

Four's Corner.

VACATION-JOURNEY IN SWITZERLAND.

Continued.

The boys had slept so well that it seemed no hardship to them, when they were told that they would sleep the next night again at the Hospital. There were the magnificent falls of the Aar to be visited in a direction which would require them to come back this way; and the descent and climbing would be as much as they could endure for one day's march. They therefore did not take leave of their host, but left even their knapsacks under his care, when they set out on their march. It took them two hours to arrive at the falls, and the walk was more painful to their tender feet than what they had become accustomed to: the rocks in general have some covering of earth, moss, or gravel which mitigates their hardness; but here they had to walk almost entirely on the bare rock, and it made them feel as if they had been journeying three hours instead of two. At the same time that their feet felt so severely the task imposed upon them, their breathing was uncommonly easy, and the remark was made by one of them that he had never felt so well in the low lands as he did here on the high mountains. This led to some instruction respecting the weight of air which presses upon every individual at all times, though he may not be conscious of it, and which diminishes in proportion to the height he ascends above the level of the sea. It excited great merriment among the boys when Mr. Kapff told the youngster who felt so very well: "No wonder you breathe so freely, when you are carrying some fifty hundred-weight less on your shoulders than you commonly do at Hofwyl." He explained the matter further, by saying that more than a hundred weight of air is taken off from an individual as often as he ascends the height of a hundred feet; and as they were nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea, the column of air resting upon each of them was really quite so much lighter as he had stated; and that was sufficient to make itself felt, since the weight of the whole column on a man standing on a level with the sea was computed to be about three hundred hundred-weight.

A good deal of their walk on this occasion being level, another remark sprang up among them: when their eye fixed upon some object towards which they were walking, it seemed to be a monstrously long time before they got at it. Their tutor explained this by reminding them that they formed their calculation of the distance of the object by what they had been accustomed to in the atmosphere of Hofwyl, which is much more dense than that at the height where they were now travelling: they consequently judged an object to be much nearer than it really was, and they found that out by the length of time it took them to reach it.

They arrived at Handeck, a grazier's hut, or *Sannhutte*, in a small valley enclosed by mighty mountains. The falls are close by. The river at this spot has already advanced far above the size of the little boy that amused them the evening before. Brooks from the right and left have added to its waters, and now it comes rushing along with vehemence to the precipice where it leaps down a height of more than a hundred feet, and then bounds up again some thirty feet in a foaming arch, as if indignant at its fall. But the vehemence of the scene is increased by the brook Aehle which, coming from the left side, plunges right into the middle of the falls, adding to the volume of the water, and to the dashing and the roaring, so as to produce a scene utterly indescribable. Mr. Kapff spent a full hour in silent contemplation of this wonderful work of God, while his young charge were making all sorts of experiments and discoveries. The whole party then made their mid-day-meal upon the rich cream, butter, and cheese supplied by the grazier whose cattle seem to find upon these wild mountains such exquisite nourishment that their milk surpasses all that the lowlands furnish. An hour's sitting still in and about the *Sannhutte* made all the boys ready for their march home, as they called their last night's quarters, since they were to sleep there once more. There they arrived, took another bath and swim in the lake, fondled the goats, and played with the kids took their supper, and retired to their beds, well pleased with their adventures and provision.

To be continued.

EVERY MAN IN HIS PLACE.

"What an odd-looking fellow that is," said a town boy, as he saw one who had just come from a distant village. "And then how awkward he is; how sheepish he looks; how he strokes down his hair; and how he throws out his legs when he walks!" Let me say for him, then, that you see him out of his place. Were you to go back with him, you would find he could plough, and reap, and thresh, and look after sheep and cattle, and support his aged mother by his earnings; and this is more than you do! "What do you think," says the country boy, "of that college chap? Why he knows nothing! Father put him on our Jack, and how he looked! why I could

ride better when I was three years old! Ha! ha! ha! And then he thought them clipped hedges grew so! and that we cut whent with a scythe—and—and—"

Stop, my boy, you have not yet seen him at home, and in a farmer's house he is out of his place. At home he goes to market, understands about shipping and commerce, and can find his way all over the city, even in the night—and this is what you could not do.

