

Boath's Corner.

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.

The bell tolled, the cables were loosed, and the boat set sail. We had scarcely cleared the dock, when I saw a man addressing one of the boatmen very earnestly, and I drew near that I might know the cause. The first words that fell upon my ears were these: "Can't you put me ashore? I must go ashore—I will pay you to put me ashore."

"I cannot tell," replied the boatman, "you must go to the captain."

So the man went to the captain, and besought him to put him ashore. But the reply was, "No, you had plenty of time to get on shore while the bell was tolling; I cannot delay my passengers for one person—you must now be content to go with us."

One minute too late, thought I, as I walked away from the scene. There was plenty of time for this man to leave the boat, and the bell tolled to warn him that he must leave, or be carried off; it is surely his own fault. Now he is compelled to go away from home and friends, and they know not where he is, or what has become of him.

While reflecting on the conduct of this man, I could not avoid comparing the case with that of my fellow creatures. All the impenitent are on board a vessel whose frail cords will soon be cut, and they are then launched upon the boundless ocean of eternity. The gospel bell is tolling its solemn notes of warning, but O, how many are one minute too late.

"There is time enough yet," exclaims that giddy young woman upon, whose mind the Spirit of God has long been at work, and who has often been almost persuaded to abandon her folly and devote herself to the service of Jesus. "There is time enough yet. It is true I have passed through many serious thoughts, and have been the subject of many prayers and entreaties; but I am yet quite young, and it is so hard to give up my pleasures. I will put it off a little longer."

So saying, she gives herself up to the world. The tender Spirit troubles her no more, and she soon becomes the gayest of the gay. Time speeds its way, and she walks forth the very picture of health. Her society is courted by all who know her, and the palm of beauty is laid at her feet. Wealth has bestowed on her all that heart could wish in this world's goods, and the esteem of a numerous acquaintance has placed her on the pinnacle of earthly bliss.

But she is taken dangerously ill. The physician is called, and he declares she cannot live the day out.

"What! can't you cure me, Doctor?" exclaims the wretched girl, frantic with consternation—"Can't you cure me? You must not let me die. I cannot die. Oh! Doctor, Doctor!" and she clenches her hands round his arm and continues to shriek, "I cannot die—I have grieved the Spirit," and like exclamations, till her exhausted body sinks into the arms of death, and her soul lies down in eternal sorrow.

One minute too late! There was a time when this young woman might have made her peace with God. The kind Spirit strove with her day after day, and month after month, just as he may now be striving with the reader. But she obstinately persisted in grieving the blessed Spirit till it was one minute too late. There was a moment when the Heavenly One spread his bright wings, and took his everlasting flight. This young woman lived years after that, but she was never under convictions again, till the stern messenger of death hurried her away.

Impenitent reader! beware how you trifle with the gracious admonitions and entreaties of the Holy One. Let it not be said that the case above narrated is extreme or uncommon. Such cases are occurring every day. The world of despair is peopled with the rejecters of Jesus. If the Son of God exclaimed while on earth, "Wo unto thee Chorazin, and wo unto thee Bethsaida," oh! what would he exclaim concerning you? Your probation is awfully solemn. Your eternal destiny may be settled before yonder sun has set. The good Spirit now tenderly woos you—he tenderly convinces you—he tenderly entreats you to act wisely—he clearly sets before you the folly of seeking your happiness in this world's pleasures, and has unveiled to you a glimpse of his own glory. He entreats you to accept of pardon and salvation. What will you do? The gospel bell is tolling. The first and second call have been given. Its solemn notes bespeak the awful consequences of delay. "Now is the accepted time." Now! or it may be one minute too late.—Children's Friend.

INDUSTRY AND SAGACITY OF THE ANT.

