

YOUTH'S CORNER.

HAVE I NO FATHER?

I was once in an awful storm at sea: we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks; the steam engines would work no longer: the wind raged violently; and around us was heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance; it was, that the captain's child, a little girl about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his cares and toils, to see how his child went on; and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such a time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow and bounding her eye anxiously to the door as if longing for her father's re-appearance. He was a large, bluff, sailor-like man; an immense coat, great sea-boots, and an oil-skin cap with flaps hanging down on his neck, were streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arms over her, but did not speak.

After a while, he asked if she were alarmed. "Father," the child answered, "let me be with you, and I shall not be afraid."

"With me!" he cried, "you could not stand for an instant."

"Father, let me be with you," she repeated. "My child, you would be more frightened than I," he said, kissing her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"No, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O! father, let me be with you!" and she threw her arms round his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger the father would run to his child; I was certain that were the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus, in the presence of that child, I had comforted myself, and when she went, I felt abandoned, and for the first time fearful. I rose, and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight; shuddering, I sprang back, and threw myself again on my couch.

Then came the thought; the child is content, she is with her father, and have I no father? O God, I thank thee! in that moment I could answer, Yes. An unseen Father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father whose love surmounts knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours? Oh! cries the trembling soul, the storm is fearful; the sky is hid, we walk in darkness and have no light. "Be still and know that I am God," saith the Lord; be happy, and know that God is thy Father. "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." All things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, even terrible things shall work together for good for them that love God. Tempest-tossed soul! as the child clung to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thine extremity he will appear to be with thee, or to take thee to be with him.—Episcopal Recorder.

THE CITY OF NUREMBERG.

Continued.

"Oh, look at this great fat woman," exclaimed my little son, pointing out to his sister one of a great many who were manfully guiding powerful, well fed horses harnessed to carts full of all sorts of vegetables. "Who are these?" was the question which both the children jointly addressed to me, as they were discovering one after another of these masculine women. I told them that they belonged to a body commonly denominated the "green-women;" they had preserved, without change, a peculiar dress such as probably was worn hundreds of years ago by their ancestors. Their business is to supply the market with the green produce of the garlick-country, and they have a great name for the powerful use of their tongues. Just as in Paris the "dames de la Halle" who are a class of market-women, and in London the occupiers of stalls in Billingsgate-market, so the "green-women" of Nuremberg have a singular fame as having discovered riches in their native language of which many learned scholars have no conception; if any thing is said to offend them they pour such a torrent of abuse upon the culprit as he would never have thought that there were words for.

After allowing the children a short time for the strange sights which presented themselves in the thronged streets under our window, I summoned them to accompany me on a visit to the church of Saint Sebald. They desired to know something about the Saint after whom the building is named, and I informed them that there was no lack of wonderful things told of him; but the difficulty is, to know how much of it is truth, and how much is man's invention. He is described as the son of a king of Denmark, who applied himself to meditation and prayer, instead of learning how to govern a kingdom. That would have been well, if his exercises had led him to become otherwise useful to his fellow-creatures; but it is related of him that for fifteen years he lived in the woods, solitary, imagining that he was doing God service by avoiding the society of man. He then took a journey to Rome, and the Pope received him with great favour, but bid him

go to Germany and convert the heathens to the Christian faith. Sebald went as he was told, and when he arrived on the banks of the Danube, near Ratisbon, finding no bridge, he spread his cloak over the water, and that bore him up while he walked across to the opposite shore. He proceeded as far as Nuremberg, and took up his dwelling in the woods. Before he died, he gave orders that his dead body should be placed on a wagon to be drawn by oxen: the cattle were not to be guided, but they should choose the way they would go; and where they stopped that was the place where he was to be buried. The oxen walked straight to Nuremberg and stopped at the place where now St. Sebald's church is erected. Before his body was put in the ground, a young man of a trifling disposition came near and laid hold of the Saint's beard, saying in a jesting tone; "O thou old grey-beard, what lies thou hast told people in thy life!" At this, the monks tell us, the dead body raised its arm and gave the jester such a blow as to knock one of his eyes out. That does not seem very much like the conduct of a Saint, dead or alive: but they say, the young man was so terrified that he fell upon his knees and humbly begged the Saint's pardon; upon which the corpse stretched forth its hand quite gently and fixed the humble penitent's eye into its place again.

"How were the people made to believe this?" asked my inquisitive little daughter, when I had completed this account of the Saint's mighty works.

