

Youth's Corner.

THE DARK; OR, TRUST IN GOD.

One cold frosty winter's evening, when the stars were shining out most beautifully, but there was no moon visible, I heard a sweet boy, of four years old, say to his little sister, who was fifteen months younger than himself, "Come, sister, with me into our play room, and I will show you such beautiful stars, you know when I said, 'Twinkle, twinkle little star, to mother the other day, you asked me, what a star was, and now, when I went to get my box of bricks, I saw, out of the window, nothing but stars.'" "No, no, *boader*, said his lispng companion, "me not like you in playroom now, all dark, dark, and baby not like dark. Baby see stars when playroom light." "But you can't see stars when there is light, baby, mother says they only come at night; besides," added this dear child, "why should you mind the dark? Do not you know God is there just the same as if it was light, and the room is full of good, bright Angels to take care of us? if we could see them, it would be quite light." He prevailed, and the little girl allowed herself to be led into the playroom, where in her admiration of the stars, she soon lost all her fear of the dark, at least for the time. Now, my young friends, this is quite true, for I heard it myself, and what was it, think you, that made this dear boy so fearless? His faith, his trust in God; oh, dear children, if you will but believe with all your hearts, that your God, your Saviour is ever near you, that blessed assurance while it stops you from committing many a sin, will fill you also with peace and confidence, for no place can be dark to those who feel they have a dear Friend and Saviour always at their side. What is it that enables our good Missionaries to go through so much, to endure such fatigues, to face such dangers, and cheerfully even to hazard their lives? It is that they know Jesus is with them, and that, "He gives his angels charge over them," either to carry them safely through all trials and temptations here, or happier far for them, to transport their souls to Him in Paradise! The little boy of whom I have spoken above, is now a big boy, nearly fourteen instead of four years old, and his sister is, of course, a great girl also, and no longer afraid of a dark playroom; but they have another little sister just five, and she shewed her faith in Jesus in so touching a manner the other day, that I am tempted to tell it to you, my young readers, and thus end my story. She said to her mother, "I have been thinking a great deal about the judgment day, and what God will say to every one: will he not say to me, mother—Have you been good, little girl?" "And what will you reply, my child?" said her mother. She did not answer, and her mother continued, "will you not be obliged to say, you have often been very naughty?" A deep sigh, and a faint "Yes," were heard. "Well, but what will God do then; for not one that is naughty can enter heaven?" "Ah, but mother," said the child, with the greatest quickness, "I love the Lord Jesus, and he will say, This is my lamb, she loves me, and I love her, forgive her sins for my sake, and God will let me in!" —*Children's Miss. Magazine.*

"HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."

What has your mother done for you? Why, when you were quite small, and could do nothing for yourself, your dear mother did every thing for you. She washed and dressed you, and took care of you. When you were hungry, she gave you food. When you cried, she put you in the cradle, and rocked you to sleep. When you were in pain, she took you in her arms, and hushed you, and smiled upon you, and played with you, and did all she could to make you forget your pain. When you fell down, she ran and picked you up. When you hurt yourself, she kissed the place you had bruised. When she put you to bed at night, she watched over you, and if she heard you cry, she ran to see what made you cry. And when your little limbs grew strong, she took you by the hands and held you up, and taught you to walk. Oh, my child, what did not your dear mother do for you? And what has your father done for you? Perhaps he has worked hard for you, and perhaps he is still working for you. He goes out early in the morning, no matter what the weather is. If it rains, he gets wet to the skin. If it snows, he is almost frozen with cold. But does he come home and say, it is so wet and cold he cannot keep out of doors, but must come and sit by the fire all day? No, he stays out, and goes on with his work, that he may get some food for his little children. And then, again, in the summer, when it is very hot, your father goes out and works hard. If he is mowing the grass, or reaping the corn, that makes him weary; or if he is ploughing, his legs get very tired with walking up and down the field so often. But, you do not hear your father complain. He need not work so hard, if he had not his children to feed. But he works willingly and gladly, because he will not see his children want. And so, if he is a merchant, or lawyer, or doctor, he has a very hard work to do, and often comes home very weary. And now I am going to ask you all a

question. Are you not very fond of your dear father and mother, who have done so much for you when you could do nothing for yourselves? O you must be! Then how do you think you should behave to them for all the kindness and love they have shown you? The Bible says,—"Honour thy father and thy mother." That is, mind what they say to you—do what you can to help them, and always try to please them.—*Youth's Penny Magazine.*

