

Youth's Corner.

BEWARE OF THE DOG!

A DIALOGUE.

Charles.—Please, Teacher, you said to us several times that you would explain to us any thing we could not understand.

Teacher.—Yes, my boy, I shall be glad to do so at any time. Do you wish to ask me something now? well, tell me what it is.

Charles.—I have often read about faith, Sir, and I hear you use the word, and tell us we must have faith; I should like to know all about it so well, that I can explain it to my little sister.

Teacher.—Well, I will try to make you understand; but you must pay great attention. Do you know any word that means the same thing? Think for a moment.

Charles.—Is it believing, Teacher?

Teacher.—It is; to have faith is to believe. Well, what is it to believe? Think, now, when you believe what your father tells you, what do you do?

Charles.—I think that what he says is true, don't I, Sir; and is that the same as believing in God?

Teacher.—Yes; only I must say a little more to that, because that is not quite all.

Believing in God, is indeed thinking all that he says is true; but it is also feeling and doing as if you thought so. Now, remember that, because there are many people who think that the Bible speaks what is true, who yet don't believe in God truly. Their faith is dead because it does not feel and act. But let me hear if you have remembered what I told you faith or believing is.

Charles.—It is—it is, thinking all that God tells us is true,—and—then I think you said—feeling and doing as if we thought so. Is that right, Teacher?

Teacher.—Quite right; and now I will tell you of something which I remember happened when I was a boy, to show you that faith is what I have told you. Shall I?

Charles.—O, do, if you please, Sir, I shall like to hear it.

Teacher.—I was but a little boy then, and I was sent on an errand to a warehouse, and in the yard I saw a board up, with "Beware of the dog," printed on it. I was afraid, and dared not go on, and yet I must get by to do my errand, but I did not know what to do; however, I stopped to think and look around me, and I felt great anxiety and trouble.

Charles.—And what did you do, Teacher?

Teacher.—When I had looked about for some time, I saw a man in the yard, and told him I was afraid the dog would jump out and bite me, if I tried to come by; so he told me not to be frightened, for he would mind the dog, and keep him from doing me any harm. And, seeing that the man belonged to the yard, I felt confidence in him, and went by the dog without being hurt, and I was glad enough, you may be sure.

Charles.—What a good thing it was, that the man was there.

Teacher.—Yes, it was, indeed. But, now Charles, tell me why I was afraid, and dared not go on.

Charles.—Because you thought the dog would bite you.

Teacher.—But I did not see the dog.

Charles.—No, Teacher, but you saw the board with "Beware of the dog," on it, and that was almost the same thing to you.

Teacher.—Very true; but suppose I had said, "O, that board is nothing, I'll go on and care for nothing and nobody."

Charles.—Then you could not have believed what the board said, Teacher, and you would have had a bite from the dog.

Teacher.—Now, then, you see it was my believing in what the board said, that made me afraid to go by, till I looked about, and called to the man.

Charles.—O, yes, I see it was your faith in the board.

Teacher.—Well, then, it was the same when I called to the man. When he told me he would take care of the dog, and not let him hurt me; how was it that I had courage enough to go by?

Charles.—Because you believed the man could keep the dog quiet, and that he would do as he promised.

Teacher.—Now, take notice, my dear boy, that my believing (that is, my faith,) made me feel as if I thought it true. I felt fear when I saw "Beware of the dog," because I felt sure there was a dog, though I did not see him; and when the man offered to take care of the dog, I felt confidence and courage in my heart, because I thought the man could master the dog, and because I thought he would be as good as his word.

Charles.—Now, I think, I understand, and shall—

Teacher.—But stop a moment, my dear Charles; I said there was something else, as well as feeling. Didn't I?

Charles.—O yes! Sir, I forgot, you said, Teacher, that believing makes us do as if we thought it true.

Teacher.—Yes; don't forget that; I didn't only feel confidence, but I went on; and wasn't this doing or acting as if I believed?

Charles.—I understand that, Sir, and I thank you for telling me so much. I can teach my sister Mary now.

Teacher.—So do, my dear boy; but first let me say a word or two more to you

about this. And, first, remember, that my feeling and doing were the effect of my faith. Do you my boy, believe in God? that is, do you believe what God has told us in the Bible?

