

YOUTH'S CORNER.

THE OLD OPTICIAN.

A travelling party had taken refuge in a public-house on the road to Nuremberg, about dusk, and at the commencement of a severe thunder-storm.

They looked through the window-glass, and one called out: "How it thunders!" the other: "How it blows!"—the third: "How it rains!"

One of the party thought he had heard a low, murmuring sound, which put a question upon each of those exclamations.

The old man did not look sour at all, but rather gave the youth a pleasant nod, as he put a new question to him: "And do you mean right or wrong, when we mean that the weather does all this?"

The father drew near, for he felt interested in the conversation, and wished to make acquaintance with the singular old man.

The old man nodded very pleasantly, and remarked: "Those who look in the book where these words are found for the causes of things, rather than take the common talk of men for their guide, will not look upon the round world as they do upon a watch which they wind, and the better it goes, the less they think of the maker of it."

The old man rose as he spoke, and disappeared through a door in the partition just behind him.

The travellers remained silent and thoughtful, till the landlord came into the room, of whom the father, inquired who the old man was who had just left the room.

The landlord looked mysterious and uneasy while giving an account of him.

The elderly traveller, on the other hand, observed to the landlord that he thought the acquaintance of such a man was rather to be coveted; and the glasses for looking inward were the most precious workmanship that could be imagined.

The landlord made his polite bow, and changed the conversation by remarking that the storm had ceased, and he heard the driver leading the horses out of the shed.

With the glasses which look inward will meet people in all countries; and every where are these who say, "I have nothing to do with you."

and then a flock of fieldlarks winged their way above the elm trees. At the corner of Farmer Pierce's cow shed stood a holly bush, and the shining red berries upon it looked very cheerful.

Just as he came up to the stile, we saw these persons a little before us, and soon perceived that one was Ralph Collins, farmer Pierce's shepherd, another was Betty Baxter, the wheelwright's wife, and the third Tom Sloane, the cow-boy; while he stood at the stile, they went on.

You will not ask how it was that Jacob knew all this; you will guess at once that he found it out by the tracks they had left in the snow.

As old Jacob and I walked forwards, he said to me that every one leaves a track behind him, not only when passing through the snow, but also in journeying through life.

When I first came to this village, and it is now more than forty winters ago, old Crowder lived in one of the cottages by the bank-side.

But was there no trace of old Crowder after he left the village? O yes! He left a track behind him, and a black one too; for his children, and his children's children are walking in his evil ways.

It is a great affliction for a child to have ungodly parents, and as great a mercy for him to have such as fear the Lord and walk in his ways.

Andrew Forbes was a different man to old Crowder, and a very different track did he leave behind him.

The "Shelter" was a House of Refuge, established in Dublin through the influence of Mrs. Fry, the Quakeress, and the case displayed in the above letter may serve as an encouragement to those engaged in similar enterprises of Christian benevolence in other lands.

THE SNOW TRACKS. A large party of us, on a misty morning in January, had just been passing through the snow-drifts between Hill Top and the old Gravel Pit.

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industrious and pious helpmate, bringing up their children as pious people ought to do. Let any stranger come into the village on a Sabbath day, and look at the wretched grandchildren of old Crowder, without shoes and stockings, and in rags, lying about, or squatting down on the heap of rubbish near their father's door; and then let him step into the neat cot of William Forbes, and see the group gathered together there just before they set off to the Sunday school, and the house of God, and he will see whether it is not a truth that old Crowder and Andrew Forbes have left a track behind them.

Yes! yes! nothing can be plainer! We are all leaving a track behind us, whether we are old or young, rich or poor; and well for us will it be if we are saying in our hearts, "Teach us, O Lord, to walk in thy ways, and in the paths of thy commandments."

As old Jacob Saunders finished the last sentence, he came to the high stile that leads into the turnpike road where we were to part; after knocking and scraping his shoes against the lever bars of the stile to free them from the snow, he turned to me and said: "MIX UP WHAT TRACK YOU LEAVE BEHIND YOU," and then sadly and thoughtfully pursued his walk.