A gentleman of Cambridge one day observed an ant dragging along what, with respect to its strength, might be denominated a piece of timber. Presently it came to an ascent where the weight of its load seemed to overpower it; but three or four others immediately, as if observing the dilemma, came behind and pushed it up. As soon, however, as they got it again on level ground, they abandoned it to the first ant, and proceeded to their own work. The piece of wood happened to be considerably thicker at one end than the other, and this soon threw the poor ant into a fresh difficulty—he unluckily dragged it between two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts, finding it would not go through, he adopted the only mode that even a reasoning being, in similar circumstances, could have taken; he came behind it, pulled it back again, and turned it on its edge, when, resuming his operations at the other end, it passed through without difficulty.

ATTACHMENT OF THE PARROT TO ITS COMPANION.

A male and female of the Guinea parrot were lodged together in a large square cage. The male usually sat on the same perch, and

close beside the female. Whenever one descended for food, the other always followed; and when their hunger was satisfied, they returned together to the highest perch of the cage. They passed four years together in this state of confinement; and from their mutual attentions and satisfaction, it was evident that a strong affection existed between them. At the end of this period the female fell into a state of languor, which had every symptom of old age; her legs swelled and grew knotted, as if with the gout. It was no longer possible for her to descend for her food as formerly; but the male assiduously brought it to her, carrying it in his bill, and delivering it into hers. He continued to feed her in this way, with the utmost vigilance, for four months, till her infirmities increased so much that she was no longer able to sit on the perch. She remained now crouched at the bottom of the cage, occasionally making a few useless efforts to regain the lower perch; while the male, who remained close to her, seconded these feeble attempts with all his power. Sometimes he seized with his bill the upper part of her wing, to try to draw her up to him; sometimes he took hold of her bill, and attempted to raise her up, repeating the effort several times. His countenance, his gestures, his continual solicitude,—every thing, in short, indicated in this affectionate bird an ardent desire to aid the weakness of his companion, and to alleviate her sufferings. But the scene became still more interesting when the female was at the point of expiring. Her unfortunate partner went round and round her without ceasing; he redoubled his assiduities and his tender cares; he attempted to open her bill in order to give her nourishment; his emotion every instant increased; at intervals he uttered the most plaintive cries; and when at length his faithful companion expired, he languished from that time, and survived her only a few months.—Nelson's British Library.

THE BLACK BEETLE IN THE COUNTRY OF THE AMAPONDAS.

Captain Gardner, in his "Journey to the Zoolu Country," describes a black beetle observed by him in the country of the Amapondas, which packed its eggs in a ball to the size of ten or twelve times that of the insect itself; the ball has then to be removed from its place to a distance, which the parents effect by this striking mechanical process: One of the two, bearing with head and forelegs upon the ground, pushes the ball forward with its hind-legs; at the same time the other crawls upon the ball in the opposite direction; the weight of its body imparting an additional impetus to the advancing hemisphere, at a point beyond which it never ascends. A Newton himself, says the author, could not have displayed a more practical acquaintance with the law of gravity; and surely He from whom Newton and all the wiseheaded of the earth have obtained their knowledge, has implanted this remarkable instinct.

THE FEARFUL WHIRLPOOL.

The following incident is related by the journalist of the Exploring Expedition, and shows with what fearful suddenness men sometimes pass unexpectedly from time to eternity. Mr. Ogden was descending the Columbia river in one of the company's boats, with ten Canadian voyagers, all well experienced in their duties. On arriving at the Dalles they deemed it practicable to run them in order to save the portage. Mr. Ogden determined, however, that he would pass the portage on foot, believing, nevertheless, the river was in such a state, that it was quite safe for the boat to pass down. He was accordingly landed and ascended the rocks, from which he had a full view of the water beneath, and of the boat in its passage. At first she seemed to skim over the waters like the flight of a bird; but he soon perceived her stop, and the struggle of the oarsmen, together with the anxious shout of the bowman, soon told him that they had encountered the whirl. Strongly they plied their oars, and deep anxiety, if not fear was expressed in their movements. They began to move, not forward, but onward with the whirl. Round they went with increasing velocity, still struggling to avoid the now evident fate that awaited them. A few more turns, each more rapid than the last, until they reached the centre, when, in an instant, the boat, with all her crew, disappeared. So short had been the struggle, that it was with difficulty Mr. Ogden could realize that all had perished. Only one body out of the ten was afterwards found at the bottom of the Dalles, torn and mangled by the strife it had gone through.—Episcopal Recorder.

