

South's Corner.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

A young man, one day, was alone in his father's shop, when an ill-looking woman came in, whom he at once knew to be one of the tribe of people called gypsies. She wanted to look out a pair of bellows, and while doing that, she artfully managed to boast of her skill in telling people's fortunes; she tried to stir up a desire in the young man to have his fortune told, hinting that she would have something very pleasant to tell of "what was going to be" for such a handsome lad, "if he would cross her hand with a piece of silver," as she said. The young man was a serious church-goer and Bible-scholar; and the woman's art was completely lost upon him. He asked her to make choice of the article she wanted, and then to let him attend to other business he had to do; as to being told his fortune by her, he thought he knew fully as much of what was going to be as she herself—that is, he knew nothing, and that was as much as she knew. The gypsy chose a pair of bellows, and paid for it, on condition that she might bring it back and choose another, if her husband should not like the article. This being settled, she offered to tell the young man's fortune for nothing; but he refused any thing of the kind from her. At last she proposed to prove to him that she could find out hidden things; if he would just wish two wishes in his mind, she could tell him what they were about, and so he would become more willing to believe her ability to tell fortunes also.

At this, the young man thought he might have an opportunity of speaking some serious words to her, and so he consented: he wished two important wishes in his mind, and told her he was now wishing two things above every other: she might tell him what they were, if she could. The woman looked down and muttered some strange gibberish first, then put on a very grave and knowing look, and said, one of the things he was wishing was about some nice young friend that he had, and the other was about getting plenty of money. The young man then spoke to her very seriously upon the folly and presumption of her employment; and he told her that the first of the wishes he had just formed in his mind was, that he might be sure to get to heaven at last; the second that he might get some at least of his neighbours to keep him company thither. The woman looked foolish enough; she had never met with any lad before, so grave and so unwilling to give her any encouragement: upon such matters as were engaging his mind, she did not want to enter into conversation; she therefore made ready to leave the shop, reminding the young man once more of the understanding that she was to bring the bellows back and exchange them, in case they should not please her husband.

It now struck the young man that he had an advantage against her which he ought not to let slip. "Do you not know," he said, "whether your husband will like the bellows?" "No, indeed," she replied, "my husband is such a particular man that I cannot be sure at all that he will not find fault with them." "Then you are not able to tell the fortune of this pair of bellows which you have been so long in choosing; you are not able to tell how your husband will like them, whose mind is open to you in your daily life with him: and yet you pretend to be able to tell me my fortune. You have never met me before; yet you profess to know what wishes are uppermost in me; with your husband you have lived for years, I suppose, and yet you have to confess that you cannot tell what his mind may be, about this pair of bellows. And now, as I wished two wishes to satisfy you, let me tell you of one wish at least which I will form whether you wish me or not: I wish that you may be brought to see the wickedness of your trade in going about, scattering seeds of evil into the minds of vain and foolish young persons; that you may pray to God to forgive your sins for the sake of his Son, to cleanse your heart by his Holy Spirit, to give you honest work to do, and to make you diligent and faithful in doing it. If you will do that, I can tell you your fortune, because the Bible tells me of it: God will hear your prayers, you will become his child, and go to heaven. But if you go on doing the mischief to others which you have been trying upon me, you will remain the servant of Satan, and be cast into everlasting burning."

The gypsy stopped no longer to be talked to in this strain. She left the shop and was not seen again by the young man. But he continued to have in his heart the two good wishes which he had formed upon her asking: he walked in the way to heaven; and his pure example and pious conversation were the means of doing good to many of his neighbours who walked with him in the bond of love while he lived, and will rejoice with him for ever.

ST. BERNARD.

Its Monks and Monastery.

