

South's Corner.

SPARKIE, THE SHEEP-DOG.

When we came to the ground where the sheep should have been, there was not one of them above the snow. Here and there, at a great distance from each other, we could perceive the heads or horns of stragglers appearing; and these were easily got out: but when we had collected these few, we could find no more. They had been lying all abroad in a scattered state when the storm came on, and were covered over, just as they had been lying. It was in a kind of sloping ground, that lay half beneath the wind, and the snow was uniformly from six to eight feet deep. Under this the sheep were lying scattered over at least one hundred acres of heathery ground. It was a very ill-looking concern. We went about boring with our long poles, and often did not find one in a quarter of an hour. But at length a white shaggy colly, named Sparkie, that belonged to the cowherd boy, seemed to have comprehended something of our perplexity, for we observed him plying and scraping in the snow with great violence, and always looking over his shoulder to us. On going to the spot, we found that he had marked straight above a sheep. From that he flew to another, and so on to another, as fast as we could dig them out, and ten times faster, for he sometimes had twenty or thirty holes marked beforehand.

We got out three hundred of that division before night, and about half as many on the other parts of the farm, in addition to those we had rescued the day before; and the greater part of these would have been lost, had it not been for the voluntary exertions of Sparkie. Before the snow went away (which lay only eight days) we had got out every sheep on the farm, either dead or alive, except four; and that these were not found was not Sparkie's blame, for though they were buried below a mountain of snow at least fifty feet deep, he had again and again marked on the top of it above them. The sheep were all living when we found them; but those that were buried in the snow to a certain depth, being, I suppose, in a warm, half-sulfurated state, though on being taken out they bounded away like roes, were instantly paralyzed by the sudden change of atmosphere, and fell down, deprived of all power in their limbs. We had great numbers of these to carry home and feed with the hand; but others that were buried very deep, died outright in a few minutes. We did not, however, lose above sixty in all; but I am certain Sparkie saved us at least two hundred.—Hogg's Shepherd's Calendar.

OLD HARDY, THE GREENWICH HOSPITAL DOG.

Died last week, of extreme old age, a noted dependant on Greenwich Hospital, named "Old Hardy." Some ten years ago a large water-dog, of the Russian breed, escaped from a vessel when off Greenwich, and wandered about that town for several days, without any one paying any particular attention to him. During that period a child, while at play on the esplanade of the Royal College, fell into the river, and would have met a watery grave but for the timely assistance of the stray animal. He had been watching there for his lost ship; and, on observing the accident, he plunged over the pier, seized the child, and swam with it a considerable distance to the landing place. Such an heroic action attracted the sympathy of the old tars, and the noble animal now shared the rations of many a mess. Nor was this liberality confined to the pensioners, but was shared in by the governor, Sir T. Hardy, from whose patronage and kindness to him he received the soubriquet of "Old Hardy." The dog now found his way into the hospital, and took up his quarters in the main guardhouse. He never attached himself particularly to any individual, but was constantly to be found among the men on duty for the day, to whom he became a valuable assistant, and in whose mess he was a welcome mate. It is a regulation of the hospital to exclude all dogs unless led by their owners, and Old Hardy soon took upon himself this office—a duty which he carried out to the letter, as well as to the discomfit of many an unfortunate cur that dared to intrude. Among the visitors he had many patrons, and a half-penny or a penny bestowed upon him was immediately carried to the tripe shop in the market, where he would deposit the money on the counter, and wait for the full value of it. He knew the difference betwixt the two coins, and a farthing he would refuse with scorn. Latterly he would not go to market alone, but when he received any gift he would go to the guardhouse, show his money, and appear restless until some one offered to accompany him. It is supposed that he had been frequently waylaid and robbed, his old age preventing his avoiding or resenting such an outrage, and that he adopted that mode for security. The late warm weather was a severe trial to "Old Hardy."—He was a noble appendage to a seaman's institution, as a finer specimen of the curly-haired water-dog was rarely to be seen. The old pensioners buried him in the shrubbery, betwixt the outer and inner west gates.—Globe.

JAMES WATT, AS AN INSTRUMENT-MAKER.