Children and people, then, are to be judged of when they are in that state for which nature or instruction has designed them. A weaver would make a poor blacksmith; a carpenter would make a poor tailor; and yet each of them, kept to his place, may do his work well: and no one is to be blamed for the want of what he never had an opportunity of acquiring.—Protestant Churchman.

BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN BOOS, A CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC PRIEST IN GERMANY. Concluded.

From the 24th of July 1815 to the closing days of May in the next year, Boos was a close prisoner in a damp cell of the Carmelite Convent at Lintz; he was frequently brought before his judges for examination, and now and then visited in prison by taunting persecutors; when any of his friends were permitted to see him, it was under restrictions, lest he should propagate what were called his errors. His cause was brought once more before the Emperor for decision; and once more, the decision was in the accused man's favour. His Majesty declared the proceedings against him on the charge of his belonging to a secret association, to be null for want of proof. But with characteristic indecision, neither were his accusers rebuked, nor was he treated as innocent. His case was committed to the hands of the Archbishop. The emoluments of his parish were not to be taken from him, except so much as might be required to pay for the services of two curates who were to supply his place; and he was to be at the Archbishop's disposal until his innocence should be ascertained. But if he should prefer asking for leave to quit the country, the Emperor's consent would be readily granted.

Thus for the second time was the request of the Gergesenes addressed to this follower of Jesus. Seventeen years before, they had besought him to "depart out of the coasts" of Bavaria; and now the same application came from the supreme authority in Austria. Boos had clung to his parishioners without wavering, as long as there was hope of his being permitted to return to them; but it was evident now that his enemies would prevent that. He therefore applied for his dismissal, and it was promptly granted. On the morning of his departure by the mail-coach, the police were on the watch to prevent his parishioners from approaching him. Some of them had ascertained the day of his removal, and stood at a distance, weeping. The severity of his confinement had greatly impaired his health and altered his appearance. His friends at Munich, where he arrived on the 1st of June, did not recognise him until they heard the sound of his voice. He received a most cordial welcome; and the tenderest affection strove to soothe his griefs and relieve his sufferings.

In Bavaria, he had to keep in strict retirement. The old enmity against him was only slumbering, and even while he was quietly resting himself on the estate of a pious nobleman, occupied with the tuition of the two sons of his friendly host, he received a sudden order to quit the kingdom in four and twenty hours. He had been denounced to the government as a dangerous character, and it required the influence of powerful friends to obtain the revocation of the order. In September of the year 1817, he received, unsought, a call to a Professorship at Dusseldorf in the kingdom of Prussia. He was to instruct a junior class in Latin, but to give religious instruction to all the six classes of the Seminary. He engaged in this labour willingly, under a hope that the latter part of his occupation would open to him a sphere of usefulness, such as his remaining strength might enable him to fill. But he soon found that to him the unwonted labour of a school was painful and irksome, instead of light and interesting. He therefore accepted the pastoral charge of Sayn, a country-parish on the Rhine which the Episcopal Council offered to him, and there he spent the six remaining years of his life. He had to mourn much over the hardness of the hearts in which he sought to sow the precious seed of God's blessed word; drunkenness and other kinds of dissipation prevailed in his parish to an awful degree. His bodily sufferings also increased very much, and by two paralytic strokes his hand became nearly unable to render him the service which he required towards carrying on his extensive correspondence with pious friends or with awakened souls who laid their doubts before him for solution, and their anxieties for comfort. His usefulness, indeed, extended much beyond what he at that time thought; and even in his parish which caused him so much grief, his labours brought forth fruit which he himself did not see. He was much visited also by Christian persons who were led into his neighbourhood in their travels, and who came to hear his words of counsel and encouragement, and went away with an increase of faith; and with more entire dedication of themselves to God.

The Prussian government provided for his wants liberally, and the Church authorities gave him full protection, notwithstanding the repeated attacks made upon him in public journals. The last letter known to have been written by him was dated on the 15th of June 1825. With his palsied hand, this man so much persecuted as a fanatic, traced the following lines: "Even in dying, we ought to follow after holiness, in order to be meet for the country and company of the saints." But as regards the ground of his hope of eternal life, this was his last written testimony: "Out of the grave into which in a day or two I shall fall, Jesus, the resurrection and the life, will help me on that day."

