

YOUTH'S CORNER.

THOU, GOD, SEEST ME!

There was a man that used to go in the night to his neighbour's field to steal corn. What do you suppose he went in the night for? Because he thought nobody would see him. Did he think right? Let us see.

One night he took his little son along with him to hold the bag, while he put in the corn. The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go." Was this man doing so with his little boy? But how do you think he felt, when he got to the place where the corn was?

He was afraid some one would see him, because he knew he was doing wrong. And what do you suppose he did? Before he began to pull the corn, he looked this way, and that way, to see if any person was looking at him.

"Father," said the little boy, "you forgot to look somewhere."

"Where—where?" asked the father.

"You forgot," answered the little boy, "to look up, to see whether God was looking at you."

The thought, that God was looking at him, so frightened the man, that he ran away as fast as he could, without stealing the corn.

Children, whenever you are afraid somebody will see what you are doing, always remember first to look up; and if you are going to do any thing that you would not like to have God see, you had better run away as fast as you can; for God can see as well in the dark as in the light; and from his piercing eye you cannot hide yourself.

Always remember these four words, "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME!"—*Ep. Recorder.*

BENGALIEE PROVERB.

What! a load upon the conjurer's shoulders?

This proverb is used to expose the folly of a man who pretends to be acquainted with very unusual things, while in common affairs he knows not how to help himself. If he is a conjurer, can he not get the load carried for him by some other means than by taking it upon his own back?—A boy told his mother, that he was getting on very fast in Algebra. Well, said she, then cast up this house-keeper's account for me. Behold, he did not know how to set to work at that.—A girl came home from school where needle-work was taught; she brought a beautiful piece of embroidery of her working; but she had torn the lining of her pelisse in travelling, and how to mend that, she had no idea.—A farmer's son had learned to measure the size of all the planets. That's right, said his father; now go then and make out how many feet of plank it will take to lay a new floor in my threshing-barn. But his son did not know how to do it.

There was once a very crowded meeting to hear a lecture upon the properties of air. While the audience listened with attention to the scientific instruction imparted, the confined air in the hall made one lady faint. It was impossible to get her out through the press: what was to be done to help her? Now there was leaning against the wall a young farmer who had come riding to town after his day's work to hear the lecture, and looked so rough that he had chosen to stand aside rather than sit down by the side of the fine ladies and gentlemen. As soon as he perceived the trouble which had arisen, he fastened the two ends of his riding-switch together, drew his clean handkerchief tight over the bow thus formed, and began to use it as a fan to create a draft towards the lady which, in half a minute, cured her faintness, and made quite an addition to the lecture upon the properties of air. That was a conjurer of the right sort.

HEARING THE VOICE OF THE SHEPHERD.—Now I will tell you when you "hear the voice" of Christ. It is when, just as you are about to do wrong, something within stops you, and says, "God is looking at you; forbear to do this;" you hear it too, when the time of duty comes round, and something whispers within you, you ought now to do what your parents have bidden you; it is now time to read your Bible, or to say your prayers, or to prepare your lessons, or to do your duty in that state of life which it has pleased God to call you to. And you "follow" the good Shepherd, when you do good and show love to those around you: when you curb violent tempers or angry passions, because you are afraid of sin; when just as an evil word is trembling on your lips, you forbear to utter it; when you come away from those, however lively or agreeable they may be, whom you know to be wicked children, therefore would be dangerous companions; and, above all, you follow the good Shepherd, like the lambs of his own flock, when you give up that which you want, or wish, or desire, in order that you may give pleasure or do good to others. I say, *above all*, for this is just what Christ did; "he gave himself for us," he laid down his life for us; and "we ought," says the apostle John, "to lay down our lives for the brethren;" and if he said that we ought to lay down our lives, we ought certainly to try to please those who love us; those whom it is our duty (and should be our delight) to please in every thing that we do, although to do this we must sometimes give up. Dear children! this is a sacrifice, for which you will al-

ways, when you have made it, be well repaid.—*Children's Friend.*

THE WILL THERE, THE WORDS GIVEN.

