Youth's Corner.

LEARNING TO THINK, ONCE MORE.

"I am in good time, again, Henry; for the clock has not yet struck. Do you know that my brother James wants to learn to think, as much as I do. When I told him about the hoop, the peg-top, the ball, the humming-top, and the kite, he was quite pleased."

"Well, Charles, when you have learned to think yourself, you can then teach him, and that will make you more perfect. One going to it." great advantage of learning to think is, that it produces a love of thinking. When, by reflection, you have found out one thing, you feel a desire to find out another. You told me very correctly what was necessary to be done in thinking of a thing: first, to says, that hoys learning arithmetic are too call to mind its qualities, then its uses, and afterwards its associations; but you cannot always find out the qualities of things by your five senses."

"I can tell if a thing is hard or soft,

heavy or light, directly."

"Yes, you may; but you cannot tell so easily, if it be natural or artificial; native or foreign; animal, vegetable, or mineral. It often puzzles wiser heads than ours to find out these things; but reading, observing, thinking, and conversation, render hard things easy. In teaching you to think, I do not undertake to make you wise, but only to put you in a way of making yourself wise. My tutor says, when a boy has once obtained the habit of thinking, he is as sure to increase in knowledge, as a grain of wheat set in the ground is sure to produce an ear of corn."

"And he is right, depend upon it. As I came here, running as fast as I could, the wind was against me, and I could not get on as fast as I wished. This put me in mind of what you said of my hoop, that it often had to force its way against the wind. I do not wonder now that the hoop should not run very far without stopping.

"There is a way that my tutor takes with me to make me think, whether I will or not, and that is by asking me questions to which I cannot well reply without thinking."

"What kind of questions are they?" "I will ask you some of them. I remember once hearing a capital plan of a tradesman to prevent his errand-boy from making mistakes, through thoughtlessness: just before the boy set off on his errands, his master always asked him these two questions: Where are you going to?' and 'what are you going for?' If the boy was told to take a parcel to the shop at the corner, there might be a shop at more corners than one. If he was told to take it to Mr. Jones, there might be half a dozen Mr. Joneses in the neighbourhood, and great mistakes might take place; but when he was asked where he was going, and what he was going for, his master knew at once, by his reply, whether he understood his message properly."

"A very good plan indeed; but now please to ask me some of the questions you

"Well, then, now answer this question. Which is the heaviest-a pound of lead or a pound of feathers? Now, think!"

"Think! I need not think a moment about that; for every body knows that lead is ten times as heavy as feathers; ay! twenty times!"

"But I do not ask you which is the heaviest-feathers or lead; I ask you which is heaviest-a pound of lead or a pound of Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he feathers?"

"Oh! I see now; a pound of one must be just as heavy as a pound of the other. I must think a little more before I answer your questions."

"That is the very thing that I am teaching you to do. There is hardly one in ten. among us boys, who takes the trouble to think before he replies. Can you tell me what o'clock it is? Now think before you answer."

"It is half-past six."

"There is a want of thought again! did not ask you what o'clock it was; I knew the time very well; I asked you, if you could tell me what o'clock it was, which is a very different thing."

"So it is. I will try to be more careful in my next answer."

"If I give you six young rabbits in a basket, and when you open the basket, three of them are dead, how many rabbits shall you have ???. "Why, I shall have ____"

"Now, pause a little, and think before you speak.23

"Why-I shall have-six. Three live, and three dead."

"Very good; and, now, if one man can see twenty miles, how far can two men

"Just as far again."

"Are you sure? Pauso a little, and think the matter over." "Oh, no! Two men cannot see farther

than one can; what was I thinking of!" "Whatever you were thinking of, you

were not thinking properly of the question. If a man can eat a pound of beefsteaks in a quarter of an hour, how many pounds can he cat in half an hour?

