Louth's Corner.

THE WONDER: A PARABLE OF KRUMMACHER.

One day in spring, Solomon, while yet youth, sat under the palm trees in the garden of his father the king, and looked down in deep thoughtfulness. Then Nathan his preceptor came to him and said, "What are you so intently musing upon under the palms?" The youth raised his head and answered, "Nathan, I am desirous of secsaid, "That is a desire which I also cherished in my youthful years." "And was it ever leve, and true as the needle to the pole, he gratified?" eagerly inquired the prince. "There came to me," continued Nathan, "a man of God with a pomegranate seed in his hand, and said, 'Mark now what will grow from this seed;' and with his finger he made an opening in the ground, and laid in the seed, and covered it. But out the desire of his heart, into the ear of scarcely had he taken back his hand, when the clod parted, and I saw two small blades springing up; and while I was observing them, they closed upon each other, and became a round stem covered with bark, and the stem grew to the sight both higher and thicker. Then the man of God said many would neglect their closet, and seldom to me, 'Give heed;' and while I looked, pray in secret, unless they could have a seven branches shot out from the stem, like the seven arms of the golden candlestick. I was astonished; but he made a sign, and But He who once came to his disciples on besought me to be silent and attentive; 'for behold,' said he, 'new wonders of creation will immediately appear.' Then he took | He answers, "It is I, be not afraid." water in his hand out of the brook that flowed by, and sprinkled the branches three times; and lo, the branches became completely covered with green leaves, and a cool shade overspread us, fragrant with the sweetest odonrs. Whence, cried I, is there so sweet a perfume in this refreshing shade? 'Do you not perceive,' said the man of God, 'how the purple blossoms are shooting out from the green leaves, and hanging down in richest clusters?'-But before I could express my admiration, a soft breeze gently waved the leaves, and scattered the blossoms around us, as when the snow flakes float upon the air to the ground. Hardly had the blossoms fallen, when the red pomegranates appeared in clusters among the leaves, like the almonds upon Aaron's rod; and then the man of God left me in deep astonishment." Here Nathan ended. And then eagerly and hastily, Solomon inquired, "Where is he? What is the name of this godlike man? Is he still alive?" To which Nathan answered, "Son of David, I have only related to you a dream." When Solomon heard these words, he was sorrowful, and said, "How could you deceive me so?" But Nathan replied, "I have not deceived you. Behold, in your father's garden you may see all that I have told you in actual operation. Does not the same thing still take place in every pome-granate, and in all other trees?" "Yes," replied Solomon, "but slowly and by imperceptible gradations." "True; but is it the less a divine work because it takes place in silence, and unobserved 1.1 should be disposed to regard it as for that very reason the more manifestly divine. Study nature and her works with diligence and care, and you will be led, instead of longing after the wonders of a human hand, to trace the operations of a superior power in all the objects which surround you."

PRAYER AT THE MAST-HEAD.

A sailor, recently returned from a whalpious friend, spoke of the enjoyment which he had in prayer while afar on the deep. "But," inquired his friend, "in the midst of the confusion on shipboard, where could you find a place to pray?"

"O," said he "I always went to the

mast-head."

I have heard of closets in various places, but never in one more peculiar than this. Peter went upon the housetop. Our blessed Lord prayed upon the mountain-top. Others have sought the shades of the forest. I remember hearing of a youth who came home from the camp during the last war, it is he," is whispered, and for a moment all and his pious mother asked him, "Where, John, could you find a place to pray?" He answered, "Where there is a heart to pray, mother, it is easy to find a place."

And yet the sailor's closet was a favoured spot. The ear of man could not hear him as he cried mightily unto God. The gales that wasted his ship on its voyage, would bear his petitions upward toward the throne. "The voice of many waters would be the music of his sanctuary, and the angels that had charge concerning him would listen accepts the invitation, to the swelling song? As he lifted up his The mail-coach had voice in prayer, he was surrounded with the majesty and glory of his Maker. The her daughter. The daughter had gone to the "deep, deep sea" spread its illimitable expanse around him. The heavens, spread out like the curtains of Jehovah's chamber, and the stars, like the jewels that adorn His crown, hung over him as he climbed the giddy mast and bowed down to pray. Perhaps he had little imagination, and entered not into the grandeur of the scene around him. But he had a soul; a soul that felt the power of God; that loved high lancholy pleasure of assuring you, that your and holy communion with the Father of spirits; and while others below were rioting in the mirth of a sailor's jovial life, his joy was literally to rise above the world and

vawn beneath him to swallow him in its fathomless depth; but he was sheltered in the bosom of his father's love. The frail bark might be driven at the mercy of winds, or be dashed on rocks or stranded on the shore, but he had a hope that was an ANCHOR to the soul both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil. Through the thickest darkness that enveloped him, the "star of Bethlehem" shed its celestial loveliness over his path in the trackless deep, and guided him onward and upward ing a wonder." The prophet smiled and to the haven of his eternal rest. Thinherward from the mast-head he strained his pursued his way; when tempted, he sought the mast-head to pray; when in despondency, at the mast-head he found joy; when the taunts of his profane companions filled his ear with pain and his soul with forting the mourner. grief, he fied to the mast-head and poured Him who hears the humblest supplicants

