

Youth's Corner.

LEARNING TO THINK.

"Here, Charles! Stop a moment, will you? I want to speak with you."
 "I can't a while now, Henry; for I hav'nt had a run with my hoop a long time."
 "But I want to tell you something. Here! I hav'nt seen you since you came back from the country. Your iron hoop runs along this hard ground capitolly. Can you tell what it is that makes it go along so famously?"
 "What it is! To be sure I can. It is my stick. The harder I hit it, the faster it goes."
 "But hit this post as hard as you like with your stick, and it will not stir from the place where it stands."
 "No! that is because it is stuck fast in the ground."
 "Yonder is a post lying down in the road; hit that, then, with your stick, and see if it will run along like your hoop."
 "I know it will not, because it is so heavy; it is of no use to hit that."
 "Well, then, here is my pocket handkerchief; let us see how you can knock that along. Surely that will not be too heavy for you."
 "No; but it will be too light, though! The handkerchief would not run along at all."
 "The post is too heavy, and the pocket handkerchief is too light; you are hard to please: but suppose I put a big stone in the handkerchief, and make it heavier, will you bow! it along then with your stick?"
 "No, that I could not."
 "And why not?"
 "Why, because—because it wouldn't run along at all."
 "But can you tell me the reason why it will not run along at all?"
 "No, I can't; I never thought about it."
 "I dare say not; for we boys very seldom do think about anything but our play, unless we are obliged to it. But now let me tell you what I wanted to say to you."
 "Ay, do, and then I'll be off again, for yonder is Edwin Palmer, with his hoop, and I want to join him. What is it?"
 "Why, do you know, that I am LEARNING TO THINK?"
 "Learning to think! I never heard of such a thing!"
 "I dare say not; but, for all that, I only wish that I had begun years ago. I have learned more the last three months than I did all last year, I am sure."
 "But where's the good of learning to think?"
 "Where's the good? What a question! But I dare say that I should have asked it myself, three months ago, and therefore I ought not to be surprised at you. If people had not thought about things, we should never have had the comforts and pleasures we now enjoy; the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, have all been the subject of much thought; ay, and our very plays too. Why does the peg top spin, the ball bounce, the humming top make a noise, and the kite fly in the air? I hardly think you can answer me one of these questions. Now, if you had learned to think, you would be able to answer them all."
 "Should I?"
 "Yes, that you would; but instead of being able to answer them now, you cannot tell me, I dare say, why a battdolor will not fly in the air as well as a kite. It is something of the same form; why will it not rise in the air?"
 "It's too heavy, a great deal!"
 "Too heavy! Why a large kite is as heavy as two battdolors; so that cannot be the reason."
 "I can't say then?"
 "And for that very reason you should learn to think. Now, try to find out why your kite does not go up higher in the air when you have let out all your string."
 "Because the string holds it fast, and keeps it from going up higher."
 "Then how is it that, if your string breaks, instead of your kite going up higher, it comes tumbling down directly?"
 "I can't tell that, I am sure. Can you?"
 "Yes, I can, and a hundred other things that, three months ago, I knew nothing about. I am older than you, and ought to know more; but if you would learn to think, what is now hard to you to understand would soon become easy. Thinking people have a great advantage over others, for they are much wiser; they can give better advice, and assist others; for they know the best way of doing things, and the proper time when to do them. If you wanted to know how many grains of corn there are in a bag of wheat, how would you find it out?"
 "Count them, to be sure?"
 "That would be one way, but not the way a thinking person would set about it. Why, if you counted two hundred every minute, and kept it up day and night for a whole week, you would hardly be able to get through your task?"
 "How would you set about it, then? It's a puzzle to me how it could be done without counting."
 "I would first weigh an ounce of wheat out of the bag, and count the number of grains in that one ounce. Then I would weigh the whole bag together, to see how many ounces there were in all. If, after that, I multiplied the number of grains in one ounce by the number of ounces in the whole bag, it would give me the exact