Watt had scarcely attained his twenty-first year when he set up his shop at the College of Glasgow; he had for his patrons, Adam Smith, author of the famous treatise on "The Wealth of Nations"; Black, author of "The Doctrine of Fluxions"; and one of the most distinguished chemists of the eighteenth century; and Robert Simpson, the restorer of some of the most valuable fragments of ancient geometry. These men considered that they had done nothing more than rescue an expert workman from the oppression of the trades' corporations; but they were not slow to discover "l'homme d'élite," and to extend to him the most lively friendship. The students of the University also aspired to the honour of sharing the intimacy of Watt. Finally, his shop—yes, gen-

tleman, his shop!—became a sort of academy, where all the illustrious men of Glasgow resorted to discuss the most refined speculations in art, literature, and science. I should never, in fact, have dared to tell you what was the part taken in these discussions by the youthful workman in his twenty-first year, had I not obtained the following valuable, and, as yet, unpublished memorandum of one of the most illustrious contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."—"Although at that time only a student, I had," says Professor Robinson, "sufficient vanity to conceive myself no mean proficient in my favourite studies of mechanics and physics, when I introduced myself to Watt; and I also acknowledge that I was not a little mortified at finding to how great an extent the young workman was my superior. The moment any difficulties occurred to our studies in the University, whatever its nature, we immediately resorted to our artificer. Once set going, each subject became to him matter of serious study and discovery. Never did he leave it, when once taken up, until he had thoroughly cleared the whole matter in hand, whether by reducing it to nothing at all, or deducing from it an important and substantial result. On one occasion, the solution required appeared to render it necessary to read part of "Leopold's Theatrum Machinarum"; Watt instantly learned German. In another instance, and for a similar object, he learned Italian. The native simplicity of the young artificer conciliated for him, on the spot, the good-will of all who addressed him. Although I have, since that time, acquired considerable knowledge of the world, I am forced to acknowledge that it is not in my power to adduce a second example of attachment, so sincere and universal, directed to a person of incontestible superiority. It is true that this superiority was veiled under the most amiable candour, and was united to a sincere wish to do ample justice to the merits of every one. Watt used, indeed, to indulge this amiable disposition, by attributing to the invention of his friends many things which were only his own ideas reproduced in a different shape. I have the better right to insist," says Robinson, "upon this rare disposition of mind, as I have personally experienced its effects." I leave it to you gentlemen, to decide whether it was not equally honourable to pronounce that last sentence, as to give occasion for it.—M. Arago's Life of James Watt.

THE PROTESTANT ORPHAN INSTITUTION AT SAVERDUN.

[The Rev. A. Sillery, an Irish clergyman, now travelling in France, gives the following account in the Dublin Christian Examiner, of a recent visit to the Orphan Institute of Saverdun.]

This visit was to me a real enjoyment; I was delighted with all I had heard and seen. I was received into the house of a French Protestant gentleman, of landed property in that country, and one who had been many years member of the French Parliament, with all the promptness and warmth of Irish hospitality. The gentleman, son, and daughter-in-law, formed a pious family, and were devoted to the interests of the Orphan Institution. There I formed the pleasing and Christian acquaintance of several Protestant gentlemen and ladies, all followers of the Saviour—humble, simple, warm-hearted, and devoted to his glory. I have uniformly found, in the French Christian of every rank, a simplicity and heartiness truly delightful. I was completely at home and at my ease, at once, with all these respectable persons, seen then by me for the first time—we had, indeed, the unity of the spirit, and the bond of Christian affection. How sweet is that unity, how pure and elevated is such affection! The old gentleman in whose house I was so frankly and affectionately received, conducted me to the Protestant church. In the first service, the pious and talented pastor delivered an able sermon on regeneration; the second service was the instruction of a host of children—partly catechetically, partly lecture; then came a service more familiar than that of the morning, which concluded with an excellent lecture on self-denial, and on devotion to the service of Christ, and the advancement of his kingdom. The ninety-two orphans, in their clean and decent Sunday dress, occupied their places at each service in the church. I heard them sing their hymns. I visited the institution several times during the day, and at six o'clock on Monday morning I was present at their religious instruction, which commences each morning at that hour, and continues till half-past seven o'clock. Most instructive and impressive were the exposition of Scripture and exhortations made by the truly zealous, pious, and respectable director of the institution. This servant of God was formerly a captain in the army, and was induced to undertake the office of director from zeal for God's glory. The small salary given for this office he hands back to the excellent bankers, the Messrs. Courtois, in Toulouse, who informed me it was all given in donations to different societies. The old gentleman who conducted me took his place along with me beside the director on a platform, and lent his countenance and assistance to the instruction. The scene was truly delightful. The moral atmosphere around these children conveys a hallowing influence—the salvation of the soul, the glory of the Saviour are the prime objects of this institution. A large farm of ground belongs to it, in which the boys work in turns, learning and practising improved principles of agriculture. Workshops surround the building, where they learn trades, and many acquire the business of florists and agriculturists in a large garden adjoining. These children obtain various branches of useful learning, are trained up in the knowledge of the gospel truths, and go forth into the world prepared to gain a livelihood by the pursuit of agriculture, trades, or the office of teachers in schools. The com-

mitted are all highly respectable and pious persons, and, with the excellent pastor of Saverdun, they present a noble and cheering specimen of the French Reformed Church. Oh! that the whole church had the same life and the same zeal as the Christians of Saverdun!—Continental Echo.