I love to think of this sailor. I wish I knew him, and could kneel down with him j and hear him converse with God. How few would be as faithful as he! How more safe retreat—a more sacred chamber than the mast of a wave-rocked whaler! the water, walks now on the mighty deep. and when the tempest-tossed mariner cries,

THE CONTRAST.

A young man is seated in his cell with his head resting upon his hands. A bell strikes. He starts. The door of his prison opens, a clergyman comes in, and walking up to the youth gently takes his hand. The young man raises his eyes. The tears are falling from his cheeks, his countenance is pale and haggard, and indescribable woe is upon it. The clergyman speaks a few words of comfort. The young man listens but says nothing. The elergyman continues, he speaks of the divine love, of Jesus' assurance of pardon to the repentant malefactor. The tears flow more freely, and the young man at length sighs and says, "Oh, The minister my Father! forgive me." continues his friendly exhortation. The door of the cell opens again, and a young lady enters. She trembles and almost falls. but making a violent effort she reaches her brother and throws her arms around his neck. "Oh, Sarah, dear Sarah!" " My brother!"

This young man is condemned to death for killing a companion in a moment of passion. This is the last hour of his life, and the clergyman, his friend and guide, has come to give consolation and hope, and the only sister, dearer to her brother than life, has come to take leave of him.

The bell tolls again. What a shuddering. chilling sensation is felt. The minister is no longer able to restrain his feelings, his frame shakes, and the tears start. The sister chings the closer to her brother, kisses him prepared to embrace Christianity ; and yet in agony, and faints in his arms. He gently for a settled faith than the thousands of his laysher on the bed. The door of the cell again is opened, and an officer steps in, touches the young man on his arm, and says, come." The young man imprints one kiss on his sister's forehead and rushes wildly out of the cell.

He stands on the scaffold. At his side is the gallows. Before him a vast multitude are collected. Their eyes are fixed with ing voyage, and in conversation with a dreadful curiosity upon him. A prayer is offered. The cap is put on, the rope adjusted-and the murderer is no more.

> Let us not return to the cell, for the sister has revived and her brother is gone.

The hall of a hotel is brilliantly lighted. Wreaths of flowers are suspended from the walls and ceiling. The company gradually collect. The young and beautiful are there in life and joy. The music is heard, the dancing commences, and all is excitement. But soon a young man enters the hall and all eves are turned towards him. "It is he, is still. As soon as the dance is finished, many young gentlemen and ladies go to the new comer and offer him their salutations. Gradually a circle is formed around him and many a hand is extended towards him and many an eye is fixed upon him. Congratulations for his bravery are heaped upon the young man and willingly accepted. The dancing is resumed, the young man, the hero of the evening, invites a young lady to be his partner, and with beating heart she

The mail-coach had passed through the village of F., where Mrs. M. resided with post office and was returning with a letter for her mother. The old lady opens the

letter and reads: "Dear Madam, -It is my sad duty to inform you that your son is no longer living. Having in vain asked an apology for an insult which he had offered me, I felt obliged to demand immediate satisfaction. Yesterday we met and he fell. I have the meson conducted himself in a strictly honourable way, and died like a brave man. With

I am, &c." much respect,

his confidence in God. The ocean might | ball, where those hands were so eagerly gras-Tic youth whom he had killed was ped. the only fon of his mother. He had left her sometime before on business, and was preparing to return to her. The mother was anxiously expecting him, and instead of him received this letter. It was no satisfaction to her that her son "had conducted himself in a tricity honourable way," He was dead, and in a few weeks her throbbing heart had ceased to beat, and her aching head was at rest. The daughter followed her to the grave and returned to her lonely home. For a short time her mind wandered. Nothing was present to her but her brother, covered with blood and calling upon her to close his wounds. But at length religion triumphed over affliction, and now she moves about with a sweet and sad countenance, visiting the sick and sympathizing with and con-

He who in a moment of passion kills : man is called a murderer, and expiates his crime on the gallows. He who deliberately kills a man is called a duellist, and receives the honours of society.-Register and Observer.