Charles.—Yes, Teacher; but I must think of what you have been telling me about believing. How shall I find out whether I believe or not?

Teacher.—By seeing what effect your faith has. What do I mean by effect?

Charles.—I suppose, Sir, you mean, I must see whether my faith makes me feel and do as if I believed, like you, when you saw "Beware of the dog." Is that it, Sir?

Teacher.—Very good. Now let me help you to find out whether you believe. The Scriptures tell you of a roaring lion who seeks to devour your soul, who is this?

Charles.—The devil; and devouring us, means bringing us to hell.

Teacher.—And God tells you to beware of him, and to beware of sin, and the world, which means bad company, and sinful pleasures, and every thing that keeps us from loving and serving God. Now, which is worse, to be bitten by a dog, or to be devoured by Satan?

Charles.—O, Teacher! to be destroyed by Satan, because a dog can only hurt the body, and Satan can ruin the soul for ever and ever.

Teacher.—Well, I then felt afraid of the dog. Did you ever feel afraid of Satan? Do you feel afraid to commit sin, and go into bad company; and do you stop and think sometimes whether your soul is going; and do you feel anxious to be kept from going to hell when you die?

Charles.—Ah, I'm afraid I haven't thought so much of this before, as I ought. But, if I'm afraid of going to hell, what must I do? O, I remember you said, faith makes us do, as well as feel.

Teacher.—When you feel afraid and sorry for your sins, then you will begin to do, or act. You will look out, like I did, for somebody to help you. And I can tell you of one who is able and willing to help you.

Charles.—Who is that, Sir, is it any body I know?

Teacher.—It is one whom I wish you to know, not by seeing him yet, for he is too far off. I mean the blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, who died to save us from sin, and the roaring lion, Satan, and from going to hell; and if you believe in this Saviour, what effect will your faith have upon you?

Charles.—That is too hard for me to answer, I think.

Teacher.—O, no. Think what effect my faith in the man had on me. I called to him when I saw him; how can you call to Jesus Christ?

Charles.—By praying to him with all my heart.

Teacher.—Mind you do this, and remember, that you must mean what you say, as I did, when I called to the man. And when you pray to Christ, you must believe that he can master Satan, and take you safely through all sin and danger, to heaven above; and that he is willing to do it, and as good as his word; like I thought the man could and would get me safely past the dog, and this is feeling confidence in Christ, that is, feeling as if you thought he could do all this for you.

And if you do really believe in the Saviour, Christ, then you will act, that is, do, as if you believed. You will keep away from sin, you will go in the way that he tells you, and that is, what he tells us when he says, "Keep my commandments." Where can you learn the way which he tells you, and where are his commandments to be found?

Charles.—In the Bible, Teacher.

Teacher.—Well, now, my dear boy, go home, and think of what I have told you, and try whether you really do believe in God. Read the Bible often, and ask God to give you such a faith as will make you feel and do as if you thought the Bible true; a faith which will make you feel as the Bible says you ought to feel, and make you do all that the Bible says you ought to do, remembering that "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."—James ii. 17.

THE BELOVED SCHOOL-MASTER.

That is a title few schoolmasters win. I had many. Some I feared—some I almost hated—one there was I loved; and not only I, but every pupil he ever had.—His name (whom I should conceal it, for should this poor tribute meet his eye, his kind heart will not chide mine for indulging its affection) was JAMES STEVENSON. God bless him in his snowy years! If every teacher were like him, the school would not be the place of gloom, that it is so often. Do you ask what were the characteristics of this beloved teacher whom I honor with tears, as I write his name twenty years after I was his pupil? I will attempt to describe them—perhaps some may seek to emulate them. It will be no fancy's sketch, but far short of the living reality.

He had himself a loving heart. He loved his God, and therefore he loved every living thing, but especially his pupils, for those he considered the lambs God had given him, to feed with the bread of the soul. I think I see him now standing at the school room door rapping with his rod against the side to call us in. There is no frown upon his face; no eye is afraid to look up into that benevolent eye, but his pleasant "Good morning, my sons," meets with a ready response from all, as we pass by him to our seats. His smile is like sunshine in the room. Who can help loving one who so evidently loves us? We are ready for any task, for love makes it sweet.