RESUME FROM REV. Letter from a celebrated singer, to the Matron of "The Shelter" in Dublin, written in Newfoundland, June 11th, 1841.

"My dearest and best friend,—How I love to think of your ever anxious and uninterested motive in doing good! But you desire no praise.—Oh, Mrs.—, I do indeed think you have been a great means in saving my poor soul, and I often think what made you put every nerve to work, to have me sent here. But truly it was not you (as Joseph said to his brethren), it was God! How to begin I know not; my mind has been in such a state of anxiety, both temporal and spiritual, I will try to tell you."

"We left Dublin on Sunday, the 12th of May: we got on very well for a short time (about a week), although almost all our provisions were stolen, neither of us being able to care for anything; and being two lonely women in the vessel, we were treated cruelly after we had got on sea, being removed from our berth, and put under the hatches—every time the sea was boisterous, we were drenched through. I am alive to tell you, poor Anne—was too delicate to survive: she died the 21st of May, Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, and was thrown overboard at three in the afternoon: she knew she was dying. On Sunday she asked me to pray for her. I tried to do so, but felt as if my heart would break. I read the fifty-first Psalm, I think from the beginning to the tenth verse; she seemed as if her whole soul was lost in prayer, and I think felt happier all the evening after. She asked for something to eat, but I had nothing to give her but a drink of bad water. I said, 'What am I to do?' she said, 'Our Saviour had no better.' We had no straw to lie upon—half the time, as it had been thrown out so wet; so our linen and what things I could get, I tried to put under her, the skin being off her poor back. My dear Mrs.—, such a picture of patience and affliction, were I to live years, I shall never forget it; her senses never left her. A moment before she died, she asked me to forgive her all the trouble she gave me. I thought she was dozing when her spirit fled. I think I could say volumes. When I found her stiff and cold, and all had left me the night before, afraid to stay, I thought then I should go too,—I was quite stupefied: but when I asked myself why I felt so, I thought every instant I should be summoned before an offended God—my sins rose like mountains—I thought hell was my portion—I dare not, I could not pray; but I am still a living monument of, oh, His Mercy! Perhaps this may never reach you: if it does, oh, pray for me night and day, that I may try to know the value of my immortal soul! I know you will pity and forgive my talking so. I love Mrs. C.—; she taught me to pray—tell her; God did hear my prayers. I will now try to tell you."

"I landed here on the 7th of June, after nearly being wrecked, as we struck on sand banks, and the vessel sprung a leak, and all hands were pumping from morning until night, trying to keep her dry. Oh, the mercies of my God! There were two vessels lost at the same place where we struck two days before, when three hundred perished, only three saved! I got a lodging near where we landed, with very kind people, who put me to bed; you may judge how I felt."

"I am most happily settled with the minister's lady of this town, a most respectable happy family—they have five children: they have family prayer night and morning, and hold a general prayer meeting every week. I feel as if I had found a safe harbour from sin and the world in a strange land. I may say, 'He was found of me that sought no God.' My wages is about £12—found in everything of the best, a room to myself, and every convenience. When I look around me, I can scarce think it's true. I have delightful looks—every thing to bring me to Christ. Only for my papers I could not have got into such a family."

"I feel very anxious for many of the women. I would feel very grateful if you will return the poor women many thanks for their kindness to me; tell them,—oh, if I could, with tears, night and day, tell them (as I feel now I would)—the value of so many precious souls, that were bought with such a price. There are, I know, a great many of the women rather serious. I was so too; but tell them that when Anne lay dead in my lap, and when I thought I should have gone too, my host thought, in my life, was only a mockery I never, never, never forgot my good God, my Saviour. He looked on me, and pierced me to the soul."

