

YOUTH'S CORNER.

THE YOUNG FISHERMEN.

In a lone cabin, on the eastern shore of Nova Scotia, lived a very poor but industrious woman, with her three sons. Her husband also lived there a part of his time, but as he was an idle man, he generally loitered day and night around a store two miles from his house. Here, among a great variety of useful goods, was also every sort of spirituous liquors, of which he was very fond. His cabin stood on a high bluff, which was worn smooth at its base, by the constant dashing of the ocean against it. His wife earned considerable by making nets for the fishermen on the coast. No doubt our young readers are aware, that much of the wealth of that country is made by sending fish to other places. Many vessels are employed in carrying away dried or preserved fish from Nova Scotia. Small villages, inhabited entirely by fishermen, lie along the sea-shore, two or three miles apart. These people are somewhat coarse in their manners, but generally honest, and temperate. The three sons of this woman were young, the oldest being but twelve, yet they were industrious and helpful. Their mother had been well educated, and amid all her cares found time to teach them to read, and to give them lessons in other branches of education. More than all, she taught them to be honest and truthful. Reduced by her husband's beastly selfishness to her present lowly life, she patiently toiled for her children, who learned from her example to bear every privation heroically. These lads were young fishermen, and every cent they earned they carried to their beloved mother. One of their favorite employments was catching wild birds, which resorted in great numbers to the rocky shore. They are highly esteemed for bait. In some seasons of the year they are more easily caught than in others, but at all times it requires much skill and perseverance to entrap them.

The winters in Nova Scotia are much colder than ours. The snow is deeper and lies longer on the earth. Clad in thick coats, these boys cared little for the cold. They liked the deep snow, of which they made gigantic men and horses.

One very cold evening in mid-winter, their mother sat by her fire, waiting, and thinking of her sons who had gone in their boat to scull some nets, and staid longer than usual.

Her husband was stretched in drunken slumber in one corner of the room. In the other stood a small table, but the humble meal upon it was still untouched, for the good mother waited for her children to share it with her. She arose and looked out of the window. It was snowing, and she could not see the ocean, the flakes fell so large and thickly. The wind shook the casements roughly. Every thing around betokened one of those terrible snow storms so common in that dreary country. As evening deepened into night, the anxious mother walked the floor, trembling for her children. The huge logs crackled on the hearth, but their ruddy light shone not on the bright countenances of her sons. Once she tried to arouse her husband, but in vain; he lay, like a corpse, in his drunken stupor. Turning bitterly from him, the poor woman threw on her cloak, and hurried down to the shore. She paused to listen for the stroke of their oars, but the booming waves alone answered her. The sea-gull was screaming from amid the pointed rocks which were already white with snow. On she hurried to the nearest village. Blinded by the snow, and half frozen with the intense cold, she entered one of the cabins, two miles from her own. But she heard no tidings of her children. In vain the kind woman entreated her to return and wait for them. The men of this village were all absent; so, alone and sad, the half-frantic mother faced the storm again, and hurried to the next hamlet. The snow was rapidly falling, and the air seemed congealed. Love had so far given strength to her heart and frame, but nature at last yielded. She sank exhausted on the snow.

Next morning the drunkard awoke. He was cold, so he arose to call his wife, but his cabin was tenantless. The fire was dying on the hearth, and the beds were undisturbed. The table was still in the corner, and a large cat, a family pet, sat in a chair by it, patiently waiting to be fed. He saw something was amiss; so he walked as fast as he could to the store, to inquire after his family. We will leave him there, and return to his three sons. They had gone some ten miles to one of the larger hamlets, to dispose of their nets. Here several vessels were anchored to receive a supply of fish. Pleased with the boys, one of the captains took them on board, and presented each with a nice book, besides some other articles.