HOW HE TAUGHT.

He taught as one who remembered he had to give an account. The first duty to which he called us, was prayer to the great Teacher. Hardened, beyond the ordinary depravity of youth, must that boy have been, who did not feel the sacred influence of those brief petitions in which he besought of Him, who giveth wisdom to all who ask it, to enable him to teach us, and incline our hearts to learn from him. We all felt it a duty to listen to one who felt so deeply his duty to us.

He was patient with our difficulties. He remembered that we were there to learn, not to know, and he therefore taught and explained instead of chiding us for blockheads, when we saw not by intuition. If one explanation was not sufficient, he gave another, but never left anything intelligible unexplained. Like the mother teaching her child to walk, he accommodated his step to our tiny stride. He did not march ahead, commanding us to follow, but seemed to walk with us, sympathizing with our little troubles, and cheering us on with pleasant words and encouraging smiles. If we did not at once comprehend, he rather laid the blame upon his insufficient teaching, and tried to amend it. He never forgot his dignity in abusing us with opprobrious terms, and we never forgot it by insulting him.

He encouraged our proper curiosity. He was never weary of answering our little questions, but gladly availed himself of any expressed desire for knowledge by giving a ready and familiar reply. It was, therefore, a pleasure to recite to him. In other schools the boys try to shun their turn in recitation, but all his scholars, who may read this, will remember, that we were always disappointed in not having the opportunity of showing we had not been idle. The idler's punishment was to be kept silent while the rest won his grateful thanks for having, at least, desired to know. The dunce, from whom God had withheld the ordinary gifts of mind, was not treated as a criminal, but stimulated to do "what he could," and allured to exertion such as he was capable of. Many, whom other teachers would harshly have turned back disappointed and despairing, did he lead on to that sure industry, which by perseverance gains much ground, though slowly.

HE MADE THE SCHOOL PLEASANT.

He made our studies pleasant by familiar illustrations. He did not disdain to make his boys laugh by a well-timed joke. I shall never forget some of his translations of dry grammatical rules. Thus, the rule of the relative and the verb, so hard of comprehension by the young mind, became easy and well fixed in the mind by this form: "If no big dog come between the little dog and the bone, the little dog will get it; but if a big dog come between them, poor little fellow! he must go without." And the rule—"The infinitive mood has an accusative both before and after it," was turned into doggerel metre, which readily caught the understanding—

"General Burgoyne was mighty fine
With an army before and an army behind,"

Geography we learned in imaginary travels—now supposing ourselves on our way to Congress—now following the tract of an army or a traveller, or a voyager, and now doubling Cape Horn, and touching at various ports to trade, until, having visited the four quarters of the globe, we returned home richly laden with the spoils of commerce.

Were we to read? He read for us, and we caught from him our emphasis and intonations. His recitations were more delightful to us than the best dramatic exhibitions to the visitors of the theatre. There was a pathos in his oration of Anthony, which often melted us to tears, though the "rent which envious Cassius made" in the robe of Cæsar, was a hole in his old silk handkerchief. Dear old man! He was not too proud to show us the way. I first felt the power of oratory while listening to him.

He never allowed us to get weary of study—His favorite maxim was

"Bows always bend lose their strength & vigor,
So does the mind too."

He had a fashion of calling out "minutes" when about the middle of school time, which was an intimation, that we might have five minutes' play. This rendered other absences unnecessary, and none could otherwise be purchased but by taking a stroke upon the hand from the magisterial birch, which was applied gently or severely, according as he considered the request reasonable. Sometimes the "play" during minutes was bringing in fuel for the fire, sometimes in doing some little service in his garden, but it was all "play," not the less that it was useful.

Then, in our longer opportunities of leisure, he would stand and watch our sports; applaud the fastest runner, the most agile leaper; and enter with all his sympathies into the contests for the ball, as we played at "base." Thus preventing, by his presence, quarrels and improper language, and proving himself our friend as well as master.—He was the first to put us in mind of vacation, and often did

he call us to cheer our hearts by a song and chorus, which anticipated that sunny time of the school-boy's life. Vacation was, indeed, pleasant, but we were always glad to receive the old man's welcome back.

HIS DISCIPLINE.

