

Point's Corner.

THE QUART OF MILK.

We were at housekeeping. I really then had a house of my own, a home of my own, a spot, wherein I could sit quietly down, with no painful foreboding for the future. There were the sitting room and kitchen, adorned with all their appropriate furniture, nor were the rocking-chair and work-table which occupied an especial place for me in the parlour, my husband's first gift to his wife, more interesting or valuable than the bright tin quart and pint dipper, and pail, and pans, that shone upon the shelves of the pantry. I remember going silently around, opening this closet, admiring the effect of the china, peeping into the flour barrel, egg-basket and tea-caddy, with a secret delight at their all being at my own disposal. Charming is the young housekeeper's first introduction to her household duties, when every thing is fresh and clean and new, and our little yellow milk pails too! how invitingly they looked. Every morning was heard the little knock of the little girl, at the back door, bearing in her hand, our pint of rich, sweet milk. And then how I poured it into its yellow pan, with almost as much pride as the dairy-woman from her ten quart pail. How many purposes were answered from that single pint! milk for our tea, cream for our coffee, breakfast for puss, to say nothing of an occasional pudding. Our pint was perennial, always a supply, always enough; extra milk was quite unthought of. It regulated our wants and our wants regulated it; they kept pace with each other, and we were as contented as could be. Time passed on, and with it the enlargement of our means: with the enlargement of our means, an enlargement of our wants: our pint swelled to a quart.

'Oh what can I do with a quart!' I exclaimed, setting aside the little yellow pan, and filling a larger, full to the brim. Cream, custards, cakes, and pudding danced in abundance before me. I ran to the cook-book to look over the page, headed, 'Rich Puddings.' 'It is so delightful to have enough to do with!' cried I, wondering for the moment how I had ever been able to get along with the little yellow pan full, only a pint!

'I thought you would like some cream on your baked apples, James—is it not delicious! there is a plenty of it,' and I generously poured from my cream pitcher, over my husband's plate. He agreed that it was delicious, a perfect luxury!

'And these cakes! the best Jenny ever made, sour milk cakes! after all there is nothing like sour milk for cakes,' so I expatiated on the cakes.

The next morning's breakfast came as come it will. The fragrance of the Java was enough to whet the poorest appetite. My husband was fond, fastidiously fond of his coffee, and I took particular pleasure in noting the rich brown of his cup, the two liquids gracefully intermingling, the clear white of the one, and the deep brown of the other. Now for the first time our pitcher felt empty. I peered in. Behold a few drops of blue milk, ebbing at the bottom. I dare say my cheek crimsoned at Jenny's negligence, not to remember so common a thing as the cream! 'That's all, my dear,' answered she, 'you used the rest yesterday.' 'What! my quart disappear like that! True, I used the cream for tea, but was there not enough for morning, too?' 'When you find no milk for breakfast, get an extra pint the night before, Jenny,' I said. We drank our coffee with skimmed milk, an unthought-of thing before, in our little family.

'I will help filling up Jenny's oven,' I thought one day, 'yes, I will make one of those rich puddings and a loaf of cake from mother's receipt—yes, I will do it, as now we have a plenty of milk,' and to work I went with greatest animation; success heightened it, nor was it in the least degree damped until tea time, when James rushed in, pleading for supper as soon as possible, some committee meeting was already waiting for him. To the usual half hour for getting tea, was added, super-added another quarter of an hour. He looked at his watch impatiently. 'How is this, we are getting late?' he said, as husbands have a right to say when things are getting far out of season, and which they quite imperiously say, when it happens in this way with their meals. A second look at the watch, I called him to tea, through sheer shame, though it was not yet ready. Jenny had gone to buy some milk! also, what stand could my cake expect to make against this want of punctuality, especially on a committee-meeting night.

'Ah! it never happened so when we had our pint!' I involuntarily sighed.

A friend, my husband's dear, good old Mrs. ——— dropped in one afternoon, saying she meant to return and take an early tea with us.