SPARE TO SPEND.

Two persons who were employed in collecting money for a public charity, went to the house of a gentleman, to ask for his donation. While waiting there, they overheard him scolding his servant for wasting a small piece of candle. Judging from this that he was extremely covetous, one of them suggested that it was useless to wait, and proposed to go to another house. The other person, however, thought it best to stay. At length the gentleman read their paper, and immediately presented them with five guineas. The collectors could not conceal their surprize, which being observed by the gentleman, he desired to know why they expressed so much wonder at the gift. They told him the reason. "Gentlemen (he replied) it is true, I am very exact and careful in my affairs; I cannot endure the least waste of any thing, however small its value; and I do this, that I may save, out of a moderate income, something to give to God and religion."—Masters and Mistresses of families, suffer no extravagance! Spare: unnecessary expence! Spare: that you may have to spend for God!—And, Servants, avoid profusion and waste! Think not your masters covetous, because careful. It becomes both them and you to be care-

ful, that there may be somewhat "to give to him that needeth."—Friendly Visitor.

FROM THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

The late and last Archbishop of Tuam was a truly apostolic prelate. Distinguished no less by intrepidity and inflexible firmness of character, than for a watchful and most considerate benevolence; eminently faithful in the discharge of the duties of his exalted station, and unwearied in his efforts to improve the temporal and spiritual interests of his countrymen, he is universally acknowledged to have shone as a light in a dark place, and his "memory is blessed." The private life and habits of such a man, as unfolding the secret springs of his character, and giving us a nearer insight into the operations of that grace by which as a vessel of a higher order, he was "fitted and made meet for the Master's use," are replete with interest. From a memoir of considerable length lately published, we select a few scattered notices.

It was the Archbishop's constant habit to rise at a very early hour in the morning; generally, if health admitted, between four and five. His fire, which was prepared the night before, he always lighted with his own hands. He had, by this means, four hours of uninterrupted privacy before breakfast, which afforded him opportunity for much study of the Word of God, with fervent prayer for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on himself and others. Once, when his nephew, the Rev. Dr. Traneh, was residing with him as his registrar, he had occasion to proceed to business to expedite some important papers, at an exceedingly early hour: so early, that, notwithstanding his knowledge of his uncle's habits, he concluded that he must have risen before him. Under this impression, he precipitately entered the Archbishop's study, and there he found him on his knees, bending over a large Bible, which was spread open. Starting suddenly up, he betrayed a momentary awkwardness at the discovery, but, checking the apologies which were offered for so unseasonable an interruption, tenderly re-assured the intruder, and supplied him with the writing materials of which he was in quest.—His devotional habits were the true secret of his strength. He knew the privilege and experienced the benefit of having fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ!—After a morning spent in this manner, as punctually as the clock struck nine, he assembled his family for prayers, and as punctually in the evening at half-past nine. Breakfast over, the fragments were given with his own hands to the tame wild fowl around his palace, whom, with a spirit resembling that of the poet Cowper, he delighted to feed and shelter. A pet fawn and doe, who had grown quite familiar with him, and used to accompany him in his walks round the demesne with intelligent affection, supplied the place of the poet's hares, and he might have addressed them in the poet's words:—

"Yes, thou may'st eat thy bread and lick the hand That feeds thee, thou may'st frolic on the floor At evening, and at night retire secure; To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarmed; For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged All that is human in me to protect; Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love."