Immediately on my entrance I was received by the intelligent and courteous "Clavandier," or "Bursar" (as he called himself), who attends to the travellers, and acts as host during the time of their stay. I had breakfasted at St. Remy, but coffee was ordered for me—rather an extra, considering that I was to dine with the members of the institution at half past eleven; but not unacceptable amidst mountain air and after mountain exertion. Two museums, the chapel, the "Morgue" (or receptacle of the dead), and the celebrated dogs were then shown to me in succession—all worthy of notice in their different way. In one of the museums were some good prints of reigning sovereigns, (including one of our own Queen,) several engravings of subjects connected with the institution, e. g. the dogs discovering a traveller frozen and buried in the snow; and

others of a sacred character. Beneath many of the prints, expressions of friendship and gratitude towards the monks on the part of various donors were inscribed. This museum also contained a remarkably large collection of coins and antiquities found on the site of an ancient temple, situated close at hand, where, according to Livy, and various other testimonies, Jupiter Peninus was worshipped. In the museum there was nothing in any way remarkable, except a stuffed specimen of that very rare animal, the *Beklan* (if I spell it right), which is a kind of large chamois, chiefly distinguished for its immense, strong, and heavy horns. I had previously heard a few particulars of this animal in answer to some inquiries which I was led to make, in consequence of my host at Aosta wishing me to purchase a pair of the horns at the price of forty francs. My guide informed me that it was found in the highest mountains of Savoy, but that its present rarity was such as to render the complete extinction of the race not at all unlikely; and he added, that, by the law of the country, he would be condemned to the galleys for life in case he was to kill one. Whether the penalty is so exceedingly severe, or whether he was under a mis-conception, was a point which I intended to ascertain, but subsequently forgot. The first object meeting the eye of a traveller, on ascending the steps which lead up to the salon of the convent, is a tablet expressing the honour with which Buonaparte is viewed by the Republic of the Valais,—that Canton of Switzerland in which the Hospice stands. This occupies the wall of the landing-place. In the salon itself there is a picture, or coloured engraving of Napoleon as Emperor; while another small design in the same apartment represents him standing near the Hospice, and conversing with two of the brethren, clad in their usual costume, and holding a map stretched out in their hands. This no doubt, was an actual scene—sentinels are near—cannons a little further off; and the army is seen defiling closely by the edifice. The date, 4th of May, 1800, is affixed. After I had seen these, and other objects of interest usually shown to strangers, I was told that I should be summoned to the refectory at half-past eleven, where I was to dine with the assembled brethren. I use this word, because it was the word usually used to me in their designation, though sometimes they were styled "chanoinces." * * * At half-past eleven the bell rang for dinner. Travellers usually arrive here towards evening, and depart again in the morning. Accordingly I was the only stranger at the convent, and the only guest at their table to-day. I was much pleased that I had the opportunity of thus seeing the whole resident body of the brethren. There were thirteen present, clad in black with a white ribbon attached, as the mark of the order of the Augustines. They wore at dinner their high-peaked caps. Most of them were young men, and all looked healthy. Their manners and intercourse with one another and with me were very cheerful and animated. Being Friday, it was "an jour maigre," or fast-day; but though meat did not form an ingredient in any of the dishes, there was an abundance of good nourishing food. The bill of fare was this: a kind of soup made with milk, not uncommon in this country; omelette; a substantial composition, of which toast and cheese formed considerable ingredients; mashed potatoes; fruit tart, desert, and good Piedmontese wine. These provisions appeared in large dishes, which were first laid at the head of the table, at one side of which I was placed. The senior brother opposite first helped me, then himself, and afterwards the dishes were passed down to the rest of the company. A Latin grace, of some length, was said (as in the halls of our Universities) both before and after the meal: and the whole character of the proceeding, and the mutual terms of intercourse among the brethren, very much reminded me of the fellows of a college sitting down to dinner in their hall. Many will, perhaps, have connected ideas of austerity and gloom with the members of such an institution, but nothing of the kind is witnessed. Though not unobservant, nor incurious as to the nature and amount of experimental piety personally swaying and adorning the members of the institution, yet I had no means, during the period of my short intercourse, of forming any opinion on the subject. Therefore, looking upon them as devoted a long period of their life to that special and extraordinary department of Christian love, which leads them to live amidst rocks, and snows, and clouds, that they may succour the endangered wayfarer, and show hospitality to all who pass their abode, I regarded them with that charity "which hopeth all things and believeth all things." God grant that they may live and die in the spirit of him to whose order they belong—I mean, St. Augustin—and not in the spirit of the Romish Church as it is, and has been, since the days when its corruptions arose! Strongly did these feelings come to my mind when I looked on the picture of St. Augustin, which is seen in the chapel of the institution, representing him engaged in writing his noble works. Around him lie the volumes by which he has enriched the Church; and as I glanced at the names, *De Civitate Dei*, *De Trinitate*, *Contra Manicheos*, the *Sermons*, and the *Liber Confessionis*, the monk and I almost viewed with one another in expressions of the honour due to that illustrious and Spirit-taught man. I inquired as to the countries from whence the members of the institution came, and was told they were: all Swiss—all "montagnards" (mountaineers). Others, they said, would not come; and if they did, they could not bear the climate and the place. From all which I heard, I believe that the day of my visit was one of most singular beauty, in consideration of the locality. After dinner a proposal for a little promenade seemed most readily accepted by all. I was now obliged to make my preparations for departure. This

