

South's Corner.

THE DISINTERESTED BOY.

It was just at night. The sun had set and the curtains of night were fast hanging themselves over hill-top and valley and lonely wood, and the busy village.

At this hour, Mr. Bradley passed through a little village among the hills of New Hampshire, and urging his horse forward as the night became darker, took his way through the main road towards the next town, where he intended to pass the night.

'Stop, sir, stop,' said a little boy, who was running with all his might to overtake him. Mr. Bradley stopped his horse, and a little boy of eight or ten years came up, the blood almost ready to burst from his face, and pausing at every breath.

'Well, my little fellow, what do you wish for?' said Mr. Bradley. 'You are losing your trunk, sir,' answered the boy, as soon as he could speak.

'And so you have run all this way to tell me of it, have you, my good boy?' 'Yes, sir.'

Mr. Bradley jumped out of his chaise, and saw that his trunk, which was strapped underneath his carriage, was unfastened at one end, so that a sudden jolt might have loosened it altogether, and he would have lost it without knowing where it had gone.

'You are very kind, my little lad,' said the gentleman 'to take all this trouble; you have saved me from losing my trunk, and I feel much obliged to you.'

'You are welcome,' answered the boy. 'And now, are you tall enough to hold my horse, while I fasten the trunk as it should be?' said Mr. Bradley.

'Oh yes, sir,' said the boy, stepping up and taking hold of the bridle. He held the horse until Mr. Bradley was ready to start, and then said, 'good night, sir,' and was stepping away.

'Stop a moment,' said Mr. Bradley, taking a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket, 'here is a piece of money to pay you for your trouble, and I feel very grateful to you beside.'

'No, sir,' said the boy, drawing himself up erect, and casting his eye full in the gentleman's face, 'do you think I would take money for such a thing as that?'

'Ah,' said Mr. Bradley, as he related the story to me, 'I saw by his noble look, that he had run from half to three quarters of a mile, for the sake of doing kindness to a stranger and not for the hope of pay; and I could not find it in my heart to urge him to take the money, for I knew that the thought of having done good was a greater reward than money could have been.'

So I bade him "good night" and he ran toward home, while I gave the whip to my horse, and again rode briskly on; but I often think of that journey to New Hampshire, and the noblehearted boy who lived among the Hills.—Mother's Journal.

THE FATAL STEP.

Whitefield represented the votary of sin, under the figure of a blind beggar led by a little dog. The dog had broken the string. The blind cripple, with his staff between both hands, groped his way unconscious, to the side of a precipice. As he felt along with his staff, it slipped from his hand and fell down the descent, too deep to return an echo. He thought it was on the ground, and bending forward took one careful step to recover it. But he trod on vacancy—poised for a moment, and fell headlong.

The votary of sin is, in a spiritual sense, blind; he knows not what is before him, or whether the path in which he walks will lead. He has a guide, but no dependence can be placed on it. Like the dog and the string, it is almost sure to fail him. The world on which he has placed his chief reliance, like the staff of the poor blind beggar, slips from his hand, and leaves him desolate in the time of his utmost need. He gropes in the dark—he stands trembling on the borders of the unknown—a step forward, and all may be over with him—in vain he strives to recover the staff which has fallen from his hands, and forever eludes his grasp. Mournful sight! seen in no world but this! A soul balancing between time and eternity on the brink of woe! with no light from the throne of God to dispel the darkness that broods over the picture Whitefield gave of the fatal crisis in the spiritual affairs of the blinded votary of sin. If angels ever weep, surely it must be over a scene like this.

Votaries of pleasure, behold your portrait, drawn by a master hand: Behold your end! your leaders, alas, are blind guides. O, the infinite infatuation of sin! O, the moral blindness of that soul that risks all in the pursuit of evanescent shadows! that goes the whole length of the divine forbearance, and pauses not till it finds itself on the brink of ruin. If there were another life, in which to correct the errors and redeem the losses of this, the terror of apprehended ruin would not be so dreadful. But alas, when the crisis of the sinner's fate comes, no hope is left. Before that period arrives, we would lift up the voice of warning and affectionate entreaty in the ear of the careless sinner. Take not another step, lest it

should prove a leap in the dark—take not another step, but to plant your feet upon the rock of ages.

TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

MAKE SURE OF BEING UNDERSTOOD.—The necessity of using great plainness of speech, in the instruction of children, is felt as it ought to be by very few persons. Expressions are frequently used by teachers which are familiar to them as "household words," but are wholly unintelligible to their pupils. Sometimes Sunday School teachers speak fluently and forcibly to their classes for ten minutes, in explaining a lesson, and think they are making the subject very plain, when by the use of words of the meaning of which the children are utterly ignorant, they have obscured the sense entirely. They speak well, but their hearers are not edified. Then, when the teacher begins to question her scholars on the subject she has just done explaining, she is astonished at their stupidity, and perhaps exclaims, How is it possible you can be ignorant of this matter, when I have been spending my strength to impress it on your mind? forgetting, or never considering, that the children are somewhat in the situation she would be in, if required to give an account of a sentiment delivered in her hearing, all the point of which was expressed in Latin. Sunday School teachers should expect their pupils to be ignorant; all children are so, especially those in the lower ranks of life. They should prepare themselves to explain every point brought before them by the lesson, in the simplest language. It is difficult for persons of mature minds, to realize how little is understood by young children of the lessons they commit to memory. Take a fact. Mary, a child not five years old, but of quick capacity and retentive memory, was taught by an elder sister, to repeat many little pieces of poetry; among others, this from our Sunday School selection:

'Tis Religion that must give, Sweetest pleasure while we live, 'Tis Religion must supply, Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be Lasting as eternity; Be the living God my friend, Then my bliss shall never end.'

Mary learned these verses perfectly, and it was interesting to hear her repeating the comforting truths expressed in them, in her sweet infantine voice; her sister hoped it might edify some of the elder members of the family, and certainly thought the child had some general ideas of the meaning of the hymn. Mary learned to sing these words to a pretty tune, and often amused herself by doing so. One day when the sisters were together alone, the child said, Sister, let us sing. Very well, said her sister, what shall we sing? Why, said Mary, let us sing about Sally. My dear, we don't know any song about Sally. Oh yes, sister, you do, you know a piece about Sally and George. Indeed, Mary, I do not, answered the sister, a little surprised at the child's pertinacity. Sally, Sally, she repeated, running over in her memory all the pieces she had taught the little girl. Yes, sister, you do know a verse about Sally Comfort and George. Now, the truth flashed on the mind of the sister, that in repeating the above hymn, Mary had changed the word "solid," which she did not understand, for "Sally," which she did; still she was at a loss to know where George was to be found in it. She told Mary to say it for her, and carefully observing as she went along, discovered the child said the second verse,

After death its joys shall be, Lasting as eternity;—

Thus it was plain, Mary understood not a syllable of what she was saying, but took the whole for a story about little Sally and George Comfort. Let it not be thought that she was uncommonly stupid; she was a child of good abilities, but like most children of her age, was entirely ignorant of the meaning of most of the words contained in these two verses.—Family Visitor: quoted in the Sunday Teacher's Companion.

[Indeed, the child gave evidence of very good parts, much rather than of uncommon stupidity, because she would not be satisfied with the mere repeating of sounds, but would have them mean something; and so she conceived of "Sally Comfort," a nice little companion for religious children "when they die;" and of a gentle boy, "George," who would never change into a rude clown, but be "lasting" in his gentleness "as eternity."—Editor.]

THE SEED FOWN AFTER MANY DAYS.—A secret work is going on, which shall one day surprise and delight you. The first dawn of day commences amidst the thickest shades of night: the tide begins to turn long before it is observed by a person walking upon the shore; thus the incipient stage of conversion is often hidden from every eye but Him who seeth in secret, amidst the remains of unregeneracy. Where you are most discouraged, there may be the least cause for it.