'Now I will make something good for tea, it is so long since she has been here,' was the generous suggestion, which sprung up in my heart. 'Whaffles? yes, whaffles it shall be, besides James is so fond of them, and as we have a plenty of milk, too.' Away I flew to the store, meaning to prepare them myself, not caring to entrust so delicate an operation to Jenny. Behold me, busy enough, sitting floor, beating eggs or gathering together divers articles for the mixing. 'Now for the milk, Jenny!' I exclaimed brightly, already in prospect of seeing my husband's eyes rest complacently upon a delicious dish of whaffles, smoking on the tea-table. Jenny hesitated. 'Run, Jenny, run, but don't spill it. I suppose the pan is nearly full.' Jenny obeyed, but returned with rapid step, 'she will spill that milk! Jenny is so careless!' I was inwardly murmuring, when the pan was thrust into my face, and Jenny said, 'it's just as I was a thinking—you took it to put with the other milk to make the custards

for a dinner.' 'Ah, I ejaculated, dolefully surveying the scanty remains in the very bottom of the pan, 'not even enough for tea!'

'No, ma'am, you told me to get the bowl full, and this is all that's left, you know!' Yes, I know now—but did it take all! the quart gone already!

'Run then, and try to buy some in the neighbourhood, enough for the whaffles and enough for tea—a quart more, none too much, be quick Jenny!' 'Two quarts then it will be!' Jenny said, and left me looking at the subsiding froth of my eggs.

'How is this?' I moralized, 'How is this? the first quart used to answer wonderfully well, and now with our quart, we never have enough—always out, it seems to me! two quarts will hardly satisfy us! ah, I see now, how it is—yes, I see it!—the more we have, the more we want,' yes, yes, that is the fact! and I sighed over the great truth, forcibly illustrated by so humble a thing as a quart of milk.

Never a truer saying, and how much do we see of it every day. Is not this the secret of many a stunted contribution, of many a family irritation and many a difficulty in business; with increasing means, come increasing wants; the wants very apt to outrun the means, as they most assuredly will, if not stoutly kept at bay.

Are there not thousands living in fine houses, dressed in fine dresses, who are literally poor, pinched for money to pay this debt and that, and all because their artificial wants have got the upper hand of them; as soon as one is gratified, another starts up, clamoring to be satisfied.

We sometimes wonder why people apparently doing well, fore-handed people as we have considered them, are so often unable to meet emergencies, or answer the calls of benevolence. 'We can't afford it,' they plead, and we smile at the evasion: in fact it is no evasion; it is true: they have already spent everything upon themselves, for what they imagine fashion, or their standing, or popularity, or necessity demanded of them; and the more they spend, the more they may spend and must spend. It is certainly a nice line to draw around our families, that boundary line between the calculations of prudence and the demand of imaginary wants; it is a line that ought to be drawn and strictly adhered to, and for two reasons.

First, that we may enjoy a comfortable independence. Notwithstanding all that is said about the abundant advantages of our country and the strength of our ruling passion, the love of money, it is yet true, that the great mass of us are forced to struggle to keep above board, and scarcely do so with all our struggling. How is this; not for lack of energy, or facilities, is it? We cannot think so; rather is it not to be found in a want of business tact in taking care of what we have got? we lavish it away; when we have a pint, full and sufficient, we think it is time for the quart. The quart spends itself quickly enough, and needs the extra aid of another, or two or three: so it goes.

Secondly, in order to lend friendly aid to others, when solicited. Perhaps there never was a time when we are more called upon to help our neighbour than at present, and to do so, through more efficient instrumentalities. Bible societies, tract societies, peace, temperance, missionary, charitable, humane, all ask our co-operation, for the advancement of human good. Shall we withhold our hand? shall we give stintedly, vastly disproportionate to our apparent means and the greatness of the object? no! yet we often blush that we are compelled to do so, and our friends blush for us that our example is at variance with our profession. Ah, the fact is, we are on the quart; keep to your pint, if you would be independent or enjoy the satisfaction of a liberal and generous spirit.—Boston Record.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WEB.