On returning to their boat, they found that the sky had been suddenly overcast and that a storm was approaching. They made all haste to reach home before it came on, but in spite of their exertions it overtook them, and they were obliged to steer at random through the storm, for the land was not visible from the sea. They perceived that they were in imminent peril, but faltered not. Their garments, although warm, were but a poor defence against the atmosphere of such a night. At last, much exhausted, they determined to steer as well as they could for the shore, and soon had the pleasure of hearing the keel grate on the sand. They were obliged to wade through the water some distance, and the youngest declared he could go no further. There was a deserted cabin near by. Its tall chimneys loomed up in the dark, and were hailed by the older boys with delight. They carried the youngest there, but knew not that he was dying. Wet to the skin and faint with toil, the poor boys lay down close to each other to keep warm. Alas!

one was already cold in death. The eldest felt his icy cheek with his hand, and proposed to the other to place him between them, one under and the other over him. They did so, and they spoke tenderly to him as they had heard their mother speak. "A little while," whispered one, "we will be rested, and then will walk on." Even while he spoke, that fatal drowsiness, which precedes death, and mitigates its pain, was creeping over him. In one hour these children of the sea were bound in icy slumber.

Night had nearly waned. The storm was rapidly abating. The moon peered through the drifting clouds, and rested on the lonely cabin in which lay the young sleepers. Suddenly voices broke the solemn hush around. Torches flickered in the lulling wind, and, foremost of a group of men, a stalwart form bent to raise the body of a woman, from which the snow had drifted. With a murmur of sorrow, the group pressed forward, and recognized the anxious mother who had left their village a few hours before.

Just then one of them espied the boat lying not far from the cabin. They shudderingly approached that deserted house, hopeless of finding the lost ones there. Beautiful in death, they found the young fishermen on the frozen floor, the youngest lying between his brothers. At one glance the seekers read the whole story, and brushed aside the tears that fell with unwonted rapidity. One mere effort would have brought the mother to her boys, and they might have laid down to sleep together. It was not to be. They raised the dead, and slowly walked homeward. In a few hours the wretched husband and parent stood by his family, who had perished while he lay impotent in drunken sleep.

The cabin on the cliff has been long deserted, but near by a huge black stone marks the spot where sleeps the mother with her young children by her side.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

THE TRUE SACRIFICE.

A poor penitent Israelite came up to worship before the Lord, who had just risen from a sick bed, where he had lingered for many months, longing and fainting for the courts of the Lord. He could scarcely sustain his tottering limbs; but he came with the people that kept holy day, to witness the morning sacrifice. He heard those delightful words: "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it. Thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise." They were like a cordial to his sinking spirit. The service was finished. One after another brought his sacrifice, and was accepted and dismissed; but the penitent had none! At length he drew near, and prostrated himself before the priest. "What wilt thou, my son?" said the venerable man. "Hast thou an offering?" "No, father; the last night, a poor widow and her children came to me, and I had nothing to give her but the two young pigeons, which were ready for sacrifice." "Bring, then, an ephah of fine flour." "Nay, my father; but this day my sickness and poverty had left only enough for my own starving children, and I have not even an ephah of flour." "Why, then, art thou come to me, my son?" "I heard them sing, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.' Will he not accept mine? God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The old priest was melted, and the tear started in his eye as he lifted up the feeble man from the ground. He laid his hand upon his head. "Blessed be thou, my son! Thine offering is accepted. It is better than thousands of rivers of oil. Jehovah make his face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace."—*Christian Witness.*

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Continued.