Even those unhappy youths whose conduct excludes all joy for the present, and almost all hope for the future, even they, at some distant time, may yield a rich harvest from the seed which is now, with respect to them, sown in tears. In the gloomy season of distress, when reflection can be resisted no longer, then what they were taught in the school may be brought most vividly into remembrance. Then when no preacher and no friend is near, conscience may denounce the terrors of the law, and memory the glad tidings of the Gospel, till the poor trembling sinner, amidst the long-neglected stores that were deposited in her mind at the Sunday School, finds the means of her conviction, conversion, and consolation.

It may also be observed, that those persons are far more likely than others, to receive benefit from the public preaching of the Gospel,

whose minds have been previously trained in the knowledge of its principles. They have a clearer understanding of the sermons which they hear; and as it is through the mind that God converts the heart, they are in a fairer way to derive spiritual impression than persons who have lived in the most brutish ignorance. This is a species of advantage arising from Sunday School instruction not sufficiently thought of. The teacher is unquestionably a powerful auxiliary to the preacher, and the success of the latter in many cases must, in justice, be shared by the former. You may, therefore, check the despondency of your hearts, with this consideration, that where no present visible effect is produced by your instructions, by a sort of division of labour in the business of conversion you may be preparing its subject for this great change, which is afterwards to be effected under the instrumentality of the ministers. Children, in whose hearts devout impressions may have been produced, are often removed from beneath your care before you have an opportunity to witness the fruit of your toil; but the eye of God is upon his own work, and he will one day make known to you all that he does by you.—Rev. J. A. James.

A NEW ZEALANDER, "MIGHTY IN THE SCRIPTURES"—That sword of the Spirit, wherewith our blessed Lord put Satan to flight, is now successfully wielded, by the simple-minded natives of New Zealand, against the agents of the wicked one. It is a cause of thankfulness that they were thus armed, and had become skilful in the use of this mighty weapon, before the Priests of Rome invaded the country; for many of the natives have thus been enabled to resist their attempts to pervert the Gospel of Christ. With the Bible in their hands, and well acquainted with its contents, they have proved more than a match for the subtle Jesuits.

Two of these Priests, some time ago, visited a native village called Hangi, in the Venerable Archdeacon Brown's District, and entered into conversation with the native teacher stationed there. One of them assured the New Zealander that the Church of England was wrong, and that hence it was that her members made their daily confession.—'We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep;' meaning that we had strayed from the true Church, which was the Church of Rome. The teacher, however, told him that this confession was much older than either the Church of England or the Church of Rome; and, turning to his Psalter, he read the last verse of Psalm cix. where David says, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep."

The Priest then objected that our Church must be wrong, because her Ministers married, which the Apostles never did.

"You are wrong again," replied the teacher, "for I read that Peter's wife's mother was healed by Jesus Christ of a fever."

"Yes," retorted the priest, "but John was not married." "Show me a passage," said the teacher in his simplicity, "in which we are told that John was not married. I have shown you one in which it is proved that Peter was." The Priest thought proper to decline any further controversy with one whose instruction was simply drawn from the Word of God. It has been said, most justly, that the Bible is the best book that has ever been written against Popery. It is a knowledge of this, most probably, that has made the Priests of Rome keep it from their people. We earnestly desire for our young friends that they may become, like Apolos, mighty in the Scriptures; and then we are persuaded they will be preserved from the pernicious leaven of Popish doctrine, which so much abounds in our land at this day.—Church Miss. Juv. Instructor.

DEATH OF AN OLD EUROPEAN RESIDENT ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.—Captain Edward Lloyd, of Beechmount, near Limerick, died on the 17th of March last, having resided on the west coast of Africa during the surprising period of forty-two years, having gone to that country, in 1803, along with the celebrated African traveller, Mungo Park. He lived at the Gambia since 1816, where his then wigwam formed the nucleus of the present beautiful settlement of splendid stone and brick houses, now inhabited by a population of 3,000 souls. The town can boast of a spacious school-house, fine streets, a noble square, barracks, a Church and Wesleyan Chapel, Hospital, and Government house, which last cost about £20,000. He was reckoned the venerable patriarch of the locality, living respected, and dying regretted, not only by his numerous children and grandchildren, colonists, native chiefs, and Kings, but by the natives generally, on the banks of the Gambia, far into the interior of that extensive Continent. His word had so much influence among them that it stayed many a sanguinary war or shortened its duration. In the Egyptian expedition, in 1801, he was a Captain in Abercrombie's army. The Rev. Mr. Rankin, Colonial Chaplain, died in April last, of an attack of periodical illness, to which he was subject, having suffered much from the country fever. The Chaplaincy of £450 a-year, is again vacant to any church aspirant who may feel disposed to risk himself in that extraordinary country.

