

Month's Corner.

INDUSTRY AND MANAGEMENT.

The French Academy from time to time distributes prizes to persons who have come under the notice of its members as deserving of encouragement. At the last distribution of prizes, the sum of one thousand francs (about two hundred dollars) was awarded to Hortense Pegot, a native of Bolbec, in the Department of the Lower Seine. This girl was born of parents in humble life; the father made his family wretched by cruelty and neglect, being idle and wasteful. At last he abandoned his wife with her four young daughters and a little boy, the youngest of the family. The mother died in debt and misery, leaving five orphans, of whom Hortense, then fifteen years of age, was the eldest. This admirable girl at once began to act as head of the family. She had employment at a Spinning Factory, and as she was earning more than any of her younger sisters could have done, she resolved upon continuing at her work, but gave to her sister next in age the charge of housekeeping. For the two younger sisters she procured work at the factory; and by great exertion she obtained instruction for her little brother in the trade of a weaver; when he had learned enough to make himself useful, his wages were added to the earnings of the family. Rigid economy and good management enabled them to save some money; and this was spent in paying the mother's debts. Four years' savings went to that. When this object was attained, they commenced laying up their savings in a Provident Bank. During the ten months just preceding the time when a report of this exemplary conduct was made to the Academy, these orphans together had earned 1277 francs; of this sum, they had spent 1000 francs in housekeeping; 144 francs had been put into the Bank, and 133 francs were kept in hand for any unforeseen expenses that might be called for.

The report does not state more than the facts, which are exceedingly pleasing, and very encouraging to all who have a mind to work and to contrive. But the most important question is about the motives. We love to think that this may have been a dutiful regard to the will of God, cheered on by the Saviour's love. If Hortense was desirous of honouring her departed parent, by taking off the reproach that she died in debt; and if she was content to bear self-denial and use exertion, because the Saviour for her sake bore weariness and pain, even to the death on the cross; if she looked for no reward from the Academy or from man any where, but only had respect to the eye of God which was upon her;—then she acted from a right motive, and we may hope that the honour she had at last from man, did her no injury.

THE CITY OF NUREMBERG. Concluded.

We were shown several beautiful works in stone, by the celebrated artist Adam Kraft, among which is the institution of the Lord's Supper, giving representations of the twelve disciples, every one of which is said to be the likeness of a Nuremberg City Councillor, and therefore they are so many deliberate lies. It is rather a curious question, to know how it was settled which of the Councillors was to represent the traitor Judas Iscariot.

From St. Sebald's church we proceeded to give a look at the ancient City-Hall, where we saw the large saloon with the Emperor's throne, in which Imperial Majesties used formerly to sit in judgment, receive oaths of allegiance, and confer privileges. At the present day it has been turned to some account by being made the place of assembly for a large body of scientific men, engaged in the study of natural history. There is a smaller saloon also in the same building, which serves the still nobler purpose of accommodating the annual meetings of the Bible and Missionary Societies.

We had a look at the "Beautiful Fountain" which is placed in one corner of the great market—a richly ornamented stone pyramid with all sorts of turrets, pinnacles, statues, and faces spouting water:—the whole protected by a handsome iron railing. This old master-piece was completed in 1361 by the brothers Ruprecht; but it had sadly decayed twenty four years ago, when some skillful artists restored it to its ancient honours. Among the statues are those of the seven Electors of the German Empire that was; three pagan heroes, Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cesar; three Jewish, Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabaeus; three Christian, Clovis of France, Godfrey of Bouillon, and Charles the Great. Above these are Moses and seven of the Prophets, beautifully executed. This is a very splendid Fountain of man's adorning; but the water which it furnishes is the gift of God, and is no better than that which the people draw out of their wells in villages and on solitary farm-houses. In that which is essential, therefore, the Nurembergers are no better off than the plain country-folks who attend the market.