MAN'S EXTREMITTY, GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

"Last summer I was in Mesopotamia, the land in which Abraham lived, and was crossing a desert in the midst of summer where every thing was burnt up by the sun. Every little shrub was yellow as if it had been before a scorching fire. There was no water. There were no houses. Several days we travelled and did not meet a single person. We rode on horseback, and our horses became very faint as well as we, and as we rode along, we held down our heads like withered leaves, the sun was so hot upon us. One day we travelled many hours and found no water. We could not stop, until we reached water, for we were parched with thirst, and our horses could not travel unless we gave them water. It is very dangerous to ride over such a desert in the day time in summer. Men are often killed by it, the sun is so hot. Those who are obliged to go over the desert in summer, travel in the night, and stop by day under a tent. But we could not do so, because in the morning we did not come to any water. We travelled till noon, and still we found no water—not a drop. We sent our men down into every hollow and up every little hill, to see if they could find any water. But they found none. What was still worse, we lost our way, for there are no roads in the desert, and our guide, though an Arab who had always been accustomed to the deserts, did not know where he was. I told him the night before, that we were going wrong, because I knew by the stars. But he would not listen to me, and hardly spoke a word all the journey, but rode on before us and we were obliged to follow. When noon came, we began to be afraid that we should find no water that day. Some wanted to stop and lie down on the ground, they were so weary and faint. But I would not listen to it, although I was as weary and faint as any of them, because I was afraid that if our horses stopped, they would not be able to go on again, and we should be all left to perish in the desert. When I saw they wished to stop, I would not, but ordered the guide to ride on, and when I followed, all the rest were obliged to come too. I asked the guide which way we should go to find our course again, and he pointed to a high mountain a great many miles off on the border of the desert. Then I rode on with one or two others towards that mountain, and the rest of the party came on more slowly. We thought we saw a little green down in a low place, and we went down to it, hoping to find some water, but there was none there; it seemed as if it were just dried up. I then rode up on a mound and looked about, but there was nothing all around me, but a great plain as far as I could see and all covered with dry, yellow, prickly herbs such as the camels love to live upon. That same day we saw a young camel and caught him, and we caught a young gazelle too that seemed to have been left there by its mother and was too young to run away from us. About two o'clock in the afternoon I heard one of the men call out in a very joyful voice, and on going to him I saw that he had found some water in a little ditch. The ditch was full of rushes and reeds, so that the sun could not get at the water and dry it up so quick as in other places. There was but a very little of it left. In a day or two it would have been all gone, and if we had not come as we did, I know not what we should have done. It was only rain water and was very warm and muddy and full of insects. But we were very glad to get it, and when the rest of the party came and saw that we had found water, they cried out with great joy and ran to it all in a crowd and the poor horses were so thirsty that they got down upon their knees to drink of it. We stopped there all that day, and when night came, we mounted our horses and rode away over the desert. Now if we had not found that water, we should have been in a miserable condition, and perhaps some of our horses would have died, and how difficult it would have been to get out of the desert without horses. But God provided for us as he provided for the children of Israel in the wilderness. The water did not come there by a miracle as it came to them when it poured out of the rock, but it was very remarkable that we should find it in such a great desert, and I have always thought that God guided us to it as much as he guided them, although we had no pillar and cloud to lead us as they had. Now what I wish to say is this—that this little water was a very great blessing, and God made it so by guiding us to it. It was as great a blessing as if it were a mighty river, for it was enough for us all, and it was no worse than the rivers in that country, which are always muddy and warm in summer. So it may be with the money that you gave for Missions and with the prayers that you offer: God can make them as great a blessing to thousands that are perishing for want of the gospel, as he made that little water in the desert to us. No, it will be a much greater blessing, for how much more pre-

cious is the soul than the body, and the Gospel than water. The Gospel, you know, is good news. Now I suppose it has been better news to many thousands, who would never have heard of it if Missionaries had not gone to them, than it was for us, when we were faint and weary in the desert, to hear that water had been found. If any of you could have come to us then and given each of us a cup of cold water, how gladly you would have done it. How glad then will you be to give, and do what you can to send the Gospel to the thousands and millions, who have never received it, that they may learn the will of God, as you are learning it in the Church, and the Sunday School, that they may be taught concerning Jesus Christ as you are taught, and abandon their idols, and believe in him and be baptized that they may be saved. I did not think, when I began, to tell you this long story, but it came into my mind while I was writing, and I told it, so that if you should ever say, How little good we can do? you might remember how much good a little water did in the desert, and never say so again.—*Bishop Southgate.*

THE TWO MEN WITHIN.—An Indian being among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now; the good man say that's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say no, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

A CHILD AND AN INFIDEL.