CAPTURE OF A SLAYER.

We have been favoured by a correspondent at Sierra Leone with the following account of the capture and destruction of the slaver Tres Amigos, a Brazilian brig of 415 tons, with ten officers and forty-six men, by Her Majesty's steam-sloop Devastation, R. Levinge, commander:—"On the morning of March 19th, being in lat. 5° 30' N., long. 3° 10' E. of Greenwich, the Devastation chased a suspicious looking brig, which on seeing her, immediately made all sail, and ran in towards the land.

After a chase of 5h. 30m., with all sail set, and making eighteen revolutions in the minute, fired the long-gun, loaded with shot. At 10h. 45m. the stranger hoisted a Brazilian ensign at the main, and in a quarter of an hour from that time, she ran upon the beach near the river Lagos, in lat. 6° 20' N., long 3° 10' E. of Greenwich. Two boats were seen to leave the brig, filled with men, who escaped to the shore. The steamer having come close up and anchored, immediately manned and armed her boats, and sent them to board, under command of First Lieutenant P. M. Godfrey, with acting Lieutenant J. Carmichael and Mr. T. Coutts, boatswain. They found the brig well armed, two long 18 pounders on pivots, one between the masts, and the other abaft the mainmast; two broadside guns forwards (18 pounders,) and two brass swivels on the bulwarks of the quarter deck; also nettings to repel boarders, ammunition, muskets, cutlasses, blunderbusses—in fact every kind of weapon for defending a vessel. The surf was very dangerous, one of the boats of the Devastation being dashed to pieces alongside the slaver, and the crew washed ashore; one also upset, and was driven ashore by the rollers, and the brig in a short time became a total wreck. The officers and men, after cutting away the masts with their cutlasses, found it necessary to swim ashore for their lives. The brig parted amidships. One marine was lost in trying to swim ashore. The man who had been looking out at the mast-head of the slaver was seen in the surf, heavily ironed, having been thrown overboard by the captain for not keeping a better look-out and seeing the cruiser before. The Devastation's crew tried to save the poor fellow, but his irons took him down. The surf ran so high as to make it impossible to get off to the Devastation, so the men had to remain ashore till the next morning, when the pabbie-box boat was anchored at the back of the surf, and the dingy, being well buoyed up with cork fenders and bunkers, was veered ashore by hauling lines. After various attempts which proved successful in embarking the men, they were all got off. The French man-of-war brig Leger, rendered every assistance in trying to get the men off. Too much praise cannot be given to the captain, officers, and ship's company of this brig for their valuable services. All the prisoners, ten in number, who were found on board the brig, were saved. The Devastation has also taken an American brig under Brazilian colours, with 520 slaves on board, bound to Rio. The Tres Amigos had made several successful trips from the coast. On the last voyage she landed at Bahia 1,400 slaves.—Times

WASTE OF LABOUR IN STRAGGLING SETTLEMENTS.

From a despatch addressed by Earl Grey to the Governor General, dated 1st April, 1847.