amount of grains altogether; and this might be done, if a large pair of scales were near, in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour."
 "I should never have thought of that plan, however; but what's the use of learning to count the grains in a bag of wheat?"
 "Just the same use as there is in learning to do a sum; it teaches us to reckon in the quickest and best way. There would be no good in a boy learning the alphabet, only that it enables him to read after; and there would be but little advantage in learning to write copies in a copy book, if it did not fit us to write letters, bills of parcels, and other things, all through our lives after."
 "Well, that plan of counting the grains is a capital one."
 "It was not hit upon without thought, depend upon it. Some time ago, I heard of a thoughtless cottager, who, seeing that a crop of grass had grown on the old thatch of his cottage, tried all manner of contrivances to get a cow that belonged to him up to the roof of his cottage, to eat the grass."
 "And how did he manage it at last?"
 "Why, a neighbour of his, who had learned to think, told him, that though he could not get the cow up to the grass, yet he might, perhaps, manage to cut the grass, and bring it down to the cow; and this plan was adopted without difficulty."
 "Ah! ah! ah! What a foolish cottager he must have been."
 "He had never learned to think. I read a story yesterday about a mischievous monkey, that, after doing much damage, ran up a thin, tall tree, and took shelter in the top branches. Two men undertook to catch him. One of them had learned to think, and the other had not. The thoughtless man climbed up the tree as far as he could; but he was obliged to come down again, for the thin branches would not bear his weight. The thinker then stepped forward, but instead of climbing the tree, he set to work busily with his axe, and soon brought down the tree and the mischievous monkey to the ground."
 "Capital! capital! So poor pug was taken at last. I begin to have a notion that 'learning to think' is a capital thing, and I should like to talk a little more with you about it another time."
 "Well, then, be off with your hoop now, for I see that Palmer is waiting for you. No doubt I shall see you to-morrow, and then 'learning to think' shall be the subject of our conversation."—*Child's Companion.*

ADVICE TO THE NEW CONVERT.

Probably no one will systematically attempt to overcome any evil in himself, without finding the necessity of adopting rules, such as human prudence might have discovered, but which are commauded or suggested in the pages of the word of God; e. g., one man finds his temper irritable, and having prayed for pardon through Christ Jesus, he endeavours to bring his mind into the same blessed state as shone forth so beautifully in our Lord and Saviour. He must deny himself; restrain and mortify that outbreak of passion, which is so totally dissimilar to the mildness of Jesus. The best exercise of self-denial which he can impose on himself, is the counteracting the very fault to which he has previously given way. And when he begins to try to practice this self-denial, he discovers the difficulty of it. He prays and he strives, and he gradually perceives that the body has more to do with his temper than he was aware of. Indulgence in the table prepares him for giving way, and prevents him from resisting as he had determined to do; he finds that when he is not full fed, his temper is much more manageable—he finds that the lion within his heart may be tamed, as other wild beasts are tamed, by a due regulation, and an occasional abstraction of food. And his Bible will inform him of the same truth. Our Saviour, though he does not directly command fasting, obviously implies that his servants will fast. He guards us against an ostentation in fasting. We may use considerable abstinence without displaying it to those who sit at meat with us. And to be very moderate at a city feast is a very useful exercise.

Another becomes gradually conscious of the influence which avarice has acquired over his mind; he is successful in business, and he finds that his inclination is to add pound to pound, and he sees that, while he is laying up a treasure on earth, he has neglected the better part, and that his treasure is not laid up in heaven. His first step is to pray for pardon, and he hopes to obtain reconciliation through a crucified Redeemer. But he believes the words of that Redeemer too fully, to suppose that while he trusts in riches, his footsteps can be guided in the way of peace; and he determines according to circumstances, to give up his business, or to limit the sum which he will allow himself to lay up, and dedicates the rest to God. He does not fancy that the sum so devoted is to buy off his offence, or to reconcile him to God, but he esteems some such regulation of his worldly wealth, a proof to himself of the sincerity of his own devotion. He will not honour God of that which doth cost him nothing. Or he purposes to dedicate such a portion of his income to charitable purposes. He purposes to show the self-denial, of which he sees the necessity, in that particular line of conduct in which the difficulty is the greatest. If he discovers that he is disposed to be boastful as to the display of his wealth, he will take occasion to correct himself just in this

point; he will order a new carriage less expensively decorated than that of his rival neighbour, and give away the money thus saved, to some charity, without his name. Or perhaps, the display of his name on the subscription list of charities, may be his besetting sin; and he may find it necessary to conceal his liberality, "not let his left hand know what his right hand doeth."
 Lucinda was fond of dress, and she had taste in dressing herself, and she was admired, and she loved to be admired; and her father indulged her in her taste for dress, and would have told any one who objected to his daughter's appearance, that there was no great harm in all this, that others do so too, and often do much worse;—and he would have spoken the truth in all this. But Lucinda had chosen the better part, and she thought that if she were to become hereafter the companion of those holy women, whose names are written in the book of life, she must, while she continued in her state of trial, live as they are recorded to have lived on earth; and she denied herself, and gave up her own wishes; and was afterwards distinguished for the unostentatious plainness of her clothes. She never fancied that religion consisted in her wearing or not wearing gold, or plaiting the hair; but she knew herself, and she knew that it was easier to abstain in this way, than to expect that her heart would be at peace with God, while her outward adornment was little consistent with the laws which God has given for our direction.—*The Right Rev. T. V. Short, D. D., Bishop of Sodor and Man.*

To the Editor of the Berean.