There was another church-building for us to take a view of—St. Lawrence's—before we took our leave of Nuremberg. We found our way to the Crown Prince Hotel first, in order to take our mid-day meal, for which the children had fetched a good appetite by their morning's walk after curiosities. We were in the St. Sebald's quarter of the city; on crossing the Pegnitz on the Flesh-bridge we found ourselves in the St. Lawrence division. The spacious Caroline-Street presents, at its extremity, the church porch flanked by two towers: a beautiful sight at a distance, and exceedingly curious when closely examined; a multitude of persons out of Bible history are here represented, showing how in ancient times, when the people were not allowed to search the Bible, as the Lord Jesus has commanded; they were given something to look at, that might keep off

the craving for God's word, giving them for it the traditions of men.

Having gained admission into the church, we found that two artists were just engaged in looking at the interior, and I thought it instructive to join them and hear the remarks they made upon the various treasures under inspection. The pulpit and altar attracted immediate notice. These looked as naturally old as if they had been erected six hundred years ago; but we were told they were only twenty years old—the work of two skillful sculptors after the design of an antiquarian builder. It is the taste of the present day to restore or to imitate the works of the middle ages, many of which are beautiful in point of form, and mischievous in point of tendency. A beautifully fashioned altar might be curious to look at in a museum; but it has no business in the place of worship of a reformed Church, which allows of no altar made by the hands of man.

The two artists expressed great admiration of a piece of carved work by Veit Stosz, representing the angel's salutation to the Virgin Mary. Their zeal for beauty to look at, broke out in bitter abuse against the enlightened reformer Osiander, whose daughter was married to the English Archbishop Craumer: Osiander was Minister of St. Lawrence's, and he set forth the danger of images in churches so convincingly that the carved angelic salutation was tied up in a bag, so that people could gaze at it no longer. In the year 1817 it fell down and broke into fragments; but the skillful brothers Kallermund put it together again so perfectly as to exhibit its former beauty.

This church also contains an astonishing work by Adam Kraft: it represents branches or stems of plants closely interwoven, as they ascend the length of seventy feet and showing a great many figures, heads, columns, pinks, and so on, so delicately formed that they seem produced by the confectioner's art rather than by the sculptor's chisel. Indeed, one of the two artists declared that Adam Kraft must have understood the art of converting the stone into a soft mass, to enable him to form it into this admirable work, which afterwards became hard again and presents the appearance of ordinary sculpture. To this, the other gentleman objected with all his might: it was a supposition based upon no kind of evidence, but rather contrary to all the proof that history furnishes. Kraft worked at it from the year 1496 to 1500, assisted by two journeymen, and received a price for it which in those days was about equal to some many years' maintenance: he has been honoured with the appellation of "The Incomparable," and the chemical processes which have been applied to portions of his work have not afforded the slightest proof that the hard stone ever was softened by the skill of man. The incredulous gentleman was not to be persuaded, however; and as I did not think it likely that their contention would throw any light on the subject, I passed on to see the remaining memorabilities of the church. Reflecting upon the zeal with which these admirers of man and his work contended, the one exalting the work as being far beyond the skill of man, the other exalting the man who undeniably had produced the work, I could not help being struck with the fact that neither of them ever thought of saying a word of admiration for Him who made the stone and the man, and gave him the faculty of producing such wonderful works.

I also perceived that the time was drawing near for me and my little companions to present ourselves at the Railway depot and take our places in the car for Bayersdorf. We took a rapid survey of painted windows, carved wood, and brass graven by art and man's device, and I was grieved to think how many sights were all around to make the eye rove for things to look at, when it ought to be steadily engaged as servant to a devout mind, searching the Scriptures to know whether the doctrine preached from the pulpit agrees with the inflexible word of God. The painted glass in the windows throws a wonderful coloured light around the place of worship; but by the light which comes through plain, ground glass we can read our Bibles best.

We directed our steps to the Ladies' gate, where we began to hear the puffing and roaring of the engine, like a chained wild beast, impatient to be let loose for a spring and a run. Soon the sounds of the bell made us quicken our steps—the man from the hotel, who was waiting, introduced us to one of the exceedingly busy persons who wear a wheel with wings upon their caps to show that they bear office at the railway station; by him we were shown our trunk and our car; the children shouted as they threw themselves upon the soft cushions, each in a comfortable corner; presently the conductor's horrid whistle made them stop their ears with shrieks of laughter—a shake or two at the first moving of the engine, to set all the cars fairly a-going—and before we have time to say farewell dear Nuremberg! its churches, fountains, green-women and sausages are far off and we are rolling rapidly along towards Bayersdorf.