We know that, unaided and undirected in their efforts as they now are, numbers of the Emigrants who reach Canada with no resource but their labour to trust to, are enabled, in the course of a few years to realize property, and even to remit considerable sums of money to the friends and relations they have left behind. It is also notorious that in the present mode of conducting the settlement of the Territory, there is a great waste of labour, and that far less results are obtained by means of the same amount of exertion, than might be looked for under a system which secured a greater degree of mutual co-operation and assistance amongst those who now trust, in a great measure, to their individual and isolated efforts. It is impossible to read any of the numerous and interesting accounts, published during the last few years, of the life of settlers in the backwoods of British America and of the United States, without being struck with the hardships and difficulties endured by them, and with the great waste of labour incurred entirely in consequence of the want of some means of giving increased efficiency to labour by combination and by the division of employments. We hear continually of bread being scarce where corn is cheap and abundant, because, from the distance of mills and the badness of the roads, it takes many days of toilsome labour for men and horses to carry a small quantity of corn to be ground, and to bring it back in the shape of flour. We hear of days wasted in, perhaps, the busiest part of the season in carrying to a distant forge, to be repaired, some necessary implement of agriculture, which in England would be taken to the village shop, and be again ready for use in an hour. I say nothing (important as are such considerations) of the privations which scattered settlers necessarily undergo from the want of adequate means of religious instruction, of education for their children, and of medical assistance, and of the absence of all main advantages of civilized society. Looking merely to the pecuniary results of the existing mode of settlement, it seems to me impossible to doubt that it is highly wasteful, and that the same labour, better applied and directed, might produce a far larger amount of comfort and advantage to the early settlers in a new territory, and exempt them from many of the privations and hardships to which they are now exposed. It is difficult to understand what natural obstacle prevents such a territory from being occupied, not by individuals, but by Societies properly organized for mutual support and assistance, carrying with them, as they advance, all the means and appliances of Civilization. For this purpose what seems to be most required, is to carry further than has yet been done, the principle of making all who obtain land, pay for it such a price as at once to afford the means of effecting those improvements, by the construction of Roads and Bridges, and by erecting Schools and other Public Buildings, which are necessary for its regular and systematic occupation. If no Public Lands were alienated but at a price sufficient to pay for such improvements, and if the money obtained from their sale were so expended, land would only be purchased where the improvements were already in progress, while the settler receiving in return for the enhanced price he paid for land,

not only the land but the advantage of those works, by which its profitable occupation is facilitated would not in reality pay more, perhaps not so much for the land, as when it is disposed of at a very low and almost nominal price.

Where the previous improvident alienation of large quantities of land presents an obstacle to the adoption of the system of selling land in this manner, precisely the same results are attainable by the imposition of a moderate tax upon all land whether wild or reclaimed, and applying the proceeds to the same sort of improvements. Such a tax is not felt as any practical burden upon settled land, but presents a powerful bar to the acquisition or retention of land which cannot be turned to some account.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE. Modern homage to it.—The party of Royal Sappers and Miners who are to form the "searching party to be despatched on a boat expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his party, in case no intelligence of them should reach England before next spring, embarked on board the Prince Rupert and Westminster. The detachment consists of one corporal, 2 lance corporals, and 12 privates, all of whom have been examined by Sir John Richardson, and have been selected from Woolwich, Clatham, and Sandhurst, out of a large number who volunteered for the expedition. The instructions to the party are to land at Fort Jack, and proceed to the Company's station on the McKenzie River, where they are to winter, and in the event of any unfortunate doubts still hanging over the fate of the intrepid Arctic voyagers, they will be joined by Sir John Richardson in the spring of 1848. The men are all to be vegetarians, that is, no gag or spirits will be served out to them, but they will receive double pay and rations, and will have an abundant supply of pemmican, or the dried flesh of the Buffalo. Winter dresses, prepared from the skin of the moose-deer, are also provided for them, and every provision has been made to meet the rigour of the terrible country they will have to endure. The men are all accustomed to the use of boats, which they will have in continual use on the McKenzie, and have been selected from the trades of Carpenters, Smiths &c.

Ancient homage to it.—Cyrus of Persia, when a young prince, at the court of Media, to show that there was no merit in being a good cup-bearer, took the cup from Sacas, who acted in that capacity.

King Astyages, history informs us, admitted his skill, but laughingly observed, "the young water has forgotten one thing."

"What have I forgotten?" asked Cyrus.

"To taste the wine, before you handed it to me and your mother."

"I did not forget that, but I did not choose to swallow poison."

"Poison!" exclaimed the King.

"Yes, there must be poison in the cup, for they who drink of it, sometimes grow giddy and sick and fall down."

"Then you never drink in your country!" inquired Astyages.

"Yes, but we only drink to satisfy thirst, and then a little water suffices."

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