In the latter part of July 1839, while at anchor near City Point, Virginia, for the purpose of taking on board a cargo of tobacco, it was my custom to invite the crews of the arks; (lighters peculiar to James' river,) who were almost entirely slaves, to attend our religious services on board, whenever they were by any means detained along-side over the Sabbath, which they generally seemed to do cheerfully. On one such occasion there were three arks filled with tobacco, lying on the starboard side one beyond the other, all of which were manned by slaves, and who had been with us at both morning and afternoon services, only one of whom was able to read. Some time after the last service, and when about to go to tea, I was annoyed with sounds which struck my ear as coming from the most distant ark, and although unintelligible at that distance, as they were all below, I concluded at once it was profane songs. I expressed my surprise to my mate that they knew no better, and after tea went on deck meditating within myself how I should manage to rebuke them in a way that might also conciliate, and enable me to turn the matter to profitable account. After some time I determined to go and satisfy myself as to what the noise was, and at the same time be guided by circumstances. When I reached the vicinity of the hatch from which the sound proceeded, I was perfectly astonished to hear the voice of prayer—of earnest prayer. I was chained to the spot, and with feelings more easily imagined than described, I sunk quietly on one of the timbers rising from the deck to which the moorings of the ark are usually secured, and listened in perfect admiration to the fervent supplications of this negro man. I was struck with the peculiarity of his language, although it seemed very appropriate. With increased pleasure I heard him enumerate, as I judged, all his relatives and friends, his master, mistress, and family, myself, officers and crew, and every body, everywhere. He prayed for a revival at home and throughout the world, and with an earnestness and sincerity, a Christian zeal and feeling that quite astonished me. I sat thus rivetted to the spot, even for some time after he had closed, until I was aroused by the appearance of one of the party coming on deck. Under the impression that I might possibly be enabled to help them to a supply of tracts or a few books, from my well stocked library, and perhaps encourage them in such laudable meetings, I thus addressed the man who came up, "Well, my man; I am happy to see you so well occupied. Do you spend all your Sabbath evenings in this way?" "I'm not a Christian, sir," said he, "I'm only seeking religion; if I can find it!" "Well, my man," replied I, "you know our blessed Saviour has told us that 'if we ask we shall receive, and if we seek we shall find.' Now you may rest assured, if you ask it of God sincerely in His dear Son's name, He will give it to you, He will change your heart," &c. I added much more in the way of comforting advice, and the subject of prayer, and so on. In the mean while he observed me looking occasionally down the hatch pretty intently, when he invited me to go down below. I did so, and found it a dismal looking place, and not very spacious, for there was not much more room than requisite for the berths, and the two decks were within about four feet of each other. I found there were some four or five more slaves below, and addressed them in much the same way I had commenced with the one on deck. I also inquired who it was that prayed. They seemed diffident at first all round, and made no reply. I then observed, "I hope you're not ashamed of praying to our God and Father in heaven. It ought to be considered a great privilege to be permitted to offer our prayers to Him, when we are such wicked sinners!" "Oh, no sir!" exclaimed they all simultaneously, "we are not ashamed of praying!" One of them then pointed to his comrade the nearest to me, and modestly added "that's the boy, sir" (Slaves are usually called "boys" up to middle age.) Turning to him I said, "My man, can you read?" "No, sir," said he promptly, but respectfully. "You can't read," exclaimed I, "who taught you to pray, then?" Hitherto his countenance had only exhibited modest diffidence, but reflecting a moment he drew himself up, and with a confident expression in his eye, not of ostentatious self-satisfaction, but of regard for the high and holy character of his Teacher, raising his eyes and hands, he replied in a tone of voice that carried with it a clear manifestation of gratitude, accompanied by meek humility. "God gave me the will, and the Holy Ghost gave me the words!"—*Sailors' Magazine.*

SHALL YOU SEE YOUR DYING CHILD AGAIN?

In an upper room of an humble dwelling in the city of New-York, I found a dying girl. She was about eighteen years of age and far from home. In early life she had left her mother's cot, "in the Emerald Isle," and with a band of emigrants she had sought America, trusting to the labour of her hands for her daily bread. In one of our thousand mills she had found employment, but had laid by nothing against an evil day; and when sickness overtook

her, and consumption stretched her on a dying bed, she was dependent utterly on the CHARITY of others—relatives she had none on this side of the great water. It is needless to say how I was led to her chamber. Upon sitting down, and speaking of the only refuge of the soul in the hour of dissolving nature, and of the happiness of those who trust in Jesus, I asked her if she felt willing to die. "Yes" said she, "but—but—I should like to see my mother;" and as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, she drew the covering over her head and wept.

It was a tribute of filial love. Those who were present felt it, and we sat in silence till the swollen tide subsided.

I have mentioned this fact, not to repeat the conversation that ensued, but simply for the sake of this expression of a daughter's love for her mother in the hour of death.—Years and years had passed away since she had seen that mother—and oceans had rolled between them—and hard labour, and poverty and sickness had been her lot. She had been an exile from home in a strange land; but through all the changes of her hard journeyings, the memory of a mother clung to her, and melted her heart while death-chills were on it.

