

YOUTH'S CORNER.

READ, AND YOU WILL KNOW.

*Read, and you will know.* This is what Mrs. Jones used to say, every day, to her son William. She would take him in her lap to talk to him. Little William wanted to know a great many things. His mother did not always tell him, but said *Read, and you will know.* Then William considered, and said to himself, "I want to know many things. Mother says, that if I read I will know. So he tried very hard, and soon learned to read. Then he read many beautiful books. He learned something from every one of them. After a while he could read every book in his mother's library."

Little William Jones grew up to be a man. He had a great deal of knowledge. He was a wise and great man. He was made a judge, and went and lived in India. Then they called him Sir William Jones.

*Read, and you will know.* There are thousands of good books, and if you will only learn to read, you can know all that is in a good book. Some foolish children do not care about learning. They do not know how pleasant it is to read the histories which are in books. Little child, take good care to learn how to read. It will do you good as long as you live.

*Read, and you will know.* I say this over again, because I wish you to remember it. If you do not learn to read while you are a child, it is likely you will never learn at all. Read a little every day. Get your friends to show you what you cannot make out by yourself. Never skip any hard word. In a little time you will be able to read every word. Mind your stops, and take care to understand what you read. Do you know the little rhyme—

When house, and land, and goods are spent,  
Then learning is most excellent?

*Read, and you will know.* What will you know? You will know all things that are in books. You will know how the world was made. You will know about the people that lived in the world thousands of years ago. You will know about Adam, and Noah, and Aaron, and Moses, and David, and Solomon. Read, and you will know what you were made for. You will know how to get to heaven. You will know all about Christ, who died for sinners. You will know what becomes of good children when they die. Now, remember what I say, *Read, and you will know.*—S. S. Advocate.

THE TRUTH-SPEAKING BOY.

One of the first lessons which young Washington received from his faithful parents, was the importance of always speaking the truth; and they enjoyed a satisfactory reward for their attention to this duty; for through his childhood, "the law of truth was in his mouth," so that he was not known in one instance to tell a falsehood, either to obtain a desired indulgence, or to escape a deserved punishment or reproof. His character as a lover of truth, was so well known at the school which he attended, that the children were certain of being believed, when they related any thing, if they could say "George Washington says it was so." In all the little disputes of his school-fellows, he was called on to say which party was right, and his decisions were always satisfactory.

When he was ten years old, his worthy father died, and he became the care of an anxious mother, whose fortune was not sufficient to enable her to give him more than a plain English education. He was very fond of studying mathematics, and applied his mind diligently, in improving all the instruction which he could get in that science. As he grew up to manhood, he was remarkable for the strength and activity of his frame. In running, leaping, and managing a horse, he was unequalled by his companions; and he could with ease climb the heights of his native mountains, to look down alone from some wild crag upon his followers, who were panting from the toils of the rugged way. By these healthful exercises the vigour of his constitution was increased, and he gained that hardness so important to him in the employments designed for him by his Creator. Mrs. Washington was an affectionate parent; but she did not encourage in herself that imprudent tenderness, which so often causes a mother to foster the passions of her children by foolish indulgences, and which seldom fails to destroy the respect which every child should feel for a parent. George was early made to understand that he must obey his mother, and therefore he respected, as well as loved her. She was kind to his young companions, but they thought her stern, because they always felt that they must behave correctly in her presence. The character of the mother, as well as that of the son, are shown in the following incident: Mrs. Washington owned a remarkably fine colt, which she valued very much; but which, though old enough for use, had never been mounted; no one would venture to ride it, or attempt to break its wild and vicious spirit. George proposed to some of his young companions, that they should assist him to secure the colt until he could mount

it, as he had determined that he would try to tame it. Soon after sun-rise, one morning, they drove the wild animal into an enclosure, and with great difficulty succeeded in placing a bridle on it. George then sprang upon its back, and the vexed colt bounded over the open fields, prancing and plunging to get rid of his burden. The bold rider kept his seat firmly, and the struggle between them became alarming to his companions, who were watching him. The speed of the colt increased, until at length, in making a furious effort to throw his conqueror, he burst a large blood-vessel, and instantly died. George was unhurt, but was much troubled by the unexpected result of his exploit. His companions soon joined him, and when they saw the beautiful colt lifeless, the first words they spoke were, "What will your mother say—who can tell her?" They were called to breakfast, and soon after they were seated at the table, Mrs. Washington said, "Well, young gentlemen, have you seen my fine sorrel colt in your rambles?" No answer was given, and the question was repeated; her son George then replied—"your sorrel colt is dead, Mother." He gave her an exact account of the event. The flush of displeasure which first rose on her cheek, soon passed away; and she said calmly, "While I regret the loss of my favourite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."—*Life of Washington, written for the American Sunday School Union.*

THE CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, AND THE BIBLE.