He was, however, faithful in discipline, notwithstanding his kindness. But his discipline was that of the moral, not of the physical being. He believed in the rod indeed, but it was never used in angry haste, or capricious impulse. We always felt that whipping gave more pain to him in inflicting it, than to us in enduring it. He reasoned with us of our faults. He taught us that they were rather sins against ourselves and against God, than against himself. Often when the offence was more than ordinarily aggravated, such as profanity or worse language, or falsehood, he was accustomed to keep us after the school was dismissed—with tears to plead with us to forsake our folly, and then make us kneel by his side while he prayed to God for our pardon. Willing too was he to forgive upon the first signs of sincere amendment. Unlike too many teachers, he bore no grudges. "There was forgiveness with him"—and the severest pain of remorse was the thought that we had made him suffer. Kind, excellent soul! A green spot in the desert of my school-boy days, was the time I spent under your eye. "When thou didst smite it was kindness, and thy reproofs were as an excellent oil which did not hurt my head."

It is years since we have met. The last time I saw him, we wept together. At least three score and ten years had passed over his head, but so gently, that his eye was but little dim, and his natural force scarcely abated. I had been somewhat successful in doing good, and he rejoiced over me, and I was glad because it gave him joy. We may never meet again, but, if he should read the Common School Assistant, he will learn that there is one heart which cherishes him in pleasant and grateful memory. Perhaps he is at rest, but if he sleeps in death, he sleeps in Jesus. His spirit is with Him who loved little children, and who has promised that he "who gives but a cup of cold water to his little ones shall not lose his reward."—Common School Assistant.

THE BEREAN.

They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.—Acts 17, 11.

I want of a periodical which would convey to Protestants in this part of the British dominions such intelligence as they in their character of religious persons must wish to be acquainted with, and which would contain, throughout, such reading only as they would not fear to place within the reach of the junior branches of their families, has been felt by many, and for a considerable period. This acknowledged want has engaged the attention of several members of the Church of England, and created in them an anxiety to supply what is so much desired, by the publication, at Quebec, of a weekly paper for the diffusion of religious, commercial, and political intelligence, and the promotion of all the best interests of a Christian community.

After a protracted search for an Editor who would carry this design into effect; the united urgencies of those friends with whom the individual who issues this Prospectus had hoped to co-operate as a promoter only of the design, have prevailed with him to undertake the entire responsibilities of the enterprise.

The Proprietor and Editor thus referred to will be glad, if it may be, to observe the incognito which is usually accorded to Editors in the mother-country. He will, however, be sufficiently pointed out to a large portion of the readers of this Prospectus by the signature Hst. under which he has now and then addressed the public. He has not resolved upon entering upon this charge until he had received a promise of kind and efficient help in the secular department, to which he as a Clergyman, engaged in other duties of engrossing interest, will not be able to give more than a general superintendence.

Promises of aid has been given by several gentlemen of the Clergy and Laity who will contribute to make the columns of the "Berean" worthy of the patronage of members of the Church of England and other friends of pure and unadulterated religion.

The political part of the "Berean" will in most cases, be nothing beyond a simple record of proceedings, the Editor thinking it quite needless for him to give opinion of his own upon the greater number of those questions which cause political strife and agitation. But whenever the cause of morals, good order, and religion shall appear plainly involved in the proceedings of politicians, he will not shrink from avowing the view he takes of the question, without regard to the party whose design it may become his duty to oppose.

Endeavours will be used to obtain and communicate the most important news upon Shipping, and the Markets, so as to convey to commercial men prompt and correct information upon matters with which it may be desirable for them to be acquainted. Intelligence of local or of general interest will be given, as the course of events may furnish matter, and as space may permit.

Being cordially attached to the religious communion of which he is a Minister, the Editor feels it incumbent upon him to decide at once upon giving to the interests of the Church of England a prominent place in the "Berean;" but entertaining at the same time an affectionate regard towards those members of other religious persuasions who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, he will not exclude from his

columns a ready acknowledgment and kindly notice of what in their proceedings may be of general interest to the friends of the gospel.