"Oh! two pounds, to be sure." "There you are wrong. Very few men can eat more than a pound of meat at one 12th page, 17 lines from the boltom, for Alfred time; and, if they could, they would be read Edward.] much longer about the last pound than the first. You must learn to pause before you | Edward sat like a man that has climbed up speak, or you will not learn to think before to a great height, and then would be glad to you speak. Now, be sure you wait a little get down again, if he knew how. He per-

As I went to Farmer Paton's, I met two horses, two cows, two sheep, and two pigs pigs, sheep, cows, and horses, how many were going to Farmer Paton's ?"

"Oh! let me see! two horses, and two cows, four-two sheep, six-and two pigs, eight. There were eight going, besides

"Altogether wrong, Charles! I said as went to Farmer Paton's, I met these animals; now if I met them, they must have been coming from Farmer Paton's, and not

"Well, I am very stupid; but I began to count too soon."

" Ves, you did. Had you paused a little and then thought a little, perhaps you would not have made such a mistake. My tutor apt, when they have a sum to do, to begin figuring away before they understand the question; whereas every boy ought to do the sum, as it were, in his own mind, before he puts down a single figure. The questions that I have put to you to-night, are likely enough to sharpen your wits, as well as to teach you to think; but our time is quite gone, and I must hastily say, Good bye."

"Good bye, Henry, and thank you for being so patient with me."-Child's Companion.

> A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG. Translated from the German.

A considerable time ago I read in one o the newspapers of the day that a man had died near London at the advanced age of 110 years, that he had never been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, begging to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself. there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows :-

"He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarreled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used."

I took a note of this in a little book where generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards 1 observed in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at 115 years of age, that she never was ill, and was always of a happy, contented disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means this old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer :-

"She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweet-meats; seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine."

Of this likewise I took a note in my little

Sometime after this I read that near St Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he was 120 years old. Again I took my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the answer:-

"He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. never permitted himself to sit awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in contempt."

After having read all this in my little book, I said to myself, "You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people.

I then wrote out all that I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card; which I suspended over my writing desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me what I ought to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young friends, I can assure you on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier, and in better health, than I used to be. Formerly I had the headache nearly every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months Before I began these rules, I hardly dared to venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk o half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigour. But alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people-and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long lived as they were!—*Epis*copal Recorder.

THE ENCHANTED POST-CHAISE C)NCLUDED.

[Erratum in our last number, the 3d column

When the young lawyer had finished,

ceived that his friend's story bore hard upon the manner in which he had been talking, and he was wonderfully calmed down from his wormth and confidence when he said: "Now, Alfred, I see you are disposed to be sharp upon me—perhaps I have deserved it, for I have treated with lightness what you reverence: but now-what do you mean by your Post-Chaise?" Alfred resumed thus: "The Post-Chaise, my dear Edward, is the general belief of Christianity. That religion is believed by men in all parts of the world where it has become knownby men of all ranks, and all degrees of attainment; by the Professor of high renown in science, and by the woman who dusts his shelves-by the Prime Minister who guides an empire, and by the man who brushes his coat. They are settled in their belief by well authenticated miracles which attest the divine character of Christianity; the humble condition in life of the apostles who were the first preachers of it, and who met with the most unparalleled success, only strengthens the evidence; they see no reason to wonder at the offence which proud men take at the unbending singularity of Scripture which will not adapt itself to their taste, but requires their taste to regulate itself by the manner in which God has been pleased to talk to men; the strictness of the scriptural commandments seems every way worthy of the holy God who proclaims them; the promises of a felicity which to the carnal mind of man it seems madness to expect, appear perfectly consistent with the unlimited power of God to bestow; the self-denial to which men are called, honours their spiritual part, for it sets the choice of that above the cravings of the body. You and other young men religiously brought up but not inwardly concerned about your soul's salvation, have gone forth to become acquainted with the world, loosely holding that belief like other men around you. But while you are rattling along, forth come your intellectual men and talk of your having laid aside leading-strings, and being no longer at nurse, and having got free: so they have turned you round the corner where modesty is left behind and self-complacency leads the way. Then the wheels and all the moving powers of your vehicle are taken off-miracles are incredible; the apostles are disposed of as vulgar; the Bible is thrown aside as tasteless; the commandments are spurned for their hardness; promises to faith are ridiculed for their distance; and self-denial is abhorred as murderous.