being done, I inquired for the "clavandier," in order to bid him farewell, and express my thanks for the kind reception which I had met with. The servant told me that he was "dans le jardin." I could scarcely imagine that I had rightly caught his word, *jardin* (garden) as all around the building nothing appeared except bare rocks, and the waters of the little lake. Accordingly, on the servant running to call my host, I thought he must be going to some distant spot, which had not met my eyes, but in the course of a minute I saw him and some of the brethren sitting out in a small plot of ground, enclosed by walls, where some verdure had been fostered—how, I cannot tell. The farewell which I received was no less kind than my reception; and having been favoured with an English translation of the usual salute, "bon voyage," given to departing travellers, I proceeded alone on my journey down the mountain side.—*Trench's Walk round Mont Blanc.*

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

Among the languages into which the Committee have aided to print the Pilgrim's Progress, are these:—

- For the people of Europe..... English..... England, America, and other parts.
- Dutch..... Holland and South Africa.
- French..... France and Switzerland.
- Spanish..... Spain and South America.
- Portuguese..... Portugal, Madeira, and other islands.
- German..... Germany.
- Esthonian..... Esthonia, in Russia.
- Armenian..... Armenia, in Turkey.
- Asia..... Burmese..... Burmah.
- Singhalese..... Ceylon.
- Oriya..... Orissa.
- Hindustanee..... East India.
- Bengalee..... Bengal.
- Tamil..... Madras.
- Marathi..... Bombay.
- Canarese..... Bombay.
- Gujarathi..... Surat.
- Malay..... Malacca, and other places in the East Indies.
- Arabic..... Arabia.
- South Seas..... Samoan Islands.
- Tahitian..... Tahiti.
- Africa..... Sichuana..... South Africa.
- Malagasy..... Malagascar.

Who can tell how much good the PILGRIM has done already in heathen lands? We might fill many pages with accounts of the blessing which has come on his labours of love. Let us look to China. "In our Chinese schools," says a missionary, "the little girls are taught to read in English, and the book which delights them, and for which they gladly leave their play that they may read it, is the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

"It was partly through reading that book," said a Hindoo, "that I began to feel that the Christian religion was the only true religion, and that Christ was the only Saviour." "I feel encouraged," writes a missionary in the east, "from the very civil reception the PILGRIM has already met with. Several respectable Mohammedans have read it, and have asked for more copies for their friends. One native sent me a pleasing letter, thanking me with all his heart. He states, that he read the book for three nights together, without stopping; that he never saw such a beautiful book, and he prays that the Holy Spirit may enlighten the hearts of the Malays to understand it."

A missionary in Ceylon sought the aid of a pundit, or native teacher, in translating the PILGRIM into the Singhalese language. The pundit, who had been a heathen priest, was a learned and clever man. As he sat writing out the tale, he was often so affected by it, that he could scarcely proceed. The account of Christian leaving the City of Destruction very much pleased him. When he found that Christian got into the Slough of Despond, he really began to feel much pity for him; but on the pilgrim arriving at Mount Sinai he looked very sad, and said to the missionary, "Sir, what man can be saved?" The missionary replied, "Let us go on a little further." He then came to the place where Christian got in at the Wicket Gate, and lost his burden at the foot of the cross. The poor pundit was so overcome with delight, that he laughed, clapped his hands, shouted, and danced for joy, crying out, "Delightful! delightful!" When the PILGRIM was printed, and bound in marble paper, with gilt edges, the children of Ceylon were seen carrying it to their homes as the best prize they could obtain in the missionary school.