As it is the Editor's settled purpose to set forth that faith by which the sinner is justified and obtains peace with God, his course must be resolute against attempts, whether made within or without the protestant church, at substituting for it the devices of men. Never will he give countenance to any scheme that would withhold from souls perishing for lack of knowledge the message of hope through the atonement, or would, by departure from the simplicity of the gospel, mar the plan of salvation through the merits of the alone Saviour Christ.

Diocesan intelligence will always be given with a special view to inform the readers of the "Berean" upon the state of the Church of England in the Diocese of Quebec primarily, and in the adjoining Dioceses of British North America; and information on these points, as also upon the state of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, will be thankfully received.

The cause of morals will be constantly inculcated, through the most efficient motives, by a faithful exhibition of gospel truth. But it must be expected that calls will arise from time to time, for an explicit testimony against practices which, from their public character and their wide-spreading influence, require direct notice, in order to inform and guide the public mind; and the Editor will do so, fearless of the wrath of man. On this account also, advertisements of a nature directly injurious to this cause will be declined, while others are respectfully invited.

It is intended, if sufficient encouragement be given, to issue the first number on the first Thursday of the approaching month of April. The terms of subscription will be fifteen shillings for the year, or twelve shillings and six pence if paid in advance. No subscriptions will be received for a less period than six months.

The "Berean" will be printed and published by GILBERT STANLEY, Bible and Tract Depository, 15, BUADE STREET, where subscriptions and advertisements, as well as communications for the Editor will be received.

Quebec, 22nd Feb. 1844.

MRS. PARNELL, STRAW AND TUSCAN BONNET-MAKER, 27, ST. PAUL'S STREET, FROM 1ST MAY, NO. 1, ST. JOACHIM-STREET Upper-Town, near Hope-Gate. Quebec, April 4, 1844.

INSTRUCTION IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, BY M. MOREL, OF GENEVA. Cards of Terms at the Publisher's.

Reference to the Rev. C. F. HANSELL, 15, Stanislaus Street; JEFFERY HALE, Esq, Cartier's Street, and J. TRAMBLAISE, Esq, 8, Angelo Street. Quebec, 4th April, 1844.

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"The Sovereign authority of the Holy Scriptures, in answer to the publication of the Rev. P. M. M. inserted in the Canadian and the Journal de Québec, from the 25th June to 1st July, 1843, against the Law of God as the Christian's rule of Faith and Practice.—By H. M.

Ps. cxix. 57.—Thou art my portion, O Lord! I have said in my heart I will keep thy word. 1st Samuel, iii. 10.—Speak, Lord! for thy servant heareth. Quebec, 4th April, 1844.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CANADIAN JURIST.

IT is proposed to publish, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, a Monthly Periodical to be called "THE CANADIAN JURIST" Edited by JOHN HILLIARD CAMERON, Esquire, Barrister at Law and Reporter to the Court of Queen's Bench.—The work will be strictly confined to legal subjects, and will contain original and selected articles on important points in Pleading, &c. &c.; Remarks on Provincial Statutes relating to amendments or alterations in existing Laws, or introducing new Laws; the Reports of Cases adjudged in the Court of Queen's Bench in Upper Canada with a Quarterly Digest thereof; Notes and Reports of leading Cases decided in the English Common Law Courts, and Notes of Cases in Chancery in this Province, with a quarterly Digest of the Cases reported in the English Jurist. The first number to be delivered in April next, Price, Five Shillings a number, payable half-yearly in advance—the subscription for the first half-year payable on the delivery of the first number. Subscriptions will be received at the Offices of the following Gentlemen:—

Messrs. Strachan & Cameron, Toronto. Cartwright & Geddes, Kingston. John Wilson, Esquire, London. Charles Baby, Esquire, Sandwich. R. O. Duggan, Esquire, Hamilton. C. L. Hall, Esquire, Niagara. D'Arcy Balfour, Esquire, Cobourg. Geo. Sherwood, Esquire, Brockville. W. W. Fitzgibbon, Esquire, Belleville. J. G. Armour, Esquire, Peterboro'. C. T. Barris, Esquire, Bytown. T. Ching, Esquire, Cornwall. G. O. Stuart, Esquire, Montreal. Toronto, Decr. 28, 1843.

The Editors of papers in Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec, inserting, to receive a copy of the work for one year. April 4, 1844.

PRINTING-WORK, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER, On the most reasonable terms.

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