On a Sabbath in the summer of 1835, while attending the French Protestant Chapel in the city of Paris, which with my family I was in the habit of frequenting when not occupied in preaching, a gentleman and his wife came in and took seats immediately before me. My attention was soon called to the appearance and conduct of these persons. They acted, at first, like those who had not been in the habit of attending a place of public worship. Every thing seemed strange to them. But when the service commenced, I remarked that they listened with deep attention. During the sermon, as well as the singing of the sweet hymns which were used on this occasion, tears in abundance rolled down their cheek. The text was "I have set the Lord always before me." The minister was the excellent Pastor Audebez, one of the best French preachers in Paris. Sabbath after Sabbath they came to the chapel, until they could no longer forbear to speak to Mr. A. and ask him to visit them. He went, and they told him the following history of their lives.

Having a little property, they had lived with great simplicity in a retired part of the city, devoting much of their time to reading, and seeking such amusements as that great capital so abundantly furnishes to prevent men from thinking of their immortal interests. Year after year thus passed away. They frequented no church, for their minds were imbued with the infidelity which prevails among so many of their countrymen.

One day, the Chevalier, as he passed through a street, saw a Colporteur selling Bibles. Inquiring the price, he was struck with its being so inconsiderable. He resolved to purchase one. Carrying it home, he told his wife what he had done. "Why did you buy it?" said she; "are you not aware that no one in France believes the Bible, especially in respectable circles?" "That is true," said he, "but as it was so cheap, I thought I would buy it as a piece of antiquity." With this explanation his wife was satisfied, and they sat down to its perusal. On their progress through the first part of it, they were greatly amused with the old stories which they found. But while reading the book of Psalms, they became awakened to a deep sense of their sins; and then they began to read with earnestness. They read it through and through—they prayed to God to have mercy upon them. Month after month rolled away. At length they found peace in believing, and immediately commenced the worship of God in their family, for they were wholly ignorant of the religious world.

As soon as they had found Christ, they regarded it as their duty to inquire whether there were any in Paris who knew any thing of this wonderful religion which they had found in their Bible. For this purpose they went to a Roman Catholic Church in their neighbourhood. It was High Mass. They tarried till the service was about half concluded, when the wife said to her husband, "let us go home; these people do not know the Great God of our Bible." They went home, and for months seemed to have given up all expectation of finding any one who was acquainted with this religion.

At length the woman having occasion to enter a shop to buy some article, endeavoured to persuade the person who kept it to purchase a Bible. "Oh," said she, "the Bible is a beautiful thing." As she said this, a pious lady came in and added, "Yes, the Bible is a beautiful thing; but the preaching of the Gospel is another beautiful thing." "I can readily believe it," said the wife of the Chevalier, "but where can one find it in Paris?" "Oh," said the other, "if you will go to such a street," giving the name, "and to such a number, and ascend to the third

story, you will there find a chapel, and may hear the preaching of the Gospel." They went the following Sabbath, and there I met them under the circumstances just related.

How strikingly does this narrative illustrate the utility and importance of distributing the Scriptures! Here we find a family made acquainted with the great Salvation by the perusal of the Bible. I have known an instance, in which one New Testament was the means under the divine blessing of the conversion of five individuals, in a village in the eastern part of France. Who then that loves God's word, would not do all in his power, to place it in the possession of the millions who are destitute of it, in France and other Roman catholic countries!

And what a convincing proof of the sufficiency of the Sacred Scriptures to enlighten, convert and sanctify the hearts of men, when attentively read! Here we have an instance in which the reading of God's word without the aid of notes, comments, or "traditions of men," brought two souls to a clear knowledge of eternal life, and instructed them in the duties of a Christian family. What an illustration of the truth of the Psalmist's words—"The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple."—*Rev. R. Baird.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER ON SATURDAY EVENING.