Subject furnished by Barth's Jugend-blatter.

A LOST CHILD FOUND.

It will be recollected by many of our readers that a notice appeared in the Argus, a few months since, signed by James Wilbur, of Bethel, advertising for his lost child. Mr. Wilbur resided, at the time of losing his son, near Sandy River pond, in Franklin county. He has since moved to Bethel, because the sight of the place whence the child wandered was so painful to his wife; that after his loss she could not reside there longer.

The facts of the case were that in 1827, twenty years ago, the child, a boy two years and ten months old, went out one day to meet the other children, and never returned. Screams were heard; but the child they never saw again. The neighbours turned out and spent days and nights in fruitless search. Univer-

sal sympathy prevailed. But at last they, wearied, returned to their vocations, and newer wonders crowded it from their mind. Not so, however, with the parents. The father wandered up and down the earth, wherever he heard of a strange child, or the rumor of one being found. The mother wept for the lost one, and would not be comforted. Notices were issued, and everybody who heard the tale pitied the parents, and each did all he could to relieve their distress. But it was of no avail. The child was lost, and no clue could be found to its recovery. Whether he had fallen a prey to the wild beast or the Indian, or had wasted to death by starvation, who could tell? The horrid phantom of such a death was ever before their eyes.

Some thought that an old hunter by the name of Robbins had stolen the child. He had been seen at the time, lurking about the premises. He was an old offender, had been tried for petty thefts and afterward was imprisoned for the murder of Hinds & Son, in 1828, but made his escape. But no evidence or confession could be got from him, and the matter faded away, with the lapse of years, from the memory of man.

The parents, however, persevered. They could not forget, and again issued their advertisements, calling for information of their lost child.

A week or two since, two of Mr. Wilbur's daughters, at work in the Saco factories, saw among a body of Indians encamped there, a white young man, in whom they thought they recognised a resemblance to their family. They accosted him, and soon claimed him as a brother. Of course he had no knowledge of them, but wished to see their father. They sent for the old gentleman, and the recognition on his part was complete.

The young man, now twenty-three years old, had been told many stories of his parents, but knew nothing certain of his abduction. The Indians are now encamped at Cape Elizabeth, opposite this city, with the youth and his wife, for he married an Indian girl last spring.

He has promised his father he will go with him to Bethel, where the old gentleman intends to build him a house, and give him all the license he wants to roam about in the woods, in consonance with the habits of almost his whole life. The father came into our office on Thursday to tell us of his success. He was as happy as a boy just let out of school.

The mother has not yet seen him. From her intense and lasting affection, as manifested through long years of disappointment, we judge the meeting will be one worthy the pencil of a Hogarth.—Portland Argus.

ANECDOTES OF DR. CHALMERS.

Noticing a visit of the late Dr. Chalmers to a relative in Bristol, we are given the following picture of that great man among children:

"I thought, as the children ran up to greet him on his arrival, he seemed entirely and at once at home. The scholar, the divine, the philosopher—chief perhaps of his day in one or the other department—were all in a moment merged in the kind, warm-hearted, affectionate old man. There he sat, with his large eyes, and noble visage graven throughout with lines of high intellectuality, yet beaming with cheerfulness and vivacity. The children are on his knee, and they have to be amused; various are the devices: one while he seems to be engaged in grave deliberation, and plops suddenly down upon them, taking them quite by surprise; one while he draws his finger through his mouth, producing a sharp report, and exclaiming in his broad Scotch, 'There, did ye ever hear sic a noise as that?' while each report would be greeted by shrieks of laughter, and the exclamation, 'Do it again, do it again!'"

The same correspondent relates another pleasing incident, indicative of the Doctor's refinement of feeling.