If we look to other parts of the world, we shall still see the same kindly reception given to the Pilgrim's book. "The young converts in South Africa," writes a Christian teacher, "are much profited by it." "If such books as this be printed" said a Russian, "who can any longer put off his repentance?"

But with mingled sadness and joy we turn to Madagascar. When the cruel queen of that island drove the missionaries from their stations, this book, which had been printed by the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, was sent to comfort and instruct the native Christians, who were shut up in prison, or hid in the caves of the earth, or escaping for their lives through the dark forests of the country. And even when some of them were led forth to die as martyrs, they were firm, saying, "Now we are in the situation of Christian and Faithful, when they were led into Vanity Fair;" and others said, "When Christian entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death he could say, 'Though it be a gloomy valley, yet it is the way to the Celestial City.'—*Religious Tract Society's Report.*"

SACRED MUSIC.

The expression of sacred music comprehends every emotion that can agitate the human heart, and must be felt rather than described. The subdued tones of awful adoration, the impassioned fervour of desire, the humility of

prayer, the wailing of penitential sorrow, the glad notes of thanksgiving, and the loud chorus of praise, all these have their own peculiar utterance, and must be pervaded by a depth and solemnity which shall distinguish them from the mean affections of humanity.

I am fearful of touching too lightly upon this hallowed subject. Many young persons, when their feelings are excited by sacred music, imagine themselves to be bettered by such feelings, and to be under the influence of genuine religious sentiments. But if the plain majesty of the word of God does not suffice to kindle an equal fervour within us, when we are reading it silently and alone, we may be sure that the emotions excited by the lovely songs and pleasant instruments of men, are the mere ebullitions of natural feeling, and have nothing to do with religion. Those who would sing the praises of the Lord, must "sing with the understanding." The undying torch of truth must be lighted up in that faculty, before it can set the heart in a flame. There exists not a more dangerous delusion, than to mistake the feverish excitement of the imagination for the cheerful and steady glow of a rational devotion.

But while I so anxiously guard you against this pernicious error, do not for a moment suppose that I would shut you out from the privilege which all creation enjoys of sounding its praises. O! there is a harmony in nature inconceivably attuned to one glad purpose. Every thing in the universe has a voice, with which it joins in the tribute of thanksgiving. The whispers of the wind playing with the summer foliage, and its fitful moanings through the autumnal branches, the broken murmur of the stream, the louder gushing of the waterfall, and the wild roar of the cataract, all speak the praises of God to our hearts. Who can sit by the sea-side when every wave lashed in adoration, or falls upon the shore in subdued and awful cadence, without drinking in the unutterable thought of the majesty of God! The loud hosannas of ocean in the storm, and the praise of God on the whirlwind, awaken us to the same lesson, and every peal of thunder is a hallicho to the Lord of Hosts. O! there is a harmony in nature! The voice of every creature tells us of the goodness of God. He comes to us in the song of the birds; the deep delicious tones in which the wood-dove breathes out his happiness, the gracefully melting descent of the nightingale, the joyous, thrilling melody of the lark, the throbbing wild warbling, and the black-bird's tender whistle, the soft piping of the bulfinch, the gay carrol of the wren, the sprightly call of the goldfinch, and the gentle twittering of the swallow. Even now, when every other bird is silent, little robin is pouring out his sweetest of all sweet notes upon yonder rose-bush; and so distinctly does he thank God, who made the berries to grow for him upon the hawthorn and mountain-ash, and who has put it into the heart of man to love him, and strew crumbs for him when the berries fail, that my soul, too often insensible to its own mercies, is warmed into gratitude for his. The very insect tribe have entered into a covenant, that God shall, at no season of the year, be without a witness among them to his praise. For when the hum of bees and the chirping of the grasshopper have ceased to enliven us, and the gnats have laid by his horn, then the little cricket wakes into life and song, and gladdens our hearth with the same story till winter is past. And so all nature praises God, and is never weary. If, then, you are able "to make melody in your heart to the Lord," let your hand and your voice make melody too; and let the faculty which infinite benevolence has created for your enjoyment, be converted, as all your other faculties should be, into the instrument of praise.—*Miss Mary Jane Graham.*

