

South's Corner.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES,

A PAGE FROM LIFE.
By Mrs. H. C. Knight.

A RING at the door, and two notes were handed into the parlour.

"This is for you," said the lady who received them, looking at the superscription, and passing one to her companion; and this is for me, or rather for Miss Anne Day; but as Miss Anne Day can scarcely read writing, I think I am entitled to its first reading." She read. It was a very polite invitation from a little damsel of Miss Anne's age, in the neighbouring street, to come and pass to-morrow evening with her; "and yours is of similar purport, I suppose," said Mrs. Day, looking up and smiling.

"Yes, an invitation for Kate to go to Mrs. Blake's to-morrow. Mrs. Blake told me the other day, her children had teased so long for a party, that she had concluded to give them one, in very self-defence. I suppose Kate must go, though her winter dress is not finished."

"I think I cannot let Anne go. I do not like children's parties at all."

"There are objections, I confess," answered Kate's mother; "it is always some time before Kate gets over the effect of the excitement, or late hours, or sweetmeats, or something or other. I always caution her about eating too much, yet she is always so peevish and fretful the next day, I am almost out of patience with her."

"Why, then, do you let her go at all?" asked Mrs. Day.

"It's the fashion, you know; all children have their parties, and Kate would think it very hard if I refused her; besides, I suppose, children must have some excitement."

A very false notion this of Kate's mother, and yet not peculiar to Kate's mother. Children, with their hearts brim-full of fine spirits and spontaneous glee, need far less outward excitement and fewer artificial amusements than any body else. They delight in a walk to the woods, a run in the garden, a swing in the lane, a frolic with the kittens; they delight in the simplest recreations,—what to the jaded and care-worn mind are tame and joyless. If they have more than these, they have more than nature designed for them,—more than the high-wrought nervous temperament of childhood, its warm, unspent emotions, can easily digest. The system is jarred, unstrung, out of tune.

Conversation became interrupted. After school, the invitations were given to the children. Mrs. Day revolved a long time in her mind, whether it were not better to cast Anne's into the fire, and say nothing to her about it; it would save her the pain of refusing, and Anne of being refused. No, it was not best. It was, indeed, a crisis of that kind from which mothers are apt to shrink, but which, if faithfully passed through, leave parent and child alike more firm and steady in the family government.

Kate and Anne were both highly gratified. "O Anne! won't we have a good time! we shall have so many good things!" exclaimed Kate, skipping from one side of the room to the other. "I mean to wear my pink dress and white beads, that all the girls said looked so pretty before—O!" and away she whirled. "I have no pink dress and white beads," said Anne; then turning to her mother anxiously, she asked, "Mother, what shall I wear?"

"We will talk about that by-and-by. Now, if you will run up to the chamber and get ready all the writing materials, I will come up presently, and we will write the answer."

"No, mother?" said Anne, laughing; "they would never know whether I was coming or not, if I wrote it, I make such awful letters."

By the time every thing was ready, Mrs. Day entered the chamber, and took the chair, which Anne had placed for her. "And now, mother, how shall you word it? Say, Yes, I should like to come very much," said Anne, all earnestness.

"But Anne," said the mother, gently, stroking the soft hair of the child, "I do not want you to go."

"Not go, mother!" exclaimed Anne, a great shadow coming across her face, "why, Kate's going, and all the girls."

"Yes, but I have some good reasons why I don't want my little girl to go."

Anne looked up with a face of serious inquiry.

"One is, that you will be up, and out in the night air, a great while after your bed-time. I think you had better be sweetly sleeping, to gain health and strength for to-morrow's duties. Then you will eat many things which will not be good for you." Mrs. Day stopped.

"O mother!" said Anne, not peevishly, but fretfully, but very imploringly.

"It seems to me," continued the mother, "that the day's duties are quite enough for the strength of my little girl. She cannot bear the excitement and play of the night. I am sure, Anne, we can pass a very pleasant evening together. This matter I weighed all over, and I think you had better refuse." It was very kindly and tenderly, but decisively said, and the tones touched Anne's heart; the mother's sympathy softened, but did not lessen, the mother's authority. Anne laid her head on her mother's shoulder, and hid her face, for great tears were there. They were tears of disappointment, not of anger or rebellion; these foul spirits had been disarmed by a mother's tenderness. It was not until time had been given for the first struggle to subside, that Mrs. Day asked what she would write.