THE BIBLE AT MANCHESTER.

One of the most remarkable Meetings ever held for the British and Foreign Bible Society has just taken place at Manchester. The Meeting was held in the Free-trade Hall, which was densely crowded on the occasion. The Bishop of Chester presided, and amongst those present were Mr. Stowell and other clergymen of the Established Church, Dr. Hannah, Dr. Halley, Mr. Fletcher, and other ministers and gentlemen. The Report was an ordinary document, detailing the facts connected with the wonderful dissemination of the holy Scriptures in this town during the past year. No preconceived plan, it was stated, was formed towards this remarkable movement, which has issued in the circulation of a larger number of Bibles and Testaments in the last year than all the issues of the preceding twelve years. A few friends belonging to Manchester, staying at Blackpool, simply commencing energetic operations there, originally suggested the idea of renewed activity in this large town; towards which, the Report states, the cheapening and beauty of the Bible society's copies, the spread of education in Sunday-schools, and the improved circumstances of the poor, no doubt have contributed. The Sunday-schools commenced the work, it was carried on in the mills and factories, chiefly through the medium of teachers, clerks, &c.; but generally it has been a circulation among the humbler classes, by an instrumentality raised up principally from themselves. One Sunday-school alone circulated 13,000 copies, another 12,000 copies;—one month's issues amounting to 20,776! In one period 1,000 a-day were issued from the Depository; in the whole year, 96,000 copies. It was stated that Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Leeds, and Huddersfield had partaken of the influence. One gentleman,—the late Mr. Thomas Gisborne,—had sent the Society, through the Bishop of Chester, 500*l.*, to help to meet the loss of the Society on the issue of such vast numbers of the Scriptures at less than cost price. Mr. Brandram also stated, that in Darlington the circulation rose last year from 3,000 to 7,000. A lady had circulated 600 copies by her own unaided exertions. The Parent Society has issued during the past year about a million and-a-half copies of the holy Scriptures; a million being for England and the colonies alone. The Secretary detailed some stirring foreign operations, among which was an extraordinary circulation of the Bible at the Cape of Good Hope, and the grant of 1,000*l.* to the London Missionary Society, towards a printing establishment in China,—it being impossible to supply the Scriptures to that country, equal to the greatly increased demand, by the former instrumentality. Mr. Brandram delighted the audience by stating that the Society's funds for the last half-year, as compared with the corresponding half last year, were larger by 17,000*l.*; the payments for the same period being 25,000*l.* beyond those of the previous year. Such were some of the statistical details which engaged the attention of the Meeting for several hours.—Record.

INCREASE OF MANCHESTER.

In the year 1774, according to a census then taken, the parish of Manchester contained 41,032 inhabitants; according to the Parliamentary census of 1831 it contained a population of 270,961. Eight years have elapsed since that period, and it may fairly be presumed, that the present population will amount to at least 300,000 souls! Such an increase to take place in a period within the memory of many individuals is perhaps unparalleled. There are many old inhabitants living who recollect the town when very circumscribed in its limits. They remember a time, for instance, when Ardwick-green, now connected with the town by continuous lines of houses, was a long country walk; when the site of the present substantial warehouses in Newmarket-buildings was a pool of water; when the present handsome sheet of water in front of the Infirmary was a stagnant pond; when Oxford-road and Lower Mosley-street, and all the districts beyond, were yet fields and gardens; when High-street and Cannon-street, and the upper end of Market-street, and St. Anne's-square, were private dwellings. They can recollect the first factory erected in the town, the one in Miller's-lane, and the crowds of people that flocked to see the high chimney belonging to it, when it was in progress of erection—they remember Strangeways, when a public-house, its bowling-green, and the pile called Strangeways Hall, were the only encroachments on green fields and pastures stretching even to Hunt's Bank; they tell of the time when a coach to Liverpool started at six o'clock in the morning, and reached its destination at the same hour in the evening. To the present generation the reminiscences of these not very aged individuals seem marvellous, but their accuracy is unquestionable. It is within the last sixty years that Manchester has multiplied its population by seven, and has risen from comparatively a small town to be one of the most populous and important places in the world.—Manchester as it is, 1839.