PERSIAN VOLATILITY. It has often been supposed that the liberality of sentiment which is so strongly characteristic of Persians, is a highly favourable indication with regard to efforts for their improvement. In one respect this is true, for it creates that accessibleness of which I have before spoken as a high and peculiar encouragement. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that their liberality is not an independent love of the truth, but a general laxness of sentiment, which renders them indifferent alike to truth and error. It is a spirit of freethinking, which casts them loose from Mohammedanism without bringing them any nearer to Christianity. It arises from their vanity, their imaginativeness, and, above all, from their want of principle, both in morals and in and starts off in another direction, without the following extract is taken.] having received any impression. It is this which renders controversy with him useless, and demands an immediate appeal to the conscience and heart. Mirza Said Ali, the co-adjutor of Martyn, in the work of translating the New Testament, is still living at Shiraz, an old and respected man, though, in worldly circumstances, considerably reduced. Nearly thirty years have now passed away since that which he spent in the society of Martyn. He is still, as he then was, a professed inquirer for the truth, dissatisfied with his own religion, and unhe is doubtless more sincere in his desire countrymen who are drifting idly about upon the fathomless and shoreless sea of a vain-glorious skepticism.—Bishop South-

CURE BY CONFIDENCE.

The following anecdote, trial; and the management of it was enthermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do on all occasions, to ascertain the degree of animal temperature, with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly igno- this establishment. Wehrli had ever on his he was to submit, but deeply impressed, from the representation of Dr. Beddoes, with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer between his teeth, than he concluded that the talisman was in full operation; and, in a burst of enthusiasm, declared that he already experienced the effect of its benign influence throughout his whole body; the opportunity was too good to be lost; Davy cast an intelligent glance at Mr. Coleridge and desired the patient to renew his visit on the following day, when the same ceremony was again performed, and repeated every succeeding day for a fortnight, the patient gradually improving during the period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used than that of the thermometer. Dr. Beddoes, from whom the circumstances of the case had been intentionally concealed, saw in the restoration of the patient, the confirmation of his opinion, and oxide was a specific remedy for paralysis! It were criminal to retard the lips. Expressed with more or less pergeneral promulgation of so important a spicuity, his main thought seemed to be that discovery; it were cruel to delay the com- poverty, rightly understood, was no misformunication of the fact until the publica- tune. He regarded it as a sphere of human The writer of this letter was the young tion of another volume of his " Contribu- exertion and human trial, preparatory to the

and plans which successively agitated the physician's mind, when his eyes were opened to the unwelcome truth by Davy's confessing the delusion that had been practised .- Paris' Life of Davy.

SAYINGS OF THE REV. R. CECIL. Riding one windy day, with a friend, the dust being very troublesome, his dust; and this wish he more than once repeated. At length they reached the fields, when the flies so teased his friend's horse, that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. "Ah! sir," said Mr. Cecil, " when you were in the road, the dust was your only trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields; you forgot that the fly was there! Now this is a true picture of human life; and you will find it so in all the changes you make in future. We know the trial of our present situation; but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse, though they may be of a different kind."

At another time, the same friend told him he should esteem it a favour, if he would tell him of any thing which he might in future see in his conduct which he thought improper, "Well, sir," he said, "many a man has told the watchman to call him early in the morning, and has then appeared very anxious for his coming early; but the watchman has come before he has been ready for him! I have seen many people very desirous of being told their faults, but I have seen very few who were pleased when they had received the information. However, I like to receive an invitation, I have no reason to suppose that you will be displeased till I see it so; I shall therefore remember that you have asked for it."

THE KRUITZLINGEN NORMAL SCHOOL.

philosophy. This, I believe, is the greatest defect, as it is the most strongly marked the lake of Constance, about one nule from trait, of the Persian character. By prin-, the gate of the city. The school numbers ciple here, I refer not only to the everlasting 90 pupils, of from 18 to 26 years old. Their foundations of moral rectitude, but to those instructor is the remarkable Wehrli (formerly great laws of reason which are either innate, of Fellenberg's institution at Hofwyl) a peaor, at least, readily and universally under- sant's son himself, but of excellent attainstood. A Persian, although quick to ap-1 ments, though purposely maintaining the prehend, is slow to yield to conviction; and habits of a simple Swiss countryman. this not from sobriety and caution, but Some years ago the school was visited by Dr. from volatility and flightiness. His mind Kay (Shuttleworth) and Mr. Tufnel, from slips from beneath the hold of an argument whose report to the Poor Law Commissioners As we returned from the garden with the