The sun had gone down; the two neighbours bid the Squire good night, and walked along to their cottages. The blacksmith's was the nearer of the two, and the shoemaker was easily persuaded to step in, together with his neighbour, as it was not unlikely he would find his wife or daughter there, waiting for his return. As they looked in at the open door, they saw the three boys very busy, and they had already heard them to be rather loud. "Tom, let me have the scissors."—"I can't, Jim; I haven't done yet."—"I am sure, you have had them long enough—I must have them."—"Indeed you shan't, until I have done."—"Jim, I want the paste-brush."—"Don't give it him, Tom; I will let you have the scissors in a moment, if you give me the brush."—"Their father stepped forward in time to prevent the quarrel which was ready to break out: but the job which they were about seemed to be at a stand. They were engaged in pasting little pictures of horses, dogs, trees, soldiers, and shepherds upon bonnet-boards; also cutting out some that had become dry already; and there was only one pair of scissors and one brush between the three boys. Their father threatened to take all the material away from them, if they could not work peaceably together; but the shoemaker sat down close to the table, and offered to put them into a way of doing the work without any quarrel, much more neatly, and with greater despatch. "Now you, Jack, take the scissors and cut out the pictures which are dry; you, Jim, take the brush and lay on the paste on the back of these pictures; and you, Tom, stand with the bonnet board before you, and your fingers all ready to take the pictures out of his hand, and stick them on." Mr. Preston was a great favourite with the boys; for they had learned from him the knack of doing a great many little things, and it was he that had furnished the paste and brush with which they were just then working. His orders were readily obeyed, the factory was immediately at work; and it went on at a great rate with the very best of temper.

The blacksmith looked on, very thoughtfully, till a short silence in the boys' talk gave him an opportunity of remarking to his neighbour: "I think, Mr. Preston, you have now taught me to know another source of a nation's wealth."—"What is that, neighbour?" asked the shoemaker. "Perhaps we may call it division of labour," replied the blacksmith. "To keep these three boys peaceably employed without the division which you have ordered, it would require three scissors and three brushes, for one thing; and with the laying down of one tool, and taking up the other—doing a little of one kind of work, and then doing a little of the other—I can perceive that the work would be done neither so quickly nor so well as they are doing it now. I think, there is a deal in that, neighbour."

"You seem to be right, Mr. Quim," said the shoemaker, after a few moments' thought; "and it is a funny thing that I should have taught you knowledge which I myself did not possess. While I was walking homewards from farmer Coley's, I had a wish in my heart to give my time to the tilling of my ground, like the farmers around me; make boots and shoes for myself and family alone, but let my neighbours shift as well as they can, for that kind of article. It did not strike me immediately that, in that case, you, for instance, might take it into your head to do the same thing; I should then have to repair my locks, make my door-latches, and shoe my horse; and banging jobs I should make of them, I am sure, even if I did not actually lame the horse, and get the house robbed, long before I have made the lock to answer again."

"Take into consideration, moreover," said the blacksmith, "that you would require a complete set of tools, bellows and all; the greater part of these would be of no manner of use to you all the year round, and the remainder would be of very little use, considering how few the jobs which you have to do. Yet all the while you would not be sure of the particular tools you might have occasion for, and therefore you would require the complete set, to be prepared for any thing that may happen; even as I would have to keep the complete set of tools belonging to your trade, and so both you and I would require, each of us, the joiner's, the bricklayer's, the tinner's tools—in fact there would be no end to it. But, then, I should not get my hand in, properly, to any one of these trades, having to exercise them only, once in a while, for my own use. I should spend a great deal of time upon my work, and do it badly after all. We all should be worse clad, worse fed, worse lodged, with much more labour than that which now furnishes all the comforts by which we are surrounded."

"It would be, I am afraid," resumed the shoemaker, "a step back into savage life; and that not only as regards our material comforts, but also in respect of our moral standing. If no one of us needed his neighbour for an exchange of the produce of his labour, our tempers and passions would miss an influence which controls them now. Thousands of bonds which now knit us together and lay restraints upon the fierce demands of self-will would cease to exist; and in the pride of independence we should resent every offence that we might fancy to have been committed against us. What a state would this neighbourhood be in, by the time we old folks are gone, and these boys are grown up to take our places?"

"We might even look far beyond this neighbourhood, Mr. Preston," observed the blacksmith, "and contemplate the bearing of rude nations one towards another. At first, we might imagine they would only keep in a state of proud separation; but things would occur, on the borders of their territories, to excite passions, and neither would give way to the other. Nothing but warfare and destruction could ensue; and that which was thought to be particularly favourable to a state of independence, would result in the slavish subjection of the vanquished party to the other."