"My dear," said I, "there are certain matters in which people are willing to be imposed upon. There was no difficulty in getting a person to report that his eye had been knocked out and had been set in again, and in getting many other people to believe it and to spread the report. By means of such fables, certain sacred places acquired a great name, and people resorted thither to say prayers and to make offerings; and they were taught to believe that they got pardon for their sins through this kind of will-worship, though their hearts remained wedded to the world, alive to every evil lust, and dead to Christ. Men will readily believe any thing that will help to give them some assurance that heaven will open to them in the end, yet so as that they be not required to get a new heart and to have a right spirit created within them."

By this time we had arrived in front of St. Sebald, and my little boy pushed his sister with his elbow, to look at the ugly face which forms the solid part of the large knocker at the entrance. This knocker has given occasion to the Nuremberg "green-women" to enrich the Vocabulary with a word of their own composition; if you should venture to tell any one of them that her cabbages are good for nothing, you would find her telling you that they must be very bad if they are not good enough for such a "knocker-of-Saint-Sebald's-face" as you.

Between the two towers on that part of the building called Saint Peter's Chapel, there is a brass image of our Saviour on the cross, such as they call crucifixes, very large; it is said to weigh eighteen hundred weight, and a beautiful piece of workmanship it is. But as to the likeness of our Saviour, which is nailed to the cross, it is not probable that he looked like that strong-built, powerful body that the workman's fancy has put there. Artists might surely let their imagination work upon other matters than this vain invention which, when they have done their best, has no truth in it. Nobody knows how our Saviour looked when he was on earth; and it seems like a judgment upon men, if they will let their vain fancy meddle with such solemn matters as these, thinking there is no harm in what they do, that others fall down before the work thus produced, and make an idol of it.

We gave a knock at the church-door; soon we heard the Sexton draw near, by whom we were admitted, and great was the astonishment of the children at the extent of the interior, the massive columns, the lofty dome, the painted windows, and the rows of old fashioned benches which occupied the wide space. But they soon inquired respecting a high square railing, ornamented with numberless little figures, which rises above the benches, and looks as if it were a building by itself, unconnected with the church into which it has found its way. "This," I told them, "is Saint Sebald's tomb; the Saint himself would never have acquired so much renown, if Peter Vischer, the great artist in brass, who lived seven hundred years after him, had not produced this piece of workmanship. He and his five sons were engaged in it during the years from 1506 to 1519. The inscription upon it declares that it was executed to the praise of the Almighty God, and in honour of the celestial prince Saint Sebald, and was paid for by the alms of the devout." I do not know how the people have been informed that the deceased is become a prince in heaven; those who invented the story of his knocking the scoffer's eye out seem hardly the kind of people to judge of the state of mind in which the poor sinner Sebald left this world: yet it depends upon this whether he has been made a priest and a king: unto God. Let us hope that he loved the truth better than those who have recorded his miracles."

We drew near enough now to observe closely the beautiful expression in the countenances of the many figures which form part of this railing around the Saint's tomb. Each of them is different from all the others, and none of them unsuited like the figure on the crucifix outside the church. The lowest row represents the twelve apostles, wrought of brass, about two feet high each; twelve ancient fathers are introduced in compartments above; seventy more figures complete the whole. The form of a coffin appears inside the railing, but the real coffin is underneath that again; it is made of silver, and contains two little boxes; in each of the boxes are found two little bags, and these bags contain the Saint's bones.

After examining this wonderful work of art, the truly devout worshipper of God will have to check his admiration and begin to inquire, what (his tomb has to do in the middle of a place of worship? The space which it occupies is required for benches to seat the hearers of God's word when they come to be instructed in the way of salvation by God's ordinance of preaching. The work was placed there at a time when, to give the people something to gaze at was counted of great importance, but to feed their souls with the bread of life, was miserably neglected. And so the tomb stands where it was fixed just on the eve of that great work which commenced in the year 1817 when Martin Luther drew the sword of the Spirit against the enemies of God's word, and engaged in the battle which restored liberty to thousands and thousands till then held in the vile slavery of ignorance and superstition.

To be concluded in our next.

CHINA.