"Just what you please, mother," said the child, sobbing.

Some may imagine this child was easy to manage; no, she had the same proud will and sinful heart which all children have; but, unlike too many children, she was under judicious moral training.

Mrs. Day felt that the trial was not yet over. Kate's anger or condolence was yet to be borne.

"Your mother is horrid!" exclaimed Kate, vehemently, when she learned the result.

"My mother is not horrid!" retorted Anne, with honest indignation.

Anne looked sober, for the next twenty-four hours.

After tea, on the evening of the party, Mrs. Day's children collected around the table, with their slates and books, as their custom was. As they became quietly seated, Mrs. Day, fearing the effect of an interruption from Kate, if she should not depart without entering the parlour, began a little story, to divert and interest her attention. A jump on the stairs, and Kate rushed into the room, exclaiming, "See me! I am all ready for the party."

The group looked up, but more intent upon the story, they said, "Go on, mother; tell us what became of the dog?"

Kate stood still and listened, tea and soon became deeply interested in the recital. Nancy appeared at the door.

"Stop a minute," cried Kate.

"You had better go, my dear, Nancy is waiting for you," said Mrs. Day.

"O, I had rather stay here, after all, Mrs. Day, with you," declared the child; "I always like to expect to go to parties and all such places, but I always have such a heavy feeling right here, when it is all over, a feeling of not being happy," and she placed her hand on her heart. It was a great truth this child uttered; a truth often spoken even by children, but not heeded,—that more pleasurable excitements can neither satisfy nor amuse the yearnings of the immortal mind; they leave it unrefreshed and impoverished, to prey upon itself. How often is this forgotten, in providing amusements for children! Give them something to do, a flower-bed to cultivate, a doll's wardrobe to make, a box of tools, something to exercise their skill, ingenuity and activity, and you secure to your child a wealth of enjoyment, which few can imagine, who have not witnessed it.

Kate went away. By-and-by the youngest children retired to rest, and Anne and her mother were left alone. Mrs. Day now felt she must make home joys indeed pleasant,—something must be substituted for forbidden pleasures,—the evening should be so passed that there might be no secret regrets or useless wishes. In expedients of this kind a mother must study to abound.

Anne was listlessly looking over her map.

"Let us take a voyage, Anne."

"How funny, mother,—a voyage! where shall we go?" asked Anne, with interest.

"To what part of the world should you like to go, suppose you had a choice?" asked Mrs. Day.

Anne looked on the maps for some minutes, recalled what her geography said of many different countries, and talked very fast, until at length she concluded she should love to go to Palestine, to see those places which she had read so much about in the Bible.

Shall I describe how pleasantly that mother made the voyage? how in fancy they went on board a vessel at Boston, how it seemed at sea, how they slept and what they ate, how, when they passed through the straits of Gibraltar, Mrs. Day told some incidents about the great rocky fortress of Gibraltar, their sail up the Mediterranean, their stop at Egypt,—how she interspersed it with questions, to call forth Anne's small stock of knowledge, and remarks about the animals, the manner, the habits of the people they in fancy met with. How lively was Anne's interest, how animated was her expression! "And after all we are at home," cried Anne, "and I declare it is eight o'clock; why, how fast the time has passed!"

Anne's bed-time had arrived.

"Why, mother, I have had such a good time. I am full of ideas,—I don't believe I could have enjoyed myself half so much at the party as I have at home with you," said Anne, as she lovingly put her arms around her mother's neck, to give her the good-night kiss. How heartily was it given, how warmly returned.

With different feelings was the bright next day greeted by the two children.

"That old pink dress," exclaimed Kate, yawning on her pillow, "I never mean to wear it again. One of the girls said, she guessed my mother could not afford to get me another, I wore that so often."

"O mother, when shall we have another such beautiful voyage?" cried Anne, skipping, half dressed, into her mother's chamber. "I almost know Kate did not enjoy herself as much as I did."

Anne had a judicious, Christian mother, who thoroughly understood her children's characters, and by a proper apportionment of discipline and stimulus, endeavoured to open sources of improvement and happiness among the every day scenes of domestic life. Let all Christian parents do this, and we shall not behold so many children of the covenant plunging into worldly pleasures and imprudent excesses, departing farther and farther from that wholesome steadiness of mind, which gives dignity to character and influence to virtue.—*Congregational Visitor.*

THE BEAR AND THE TEA-KETTLE.—The bears of Kamtschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years since, the fish became scarce. Emboldened by famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered the villages. On a certain occasion one of them found the outer gate of a house open,

and entered in, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-kettle full of boiling water in the court. Bruin smelt of it, but it burned his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury on the tea-kettle. He folded his arms round it—pressed it with his whole strength against his breast, to crush it; but this, of course, only burned him the more. The horrible growling which rage and pain forced from the poor beast now brought the neighbours to the spot, and Bruin, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, when any body injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him like "the bear with the kettle."