A female disciple, Anna Jacobi, waited upon him with tenderness until the 14th of July when she was obliged to leave and return home. A few days after her departure, a young man visited him and, thinking that the dying saint might be comforted by his personal attentions, while to himself it would be profitable to witness the closing scene of such a life, he resolved to stay with him. Thus he had the hand of affection from his fellow-man, to smooth his dying pillow, and to record the last of his words. On the 29th of August 1825, in the evening, he became faint, and when his young attendant had applied some remedies which refreshed him, he inquired, "What was the matter?" He was told that the hour was come in which his Saviour would take him to himself, and he must hold himself in readiness. He remained sitting up in his bed for about half an hour yet, then he sank back upon his pillow, pronouncing the words, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit." His affectionate attendant offered a prayer, and immediately afterwards, with a slight convulsion, but apparently without pain, the aged disciple entered into his rest.

Throughout the whole of this eminent Christian pastor's life, there was what to enlightened Protestants may be a startling adherence to the Church of which he was a member. He did not quarrel with her forms and ceremonies; he only laboured to quicken them into life and spirit. In the use of the Confessional he was so assiduous that numbers flocked to confess to him; but he directed their souls to the true source of comfort: he would not let them off with the outward observances of prescribed penance, but insisted upon true penitence, faith, and a change of heart. For this, the Church, of which he was a member, threatened him; and as often as his evangelical ministrations were attended by a striking work of conversion, his Church silenced him and commanded him to be gone. His zeal, his learning, his blamelessness of life—they were gladly seen in the service of the Church for her credit and stability; but his faith, his inward life, his deep search into the hidden springs of religious duties—these were abhorred and repudiated. And still he adhered to that Church:—nor will those be severe to blame him who are acquainted with the state of the Protestant Churches both in Bavaria and in Austria in those days. The Lutheran Church-rulers discountenanced truly evangelical ministers, and hindered their labours for the revival of a spirit of piety among their flocks, just as determinedly as did those of the Church of Rome. Hence, when the thought of breaking his connection with her presented itself to Boos, he was stayed by the question at once arising: With what body was he to connect himself?

Believing that, as in the days of Boos, so now, many a soul in outward communion with the Church of Rome has been delivered from those of her errors which keep the soul from Christ, and is even now in blissful union with its Saviour by simple faith and trust in his merits, it strikes us as a solemn duty incumbent upon us, to provide that, when the ground on which those souls stand in their Church breaks away from under their feet, and the necessity of a change lies before them, the Protestant Churches may present to their anxious eye a truly scriptural character by sound doctrine and edifying worship, by integrity of government and by gentle, but firm administration of discipline. Then will such men as Boos be without excuse if they adhere to the Church of Rome, when the Church of Christ, authenticated by strict conformity to the scriptural pattern, invites them to her bosom.

THE WATER-GUARD OFF CAPE CLEAR ISLAND.

By the Rev. C. Olway.

We toiled along a craggy path, that led us to a hollow sort of ravine that seemed to cut the island in two, and connected two coves, or bays; one on its north, and the other on its south side. In this sheltered hollow was the house of the water-guard, a crew of about twenty sailors with their families, who are stationed here to put a stop to smuggling on the coast. And what a contrast was here between the hovels of the Irish and this neat little habitation! Low and lonely as it was, it was trim and clean; and more than that, about men, women, and children there was a neatness and a tidiness, a decorum and a keeping in dress and furniture, evincing that, wherever an English family is stationed, let it be cast where, or tossed howsoever, still it retains the indelible character of superior comfort, and that irrepressible self-respect that holds itself entitled to enjoy, and bound to preserve, order, cleanliness, and decency. And it