pupils on the evening of the first day, we

stood for a few minutes with Wehrli in the court-yard by the shore of the lake. The pupils had ascended into the class-rooms. and the evening being tranquil and warm, the windows were thrown up, and we shortly afterwards heard them sing in excellent harmony. As soon as this song had ceased, we sent a message to request another with which we had become familiar in our visits to the Swiss schools; and thus, in succession, we called for song after song o Naegeli, imagining that we were only directing them at their usual hour of instruction in vocal music. There was a great charm in this simple but excellent harmony. When we had listened nearly an hour, where the pupils were assembled. We followed him, and on entering the apartment, great was I during the period we had listened had been lately communicated to me by Mr. Cole-cheering with songs their evening employridge, will not only illustrate a trait of ment of peeling potatoes, and cutting the character, but furnish a salutary lesson to stalks from the green vegetables and beans the credulous patron of empiries. As which they had gathered in the garden. As FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS soon as the powers of nitrous oxide were we stood there, they renewed their choruses liscovered. Dr. Beddoes at once con- till prayers were announced. Supper had cluded that it must be a specific for par- been previously taken. After prayers, alysis. A patient was selected for the Wehrli, walking about the apartment, conversed with them familiarly on the occurtrusted to Davy. Previous to the adminis- rences of the day, mingling with his contration of the gas, he inserted a small pocket versation such friendly admonition as sprang from the incidents, and then lifting his hands he recommended them to the protection of

heaven, and dismissed them to rest. We spent two days with great interest in rant of the nature of the process to which lips _" We are peasants' sons. We would not be ignorant of our duties, but God forbid that knowledge should make us despise the simplicity of our lives. The earth is our mother, and we gather our food from her breast; but while we peasants labour for our daily food, we may learn many lessons from our mother earth. There is no knowledge in books like an immediate converse with nature; and those that dig the soil, have nearest communion with her. Believe me, or believe me not, this is the thought that can make a peasant's life sweet, and his toil a luxury. I know it, for see my hands are horny with toil. The lot of men is very equal, and wisdom consists in the discovery of the truth that what is without is not the source of sorrow, but that which is within. A peasant may be happier than a prince, if his conscience be pure before God, and he learn not only contentment, but joy in the life of labour which is to prepare him for the life of heaven."

This was the theme always on Wehrli's find intercourse with heaven.

What peace must have filled that sailor's heart!! The storms might "rudely toss his flourdering lark," but they could not shake

The wher of this letter was the young tion of another votatine of its Controlled that sailor's source of enjoyment as abundantly as any other. "We are all equal," he said, "he said, the periodical magazines were too change of existence, but offering its own and 10d each subsequent insertion; above ten source of enjoyment as abundantly as any other. "We are all equal," he said, "he sa

the hospitals; such were the reflections envy a prince, or the lily an oak; are they not both God's creatures ?"

We were greatly charmed in this school by the union of comparatively high intellectual attainments among the scholars, with the utmost simplicity of life, and cheerfulness in the humblest menial labour. Their food was of the coarsest character, consisting chiefly of vegetables, soups, and very brown bread. They rose between four unit companion wished they could ride in the five, took three meals in the day, the last fields, where they could be free from about six, and retired to rest at nine. They seemed happy in their lot.

Some of the other normal schools of Switzerland are remarkable for the same simplicity in their domestic arrangements. though the students exceed, in their intellectual attainments, all notions prevalent in England of what should be taught in such schools. Thus in the normal school of the Canton of Berne, the pupils worked in the fields during eight hours of the day, and spent the rest in intellectual labour. They were clad in the coarsest dresses of the peasantry, wore wooden shoes, and were without stockings. Their intellectual attainments, however, would have enabled them to put to shame the masters of most of our best elementary schools.

Such men, we felt assured, would go forth cheerfully to their humble village homes to spread the doctrine which Wehrli taught of peace and contentment in virtuous exertion; and men similarly trained appeared to us best fitted for the labour of reclaiming the pauper youth of England to the virtues, and restoring them to the happiness of her best instructed peasantry.

LUTHER'S PRESCRIPTION IN TRIALS AND TROUBLE.

If any day of trouble lies heavy upon thee, think how little that is in comparison with the thorny crown and nails of Christ, if thou dost do and suffer what is contrary to thee, remember how Christ was bound and led captive hither and thither; art thou tempted by the pride of life? see how thy master was mocked and despised; if thou art tempted by the lust of the flesh, remember how the tender flesh of Christ was crucified; if thou art tempted with hatred, envy, or revenge, remember how Christ with many tears, prayed for thee, and all his enemies, and if troubles or difficulties, bodily or spiritual, harass thee, strengthen thy heart and say, "Why should I have no grief, when my Lord sweat blood for sorrow and anxiety in the garden." A lazy, despicable servant is he who would lie in his bed, when his master must combat the pangs of death. You see how against all exigencies, in Christ we can find strength and comfort, and that is rightly considering the suffering of Christ. They are genuine Christians, who manifest in their life, the tife of Christ, as Paul says (Gal. v. 24.) and they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and Justs."

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