"It has been remarked, that a high order of intellect is inconsistent with much softness and tenderness of feeling. What is meant by this, I presume, is, that it is inconsistent with its display—that philosophy is competent to check the tide of feeling, and to make a man a sort of transcendental abstraction; but on more occasions than one, in my privileged interviews with Dr. Chalmers, there were some beautiful displays of greatness and tenderness of feeling. Thus, for instance, after parting from our friends: 'I fear,' he said, with much considerable earnestness, 'I did not shake hands with Mr. G.' On his recurring again and again to the omission, I said that probably all that was necessary in the formality of the matter, I could supply. 'No,' he said, 'it is not a mere matter of formality; it is a matter of deep feeling with me.' On our return, however, by Mr. G.'s house, the omission was explained—for our worthy friend, before leaving us, had quietly ordered the carriage to drive round by his door, that he might have the opportunity of presenting Dr. Chalmers with a book; as a token of his reverence and regard. 'Ah,' said the Doctor, as we again drove off, 'that is a man of effusive nature; he overflows with kindness; he has given me many books already.' The question was proposed, whether old age had the effect of numbing the feelings. 'No,' he observed, 'not when supported by the healthy exercise of the mind.'"

On one occasion he gave a singular proof of his trustfulness, unfortunately very much misplaced on that occasion:—It is related in Hogg's Weekly Instructor. "Dr. Chalmers came home one evening on horseback, and as neither the man, who had charge of his horse, nor the key of his stable, could be found, he was for some time puzzled where to find a temporary residence for the animal. At last he fixed on the garden, as the fittest place he could think of, for the purpose; and having led the horse thither, he placed it on the garden-walk. When his sister, who had also been from home, returned, and was told that the key of the stable could not be found, she

inquired what had been done with the horse. 'I took it to the garden,' said the doctor. 'To the garden!' she exclaimed; 'then all our flower and vegetable beds will be destroyed.' 'Don't be afraid of that,' said the doctor, 'for I took particular care to place the horse on the garden-walk.' 'And did you really imagine,' rejoined the sister, 'that he would remain there?' 'I have no doubt of it,' said the doctor, 'for so sagacious an animal as the horse could not but be aware of the propriety of refraining from injuring the products of the garden.' 'I am afraid,' said Miss Chalmers, 'that you will think less favourably of the discretion of the horse when you have seen the garden.' To decide the controversy, by an appeal to facts, they went to the garden, and found from the ruthless devastation which the trampling and rolling of the animal had spread over every part of it, that the natural philosophy of the horse was a subject with which the lady was far more accurately acquainted than her learned brother. 'I never could have imagined,' said the doctor, 'that horses were such senseless animals.'

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF CHRISTIANITY.

Related by Frederic Rochlitz, in 1833.

"I cannot refrain from mentioning an event, important in itself, and also historically important. But I do not mention it on that ground, (viz., its historical importance) nor because no other person has made it known hitherto, nor because in all probability it will not be made known in future. Wieland is dead, and it is hoped that in the evening of his life the spirit of God renewed his heart. Two, already, of the three persons to whom alone Wieland communicated it, (as he said,) are dead. I am the third, and it was told to me shortly before Wieland's death. [The three were, Rochlitz, Goethe, and the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar.] I do not alter anything from what I wrote immediately after the conversation, except single words. No one will accuse Wieland of bigotry or hypocrisy."

"It is well known that at the time of the festival which took place on the occasion of the meeting of monarchs in Weimar, on the 6th and 7th of October, 1808, Napoleon treated Wieland with every possible distinction. The most noted of these distinctions took place at the ball given by the Grand Duke to the Emperor, on which occasion Napoleon had a long conversation apart with Wieland. Turning aside from the splendours of the ball, he held this private interview for nearly or quite half an hour, which was for him, (who was so full of ideas,) as much as half a day for another man. The cause of this distinction is also well known. Wieland had predicted, and had even published, that only one man could save France, (which had become topsy-turvy under the reign of the Directory of five, whose weak measures had thrown the country into disorder,) and this one man was Buonaparte, whom they had sent into Egypt."