THE ICE TRADE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

St. John, March 3rd.—On Wednesday afternoon, we jumped on a sled and went off at a cracking pace, to Lilly Lake, to find out whether we were justified in the previous supposition, that said Lake must have been nearly uncovered. We found, on arriving there, that we had been most extensively in error, and that the ice-cutters had but barely begun to uncover "the Lilly." All was bustle and activity, presenting to the eye and ear the appearance of industry, enlivened by the hope of recompensing profit.—The ice plough was in full operation, cutting the ice in strips of certain breadths and enormous lengths, which were then cut to the required size with cross cut saws, were detached, and poled along, like timber, to the end of the opening, which, by the by, is only six feet broad but extends along the margin of the Lake—to all appearances.) At the end there is an inclined plane formed, at the top of which, a horse stands ready and is continually hauling out the blocks and depositing them at a short distance. Three horses are employed at this plane, and are continually on the move. From the place of deposit, about Fifty Teams are constantly hauling the ice into town, which journey the common ones perform six times a day, the second-rates, seven times, and the first-rates, eight times.

The Ice business is not confined to Lilly Lake, but is carried on above the Falls. While passing through Portland, yesterday, we were passed by a number of sleds laden with ice in blocks, and by boys of all sizes hauling lumps of all shapes on sleds of all sizes and kinds; in fact, the bustle created by the business, is the life of the City, as, otherwise, our citizens would die of ennui.—*Herald.*

TRAVELLER'S DOOR FASTENER.—Among the various inventions which have lately been patented, is one termed a traveller's door fastener, which is composed of two small metal plates formed into a wedge by the insertion of a piece of wood between them, while the under plate is fitted with two small spikes that catch the floor. The sharp end of the fastener is thrust under the door, and is more firmly fixed by every attempt to enter the room, while a cord

carried to the bedside enables a person lying in bed to withdraw the wedge, and thus admit a visitor.

GUTTA PERCHA.—Dr. Montgomery states that the tree yielding the gutta percha (pronounced *per-tsha*) is common in many places in the island of Singapore; that he was informed that it grew on the southeast coast of Borneo; and that Mr. Brooke, of whom he had requested inquiries at Sarawak, had stated that the tree was plentiful there, though the people were not acquainted with the properties of the same.

Some hundreds of tons of gutta percha are now annually imported into England from Singapore. I may here also state that the urceola of Penang is a species of creeper or climber plant of the vine genus, and is a native of that island and the neighbouring coast of Sumatra. It will be found indigenous in Borneo also; and as it yields caoutchouc of the purest quality, equal to that from South America, it is to be hoped that in time our home market will be abundantly supplied from that quarter.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

THE NATIONAL CLOCK.—Professor Airy proposes to use the spare power of the large clock in the new houses of parliament to excite a magnetic-electric current, by means of which the smaller clocks in the palace could be kept in motion simultaneously with the large clock.

THE AVENGER.—Lieutenant Rooko and the three other survivors of the hapless frigate *Avengeur*, Mr. John Larcom, William Hill, and James Morely, boy, have been tried by court martial at Malta, for the loss of that vessel, and honourably acquitted.

FORMATION OF A REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEERS IN LONDON.—A number of gentlemen, in London, have resolved to form themselves into a regiment, to be termed "The Queen's Own Volunteer Rifle Corps." The number at present proposed is 600, but probably it will be materially increased after it is fully known to the public. The parties who have taken the lead in this movement have received every encouragement from Government, and will have their arms and ammunition supplied them.

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