"I hope my many prayers in this will be forgiven, if taking too great a liberty. I will conclude, begging an interest in your prayers; and believe me to remain, ever gratefully acknowledging your kindness until death."

M. J. B. The "Shelter" was a House of Refuge, established in Dublin through the influence of Mrs. Fry, the Quakeress, and the case displayed in the above letter may serve as an encouragement to those engaged in similar enterprises of Christian benevolence in other lands.

remember the time when those ferocious dogs were common. Yet even with such auxiliaries it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses. For the geography of that wild country was very imperfectly known.

THE POOR MAN HAD NOTHING, save one little ewe lamb. "None can read this parable, without sharing in the indignation of the king of Israel. The heartless cruelty, and selfishness, of the rich man, the utter bereavement of the poor, of his only comfort, the affectionate animal, which did eat of his own meat, and drink of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was to him as a daughter, justified the anger of David, who little thought that time, that he himself had done worse. The heart is deceitful, the conscience often asleep, and self-esteem wraps the judgment, and blunts the feelings. We can judge of others, but know little of ourselves. Some one who reads this, may be told of a man, who had received the greatest favour from a benefactor. Every gift which could make him happy, had been bestowed, he had been by him delivered out of many calamities, life itself saved, at the expense of much hardship and suffering, by that benefactor and kind friend, who, at last, died in rescuing him. Yet this man neglected him, cared little for his character, his cause, or his friends; nay, scarcely allowed himself to remember, that he had ever existed. Is not such a man an object of contempt, and detestation? But, whilst such are the natural, and the just feelings, Nathan comes to this one reader, and says, "Thou art the man." He tells him of all that Christ has done for him, of his suffering in his behalf, his constant kindness, and unwearied offers of mercy. He tells him that Jesus still pleads, and says, "What more can I have done for thee?" and yet, in spite of infinite love, of civilities, and warnings, and exhortations, the soul treats all with indifference, or says, "go away for this time, and at a more convenient season, I will send for thee." Can this be possible, with creatures endowed with reason and feeling? To treat the Saviour of the world thus, to neglect a salvation purchased at such a cost, and a rescue from danger, great beyond conception; conduct that, we should think, scarcely required a visit from Nathan. But we are self-deceivers, we are in a deep sleep, the sleep of false security. We see the evil in others, but not in ourselves, and cannot believe that we are so blind, so ungrateful, so wicked, as to treat Christ thus.

THE PHOENIX COMES WITH A MESSAGE from God, to all, and under every conceivable circumstance. He tells of the distress and grief occasioned by harsh and unguarded words, or unkind acts, by thoughtless or improper conduct; that some had only one comfort left, and that was destroyed; one tender point, and that was wounded; one innocent desire, and that was denied. He goes through the whole catalogue of sins and follies, of neglect, and aperties, and through all the varied scenes and conditions of a family, or individuals, and when the listener least expects to be convicted, says, "Thou art the man." He may come, when repentance may still be made, when information may still be had; but he may also come, when the injured one has gone beyond his reach, or left, for ever, those sorrows and vexations, he now regrets, that he ever inflicted. It would be well to receive a visit from Nathan, the prophet, morning and evening, and with sincere prayer, to examine faithfully, and deeply, the thoughts of our hearts, and the errors of our ways, and so to improve by the past, as to lead in future, to greater watchfulness, and more christian feelings, and more high estimation of the work of Christ.

TELL OF A MAN, who has found an inexhaustible treasure, a store of everything which is good, but that, though sufficient for all, he has kept it to himself, and left his fellow-creatures in want, and what do we say to his selfish cruelty? Ah! Nathan, Nathan, thou art coming to say, "thou art the man." Do we not act thus, when, partaking of the riches of Christ, we make not one endeavour to render others partakers also? We will not utter even a single word. We see them proceeding, in thoughtlessness, and carelessness, and in open sin, and yet tell them not of a Saviour's love, and the hope of heaven. Shame on us. Oh that Nathan may aid, "the Lord hath also put away thy sin." The remaining time is short, God grant that we may do more for him, during the rest of our pilgrimage.—Christian Fragments, by Professor John Burns, M. D., of Glasgow.

