but we now entreat you to hear us in love.

We are strangers from a far land, and hope, after a season, to return to our own homes, and we ardently desire to bear along with us the good name which we at present possess in your kingdom; but the people cry aloud and declare, that the "Gyptizes" have advised you to order the captivity of all the foregoing born of free mothers, who are married to your Majesty's male slaves, and our name will hitherto be mentioned only amidst the tears and curses of the poor.

The name of Sahela Selassie, heretofore so beloved, will lose a portion of its lustre and brightness. We are all mortal, kings do not reign for ever, and the groans of your unhappy subjects, who have hitherto lived in all the happiness and blessing of liberty, but are now pining heart-broken in the thralldom of slavery, will add little to the comfort of the last close of your illustrious life.

These are not Gallas or Changallas, or disaffected Pagans, but the props of your power and kingdom, and your own devoted Christian subjects, who have believed themselves born of freedom, and have hitherto enjoyed its comforts.

The addition to your princely establishment is but trifling; a mere drop of water in the great river: but the misery you inflict upon hundreds of families, falls heavy and severe, and the loss of a few slaves can in no ways be felt by the mighty monarch of Shoa, who yearly bestows in charity upon the poor, a far greater sum than the value of all now led into captivity.

If the order had been dictated against the great men of the land, who could themselves raise the voice of remonstrance, we should have abstained from giving you this supplication; but hear as a father in love, and rescind the harsh measure that has been promulgated, that your people may not weep for ever, and that your children, as well as the redeemed unfortunates who have none other to speak in their behalf may pour forth a thousand prayers for your happiness and prosperity, to Him who is alike, the God of the monarch and the slave.

(Signed) W. C. HARRIS,
Capt. of Engineers, on special duty at the Court of Shoa.

PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE.

The following providential interference in behalf of the property of a good merchant of New York, during the dreadful fire which destroyed so much of that city, eight years ago, will be read with interest. It shows that there is indeed a particular Providence which watches over the affairs of man.

"There is one circumstance in connexion with the burning, which I cannot omit mentioning, as it remarkably displays the over-ruling providence of God, in bringing good to pass where evil was intended, and making the wrath of man to praise him. I refer to the case of Mr. Arthur Tappan, who is a dealer in silks, and one of the most extensive and wealthy merchants in the city. He is a decidedly religious man. But what has made him become so noted over all the country is his being President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and his exertions for the cause of abolition in the Southern States; and in consequence of the stand he has taken in behalf of the slaves, he has become obnoxious to a majority of the community,

who are generally very much prejudiced against them; and every thing that malice could invent has been heaped upon him by the newspapers, so much so, that in July, 1834, the excitement rose to such a pitch, that the mob broke into his house, and others who acted with them, tore and destroyed his furniture, in consequence of which he was obliged to have his stores guarded in the most efficient manner with double iron shutters and doors, to prevent another attack; and so unsafe was his property considered, that not one of the Insurance offices in New York would insure him, in consequence of which he was obliged to go to Boston, where he effected an insurance for 200,000 dollars. What is now the result of all this evil that his enemies intended, because he advocated the cause of humanity, and opened his mouth and purse in behalf of the poor, oppressed, and degraded Africans, more than two millions of whom are held in the most abject slavery, in the Southern States of this boasted free republic? It is this—the very double iron shutters and doors which he had to get to prevent the violence of the mob, prevented the fire from taking hold of his stores until hours after all the others around were consumed to the ground, during which time hundreds of the free negroes who live in the city, and other friends, came to his assistance, and rescued the greater part of his property before the devouring element got hold of it, and had it conveyed to a place of safety; and as regards his insurance, it was equally of advantage—for being insured in Boston, it is safe; whereas, had it been insured in New York, almost all would be lost, as I believe all the Insurance Offices have become insolvent, and it is thought will not be able to pay more than three or four shillings in the pound. Surely the hand of God was in this."—Friendly Visitor.

RECEIVED, per John Horton, China,

Sarah, Jamaica and British Queen:—
Best Black Lead, Nos. 1 and 2,
Genuine White Lead, Nos. 1, 2 and 3,
Putty, Paints, assorted colours,
Sheet Lead and Lead Pipe,
Patent Shot,
Canada Rose Nails and Spikes,
Horse Nails,
English and Best Bar Iron,
Scrap and Russia Bar Iron,
Sheet and Hoop Iron,
Anvils, Spades and Shovels,
Cast Steel, Borax, Block Tin,
Coil and Trace Chains,
Shop Twine in balls.

—ALSO—
Proved Chain Cables and Anchors,
"Acraman's" Patent do. do.
—AND—
200 Boxes Tin Plates,
200 do. Canada Plates.
C. & W. WURTELE,
St. Paul Street.

Quebec, 23rd Sept., 1844.

BOOT AND SHOE WAREHOUSE,
14, BUADE STREET.

THE Subscriber informs his customers and the public, that he has just received his spring supply of ENGLISH and FRENCH LEATHER, consisting of Calf-Skins, of a beautiful description, direct from Paris, Boot Morocco, Patent and Elastic Leather, Plain and Enamelled French Fronts, Maxwell's Spurs, with a great variety of other articles in his line.

The universal preference given to his work for many years past by the Military Gentlemen of this Garrison, is a proof of the superior style in which orders entrusted to him are executed.

THOMAS COWAN.
Quebec, June 27, 1844.

TO TEACHERS.

PERSONS of unexceptionable character, and duly qualified according to the requirements of the School-Act, are wanted as Masters to Common Schools in several country settlements: Salary from £30 to £40 a-year. For information apply at the office of this paper.
29th August, 1844.

PRINTING-WORK,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF
THE BEREAN,
On the most reasonable terms.

THE BEREAN

Is published every THURSDAY Morning,

BY G. STANLEY,
Printer, Bookseller and Stationer,
15, BUADE-STREET.

TERMS:—Fifteen Shillings a-Year, or Twelve Shillings and Six Pence if paid in advance.

ADVERTISERS AT
Montreal: Messrs. R. W. S. MACKAY, and
H. H. CUNNINGHAM,
115 Notre Dame-street.

MR. BRUNN BURLAND, St. John's,
"SAMUEL MUCKLETON, Kingston, are so kind as to act for the Berean.

Terms in Great Britain:—Ten Shillings Sterling in advance. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. JOHN HENRY JACKSON, Bookseller, Islington Green, Islington, London.

Terms in the United States, including postage to the lines:—37 Dollars a-year, or 34 Dollars if paid in advance.

ADVERTISERS AT
New York at 75 Nassau-street, Mr. F. G. FISH,
Brooklyn at 41 Front-street, Mr. CHARLES BRIMSON, Washington-St.
Boston: Mr. CHARLES BRIMSON, Washington-St.
ADVERTISEMENTS, delivered in the evening before the day of publication, inserted according to order, at 2s 6d for six lines and under, first insertion; and 7d each subsequent insertion; for ten lines and above six lines 3s 4d. First insertion and 10d each subsequent insertion; above ten lines 4s per line. First insertion, and 1d per line each subsequent insertion.
Advertising by the year or for a considerable time, as may be agreed upon.