The boys' work was all finished. Mrs. Preston's voice had made itself heard inquiring after her husband, at the cottage gate. The neighbours bid each other good night; all the boys thanked Mr. Preston for the knack of working pleasantly together which he had taught them, and they separated with the kindest of feelings one towards another.

To be continued—perhaps—or not—we cannot tell.

HEAT.

The principal source of heat is the sun. There are others, such as friction, concussion, and the combination of several bodies. If you mix water with spirits of wine or with some acid, such as oil of vitriol, heat will be produced by the combination. If you take half a pint of each of these liquids, the mixture will not amount to a pint; one of the two substances then has penetrated the other, the heat which both of them contained has been compressed within a smaller space and, being released, makes itself perceptible. A piece of wood, set on fire, sends forth heat, because a combination has been formed between particles of the wood and a portion of the surrounding air. Thus if you could weigh the ashes, the smoke, and every thing that has been produced or separated during the burning of a piece of wood, you would find that the entire weight is more than that of the piece of wood itself: nothing, therefore, has been lost; it has all been returned to nature for the purpose of assisting the vegetation of new plants. The heat of animals arises from their breathing and their digestion; the lungs absorb a portion of air, the stomach a portion of food, whereby they effect a sort of combustion which furnishes, at one and the same time, the heat and the food, destined to restore the substance which the body loses; by exercise, and the heat which the exterior air draws from it.

Blacksmiths light a match upon a piece of iron, violently struck while it is cold. Savages procure fire by briskly rubbing two pieces of wood one against the other. The wheels of carts have to be greased, to diminish the friction, and to prevent their taking fire.

Heat always seeks to restore an equilibrium; that is to say, to pass from the body which has the most, to that which has the least.

Cold is not a particular fluid: it is only the abstraction of heat. The sensation of cold is produced upon the hand, by the passage of heat from the hand to the colder body which it touches; a piece of iron appears colder than a piece of wood, because iron abstracts heat faster than wood does. The sensation of heat is caused by the transmission of heat to the hand. If a person for some time holds one hand in warm water, and the other in cold water, and then suddenly immerses them both together in luke-warm water, the two sensations of cold and heat will be experienced at one and the same time.

Heat renders the majority of bodies liquid; but some require more heat than others. Water is a liquid in ordinary temperature, but it turns into ice, when a certain part of its heat is abstracted. Metals become liquid only in a high temperature.

Heat increases the size of bodies, and these, in becoming cool, return to their former state. Wheelwrights apply this principle, when they cause the rim of a wheel to be laid on while hot; the iron, in becoming cool, contracts, and binds the parts surrounded by it more closely together. Porous bodies do not conduct heat so well as those which are not so. It is for this reason, that a garment made of wool is warmer in winter, and cooler in summer, than one of linen. It is for the same reason that handles of wood are put to certain metal utensils.

Liquids are not good conductors of heat, and it is difficult to warm them, unless heat be applied at the bottom of the vessel in which they are contained. When that is done, the heated portion expands, becomes lighter, rises to the surface, and makes room for others which get heated in their turn.

The air around the stove in any room is acted upon in the same manner: hence people incorrectly say, that "heat always rises."

The colour and the surface of bodies have their influence also upon the movement of the heat. White absorbs heat, and transmits it, less rapidly than black; a polished body much less rapidly than a dull one. The snow, consequently, though it prevents the earth from being warmed by the sun-beams, prevents the earth in a much greater degree, from freezing at so great a depth as it would otherwise do. A white house is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than a dark-coloured one. A liquid cools less rapidly in a vessel of polished metal than in one with a rough surface. A piece of polished tin secures a wooden partition better against the heat of a stove than a thin iron plate would do.

Liquids heated to a certain degree are rapidly converted into steam, and can also be condensed again, that is, brought back to their former state, by cooling. This property is turned to account for the purposes of the steam-engine. The same also, in cooking, tends the minute vessels which contain the various juices of plants; makes them mix together, and thus gives them properties which in their separate state they did not possess. How great the difference between a raw potatoe, and the same vegetable cooked!