There is no vice in man, whereof there is not some analogy in the brute creatures; as amongst us men, there are thieves by land, and pirates by sea, that live by spoil and blood; so is there in every kind amongst them variety of natural shavers; the hawk in the air, the pike in the river, the whale in the sea, the lion, and tiger, and wolf in the desert, the wasp in the hive, the spider in our window. Amongst the rest, see how cunningly this little Arabian hath spread out his tent for prey; how heedfully he watches for a passenger; so soon as ever he hears the noise of a fly afar off, how he hastens to his door, and if that silly heedless traveller do but touch upon the verge of that unsuspected walk, how suddenly doth he seize upon the miserable booty; and after some strife, binding him fast with those subtle cords, drags the helpless captive after him into his cave. What is this but an emblem of those spiritual freebooters, that lie in wait for our souls: they are the spiders, we the flies; they have spread their nets of sin: if we be once caught, they bind us fast, and hale us into hell.

O Lord, deliver thou my soul from their crafty ambushes; their poison is greater, their webs both more strong, and more insensibly woven; either teach me to avoid temptation, or make me to break through it by repentance. O let me not be a prey to those fiends that lie in wait for my destruction.—Bishop Hall.

THE ROYAL CITIES OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

The most ancient of the Cyprian capitals was Amathuntum, of Phœnician origin, whose importance was such, that Eratosthenes, the chief of the Museum of Alexandria, wrote its history in many books. This work, however, is lost, and few authentic facts are known, respecting the city: but it possessed a famous temple, dedicated to Venus, where the worship of that goddess was celebrated, under circumstances

which we have no disposition to repeat, but which will forever tarnish with infamy the memory of the licentious Cypriots. It is indeed hardly credible that the orgies, which the ancient historians describe in all their revolting nakedness, should not merely be tolerated in any civilized community, but that their observance should be enforced as a religious duty, to propitiate divinities controlling the human destiny. It is a melancholy proof of the insufficiency of reason to check the force of the passions.

In the temple of Adonis, at Amathuntum, was left, as a precious relic, the famous collar of Euphilus given by Hercules to Heronion, the wife of Cadmus. And one of the local traditions made this city the place of the temporary residence of Theseus and of Ariadne, and of the death and burial of the latter. Richard Cœur de Lion, in his conquest of Cyprus, destroyed Amathuntum, whose ruins yet exist, and make part of the little seaport town of Limasol.

Another of these cities was Paphos. Its foundation ascends to a period anterior to the capture of Troy, and contemporaneous probably with Danaus, Cadmus, and Cecrops, and with the migration of the Phœnician and Egyptian colonies to Greece. It was built upon the river Aphrodites, where Venus and Adonis bathed; and it was at the mouth of this stream that the Paphian goddess first reached the land, after her birth upon the waves. In the course of time the city fell into decay, and a new Paphos was built at some distance; but the former preserved its sanctity, and was visited in an annual solemn procession, which was yet maintained in the time of Sirabo.

The independence of the temple was preserved in the family of Cyniras, the founder of the city, till the conquest of the island by the Romans, when Cato, the Proconsul, offered this charge to Ptolemy, as a situation at once honourable and lucrative.

To the north of Amathuntum was Citium, the site of which is now occupied by Larnaca, the most important port of the island. This city claimed a Phœnician origin, and even the honour of being founded by Belus, called by some the father of Pygmalion. But it may claim a higher and a surer honour, as the birth-place of Zeno, the founder of the Stoics. His is one of the most illustrious names of antiquity. Driven by a shipwreck into the Pærus, he studied the institutions of the little republic whose hospitality he received, and wrote a book which contained the result of his observations.