Sir,—I venture to send you the following little account of one personally known to me in England,—as a brother of a very dear friend,—in the hope that it may tend to the glory of God, and to the increase of our own faith. He was naturally engaging, possessed a cultivated and very inquiring mind, fond of reasoning upon every subject, especially religion,—and perhaps as a consequence, with a mind unenlightened by the Spirit of God, he became infidel. Naturally he was proud, high minded, and peculiarly averse to the personal and humbling truths of the Gospel; alas! as he wasted in consumption, a cultivated and very inquiring mind, fond of reasoning upon every subject, especially religion,—and perhaps as a consequence, with a mind unenlightened by the Spirit of God, he became infidel. Naturally he was proud, high minded, and peculiarly averse to the personal and humbling truths of the Gospel; alas! as he wasted in consumption, ascended on his behalf! a widowed mother, an only and fond sister, so devoted to the Lord, as an epistle daily before his eyes, to be known and read of all men,—wrestled on his behalf, apparently without any effect. She wrote to me in the last year, describing his hopeless state of health, and still more, (apparently) hopeless condition of soul. Her words at that time were, "his heart is still alienated from God, and his opposition to the humbling doctrines of the cross so great,—that it is with the utmost difficulty I venture to broach the subject of vital godliness." Many of her friends at this time supplicated with her at the throne of grace, and the firm scriptural dependence of this dear sister, led her to hope "even against hope," for his conversion. I subjoin her own words in describing the happy event; and oh! may those who doubt be convinced, and those who believe be strengthened in faith, as they witness in this instance, the power of Him, who can make even the sceptic to become "as a little child," and preach, (in his death) "that faith which once he destroyed."

P. H.

I doubt not you will have learnt from your sister the result of our prayers and fears respecting dear B—, and will have joined your praises and thanksgivings with mine to the Author of all good, for his rich, free, and undeserved mercy, imparted to my beloved brother, before He called him hence to receive him into mansions of glory. I need scarcely tell you the joy which glowed in our breasts at obtaining such a manifest answer to our repeated supplications, in the clear and satisfactory conversion of one so very near and dear to us. It was, indeed, a day never to be forgotten, when first he embraced the Saviour of sinners, and experienced a sense of reconciliation with his Heavenly Father; the change to him was so delightful, so far surpassing any thing he had conceived, that praise and gratitude filled his heart, and flowed from his lips in sweet accents the whole of the day. We could but wonder and adore. I never saw the power, the faithfulness, and the love of God, more signally displayed, because I never witnessed a case of more apparent difficulty; but it only testified more clearly, "what is impossible with men is possible with God." This blessed change was effected about a month before his departure, and oh! what a privilege it was to watch beside his bed of suffering, when he had become a new creature in Christ Jesus! I could willingly have detained him as my companion in this vale of tears a little longer; yet I felt it my duty and delight, to acquiesce in the will of God, knowing assuredly, that he would dispose of him in the wisest and best manner; but since his departure, I cannot tell you how often I have longed to mingle my praises and adorations with his, in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb. As you were personally acquainted with him, it will gratify you to learn a few more particulars at this most interesting stage of his existence. Previously to his indisposition, as well as during its continuance, there always seemed a restlessness, and an inquiry about the subject of religion,