It is not the same degree of heat that suffices to convert every kind of liquid into steam; hence it is possible, by a suitable apparatus for distilling, to separate different liquids one from another, applying different degrees of temperature for the purpose.—*Translated from Aubin's Chimie Agricole.*

NEW BORING MACHINE.

An attempt is now making at East Boston, on a grand scale, by boring, to procure a supply of water sufficient for the necessities of that section of the metropolis. Mr. Higgins, the engineer, has devised a new instrument for drilling down through all opposition, unlike any tool in ordinary use for a similar purpose. He has abandoned the common earth-auger, the handle of which is lengthened from time to time by locking on a succession of iron rods, turned by a winch and by hand power. His invention is essentially as follows:—A cast iron tube, 8 inches in diameter, 10 feet, or thereabouts in length, is armed at one end with two prodigiously strong chisels, and just above them is an ingeniously devised valve. At the other extremity is a wrought iron handle, fastened to which is a stout, short-linked chain, to raise it up and down. When in action, it operates upon the principle of a common chopping-knife, so familiar in mince pie manipulations. The engine raises it and then lets it fall, like the perpendicular movement of the dasher in the obsolete method of churning butter. As the bits of stone or other materials accumulate every time the massive tube drops, they are forced up into the tube and retained. Finally, when enough has been chopped to fill the cylinder of the drill—the name given it—the engine draws it to the surface to be emptied. The cost of the one Mr. Higgins is labouring with, was six hundred dollars.—*Christian Witness.*

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.

The *Auxiliaire Breton* publishes a letter from Oran, giving the following details of the treatment of the French prisoners during their captivity in the Deira of Abd-el-Kader, and the manner in which their exchange was effected:—"During the first eight months they suffered but little, having their share with the Arabs in the distribution of barley, wheat, coffee, sugar, and meat. After that period provisions became scarce in the Emir's camp, and they had to sustain great privations; the officers received nothing but wheat, and the

soldiers barley. At the same time, however, they travelled but short distances, never going beyond a circuit of 30 or 40 leagues. One day they were marched off precipitately, and the next they learned that General Cavaignac's column had passed within two leagues of the camp. This General frequently transmitted for them money and letters from their families. These Abd-el-Kader scrupulously had delivered to them, sealed as they came, and exacted receipts for them. They were allowed three or four hours to read their letters, after which the chief who had delivered them took them back again, and carried them to the Emir, who detained them in his hands three or four days, and then finally restored them. If they wrote in answer, Abd-el-Kader undertook to convey their letters to General Cavaignac, whose receipt for them was brought and given to M. de Cognord. This system was kept up regularly until the time when the negotiation for an exchange of prisoners was entered upon. All articles of clothing sent for the captives were delivered to them with the same exactitude. At the latter part of the time the Deira was encamped near Morocco, and a few days' march from Melilla, a Spanish fortress. Communication took place between the chiefs of the Emir and the commandant of this place. One day a Kalifa addressed M. de Cognord, saying, 'We have no longer the means of feeding you and your men. If you will swear not to tell Abd-el-Kader, I will undertake for your being set at liberty on my receiving 12,000 piastres.' 'You know,' replied the Colonel, 'that I have no such sum.' 'I will give you time to write to France, and receive an answer.' 'I am not rich enough to pay it, nor can the whole of my family raise so much money.' 'But France is rich.' 'Nevertheless I cannot apply for such a sum.' 'Then you are liable from day to day to have your heads cut off.' 'Murder us if you will. We cannot help ourselves.' The overtures were renewed the next day by the Kalifa, who asked Colonel Cognord how much he could give. The Colonel replied, 'Half what you ask.' At the end of 12 days the bargain was concluded. A letter was written to Oran, which placed it reached through Melilla. General D'Arbouville listened to the Treasury. The responsible accountant refused to pay the money. 'I offer you my signature as your guarantee,' added the General. 'I cannot accept it,' was the reply. 'Then I will blow up the military chest.' An hour afterwards a colonel of the staff came to the Treasury with 12 men. This there was no resisting. The money was paid, and the *Velocite* immediately started with it.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

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