"But, Edward, the vehicle runs on its winged course, unimpeded by all these attempts against its progress: the miracles are believed, the apostles are venerated, the Scriptures are devoutly read, obedience to the commandments is aimed at with selfcondemnation for every instance of shortcoming; the promises are embraced, and form the delightful theme of the believer's contemplation; self-denial is practised, and sorrow is felt at the resistance of the flesh which makes it so imperfect. And those travellers who are really concerned about where their journey may lead them to, laugh to scorn the puny arts of those bands whose assaults have so sadly broken in upon the anticipated peace and happiness of the travellers who allow their minds to be unsettled. The clear-sightedness of the devout believer pierces the flimsy texture of infidel arguments against the religion which he has embraced; there is no enchantment against' the spiritually minded traveller towards Zion. The whole equipment of the conveyance found for him by divine goodness remains complete for service - miracles, apostles, books of Scripture, commandments, promises, and calls to self-denial; every part of the divine plan and its agency the mortal frame was sinking in lassitude for the world's conversion is preserved in its integrity."

It was Alfred now that was warm and zealously concerned about his friend's restoration to a different state of mind. He perceived that Edward was much affected and as he sat in silence, Alfred took the word again: "Edward, let your intellectual men prove the apostles vulgar: they will make the acceptance utterly unaccountable which their message met with, but they cannot disprove it. Let them exhibit the want of taste in the inspired writings: the authority acquired by them becomes so much the more inexplicable. Let them prove all the miracles recorded in the Scriptures to be untrue, and they themselves prove a miracle that outbids them uii-the prevalence of Christianity, supported by no miracles, patronized by no authority, recommended by neither refinement of manners nor intellectual attainment in the preachers—the prevalence of such a religion among the most enlightened and virtuous nations on the earth!

Edward took the word at last: "I wish you would go with me to Harvard College, still; I should like to hear you argue the matter with them there." "Ed. ward," said his friend, "I should have no objection to speak for the faith which I entertain, if without any seeking of mine I came to meet with any of those who oppose it. But I have no warrant aware of the talent and learning of those | unable to write, she dictated to the venemen, and it would require an abler champion than myself to silence them in argument. Perhaps no ability would do it. dying, and not afraid; I trust I am going The resistance is in the heart. They to my Father's house! I never was so will not receive conviction of the truth of happy in all the days of my life I I would salvation, which I am contending for, | write to tell you what my soul feels in this until they are convicted of sin within blessed prospect, that I might bear my them. Arguing will not do that; and testimony to His grace; that I might recontending for victory only, would do fresh your soul, who have so often retime, as may be agreed upon.

them no good, while to me it would do | freshed mine; and tell you what joy I

unspeakable injury."

Well then, said Edward in a subdued. almost tremulous tone of voice, "I think I had better let you propose some plan to me. How may I best profit by the short time we shall spend together in this

place ?"

Alfred now opened his pocket-book, which contained letters from some of his religious friends to persons resident in Boston. One among them was to an aged Christian who superintended a large Sunday-School. The two young friends went to find him out that very evening. They were kindly received, and detained until family-prayer. At the reading of the Bible, and the old man's simple, but into tender recollection of former days. prayer during several years. The next Lord's day saw him sitting among the children in the Sunday School; he wished to turn and become as a little child, that he might have the kingdom of heaven. He had assumed a proud and contemptuous bearing at church; but now he humbly knelt and responded though it was in scarcely audible accents—to the petitions in the worship from which he had become alienated by his "strolling," as he correctly called it. Before the eveningservice, he sent to the Clergyman a slip of paper on which he had traced these words: "A young man, just escaping from the net of infidelity, desires the prayers of the congregation for his entire rescue." That night, he wrestled with God in prayer, and closed not his eyes in sleep, until the Spirit of adoption had filled his soul with joy and peace in be-

THE MOTHER OF THE LATE REV. BASIL WOODD.