There is something to be learned from this little incident. It is a mother's power. If the ties are so strong, how deep the obligation to make those ties fast to the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ. In very infancy, in the tenderest years of childhood, the mother, as she winds her own heart strings around her children, should bind those children with cords, stronger than earthly ties, to the cross of Jesus. Many a proud man has felt "the pressure of his mother's hand" restraining him from sin, long after that mother had been in her grave.—Many are the youth whose first awakening to a sense of sin has been the revival of the memory of a mother's prayers and tears.—Who can tell how many daughters, now outcast to the world, lost to honour and hope, might have been ornaments to earth and stars in heaven, had maternal influence impressed their minds with the truths of God's word? Will mothers think of this?

The young woman whose touching remark suggested these lines, had never forgotten the impressions of childhood. Though a stranger in a strange land, with no parent to counsel or restrain her, she had been kept from the paths of vice, and had early hoped in a Saviour. She assured me that in the midst of her protracted illness, she had found that Saviour precious, and trusted only in him for salvation.

This was my first visit. She asked me to come again. They told me as I came away that she would probably live a month or two; but three days afterwards I called, and she was buried. They said she lived a few hours only after she told me she would like to see her mother. *I hope she will.*

Poor girl! poor as the world goes; for charity gave her burial. Blessed girl! if now with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.—*New York Observer.*

THE JEWS IN THE HOLY CITY.

The most prominent trait in the Jewish character is a devoted attachment to the land of their fathers, and especially to the Holy City of Jerusalem. This, however, is combined with many notions of a superstitious nature. To live and die in this sacred spot is, in their opinion, attended with extraordinary privileges, both temporal and spiritual. Released from the cares, tumult, and business of the world, their lives are to be exempt, in a greater degree, from the common infirmities of human nature, and spent in an uninterrupted enjoyment of peaceful, calm, and holy meditation. Their prayers are to ascend with more fervent rapture to the throne of the Most High: their nights are to be favoured with celestial visions, and communion with angelic beings; and finally, at the close of their mortal life, their souls shall be at once received into eternal glory. Such are the exaggerated privileges of the Jewish inhabitants in the Holy City, the anticipation of which annually attracts vast numbers from all parts of the world to its walls. But these high-wrought expectations are soon followed by disappointment. The novelty of the scenes and places connected with religious associations soon dies away, and is succeeded by the aspect of their real desolation. The wretchedness of the dwellings, the scarcity and dearth of provisions, the sickliness of the climate, the want of all occupation, except the study of the Talmud, and the cold lifeless round of formal devotions, and many other circumstances, of which impoverished means are too often an accompaniment, damp the spirits of the newcomer, and chill his enthusiasm. His disappointment is deep, as his hopes had been elevated; and ends in a state of mind bordering on despair, or more commonly, in listless apathy. Their persons, their dress and houses, all bear a neglected air; their means become exhausted, their health fails, and they die, leaving their families to be supported by a pittance from the synagogue. There are numbers of widows and orphans in Jerusalem, who have thus lost their husbands and parents, and whose peculiar history and destitution render them objects of more than ordinary interest. Neglect, poverty, and dis-

ease, are their portion; with an utter want of all religious instruction. Their house is, indeed, left unto them desolate.—*Dr. Margoran, Physician to the Afrikan Society for the Conversion of the Jews.*

REPROOF FROM AN ASIATIC.

The New York Observer relates, that Mar Yohanna, a Bishop of the Nestorian Church, who visited the United States two years ago,—while passing a few days in a private family in one of the largest towns in Vermont, was called upon by a gentleman of the place who boarded at the hotel, and who invited him to go and dine with him, it being about mid-day. The Bishop accepted the invitation, supposing it to be another private family, but soon found himself ushered into the dining hall of the public house, among boarders, stage-passengers, and several gentlemen of the place, who, hearing that the bishop was to be there, went also to the hotel and dined on the occasion, to secure an introduction to the stranger.

The dinner bell rang, and all huddled to the table, and a competent number, as usual, commenced distributing the bounties of Providence to the company, who as eagerly began to devour.