The recreation which he thus allowed himself was brief, and at a quarter past ten precisely, he summoned his immediate family to his study, to whom he read for an hour, commencing with the collect for the second Sunday in Advent, and the Psalms and Lesson for the day. On Sunday he read some pious volume. At one time it was Krummacher's "Elijah"; latterly Blunt's "Lectures." Those on the doctrinal Articles of the Church of England were his chief favourites. His Sabbaths were wholly devoted to prayer and meditation. He laid aside care and business to be in the Spirit on the Lord's-day.

His Grace's manner of living was simple and temperate in the extreme; a plain joint of meat supplied his dinner. Whenever he saw one of his children about to try a new dish not tasted before, he always said with a smile, "Now you are going to create a new want." The following instance of his personal visits to the sick poor is only a specimen of what were his general habits. Two young gentlemen returning before dawn from a ball in Tuam, observed the light of a lamp at the other end of the street. They paused to wonder and conjecture whence it could proceed. As the object neared, they stepped aside, and with astonishment perceived that it was borne in his hand by the Archbishop, who was wrapped up in a large blue cloak. "Let us dog him," they idly whispered, and pursued his steps till he approached a wretched hut, too ignoble to be called a cabin. As he entered, he closed the crazy door behind him. The spies who stood without, distinctly saw him approach the hair, on which three fever patients were lying, and taking from under his other arm a canteen containing some nourishment, he administered it to them. He then read a portion of Scripture, exhorted the afflicted creatures, and prayed for them. Rising from his knees, he lifted the canteen and took his departure. Those who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, will do well to ponder this instructive incident. Which of the two parties possessed the most solid enjoyment?—From the Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine.

THE LATE REV. HENRY VENN.

He appears to have been a model of what a pastor should be. He was with his flock at all seasons, in their joy to rejoice with them, and in their sorrow to weep with them; exhorting them daily, rebuking, reproving them, if need was; never leaving or forsaking them, till they loosed away from these mortal shores to die with Christ. When they were absent in body, he prayed for them, wrote them letters containing admirable rules for the conduct of the Chris-

tian life, and which form the most valuable part of the collection. We wish it were in our power to make extracts from his extensive correspondence. We would print it as letters peculiarly interesting,—one on the mistakes into which young ministers are apt to fall; another, on directions for leading a Christian life, which has been frequently printed as a tract, and might be with great profit again; another, on the doubts and fears of upright Christians. But time would fail us, to speak particularly of them. He warned his friends, especially, against too much intercourse with the world. "The spirit of the world," he said, "would creep in, and a pleasure in entertaining, and appearing just as those who know not God. I believe more religious professions perish on this error than any other. Whoever desires to persevere and increase in grace, and live and die in hope, must be diligent in secret prayer; must constantly read God's word; must walk with those who walk conscientiously before God. In all my reading and acquaintance for forty years with pious persons, I never saw an instance of one decaying, and coming to nothing, who observed these rules—never saw one who profaned, on any consideration, to give over attention to them, who did not fall away."

His remarks on prayer are of great practical value. "We are not to be satisfied with bowing the knee, and beginning the day with devotion; but we must pray. I used long to exercise an idle, lukewarm way of praying (by which I got nothing, but deluded my own soul;) as if it were a necessary consequence of corruption, which all felt, and all deplored. But to pray without attention, or without importunity; to pray with our hearts asleep, and worldly thoughts intruding, as guests of every character do at an inn, is hypocrisy. If we are not grieved and affected at it as our disease, and long for the Spirit's power, and confess our sinfulness, our religion is mere form. If we do lament it, we shall succeed; and generally our secret approaches to the throne of grace will be refreshing, animating, and the sweetest hours of our life. When secret prayer is thus performed, one part of our earnest requests will always be, that the worship of the family may be solemn and spiritual. I have had family worship ever since I kept house, but never till within these five years was concerned about carrying it on as it ought to be; that is, I did not intercede with God that we might never meet together without the exercise of faith, repentance, hope, and love, and without such a manifestation of his presence, as he has promised to two or three who are met together in his name. When secret and family worship is thus performed, the blessing is to be confidently expected in a recollected and watchful frame of mind amidst trials, and preparedness for them; in a jealousy of self-will, which is ever working, and in a fear of every thing that savours of a sour, hasty, angry spirit, the bane of domestic felicity, and the great contradiction of the Christian temper."—Episc. Observer.