A CHINESE NOBLEMAN'S GARDEN.—April 11th.—I accompanied some friends on a visit to the gardens of the celebrated Powtingqua, in a boat which he sent for our use, with one of his attendants to act as our guide. After proceeding about three miles in a northwest direction, we left the broad river, and sailed up a canal on our right for a few furlongs, to a summer-house, at which we disembarked. On entering the gardens, we proceeded to inspect the various attractions, passing over a number of bridges, which intersect in different parts the continuation of small lakes, of which this retreat is principally formed. These were not calculated, in their present shallow, muddy state, to add any beauty to the scene; but later in the year, especially in the month of June, they are well filled with water, and abound with lotuses, forming a beautiful carpet-like expanse of vegetation. In different parts of the ground were little summer retreats, with furniture and decorations suited to the affluent condition of the proprietor. Splendid tablets, with large inscriptions, informed the visitor of the persons of rank and influence with whom the owner of these domains had contracted, by due forms, a compact of friendship. Of these writings, one contained the united names and emblems of Ke-Ying and Powtingqua. In these little buildings the common events of the interior of Chinese families were represented by some well-executed images, performing various ridiculous scenes, in which the ladies were the principal actors. In other parts there were little curiosities, apparently the gift of some foreign visitor; and, among these a model of a steam-boat, with engine and paddles, easily worked for the purpose of explanation. Near this spot, a public notice, in tolerably correct English, informed us that the liberal proprietor wished his foreign friends to give no discourtesy to any of the attendants; but intimated the pleasure with which he would receive any present of European manufacture, as a memorial of their visit. Gold and silver pheasants, mandarin ducks, storks, peacocks, some deer, and other animals of rarity or beauty, were placed in cages along the raised walks, which led around and across the lakes. Beautiful trees, shrubs, and parterres of flowers, added their portion of variety and interest; while, again, lofty platforms, surmounting the roofs of the numerous summer-houses, afforded a prospect into the neighbouring localities.—Rev. G. Smith's Consular Cities of China.

ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT DEFERRED.—"One of the members of the table of magnates suddenly disappeared from the meetings of the Diet at Presburg; but as his hussar—his servant—was seen daily waiting for him in the ante-rooms, with the national costume, which every magnate and deputy dons before entering the assembly, no importance was at first attached to his absence. Chance at last led to the discovery that he had been murdered and cut in pieces, and that his limbs had been thrown into the Danube; from discovery to discovery—from petty indication to more glaring evidence,—it was at length proved that he had been assassinated by his own hussar. Brought to a confession, the murderer avowed that he had committed the deed for the purpose of appropriating to himself a large sum of money, at that moment in his master's possession, but with the confident expectation, if detected and convicted, of being released after 10 years' imprisonment—the term of punishment fixed by the new bill—and being then able to enjoy his ill-gotten gains for the rest of his life, since, while waiting for his master in the lobbies of the Diet-hall, he had heard the discussion upon the bill for the abolition of the punishment by death, which he had no doubt, he added, would pass the house and rescue him. The wretched man deceived himself; the bill did not pass; (this event immediately changing the whole aspect of affairs, and giving a great power into the hands of the party opposed to the bill,) and the assassin was executed."—Letters from the Danube.

THE BANASHEE STEAMER.—This newly-built Government steamer, intended for the Holyhead and Liverpool station, made last week an experimental trip down the river for the purpose of having her speed tested. Several naval officers were on board to judge for themselves if the hitherto maintained speed of eighteen and a-half miles per hour promised of her was correct. The Banashee went down the river about fourteen miles below Gravesend, and her speed, the easy motion in every part, the stiff manner in which she answered her helm when turning, and her qualities altogether, were the admiration of all on board; and she was admitted to be the fastest yet tried. The Caradoc iron steam vessel, for the same station, was reported very nearly, seventeen statute miles, and the result of the trial of the Banashee three times up and twice down gives a mean of 18.50, or eighteen and a half statute miles.

CUBA—A TERRIBLE HURRICANE!

We have received files of Matanzas papers up to the 18th of last month, which report a terrible flood at Sague and Mayari. The loss experienced in these districts is computed to amount to \$100,000. We extract the following from a letter received at Matanzas, dated,

St. Jaco, Dec. 28, 1817.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of this month, the wind began to blow from the northeast, accompanied by some rain; it continued thus till 5 o'clock, at which hour the atmosphere became thick, the wind changing from northeast to northwest, blowing with more fury, and the rain continuing until 8 o'clock of the same day, when the inhabitants began to fear some catastrophe, since the violence of the wind and the terrible continuance of the rain pronounced it such. At 1 o'clock on the night of the 17th the large Miguel Castro became swollen to an immense size, burying beneath its waters the flourishing tobacco crops that grow on its shores, and afterwards extending much further, without dykes that could detain it. The inundation of the district was almost general.

The furious wind that blew—the terrible floods that poured from the clouds—the impetuous and irresistible current of the rivers which everywhere overflowed their banks—and sorrowful peasants, wandering from one place to another, in solicitude of gathering their families and cattle, to save them from this terrible hurricane, presented a sad, though imposing picture. In this manner it continued till 5 o'clock on the morning of the 17th, when the wind ceased, and the clouds restrained their torrents. On the evening of this day the rain again poured, with redoubled fury, at midnight the rivers grew to a more dangerous size than they did the day before. The tobacco crop, the fruit, and the cattle of that district, have nearly all remained entombed in the bosom of the rivers.