The celebrated Hume was dining at the house of an intimate friend. After dinner the ladies withdrew; and, in the course of conversation, Mr. Hume made some assertion, which caused a gentleman present to observe to him, "If you can advance such sentiments as those, you certainly are, what the world gives you credit for being, an infidel." A little girl whom the philosopher had often noticed, and with whom he had become a favourite, by bringing her little presents of toys and sweet-meats, happened to be playing about the room unnoticed. She, however, listened to the conversation, and on hearing the above expression left the room, went to her mother, and asked her, "Mamma, what is an infidel?" "An infidel, my dear," replied her mother, "why should you ask such a question? An infidel is so awful a character that I scarcely know how to answer you." "O, do tell me, mamma," answered the child; "I must know what an infidel is." Struck with her eagerness, her mother at length replied, "An infidel is one who believes that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." Some days afterwards, Hume again visited the house of his friend. On being introduced to the parlour, he found no one there but his favourite little girl; he went to her, and attempted to take her up in his arms and kiss her, as he had been used to do; but the child shrunk with horror from his touch. "My dear," said he, "what is the matter; do I hurt you?" "No," she replied, "you do not hurt me, but I cannot kiss you, I cannot play with you." "Why not, my dear?" "Because you are an infidel." "An infidel! what is that?" "One who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." "And are you not sorry for me, my dear?" asked the philosopher. "Yes, indeed, I am sorry," returned the child, with solemnity; "and I pray to God for you." "Do you, indeed; and what do you say?" "I say, O God, teach this man that thou art."

A striking illustration of the words of sacred Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

GENUINE GREATNESS.

How many peaceful and quiet people, in the comparatively obscure and sequestered vales of life, who for years had faithfully performed their narrow round of duties, and put to the usance of good the one or the two talents wherewith they had been intrusted; how many of these, twelve months ago, hailed the New Year, and joyously greeted their friends upon its return, for the last time. The secluded cottage is often the abode of the purest virtues. There, duties are performed without any of that stimulus or eclat which sustains and urges forward the world-observed, world-applauded dignitary. There, trials are endured, and temptations scorned, without any auxiliary aids, borrowed from the lower motives and passions, but for conscience' sake, for duty's sake alone. It is a lofty, a sublime eminence, in a crisis of human affairs, to be selected from among thousands, and to be invested with the honours and the perils of authority; to be deemed worthy to marshal and lead on the forces of truth,

and to stand for the right where the battle is hottest; to feel the inspiration and uplifting power of the crisis; to gather from the applauds of spectators, and the rapture of the contest, an almost superhuman energy, and to expend it in almost superhuman deeds;—this is indeed a glorious spectacle. But there is a consummation of virtue, a reach of moral intrepidity, more glorious, more covetable than this. It is, to feel the same devotion, without the same allurements of honours. It is, to practise the same self-sacrifice, to achieve the same heroic deeds under a sense of private responsibility, which dignitaries and officials practise and achieve under a sense of public responsibility. It is, to do as much at the secret bidding of conscience, as others do when the voice of acclamation and praise ascends from every hill-top, to inspire them. There is one thing at which the most celebrated among the greatest and the best of men,—of men whose names will go round the world and down the ages,—there is one thing at which such men must forever retrace,—that they could not have done the same things for the love of man and the love of God, alone, unalloyed by motives less pure and divine. Must we not then believe that the removal of the comparatively obscure and secluded who have done their whole duty, without any outward reward or stimulus, without any hope of posthumous renown,—is among the most deplorable losses which the closing year has inflicted upon the world? They gave proofs of genuine greatness and nobleness of soul; and must we not believe that when the great Searcher of hearts shall make up his jewels, the most precious and lustrous that shall be set in the diadem of heaven, will be selected from the lowlier walks of life?

THE INFANT IN YOUR ARMS.

It is now well-formed, full of muscular powers, compacted of elastic fibres. Its body is like a close-woven tissue of well-tempered steel springs. What a magazine of energies is a little child; what strength, what robustness, what celerity, are in him! How many journeys across continents, if need be, on errands of mercy and love, may be snugly packed away in those little feet. Look at those little hands, now seeming so empty and impotent. Yet what mechanical contrivances may come from them; what new steam engines, power-presses, telescopes; what treasures of goods and garments and gold, for alms-giving, for charitable distributions, for founding hospitals, schools, universities; for sending boon and blessing to other lands and climes! From between that little right thumb and finger, what volumes may flow out,—poetry, history, philosophy, ethics! In those yet inarticulating lips, what tones and speeches of kindness and love, sweeter than ever came from lyre or lute; sounding ten thousand times farther than any that ever pealed from organ or orchestra; penetrating through all the recesses of the heart, and carrying benediction and joy into all its depths; what orations, what sermons, what advocacy of right that shall ransom the wronged, what thunders against the oppressor, that shall break the captives' chains! May not all these stand behind that vocal apparatus, as behind a curtain, ready, when the occasions come, to leap into performance and consummation? Now what shall be done with all these exquisitely wrought instruments, with these marvellous powers and capabilities? Shall they be mutilated, destroyed, like orient pearl or gem in the hands of a false lapidary? Or shall they be cultivated, trained, evolved into the fulness of life, changed from the possible into the actual, from the capacity into the reality? Shall they be rescued from all doubt and fear, and pass beyond hope, and be securely advanced into blessed, immortal, indestructible truth and history?