He then established a school, and soon found himself surrounded with disciples, to whom he taught his doctrines. The empire which this sect acquired over the opinions of mankind, is one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the human mind. Almost all antiquity, and many able writers, down to our days, have considered its philosophy, or rather its speculations, as the highest effort of reason; and one of the brightest ornaments of French literature has lamented its destruction, or more truly, its oblivion, as one of the misfortunes in the progress of intellect. As generally happens in speculative philosophy, the doctrines of the master were more rational than those of his disciples. Those who succeeded him in the direction of the school, refined upon the legacy he left, and pushed his principles farther than he contemplated. He taught, as a fundamental axiom, that true felicity consists in a life absolutely agreeable to nature and reason. There was sufficient latitude, indeed, for difference of opinion in the enunciation of this principle. But his successors, with academic pride and subtlety, maintained as a corollary, that a virtuous man might be happy in the midst of the greatest misery and torment. They acknowledged but one God, who was the soul of the universe, which they considered as the body, and both together as a perfect being. This arrant nonsense passed in the Old World for the perfection of reason: the Creator of all things was incorporated with his own works, and these formed part of their Maker. Apathy, or indifference to external circumstances, was the greatest virtue: and physical sufferings were to be so conquered by moral reflections, that the bed of roses of the Mexican Emperor would cease to be a reproach to a feeble follower. The truth is, that ancient metaphysics were a strange mixture of sublime rhapsodies and of puerile absurdities.

After Citium came Mafium, of which little is known. It was destroyed in the time of the Greek kings of Egypt.

But the history of Salamis, now Famagosta, has been much better preserved. It filled an important part in the annals of the island. Tradition says its foundation was laid by Teucer, the brother of Ajax Telamon, who, having been driven from his little kingdom of the isle of Salamis, near Athens, by his father Telamon, because he did not avenge the death of his brother, sailed for Cyprus, with many Greek adventurers who had followed his standard at the siege of Troy, and many captives whom the subjugation of that unfortunate city had put in his power, and established himself at this place. In process of time it became the most important city of the island, and was the last stronghold of the Venetian power.

Upon the northern coast of Cyprus, looking towards the rugged shores of Caramania, were two cities,—Lapathos, claiming Belus for its founder, and Soli. Little is, however, known of them. Plutarch says that each was the capital of a kingdom. Soli, however, is interesting as the residence of Solon, who dwelt here for some time, while seeking wisdom in foreign travel. He became attached to his king, Cypranor, and wrote an eulogy to his memory. Its name is preserved in our word, solacism, which we have borrowed from the Greek, and which owes its origin to the barbarous pronunciation of the inhabitants of this city.

The eighth capital was Kutri, situated in the interior, of which little but the name is known.

The last was Carpassium, upon the eastern extremity of the island, whose origin ascends to the heroic times, and which claims Pygmalion for its founder. Who has not heard of his beautiful statue, and of the miracle by which Venus endowed it with life?

These were the nine royal cities of Cyprus, the capital of its kingdoms, which attest its former power and opulence, and whose ruins now tell the story of its degradation. According to Diodorus and Herodotus, the Cypriots preserved their national independence till the time of Amasis, king of Egypt, whose power they recognized. The predecessor of this prince, the Aprius of the Greeks, and Pharaoh Hopher of the Scriptures, had landed in Cyprus, and ravaged its cities, carrying away with him an immense booty.—General Cass.

MODEL PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES, LONDON.