The promises of God are to the weak as well as the strong; and the desolate mother, who makes Himher confidence, and would bring up her fatherless children only to His glory, adding her example to her instructions, and her prayers to her tears; may cherish a consoling confidence that God will not forsake her or frustrate her pious endeavours. But then, let her be, what this excellent woman was, -not a soft, sentimental professor of religion; not a flippant caviller or captious controvertist about speculative theorems; not a woman talking of godliness and living to the world; not a giddy pursuer after new doctrines, new societies, new preachers, and neglecting all that is vital, holy, and energetic in the faith and practice of a disciple of Jesus Christ, but "a lovely ornament," for so this affectionate son pictures his revered parent, "of the truth as it is in Jesus; adding, "The whole of her deportment was calculated to win my early attention to religion.—I saw in her what it could do; how happy! how cheerful! how humble! how holy! how lovely in life, and afterwards in death! how full of mercy and good fruits it could render the happy possessor!" Yet, with this amiable lustre of character, while no other person doubted of her eternal safety; she was full of doubt and fears herself: she was self-suspicious, and dreadedjudging too favourably of her own religious character. Sermons, therefore, which urged and assisted self-examination, as well as those which exhibited the glory and free grace of the Saviour, were peculiarly acceptable to her. Yet she had a hope—a good hope, through grace -which she would not give up, though she rejoiced with trembling; and when sickness and infirmity came upon her and and depression, this hope became more animated, and waxed brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. "When she believed her end to be approaching," continues her filial biographer, "God visited her soul with more peculiar manifestations of the light of his Divine countenance; and she seemed to be gradually filled with unspeakable joy, as the day drew nigh which foreverterminated all her sorrow." Her secret diary, unknown even to her son in her life time, recordsher fervent prayers and aspirations. Thus, for example, she says in one of the last passages which her feebleness allowed her to pen: "O keep me, and save me, blessed Lord; I give myself to thee! Oh bring me to those blessed mansions of peace, where I shall be able to praise thee; where I shall be delivered from the painful clog of this body, which weighs down my soul! Prepare me for thy coming. Oh make me watchful, and ready to meet thee, when thou shalt be pleased to send thy messenger, death, for me!-Make the pain I continually feel of use to me. cannot be long here; oh quicken my soul! fix my affections upon heavenly things; give me clearer views, give me a sense of pardoned sin : wash me in thy precious blood; clothe me with thy perfect righteousness; conform me more to thy divine image, and help me to meet death as a kind friend come to fetch me home to to go and seek the occasion. I am well thee! Amen, Amen." And after she was

rable clergyman, her pastor, her dying

farewell; in which she says: "I am

feel in this prospect. I do not doubt of meeting you in heaven-und my dear child too !" And she has met him; now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, he has rejoined her: and who can say that in that world of knowledge and recognition, he may not even now look back with love and gratitude to those maternal prayers and hallowed instructions, which his God and Father so eminently blessed and an. swered?

The same evening on which she dictated the above letter, she addressed her son in language which, now that he is removed from this earthly scene, becomes doubly emphatic. On his return from his be: loved labours at his church of St. Peter's; fervent devotion, Edward's heart melted she accosted him, "Oh, I am very happy, I am going to my mansion in the skies: I He had not been upon his knees for shall soon be there: and, oh, I shall be glad to receive you to it! you shall come in to go out no more! If ever you have a family, tell your children they had a grandmother who feared God, and found the comfort of it on her death-bed. And tell your partner I shall be happy to see her in heaven. Son, I exhort you to preach the gospel, preach it faithfully, and boldly, fear not the face of man: endeavour to put in a word of comfort to the humble believer, to poor weak souls. I heartily wish you success; may you be useful to the souls of many !"-Towards the conclusion of that evening, she addressed her son in words which he delighted to repeat; when, after speaking of the boundless love of Christ and his salvation, she added, "It is a glorious salvation; a free, unmerited salvation; a full, complete salvation; a perfect, eternal salvation; it is a deliverance from every enemy; it is a supply of every want, it is all I can now wish for in death: it is all I shall want in eternity.'

Thus did this excellent mother breathe out her soul for a few days more, till she was peacefully translated from her couch of sickness to her eternal rest .- Rev. S. C. Wilks.

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