Yonder is a teacher who sets apart her Saturday evening as a preparation for the Sabbath that is drawing on. But whose are her books of reference? where her memorandum papers? She needs them not; knowing the uncertainty of future time, she has not left her preparatory engagements to the contingency of the week's last hour. No! she has prepared every thing—she has seized the first intervals of leisure that were afforded, to visit her absentees, to study her lessons, to consult all she had to read, and to write all she had to note down. And what is she now about to do? She takes her Bible, and reads over the portion once again, that she may recall more vividly the points which she purposes to explain and to enforce. She believes that Sunday School teaching is a work that requires divine assistance to make it effectual; and she repairs to the throne of grace—there pleads in special prayer for the objects of her affectionate solicitude; she seeks for a blessing to descend on them individually and collectively; her prayers, also, have a special reference to the approaching Sabbath, that its hallowed hours may not be lost, its blessed privileges not unimproved. Nor is it only for herself and her own class, that she entreats the favour of the Most High. The whole school, in which she labours, her superintendent, her fellow teachers, all have an interest in her sympathy and in her intercessions. This holy exercise concluded, she spends the remainder of her time in reading some work on Sabbath School Teaching, which may serve to remind her of her responsibility, to encourage her in her work, to stimulate her to renewed exertion, or to point out advantageous plans for her adoption. And thus the evening glides away, alike pleasantly and profitably, leaving on the mind a holy impress, that is likely to be retained throughout the sacred day of rest.

And when that day arrives, she goes forward to her post in a strength higher than her own, for she has sought aid from above; she enters on her work with lively interest, for it is as dear to her as her very soul. She has made the best possible preparation for her sacred engagements, and she looks forward without apprehension of disappointment for the natural results to follow in the class over which she is privileged to preside. She can speak to the children with fervour of a Saviour's love, for she herself has been with Jesus, and she is likely to see her labour crowned with success, for her sole aim is to promote the glory of God in the conversion of souls. Happy are the children placed under the care of such an instructress!—*S. S. Teachers' Magazine.*

TO PARENTS.

Parents can never know, or fully appreciate in this world, the power and influence of their example on their children. It becomes all parents to ponder well and pray much over their duties to their children. The following is suited to excite reflection in the parental bosom.

*The intrinsic value of every child,* invests the parental relation with surpassing interest. Immortality is the birth-right of every child; and it is a birthright of which he can never be defrauded. Man can make him a cripple; a lunatic; a slave; a corpse; but in his nobler nature, he can never make him mortal. It is in the power of human selfishness to inflict sickness and poverty, and madness, and servitude and death; but annihilation is beyond its reach.

The glories of the creation which have given us so much delight and rapture—we weep to think that they must all pass away.

Yonder tree has stood in the forest since the days of the flood, and drank its nourishment from the dust of a thousand generations; but the hand of death is on it, and the next blast will bring it to the earth. And those stars, "scattered like flowers through the blue fields of heaven," which bloomed and gladdened us so long—they, too, must fade, and droop and fall. And that great king of day, who has looked down so long upon our sorrows and our joys—his eyes must grow dim, his hour must come, death shall cast a pall over his burnished throne. But the soul—when shall it die, when shall it be carried to the tomb? After ages have passed away, countless as the leaves of the forest, countless as the sands on the shores of eternity, that boy will

still be alive—a seraph or a fiend, a glorified saint or a condemned spirit. My soul is overwhelmed within me, when I think of the height of glory or the depth of shame to which each child in every family is destined. Take a child from a hovel, and put him on a throne; and how greatly you have exalted him! how wonderful a change! You can only stand still and lift your hands in dumb astonishment. And yet, what have you done for him? Will he weep less than other men? Will he suffer less? Will he live longer than other men? Crowns that can keep away neither sorrow, nor pain, nor death—those may have them who want them. But that boy—Oh! that boy may be a priest and prince, where tears, and groans, and knells are not known. The crown which he shall wear, will be an eternal diadem. That boy may be a king—ah! he may be a fiend! His career may end in heaven—alas! it may end in hell! Instead of robes he may be wrapped in flames! instead of a crown, he may pillow his naked head on the rocks of perdition. And, father, mother, much of the responsibility of this alternative is cast on you. You may settle the question, "What manner of child shall this be?" Your faithfulness or unfaithfulness may make him a peer of angels or a companion of devils. God give you grace to appreciate your responsibilities, and be faithful to your trust.—*Dublin Christian Journal.*

LAST HOURS OF BISHOP JEWEL.