A TEST OF CHRISTIANITY.

A gentleman had occasion to travel through a new and thinly settled part of America; his companion was a man of intelligence, but of infidel principles; who was fond of discussion, and tried to beguile the way by urging arguments against the truth of the Christian religion. The thinly peopled part of the country through which they were passing was inhabited by people of bad reputation, and it had been rumoured that travellers had suffered fatal violence from them when they were within their power.

As regular inns were unknown, our travellers were compelled to trust to the hospitality of those of whom they could not but entertain a secret fear. On one occasion, as the evening closed in, they sought a lodging-place in a log cabin far remote from other habitations. They expected but little comfort; and were induced to believe that it would be a measure of safety to watch alternately through the night.

As they were about to retire to their rude bed, their host went to a shelf, took down an old and much worn Bible, and informing his visitors that it was his custom to worship God in his family, he read and prayed in a simple manner. They retired to rest, slept soundly, and thought no more of alternate watching.

In the morning, the gentleman requested his infidel companion to say whether the religious exercises of the preceding evening had not dispelled all distrust of their host's character, and had not enabled him to close his eyes in the most confident security. He was evidently confused by the question; but at last he candidly owned that the sight of the Bible had secured him a sound night's rest. Here was a testimony extorted from an infidel, in favour of the influence of that religion which he assailed. He could not harbour a fear of violence from one who was in the habit of daily bending his knee before God. The very sight of the family altar rendered the house a secure asylum. Who would not be a Christian?—Who can be an infidel?—Friendly Visitor.

"PAY AS YOU GO."—I received a few days since a letter from a young friend in Ohio, from which the subjoined is an extract. The good sense, the practical wisdom, and the firm turn of expression, made a deep impression upon me, and it may be useful to young men just starting in life to read the practical philosophy of one not 25 years old, who is rapidly building a name and character for time by the exact observance of one single principle:—

"We have been expecting you out here all the spring. You and—must come and see how very happy we are. We have no trouble in or about the house—in the house, because we mutually agree upon the little as well as the great things—out of the house, because we live practically upon the true and only principle which secures peace, honesty, and independence; pay as you go. There is nothing like

this in the whole roll of inventions to secure ease in living. It takes but one-half the money, one-half the time, one-half the patience, one-half the fore-sight—not a cent of interest; pays 100 per cent in hand and needs no underwriting.

"This is the principle for a young man to follow. It needs a little moral courage to go it strictly—but 'Pay as you go' has made all our honest men—has made nearly all our great fortunes—has made small capitalists millionaires; and if it has not made Christians, it has obviated heaps of sins. Now I have bared my out-door operations on this principle, and I find its influence pervading the household minutiae; happiness smiles in every corner, and when the week is fully spent and fully paid for, we own the Sabbath.

"Pay as you go' is much neglected as a practical principle: the enterprises of life seem to overbear it—and ambition, too impulsive and too proud, scorns the simple rule of rectitude; but whoever courts and submits to its formal exactions, need not envy the great man's fireside or the rich man's pocket. It is and shall be the basis of my plans, and although I do not expect to convince the world, I feel in this principle a substantial investment of happiness that 'pays as it goes,' and returns at the end the capital undiminished."—Am. Paper.

APOLOGY FOR THE BIBLE.—King George III., first hearing of Bishop Watson's "Apology for the Bible," said: "Apology for the Bible! I did not know that the Bible wanted any apology."

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