NORTHERN ENGLAND, 160 YEARS SINCE. From Macaulay's History of England. A large part of the country between the Trent and Tweed was down to the eighteenth century in a state of barbarism. Physical and moral causes had concurred to prevent civilization from spreading to that region. The air was inclement; the soil was such as generally required skill and industrious cultivation; and there could be little skill or industry in a tract which was so often the theatre of war, and which even when there was nominal peace, was constantly desolated by hands of Scottish marauders. Before the union of the two British crowns, and long after that union, there was as great a difference between Middlesex and Northumberland as there now is between Massachusetts and the settlements of those quarters who, far to the West of the Mississippi, administer a rude justice with the rifle and the dagger. In the reign of Charles the Second, the traces left by ages of slaughter and pillage were still distinctly perceptible, many miles south of the Trent, in the face of the country and in the lawless manners of the people. There were still a large class of moss-troopers, whose calling was to plunder dwellings and to drive away whole herds of cattle. It was found necessary soon after the Restoration to enact laws of great severity for the prevention of these outrages. The magistrates of Northumberland and Cumberland were authorized to raise bands of armed men for the defence of order and property, and provision was made for meeting the expense of these levies by local taxation.

THE PARISHES were required to keep blood-hounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of the eighteenth century could well

remember the time when those ferocious dogs were common. Yet even with such auxiliaries it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses. For the geography of that wild country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George the Third, the path over the fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglass was still a secret carefully kept by the dalemen; some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road. The seats of the gentry and the larger farm houses were fortified. Oxen were penned at night beneath the overhanging battlements of the residence, which was known by the name of the peel. The inmates slept with arms at their sides. Huge stones and boiling water were in readiness to crush and seal the plunderer who might venture to assail the little garrison. No traveller ventured into that country without making his will. The judges on circuit, with the whole body of barristers, attorneys, clerks, and serving-men, rode on horse-back from Newcastle to Carlisle, armed, and escorted by a strong guard under the command of the sheriffs. It was necessary to carry provisions; for the country was a wilderness which afforded no supplies. The spot where the cavaliers halted to dine, under an immense oak, is not yet forgotten. The irregular irregularity with which criminal justice was administered shocked observers whose life had been passed in more tranquil districts. Juries, animated by hatred and by a sense of common danger, convicted house-breakers and cattle-stealers with the promptitude of a court-martial in a mutiny; and the convicts were hurried by scores to the gallows. Within the memory of some who are still living, the sportsman who wandered in quest of game to the sources of the Tyne found the heaths round Keeldar Castle peopled by a race scarcely less savage than the Indians of California, and heard with surprise the half-naked women chanting a wild measure, while the men with banished dirks danced a war dance.

NOVEL MOTIVE POWER. We saw a few days since at the cabinet shop of Mr. Joseph Peckover, in this city, a most excellent application of dog power to the propulsion of machinery, which from its simplicity and cheapness of construction could be used to advantage wherever a small power is wanted. It consists of a large wooden drum 11 feet in diameter and 15 inches wide, the axle of the drum turning on friction wheels in order to lessen the friction. The dog was placed inside the drum, turning it by his weight in the same manner that a squirrel turns a wheel. By the power thus produced, Mr. Peckover drives two upright saws for cutting one small circular saw and turning lathe for wood, but not all at once. He employs two Newfoundland dogs for his work, and has trained them for it admirably. By a word from his master, the dog leaps from his kennel in the yard, runs into the cellar and jumps into the wheel. After working two hours, this dog is released by the other, and so alternately through the day. We noticed in our paper a few days since, the dog power which was exhibiting at the fair in this city. In that case the dog was fastened by the neck to a circular platform and made to work it around, the operation being much more laborious for the dog and producing less power. By Mr. Peckover's plan, the dogs are not fastened, and seem delighted at the privilege of turning the drum. At a very trifling cost any farmer can employ his dogs at churning, winnowing, pumping water, turning the grindstone, &c.—New York American.