AMUSING STORIES.

Many of the arts of the knavish are exceedingly adroit and ingenious, and fraud is often attended with ludicrous accompaniments. The basest cheats are often practised, by using a joke as a decoy. A declaration or promise bearing an obvious meaning upon its face, may have an occult one most incongruous to the real. This constitutes wit, for wit often consists in the mere juxtaposition of incongruous ideas. A startling collocation of thoughts arrests the attention and opens the mind; and then the malice, or the baseness, or the trickery is insinuated into the soul, as poisoned medicines are swallowed because of their sweetened surface. If the company or the table is set in a roar by a story of dishonest craft, what other idea can a child get but that the wit is worth more than the honesty? What is the archetype furnished to a child's mind, when an account of practical falsehood is related with zest and greeted with applause; and when the company of those is most sought who excel in relating the stratagems of crime? What idea of the relative value of deception and of sincerity must a child receive when the recital of successful knavery excites a shout of laughter that drowns its immorality? In all such cases, immorality is expressly inculcated under the stimulus of merriment. Delight gilds the poison. Pleasure is teacher, and her lessons are lies. The unsophisticated conscience of a child would revolt at this wrong, if it were presented in its own natural deformity; but its ac-

companions conceal the hideousness of its features.

Boston Common School Journal.

OUR SOVEREIGN, A CHILD OF PRAYER.

His royal highness, the late Duke of Kent, during his last illness, asked his physician, if he was accustomed to pray? "Please your royal highness, I hope I say my prayers; but shall I bring a prayer book?" "No," was the reply, "what I mean is, that if you are accustomed to pray for yourself, you could pray for me in my present situation." The doctor then asked if he should call the duchess? "Do," said the Prince. The duchess came and offered up a most affecting prayer in behalf of her beloved husband.

On another occasion, when the duke expressed some concern about the state of his soul in the prospect of death, his physician endeavoured to soothe his mind by referring to his high respectability and honourable conduct in the distinguished situation in which Providence had placed him; when he stopped him short, saying, "No, remember, if I am to be saved, it is not as a prince, but as a sinner."

When his royal highness felt that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career, he desired the infant princess to be placed before him while he sat up in bed. In this position he offered up a most affecting prayer over her, the last part of which was to effect, if not in the very language, that "if ever his child be Queen of England, she might rule in the fear of God." Having uttered these words, he said, "Take the child away," and this was the last time he ever beheld her. Who is not prepared to join in prayer, that this last petition of a dying parent may be found graciously and eminently answered.

These particulars I received from the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, chaplain to his royal highness, and he had them from the medical gentleman himself (now, I believe, he is also dead,) when they were travelling together to attend the funeral. They appeared too interesting to be left unrecorded, especially when we recollect the relation his royal highness bore to the beloved sovereign of these realms.—*Lon. B. Magazine.*

BOOT AND SHOE WAREHOUSE, 14, BUADE STREET.

THE Subscriber informs his customers and the public, that he has just received his spring supply of ENGLISH and FRENCH LEATHER, consisting of Calf-Skins, of a beautiful description, direct from Paris; Boot Morocco, Patent and Elastic Leather, Plain and Enamelled French Fronts, Maxwell's Spurs, with a great variety of other articles in his line. The universal preference given to his work for many years past by the Military Gentlemen of this Garrison, is a proof of the superior style in which orders entrusted to him are executed. Top Boots made to order. THOMAS COWAN. Quebec, June 27, 1844.

RECEIVED EX "BRITISH QUEEN."

145 HAMBERS Cheese, viz: Double Gloucester, double Berkeley, Cheddar, Truckles and Queen's Arms. C. & W. WURTELE, St. Paul Street. Quebec, 23rd Sept., 1844.

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PERSONS of unexceptionable character, and duly qualified according to the requirements of the School-Act, are wanted as Masters to Common Schools in several country settlements: Salary from £30 to £40 a-year. For information apply at the office of this paper. 29th August, 1844.

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To persons indebted to the Bankrupt Estate of Alexander Hegg, Chemist and Druggist. LEGAL proceedings will be taken forthwith for the recovery of outstanding Debts due to this Estate. HENRY W. WELCH, Assignee, No. 38, St. Peter-St. Quebec, 13th Sept. 1844.

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