For some time previous to his decease Bishop Jewel had a presage of his near approach, which excited in him greater diligence in the duties of his office, admonishing and exhorting the people committed to his charge more strictly, and preaching more frequently. By which restless labour and watchful cares he brought his feeble body so low, that as he rode to preach at Lacock, in Wiltshire, a gentleman kindly admonished him to return home, for his health and strength's sake; saying, that such fatigue might bring him in danger of his life, assuring him it was better the people should want one sermon than be altogether deprived of such a preacher. To whom he replied, "It best becomes a bishop to die preaching in the pulpit;" seriously thinking upon the words of his master, "Happy is the servant whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing." Wherefore, that he might not disappoint the people, he ascended the pulpit, and being now nothing but spirit (his flesh being quite pined away and exhausted) he took his text out of Galatians v. "Walk in the Spirit."

Soon after this he was forced to take to his bed and to prepare for his dissolution, now at hand. On the Saturday following, nature failing rapidly, he called all his household about him, and after a brief exposition of the Lord's Prayer, thus addressed them:

"I see I am now to go the way of all flesh, and I feel the arrows of death already fastened in my body; wherefore I am desirous to speak unto you all a few words, while my most merciful God vouchsafes me the use of my tongue. It was my prayer always to Almighty God, since I had any understanding, that I might honour his name with the sacrifice of my flesh, and confirm his truth with the oblation of this my body unto death in the defence thereof; which seeing he hath not granted me, I somewhat rejoice that it is worn away and exhausted in the labours of my holy calling." He then briefly referred to his public conduct and his controversies with the Romanists, beseeching Almighty God "to convert or confound the head of all their evils, the bishop of Rome; who, wherever he setteth foot sovereth seeds of strife and contention," adding, "Also, I beseech you all that are about me, and all other whom I ever offended, to forgive me. And now, that my hour is at hand and all my moisture dried up, I most earnestly desire of you all this last duty of love, to pray for me, and to help me with the ardency of your affections, when you perceive me, through the infirmity of my flesh, to languish and wax cold in my prayers. Hitherto I have taught you and many others; now the time is come when I desire to be taught and strengthened by every one of you."

Afterwards he desired the attendants to sing the 71st Psalm, in which he joined with them as well as he could. When they repeated those words, "Thou art my hope, O Lord God; my trust even from my youth;" he added, "Thou only wast my whole hope." And as they went forward, saying, "Cast me not off in time of age," &c. he applied it to himself, adding short but fervent prayers, "Lord, take from me my spirit. Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace. Break off all delays. Suffer thy servant to come unto thee. Command him to be with thee. Lord, receive my spirit."

One, who stood by praying, with tears, said that if it were God's good pleasure he might be restored to his former health; the venerable sufferer turned to him and exclaimed, in the words of Ambrose, "I have not lived; so that I am ashamed to live longer, neither do I fear to die, because we have a merciful Lord. A crown of righteousness is laid up for me, Christ is my righteousness. Father, let thy will be done; thy will, I say, and not

my will, which is imperfect and depraved. O Lord, confound me not. This is my to-day; this day quickly let me come unto thee; this day let me see the Lord Jesus." In the extremity of his disease he showed great patience, and when his voice failed so that he lay speechless, he lifted up his hands and eyes in witness of his consent to the prayers which were made. Thus occupied and wholly resting himself upon the mercies of God through Jesus Christ our Saviour, his soul returned to God that gave it.

Bishop Jewel died about three o'clock in the afternoon of September 23, 1571. Surely we may join in the earnest desire of his biographer:

"Lord, adorn and enrich thy church continually with such JEWELS."—*Tract Magazine.*

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

THE subscriber acquaints his friends and the public that he has lately received a large assortment of India Rubber Shoes, which he will dispose of on as moderate terms as any other house in the trade.

MATTHEW HAMMOND,  
No. 53, St. John Street,  
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FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,

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PREMIUM Cooking Stoves,  
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Patent Shot,  
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C. & W. WURTELE,  
St. Paul Street,  
Quebec, 23rd Sept., 1844.

BOOT AND SHOE WAREHOUSE,  
11, 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 Booms made to order.

THOMAS COWAN,  
Quebec, June 27, 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 county settlements: Salary from £30 to £40 a-year. For information apply at the office of this paper.

29th August, 1844.

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