But the Bishop, though first and most liberally served, sat still, in astonishment at the scene before him, till, being inquired of why he did not eat, he at length broke out in the following terms: "We, in our country, ask a blessing before we begin to eat; and do you, in this CHRISTIAN COUNTRY, eat without first asking God's blessing on your food?" All present felt the force and the justice of the rebuke, and laid down their knives; while the gentleman who had introduced the bishop to the table, being a professor of religion and a good man, then proceeded to implore a blessing on the meal—a thing which he and all other Christians, in like circumstances, should do, without waiting to be told their duty by a stranger from benighted Asia. Verily, many shall come from the east and the west and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven, while the children of the kingdom shall be cast out."

NEW ZEALAND.

Conclusion of a Letter written by the Bishop of New Zealand, at the Waimate, in January, 1843.

Sunday, January 1.—Reviewed, with great thankfulness, the various events of the past year, so full of new and important features. At the morning service, preached on "The former things are passed away; behold, I make all things new." After morning service, school as usual; and then the afternoon service, at which Mr. Maunsell preached and I read. Between the two services, we had an English service for Mr. Maunsell's family and a few settlers.

Monday, January 2.—Crossed Waikato harbour in Mr. Maunsell's boat, and went along the sands to Pehiaku, half way to Manukau; and one mile inland. The rich Potohukawa trees clothed the ascent of the sandy bank with thick masses of their crimson flowers. The chapel at Pehiaku had a very respectable appearance, having large glass windows, the gift of the late Governor. The native teacher is a Wesleyan; but he was very attentive to us, and supplied us with potatoes and goats' milk.

Tuesday, January 3.—My last pair of thick shoes being worn out, and my feet much blistered with walking the day before on the stumps, which I was obliged to tie to my insteps with pieces of native flax, (*phormium tenax*), I borrowed a horse from the native teacher, and started at four A. M. to go twelve miles to Mr. Hamlin's Mission-station at Manukau harbour, where I arrived at seven A. M. in time for his family breakfast; after breakfast, wind and tide being favourable, I sailed in Mr. Hamlin's boat ten miles across Manukau harbour; a noble sheet of water, but very dangerous from shoals and frequency of squalls. A beautiful run of two hours brought us to Onehunga by noon. I landed there with my faithful Maori Roto (Lot), who had steadily accompanied me from Kapiti, carrying my bag of gown and cassoock, the only remaining article in my possession of the least value. The suit which I wore was kept sufficiently decent, by much care, to enable me to enter Auckland by daylight; and my last remaining pair of shoes (thin ones) were strong enough for the light and sandy walk of six miles which remained from Manukau to Auckland. At two P. M. I reached the Judge's house, by a path, avoiding the town, and passing over land which I have bought for the site of the cathedral; a spot which I hope may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many Bishops, better shod and far less ragged than myself. It is a noble site for a large building, overlooking the whole town, and with a sea view stretching out over the numerous islands of the gulf of Houraki. My reception at the Judge's was most pleasing, and the hearts of the whole party, thus reunited after so long a separation, were as full, I trust, of thankfulness as they were of joy. I waited quietly in their house, hoping for the arrival of the Church Mission schooner, Columbine, from the Bay of islands, and resolving not to be in a hurry to return to the Bay till Sunday was past, on which day I intended to hold a confirmation, but had postponed it, the Church not being completed.

On Saturday, January 7, I saw a schooner sailing up the harbour, which I thought must be the Columbine, but it proved to be the Union, from the Bay of Islands; by which I received letters reporting the rapid decline of Mr. Whytehead's health, and the fear of his speedy dissolution. Two medical gentlemen had examined him, and reported the state of his lungs to be past recovery. I was partly prepared for this by previous letters; but when the reality of the blow came upon me, it almost overpowered me for the time; for we have walked together in God's spiritual house so long, that his death will be like the loss of another brother. When I recollected the last scene before I quitted Wellington, the interment of poor Wm. Evans, my journey seemed, like the rebuilding of Jericho, to be begun and ended in the death of my children. Still I thank God that the clouded side of the pillar was not always before my mind; but from time to time the light would re-appear, and I thought I saw in the signal mercies which God has already granted to this country, an earnest of greater blessings; and then it seemed as if the death of those whom I loved and trusted most was another proof of the profusion of His bounty in giving such men to be buried under the foundations of my infant church, for the generations that come after to remember and imitate.

[The Rev. Thomas Whytehead, mentioned in the foregoing letter, who was an eminent scholar, but had devoted himself to the uninviting labours of which an idea may be formed from the Bishop's letters, died on the 19th of March 1843, and was carried to his grave by the students of St. John's College at the Waimate. The Rev. J. Mason, mentioned in a former extract, lost his life in attempting to ford a river on a missionary tour, on the 5th January 1843.]

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