A CLOCK ON A NEW PLAN.—Galignani mentions that a watchmaker of Paris has constructed a clock of a curious and most ingenious nature. It is made with eleven dials. The principal dial shows the hours alone; a transparent one, immediately below the former, shows the progression and retrogression of the sun; two others also transparent, and through which the mechanism of this immense machine can be seen, mark, the one the days of the month, the other the seconds. Eight square

enamelled dials are arranged round the two sides of the pendulum, and show the hour in each of the following cities, London, Algiers, Alexandria, St. Helena, Otaheite, Canton, New York, and St. Petersburg. Each of the three dials is marked with 24 hours instead of 12, so as to show the hours of the day and those of the night. Lastly, the pendulum carries a large metrical scale, indicating the degree of expansion and contraction of metal. This clock cost 14,000 francs, or about £600.

ADVICE FROM THE DUKE TO LETTER-WRITERS.—In reply to an illegible letter from a Liverpool lady, the Duke of Wellington gave her a piece of good advice, which may prove of use to more than the person to whom it was addressed:—"London, Feb. 13, 1813.—Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mrs. C.—He really regrets much that he has not been able to read her letter. He entreats her to write in a plain hand, in dark ink, and in a few words, what her commands are. Mrs. C.—, Liverpool."

SILENT INFLUENCE.—It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which slides through the meadows, and which runs along, day and night, by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent, or the world; while the same world requires thousands, and tens of thousands, of silver fountains and gently-flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on, every day, and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds alone, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life,—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbour, that good is to be done.—Rec. Albert Barnes.

OVER-RAPID TEACHING.

One fault in our schools is, that there is too much in them of the hot-bed process of education. This consists in putting scholars upon studies prematurely, before their minds are sufficiently strong to comprehend the subject, and carrying them forward with a rapidity inconsistent with thorough teaching,—a fault partly of teachers, and partly of parents. Competition and rivalry among teachers are constantly urging them to press forward. It will surely contribute not a little to the celebrity of a school, and the reputation of a teacher, as the world judges, if he can carry his pupils over as much ground in two years as others can in five; and turn out as good scholars at fourteen as others can at seventeen. It would seem to be a saving of two or three years of expense and time. And, moreover, it will greatly administer to the gratification of a parent's vanity to see his child so far in advance of his coevals. But, in truth, this is all mere show. There is no real saving either of time or expense; but a great sacrifice of that which is infinitely more valuable, and which years and gold cannot regain. There are laws of development in the spiritual as well as in the vegetable and animal world, which it is not safe to disregard. If we would have the young plant, or the young animal, endure long and produce much, we must not overtask it while it is young. So in the spiritual world, with the law of mind. In the work of education, let every thing be unfolded in its proper time, degree, and manner. Let it have a regular birth, growth, and maturity. Let the young mind grapple with what it can master. If we lay upon the child often or twelve years of age the studies suited to one of fifteen or sixteen, and by the stimulus of emulation and medals, and by the stimulus of influences, enable him to sustain it, we may, for a time, seem to hasten the work of education; but we shall find that a shock has been given to the whole intellectual and moral fabric, to a recovery from which a lifetime will not be sufficient. Parental pride may be gratified at the result, but enlightened benevolence, both in heaven and on earth, will weep in contemplating the ruin.—Common School Journal.

PREACHING TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.—It may not be generally known to the metropolitan public, that there has been for some time past a chapel in Red Lion-square, in which public worship is performed twice every Sunday for the sole benefit of the deaf and dumb. The service is that of the Church of England,—singing and the music of the organ being, as a matter of course, omitted. The experiment of communicating to those unfortunate persons, deprived of hearing and the power of speech, a knowledge of the great truths of revelation, by means of those "signs" which constitute a language in themselves, have been eminently successful. In the morning, the chapel in Red Lion-square is attended by from twenty to thirty deaf and dumb persons. Last Sunday evening the audience consisted of seventeen. After the usual prayers had been gone through, the teacher commented at considerable length, by means of gestures, on the eleventh chapter of the 1st of Samuel, his audience seeming to comprehend every idea which he sought to convey. The services lasted for upwards of an hour and a quarter.

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