"The Emperor, at the beginning of the conversation, referred to this circumstance with great openness, and dwelt on it for some time, asking Wieland what had caused in him that confident impression. Well satisfied with the answer, he continued to speak with great cheerfulness on kindred subjects, with an easy transition from one subject to another, till he said in a cheerful, or half or whole joking tone, 'At last one true prophecy, eh!' Wieland modestly declined the honour of being a prophet. The conversation turned on the prophecies in the old Roman world, where he also was well at home, and at last on those of Jesus Christ and his apostles. Wieland had mentioned some of the most remarkable presentiments and predictions of the old Roman world, for instance, respecting the death of Julius Cesar. The Emperor smiled."

"Wieland reminded him of the contemporaneous and very intelligent historians through whose writings these presentiments and predictions had come to us. Napoleon said little more than his well known 'He! He! bien!' at the same time playing with his snuff-box."

"Wieland, who never would willingly allow his favourite authors to be attacked, felt himself a little excited, but while he was trying to defend his expressed opinion, and the distressing 'He!' was sounding continually between the remarks, he became warm, and when the ironical expression of the face became stronger, then the old man at last, with great seriousness and an impressive tone, spoke of the predictions of Jesus Christ respecting the destruction of Jerusalem and of the Jewish commonwealth, and of the spread of Christianity in the world under circumstances threatening nothing less than its extinction. Evidently surprised, and that, too, apparently by the mere mention of the name of Christ, Napoleon turned his head rapidly half round, without any change in the position of his body, and looked the old man sharply in the face. We shall hardly do him an injury by asserting that he expected to find also there a fine trait of irony. Wieland sustained the piercing look very calmly and kept silence, and as he gave the account to me, he added, with modest dignity: 'I believe I answered the look as, with my convictions of truth, I could not help answering it.' Napoleon also kept silence for a little while, holding his snuff-box, but not playing with it. Then turning towards Wieland with the box in his right hand, he said, 'Are you a Catholic?' Wieland calmly answered, 'I am a Christian of the Protestant confession.' 'Bien,' (good,) said Napoleon also calmly, and desired him to go on. Wieland did so. Napoleon at first did not interrupt him, or show in his face any emotions, except that a few times some traces of the ironical frown through his lips and eyes like distant lightning."

"In the meanwhile Wieland spoke calmly and slowly on those clear and definite predictions of Jesus Christ respecting his death, its time, and even its manner; which predictions could not have been fulfilled under the Roman

law, but could only come to pass through the (to us) hardly conceivable (much less foreseen) weakness of the Roman Governor."

"So he continued, using very considerably the very words of the apostles. He had spoken about as much as could be printed in ten lines, when the playing with the box began again, while at the same time the face remained unchanged. Then the box was turned more rapidly, till suddenly the Emperor broke forth. 'In the midst of my words he interrupted me by turning his whole body towards me, taking hold of one of my buttons, as if he wished to draw me nearer to him, and inclining a little towards me, And so, he said, with rapid, half suppressed words, spoken straight in my face, Enough! enough! enough! These gentlemen (meaning the apostles) were cunning Jews. They knew what they wanted, and knew their men; and when he observed the deep emotion which these words created in Wieland, he immediately continued, more friendly, more smiling, and in a lower tone, 'In short, that you may only know it, I do not even believe that a Lord Christ ever lived!' And what did you answer, for answer you surely did, said I to Wieland, deeply moved. In a calm and mild tone, but with full consciousness of dignity, the dear old man answered; Yes, I did answer him, and my answer affords me pleasure at this moment. I did answer with firmness, 'Sire, then I believe, and at least with equal right, that in one year, it may not be believed that ever a Napoleon lived!'"

"For some time neither I nor Wieland spoke. Then I said, 'Well, and what said the Emperor?' 'The Emperor!' answered Wieland 'he exclaimed in a cheerful tone, Bien, très bien! (Good, very good.) He also laughed, and for the first time pretty loudly, and then continued, in an easy mode: 'But do you know we have your whole Oberon in French! Good French, they tell me! I shall read him, certainly, as soon as I shall have leisure.' Then feeling myself tired by long standing at my advanced years, I had to tell him so. He took it in good part, dismissed me in a friendly manner, and returned to the company."

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