QUEBEC AND HALIFAX RAILROAD.—THE RAILROAD MEETING of yesterday afternoon was one of the most numerous and enthusiastic that we ever witnessed in Quebec. At the appointed hour the large wardrobe of the late House of Assembly was crowded with our most influential merchants and other citizens without distinction of origin, creed or party, anxious to testify the interest they take in the success of a measure the most important that ever was proposed for the prosperity and advancement of the British North American provinces. One happy result seems to have already been reached, in the fraternization of all classes in Quebec.

HIS WORSHIP the Mayor of the City, G. O. STURGEON, Esquire, was called to the chair, and the City Clerk, F. N. GUYER, Esq., requested to act as secretary. The chairman, in a neat and appropriate speech in English, which he afterwards repeated in French, explained the object of the meeting. The Honorable A. W. COCHRAN, on moving the first resolution, had commenced an eloquent address in which he referred to the first meeting held in the same place three years ago, when a plan the practicability of which is now put beyond a doubt appeared to many, and even to himself, chimerical; alluded in feeling terms to the absence of one who then took a lively interest in the measure, but has since passed away, JOHN NATHAN; and was proceeding to enlarge and comment upon the report of the commissioners of survey which has been published, when he was interrupted by the arrival of a deputation of some hundreds of working men, principally ship carpenters from St. Roch's, with flags flying, who being unable to gain admission into the room, the meeting adjourned to the vast Hall of Assembly.

Here Mr. COCHRAN continued and concluded his address amidst the plaudits of the audience, and was followed in English by the Honorable Mr. WALKER, G. HALL, Esquire, and Captain BOXER, R. N., and in French by DR. BARDY, the Honorable Ls. MASSER, F. R. ANGAS, and J. P. RIEUNIER, Esquires. We regret our inability to give even a sketch of the different speeches.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the meeting. It has been left to the Committee appointed either to sign the petition themselves or have it signed by the citizens generally. The latter mode of signature would perhaps give it greater weight, although it might occasion a little delay.

Moved by DR. BARDY, and Resolved 1st.—That in the opinion of this meeting, the very able and clear Report of the Commissioners of the proposed Trunk Line of Railway from Halifax to Quebec, makes its practicability no longer a matter of doubt; and that it is the duty of every Colonist in the North American Provinces to aid and assist in this magnificent undertaking, by all the means and influence in his power.

Moved by the Hon. W. WALKER, seconded by the Hon. LOUIS MASSER, and Resolved 2nd.—That the construction of a Railway from Halifax to Quebec will cause a continued and enormous flow of Emigration alike serviceable to the Mother Country and these Provinces; and as the Commercial advantages will be of immense importance to Canada, to say nothing of the facilities in time of war so prominently alluded to in the conclusion of the Commissioners' Report, it is the opinion of this meeting that an humble address be presented to the Governor General and both Houses of Parliament, praying their favourable consideration of the project, which details, in a grant measure, the present state of these Provinces as British Colonies.

Moved by Sir H. CALDWELL, 1st, seconded by F. X. PARADIS, Esq., and Resolved 3rd.—That the Committee named in 1846, at the public meeting held on the 14th January, when this measure was taken into consideration, be re-appointed and requested to embody the above resolutions in a petition to the Governor General and both Houses of Parliament, and to take such steps as they may deem necessary for the furtherance of this great object, with power to add to their number.

The Mayor having left the chair, the Hon. Ls. MASSER was called thereto; and on motion of J. P. RIEUNIER, Esq., seconded by H. CANNIS, Esq., the thanks of the meeting were voted to His Worship for his able conduct as chairman.—Friday's Gazette.

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