The model establishment of the committee for promoting the erection of baths and wash-houses among the labouring classes was yesterday opened for the inspection of subscribers. The establishment is situated in Goulston-square, Whitechapel, in the midst of a poor and densely-populated district, containing some of the dirtiest streets and most wretched dwellings in the metropolis. It is gratifying to find that the advantages of these public baths and wash-houses are already highly appreciated by the humbler classes of the neighbourhood, for whose benefit they were chiefly designed. The establishment contains 100 baths, and 1-0 washing chambers for the washing and drying of Linen. The baths are allotted in equal numbers to men and women, each sex having a separate entrance. There is no common plunging bath, every bather having a separate chamber, the walls of which are seven feet high, and covered over with an iron net-work at the top, so that the utmost privacy will be secured. There are 31 of these chambers under one roof in the second class baths, the height of the roof being about 15 feet. Each room is lighted by panes of thick ground-glass, which admit daylight through the roof, and at night by a plentiful supply of gas. The walls and door of each bathing chamber are composed of very large pieces of slate painted black and rubbed over with boiling oil. The floor is also of slate throughout. The baths are made of cast iron, and are afterwards lined with a white enamel, which possesses the double advantage of being easily cleaned from all impurities and of presenting a smooth surface to the person of the bather. The baths contain each from seventy to eighty gallons, and may be supplied indifferently with hot or cold water from the same aperture. Each chamber, both in the first and second class, is supplied with a looking-glass, hooks whereon to hang the bather's clothes, a wooden seat, and a rope suspended over the bath, by which the person bathing can lift himself out of the water, &c. The baths are 2ft. 6in. in depth. Due provision is made for ventilating the bathing chambers. The charges of admission to the first class baths are 3d. cold, with the use of two towels, and 6d. warm, with three towels. To the second class baths the admission is 1d. cold, with one towel, and 2d. warm, with two towels. The first class bathing chambers are carpeted and the passages to them are laid down with cocoa nut matting. The preference is almost universally given to the warm baths by bathers of all classes, the cold baths being but seldom demanded, even during the present sultry weather. Of 100 bathers the other evening, we were informed that only seven used the cold baths. The baths are now open every week-day evening, for the use of male bathers, and after Monday, the 26th inst. they will be open from 5 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night. The baths for the women, and the wash-houses are not yet quite ready. When the establishment is completed it will include half a dozen vapour baths and 16 shower baths. The wash-houses are admirably contrived, and will prove of incalculable benefit to the poorer families in the neighbourhood. Each washing-chamber is about 4 feet 8 inches by 3 feet 8 inches, and the division walls, which are of slate, are about seven feet high. The floor is also slated; every chamber contains a small wooden boiler, in which the clothes may be boiled, and which will be kept at the boiling point by a constant supply of steam and hot water, under the control of the person washing. Close to the boiler is another wooden tub, a little larger, in which the clothes will be washed. They will afterwards be placed upon a "horse," and drawn up by means of a windlass into a small drying chamber, a large air-tight aperture in the wall over each chamber, where they will be exposed to a constant current of hot air, and in which the process of drying will be effected in about 10 or 15 minutes. These drying chambers are lined with galvanized iron to retain the heat. The great object which the committee have kept in view appears to have been to secure complete privacy for the poor women who may resort to the establishment, so that they may not be deterred from availing themselves of its advantages by any apprehensions that their tattered or ragged attire may be seen by their neighbours. From the first stage to the last every article is under their own eye and can be seen by no one else. Chambers a little larger in size than the rest are provided expressly for washing blankets, counterpanes, and sheets, and they will be furnished with an apparatus for "wringing" these articles—a severe operation, which, it is well known, often causes strains in the wrists of the washer-woman. The rate of payment for the use of the washing chambers is not yet fixed, but it will probably be 2d an hour for the first hour, and 1d per hour afterwards. The building is furnished with a neat little steam engine of five-horse power, by means of which the hot and

cold water is raised and sent along the pipes &c. The building altogether, including baths and wash-houses, will, it is expected, cost about £10,000, including the ground and fittings. The committee have been obliged to borrow £5,000 beyond the amount of subscriptions already received, and they state that they are still in want of funds to complete the fitting up.—London Times, July 19.

EXPERIMENTS AT WOOLWICH.—Some very interesting experiments are now being made at Woolwich on the comparative strength of guns of different construction, in order to ascertain the most effective distribution of a given weight of metal. The guns now under trial are 32 pounders, weighing just 50 cwt. each. Two of these guns have been fired till they burst, and the result is as follows:—Mr. Monk's gun stood altogether 130 rounds, the charges progressively increasing from 8lbs. of powder with two shot and two wads, to 12lb. of powder, with three shot and three wads; and it burst on the 131st round. The gun of Col. Dundas's pattern stood 110 rounds, with similar progressively increasing charges; and it burst on the 141st round, the last round being fired with 13lb. of powder, three shot and three wads, having stood 10 rounds more than the other gun, with 12lb. of powder and treble-shotted. The experiments are still proceeding with other guns, and it is considered they will decide the important question which has long been agitated, as to the best distribution of the weight of metal in a gun, so as to combine the greatest strength with the greatest steadiness.