With respect to personal calamities, we are unable now to give any information, for at this date the rivers have not yet regained their natural channels, and until these are fordable we can give no exact news.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

NEWSPAPERS.—Newspapers contain everything, and are found everywhere; the only difficulty is to read them. The threads of newspaper correspondence enclose the whole globe in a net-work of espionage. Nothing can happen that is not sure to get into a newspaper while it is happening and sometimes before it has happened. It is no idle bluster to say that the eyes of Europe are on you. The eyes of Europe are the newspapers of Europe; and these same eyes are on every man, woman, and child, whose lives are of the slightest interest outside their own circles. It has been beautifully said of flowers, that they start up in the most unexpected places, where there is hardly a handful of soil, and even where there is none, striking their tender, yet vigorous, roots into the crevices of the naked rock. The same thing may be said of newspapers. They seem to be sown, like certain seeds, by the caprice of the winds. Wherever there is a settlement of a dozen people, you may look out for a newspaper. The first necessity of a new population is a newspaper. It inverts sometimes the vulgar principle of political economy, which will insist that the demand produces the supply; for it happens with newspapers, every now and then, that the supply produces the demand. The newspaper of a little colony often comes into existence before the readers; some far-sighted speculator being always in advance with an article of consumption which he knows well enough will become indispensable by and by. Even New Zealand, while it was yet undergoing the early stages of an execrable experiment, had a newspaper; and Hong-Kong, where the fatality of the climate might be supposed to deter any sensible man from risking more than a month's subscription, has its Gazette.—Fraser's Magazine.

INFLUENCE OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

If you will allow a few desultory remarks in your Visitor, the attention of some may be secured to whom personal observation would be unwelcome.

I wish to refer to the low estimate too often formed of the influence of a Sunday-school Teacher upon Sunday-school scholars, and the absolute necessity of being examples to them in all that is lovely and of good report. True it is, we may have to exercise self-denial, and run counter to the habits of many who call themselves Christians. But self-denial is one characteristic of vital Christianity; and those who take upon themselves to guide and instruct the younger members of the Christian church, should be prepared, nay, desirous, so to act, as may best promote the moral and religious training of those who look to them for practical proof of faith and love.

Too many, it is to be feared, are contented with the mechanical instruction of the Sabbath, and a mechanical enforcement of the great truths of the Bible, forgetting that every child has a character to be formed; that little things form the character; and what he is trained to in youth, that will he probably be in manhood. He is thus prepared or unprepared to do his duty, in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him. If there have been implanted, by education, habits of regularity, self-control, subordination, submission to the powers that be, reverence and love for his pastor, and a systematic attention to the means of grace; then, by the help of the Holy Spirit, we may hope to introduce to future life useful and humble-minded Christians, and loyal subjects. But if the minds of children imbibe only a theoretical knowledge of these varied duties, they grow up with a correct knowledge of right and wrong; but will be found unprepared, by a well disciplined mind, to discharge aright the requirements of their station. Precept must be followed by example, or what kind of impres-

sion will be made by talking of order, attention, punctuality, if the Teacher is frequently late, or altogether absent? What weight will be attached to remarks on the Scriptural duties of contentment, and submission to the laws of our country, if Teachers solicit those for friends, or frequent the meetings of those, who under the cloak of more enlightened religious knowledge, habitually arouse and inflame the passions of their dependants and neighbours, by harangues about oppression and persecution; how many a poor man is thus prevented enjoying the comforts of his own happy home, or rejoicing in the thought, that no country under heaven breathes a purer spirit of liberty than his own! A Teacher ought to be able to inculcate respect and confidence in his pastor; but how can he do so, if his vacant place at church, without sufficient reason, bespeak his neglect of duty and indifference to instruction? Teachers should especially guard against idle curiosity and a wandering taste. It is as injurious to themselves as to their class, and a sure sign that the heart is not right with God. I have known promising young people, bidding fair to be fellow-workers with their minister, and faithful members of the invisible Church, sink into a painful state of indifference and carelessness to the growth of grace in the heart—the natural result of associating with the religious demagogue. Again, how can a Teacher talk of the impropriety and danger of a love of dress, if she herself deviates from the use of a modest and becoming attire? If our girls, ripening into womanhood, are made to gaze at a display of ribbons, feathers and flowers, it is not likely they can be prevailed upon to dress as women professing godliness, or to lay up of their earnings for a time of need. No, they will copy their Teachers; and who can wonder?

Sunday-school Teachers are not worthy the name they bear, if they cannot deny themselves for the sake of their youthful charge. This is the most efficient method of leading children to be exemplary members of our own Church; living stones of the spiritual Zion; and consistent, sober-minded members of society. The existing evils of the present day appear especially calculated to act upon the immature judgment of youth; and it is only by sound religious education they can be saved from the snares which are laid for them.—Teacher's Visitor.

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