notwithstanding his opposition to it. Many and long were the conversations we had together on this important topic: but after each, I was made deeply to feel my utter impotency to convince or persuade him. My recourse was to prayer as my only weapon and support in this season of extremity. I purchased some tracts, which, to my surprise and delight, seemed to rivet his attention; I believe they were partly instrumental in accomplishing the desired object. My brother T—, being absent from us just at this time, wrote me a note, in which he expressed deep concern for his dear brother's everlasting welfare, and begged me to give him a message to that effect. I showed him the note, and after he had read it, he turned to me and said, "I wish, J—, I could obtain this happiness." Of course, I encouraged and directed him to seek for it, as well as I was able, and he replied, "But I should be ashamed to change my opinions now." I answered: "Shame would soon vanish when you experienced the favour of God, and had a hope of immortality." He then said, "Will you pray for me, and I will try to pray for myself?" which he did at once, whilst reclining on the sofa. He spent the evening in conversation, and listening to the account of the life and sufferings of our blessed Saviour, which appeared to afford him much encouragement. The following day he wished to hear about conversion; I therefore read two striking tracts, to which he paid the greatest attention. When alone with me in the evening, he could no longer restrain his feelings of remorse and sorrow on account of his sinfulness, but broke out in language similar to this, whilst the tears of penitence trickled down his cheeks:—"Oh, J—, what will become of me? I'm the vilest of the vile, the most worthless wretch on the face of the earth: God be merciful to me a sinner!"—and then he entreated me to pray for him, which I did immediately. He afterwards requested me to tell my friends down stairs that he must no longer have worldly conversation, for he was thinking about eternity, and must not be interrupted. The next day was the Sabbath; he seemed in an agony to obtain a sense of God's forgiveness, and wished to know what he was to believe in order to justification. I told him, simply to believe that Jesus loved him, and gave Himself for him; that His merits and death being infinitely satisfying, God the Father was now willing to receive him, if he would but cast himself wholly upon Christ for salvation. It was not until the following day that he ventured fully and entirely to rely upon the all sufficiency of his Saviour; but then the Lord put a new song into his mouth, even praise and thanksgiving unto our God, and he repeatedly declared that was the happiest day of his life. He said he had never known happiness before; and if it were consistent with the will of God, he would gladly die the next day. So much rejoiced was he that he could not close his eyes in sleep until the morning of another day. And as I was in the room with him on a sofa, he begged me to repeat to him a psalm and a hymn, which indeed cheered and refreshed each of our souls: the word of God became sweet as honey to his taste, and he longed for deliverance from the burden of the flesh, that he might employ all his faculties and powers in the service of so great and so good a Being as the Lord his God. He endured much bodily suffering afterwards, even to the close of his earthly pilgrimage; this prevented him from engaging much in spiritual exercises, but the Lord secretly sustained and comforted him, took from him all fear of death, and kept his mind in constant peace, except in occasional seasons of bodily or mental distress, when he had to fight, and to endure, until again he obtained the victory through the blood of the Lamb. About a fortnight before his death, when he, and ourselves thought he was dying, a sudden change in his feelings occasioned some alarm, and he begged we would pray for him; T— knelt down, and I stood by him, repeating a text of Scripture—now and then; soon he revived, and in the most cheerful, happy way commenced thus: "I feel better now. God hears and answers prayer: Oh! I feel so happy; God will never leave me nor forsake me.—He has been with me, whilst walking through the valley of the shadow of death, He is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. Bless Him, praise Him, He is good. Oh! how I love God. I never felt as I do tonight, Oh! happy, happy hour! I believe I shall be in heaven to-morrow; God is unchangeably the same, my Father—and Jesus is my Brother; He died for me, He died for me; I'm going from Calvary to Glory. I shall die triumphant; I feel so happy; It's all real, solid; I'm resting on a Rock; the Rock of Ages. Blessed be God, in a few days I shall be in heaven. Oh! I convert I shall meet you all there. May God convert every member of this house. I love them all with an exceeding great love: my dear Uncle, I hope you will see that this world is all vanity. I love you, you have been a kind friend to me; I hope we shall meet in heaven.—God bless every body. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.—Sing it; you can amongst you. Oh! what a sweet manifestation of God's love I have had?"

Was not this an overwhelming scene? It called aloud for gratitude on our part, and I trust we shall never forget to be truly thankful. His death was easy and imperceptible to himself, I should think; for he departed in his sleep. What a joyful sur-

prise to awake in the midst of the glory and happiness of heaven!

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

BE YOU THAT MAN.

A noble hearted, Christian lady, who omits no proper opportunity to urge upon all with whom she has intercourse, the duty of repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, was this day pleading very earnestly with a gentleman, when he made the following reply: "Shew me, madam, a man who comes up to my idea of what a Christian should be, and I'll then try to be one." She answered, "Well Sir, if you have never yet seen a man come up to your ideas of what a Christian should be, be you that man, set you to the world the example of what a Christian should be." He was speechless.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

TO MERCHANTS AND MILL OWNERS.

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THOMAS COWAN.
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