THE ESTATE OF A. MENIDER, BANKRUPT.

For Sale by order of the Court, to close this Estate. ONE Share in the Quebec High School, £7 10s. paid.

The outstanding debts due to this Estate: of which a List can be seen at the office of the undersigned assignee.

HENRY W. WELCH.

Quebec, 24th June, 1847.

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, NO. 12, PALACE STREET.

HENRY KNIGHT

DEGS leave to return his sincere thanks to the Military and Gentry of Quebec, and the public generally, for the very flattering patronage with which he has been favoured since he commenced business, and pledges himself to use every care and attention to ensure a continuance of their support.

H. KNIGHT also invites an inspection of his Stock of West of England Cloths, Cassimeres, Doestings, Vestings, &c. &c., having just received, per "LADY SEARUS," from London, a General Assortment of those articles, all of the very best quality and latest Fashion, which he will make up in his usual style, at Moderate Prices. Quebec, June 10th, 1847.

FAMILY RESIDENCE AND FARM, To be Let or Sold.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON THE RIVER ST. FRANCIS,

Midway between Sherbrooke and Lennoxville

THE HOUSE comprises every convenience for a Genteel Family: 3 Sitting Rooms, Nursery, Pantries, 2 Kitchens, 8 Bed Rooms, Dressing Room; ample Cellarage, Bath and Store Rooms, &c.; 2 large Barns, double Stables, Coach House and very complete Outbuildings.

The FARM consists of a good Frame Cottage and Dairy, and 196 acres of excellent Land—100 cleared; good Sugary; chief part well fenced, and in a high state of cultivation—1 1/2 miles from the terminus of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad, and 2 1/2 from Bishop's College.

Terms easy—price moderate.

The above offers many advantages to a purchaser (as property must rapidly rise in value directly the Railroad is opened,) at a small present outlay.

Address, post paid, G. F. BOWEN, Esquire, Sherbrooke.

THE BEREAN,

EDITED BY A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

Is published every THURSDAY Morning,

BY T. CHAMBERS BANCROFT, Montreal,

Printer, Bookseller and Stationer,

4, ANN-STREET.

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

The Rev. CHARLES BANCROFT, Montreal,

W. THOMPSON, Christville,

BENJ. BURLAND, Esq., St. John's,

G. F. BOWEN, Esq., Sherbrooke,

JOHN DUNFORD, Esq., Toronto,

The Rev. R. V. ROGERS, Kingston,

SAMUEL MICKLESTON, Esq., do.

J. P. BATTERSBY, Esq., Ancaster, C. W.,

ALEX. DAVIDSON, Esq., P. M., Niagara, C. W.,

The Rev. HENRY STONEMAN, Dumfries, C. W.,

THOMAS CRAIG, Esq., London, C. W.,

The Rev. S. B. ARDAGH, Barris, C. W.,

H. TREN, Esq., Halifax, N. S.,

GEORGE BLISS, Esq., Fredericton, N. B.,

FREDERICK R. STANN, Esq., St. John, N. B.,

COMMANDER ORLEMAN, H. N., Charlotte-Town, Prince Edward Island,

The Rev. C. H. WILLIAMSON, New York,

are so kind as to act for the Berean.

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

Terms in the United States, including postage to the lines:—\$3 Dollars a-year, or \$1 Dollars if paid in advance;

AGENTS AT

New York: at 75 Nassau-street; Mr. F. G. FISH,

Brooklyn: at 41 Front-street, A.

Boston: Mr. CHARLES STIMMONS, Washington-St.

ADVERTISEMENTS, delivered in the evening before the day of publication, inserted according to order, at 2s 6d. for six lines and under, first insertion, and 7d. each subsequent insertion; for ten lines and above six lines 3s 4d first insertion; and 10d. each subsequent insertion; above ten lines 4d. per line first insertion, and 1d. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertising by the year or for a considerable time as may be agreed upon.