was quite delightful to see how respectfully they approached their minister, how the women came round him with their little ones, how the urchin "climbed his knees, the envied kiss to share," all anxious to catch the good man's smile, all clamorous to bid him welcome; for indeed it is not often in the year that this island can be approached in an open boat—all through the winter it is impossible. You then, good reader, who enjoy the blessings of a preached Gospel, who have the word of salvation delivered to you Sunday after Sunday, who experience fully "how beautiful are the feet of those who bring the glad tidings of peace," you who thus in rich abundance hear "the ongrated word which is able to save your souls," what can you know of, how can you estimate, the wants of these poor destitutes, condemned to see Sabbath after Sabbath pass silently away without hearing the announcement of God's infinite love to poor sinners? No toll for them of the dear church-going bell, none of these greetings and Christian communings that congregating parishioners hold together, when, taking sweet counsel together, they pass onwards to the house of God. Indeed, these poor secluded people seemed in the fullest extent to know their deprivation, as, in the words of the prophet, they felt a famine, "not of bread and water, but of hearing the word of the Lord" (Amos iv.) Well, in a short time all were assembled; the rough, but steady, respectable seaman, his trim and tidy wife, the blushing, blooming daughter, the bluff boy, with his catechism in his hand, all met in a comfortable room that contained the well-arranged furniture of a kitchen, with its cleanly moveables calling up the associations of a kitchen's good cheer, and at the same time displaying the neatness and snugness of a parlour. "We will read first a chapter in the word of God," said the vicar, and the 14th of John was opened. Reader, this dear, consoling chapter must surely be familiar to you. If you have experienced your birthright of sorrow and suffering; if ever the Holy Spirit has convinced you of the exceeding sinfulness of sin; if taking of the things of Christ, it has displayed before you the preciousness of a Saviour, then doubtless you have made this chapter your friend, and have exercised yourself in it; for, if deprived of all the rest of the word of God, if but the one leaf of the Bible containing this chapter floated ashore, it were enough to console an exiled emperor at St. Helena, or a deserted Selkirk on Juan Fernandez; amidst the solitariness of desolation, and the abandonment of the world, it would prove a castle of comfort: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions;" and thus the consoling Saviour proceeds, telling of the fullness of his sufficiency, "the way, the truth, the life;" "no where to go but to me, no way to go but by me, that you may attain eternal life." Lord, then (as a Christian saint has said) we will follow thee, by thee, to thee: thee, because thou art the truth; by thee, because thou art the way; to thee, because thou art the life. And so promising the Comforter, bequeathing peace, the Saviour concludes this precious chapter, rich as it is in glorious truth, and abundant in consolation, with his farewell words, "Arise, let us go hence."

The place, the occasion, the adaptation of the chapter to the wants, the feelings of these exiled people (connected perhaps with the visible excitement of him who conducted the exposition, and prayed with his whole soul for grace and peace and salvation through the Lord our righteousness) gave such a tone of feeling to the entire transaction, that there was not a dry eye in the company. One old seaman, with a countenance as weather-beaten and time-furrowed as one of the cliffs he guarded, sat before us the very personification of manly feeling: the big drops coursed down his cheek, and yet no change of countenance, like a summer shower falling on a seaward rock, only to cool and brighten in its passage.

But it was time to depart. "And won't you come again to us soon?" "And sure," says an old motherly woman, "your reverence won't forget to bring a Testament with large print." "And sure," says the mother of two beautiful children, "you will not forget the catechism for Mary and Jane." And thus they followed with blessings and reminders until we got out of sight. The parties who had thus taken sweet counsel together never were, perhaps, to meet again on this side of eternity.—Protestant Churchman.

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FOR SALE. ENGLISH Linseed Oil, Imported this season. French Burr Stones, London Bottled Porter, WELCH & DAVIES, No. 2, Arthur St. Quebec, 26th May, 1845.

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THE LATE FIRE. NOTICE is hereby given to those whose Bibles have been burnt in the late fire, that the Quebec Bible Society will supply all such persons with Copies of the Scriptures, either at reduced rates, or gratuitously according as their circumstances may require. Application to be made at the Depository in Ann Street (Mr. Hadden's late store,) where attendance will be given by Members of the Committee between 7 and 8 o'clock every Evening. By order, JEFFERY HALL, Sec. Quebec, 18th June, 1845.

COALS. NEWCASTLE, Wallsend, Grate & Smith's Coals, for Sale by H. H. Porter & Co. Porter & Co's. Wharf, Late Irvines. Quebec, 29th May, 1845.

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TO LET. THREE OFFICES on Arthur Street opposite the Exchange. Apply to CHRISTIAN WURTELE, St. Paul's Street, 11th Feby. 1845.

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