N. B. Passionate children, this is for you. When your little hearts kindle into a blaze, and you kick and strike at things by which you are hurt, pause and remember the bear of Kamtschatka!—*Chr. Intelligencer.*

A SWARM OF BEES.—Be quiet. Be active. Be patient. Be humble. Be prayerful. Be watchful. Be hopeful. Be loving. Be gentle. Be merciful. Be gracious. Be just. Be upright. Be kind. Be simple. Be diligent. Be lowly. Be long-suffering. Be not faithless, but believing; and the grace of God be with you.—*Christian Witness.*

THE ICHNEUMON.
Difference between restraints of education and change of heart.

"I had," says M. D'Osborneville, "an Ichneumon very young, which I brought up, I fed it at first with milk, and afterwards with baked meat mixed with rice. It soon became even tamer than a cat, for it came when called, and followed me, though at liberty, into the courtyard."

"One day I brought him a small water serpent alive, being desirous to know how far his instinct would carry him against a creature with which he was hitherto totally unacquainted. His first emotion seemed to be astonishment mixed with anger, for his hairs became erect; but in an instant after he stepped behind the reptile, and with a remarkable swiftness and agility leaped upon its head, seized it, and crushed it between his teeth. This effort and new food seemed to have awakened his inward and destructive voracity, which, till then, had given way to the gentleness he had acquired from his education."

"I had about my house several curious kinds of fowls, among which he had been brought up, and which, till then, he had suffered to go and come unchastised and unregarded; but a few days after, when he found himself alone, he strangled them every one, ate a little, and, as appeared, drank the blood of two."

It is one thing to restrain evil dispositions; it is another to have them rooted out. Many things may keep children from the grossest wickedness, but unless *He* who made the heart changes it, its depravity will break forth; and there is nothing, however bad, which they may not do at some time or other. What we really are is not to be learnt from what we appear to be when the eyes of others are upon us, but from what we are when following our own wills.—*The Episcopal Recorder.*

JUDGMENT OF ASIATICS ON EUROPEAN DANCING.

Their dancing is so unlike anything we ever heard of in Hindostan, that I cannot refrain from giving a sketch of what I saw. In the first place, the company could not have been fewer than 1,500 or 2,000 of the highest classes of society, the ministers, the nobles, the wealthy, with their wives and daughters. Several hundreds stood up, every gentleman with a lady; and they advanced and retired several times, holding each other by the hand to the sound of music. At last the circle they had formed broke up, some running off to the right and others to the left. Then a gentleman, leaving his lady, would strike out obliquely across the room, sometimes making direct for another lady at a distance, and sometimes stooping and flourishing with his legs as he went along. When he approached her, he made a sort of salaam and then retreated. Another would go softly up to a lady, and then suddenly seizing her by the waist, would turn and twist her round some fifty times, till both were evidently giddy with the motion. Several ladies asked me to dance with them, but I excused myself by saying that this dancing was so superlatively beautiful, that it was sufficient to admire it, and that I was afraid to try. "Besides," said I, "it is contrary to our customs in Hindostan." To which they replied, that India was far off, and no one could see me. "But," said I, "there are people who put everything in the newspapers, and if my friends heard of it, I should lose caste." The ladies smiled; and after this I was not asked to dance.—*Travels of Kerim Khan.*

When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the *Centurion* frigate had a ball upon some court holiday; while they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said, softly, to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

CONFORMITY TO CUSTOM.—The way in which the human body shall be covered is not a thing for the scientific and the learned only; and is allowed on all hands to concern, in no small degree, one half, at least, of the creation. It is from such a simple thing as dress that each of us may form some estimate of the extent of conformity in the world. A wise nation, unsubdued by superstition, with the collected experience of peaceful ages, concludes that female feet are to be clothed by crushing them. The still wiser nations of the West have adopted a swifter mode of destroying health and creating angularity, by crushing the

upper part of the female body. In such matters nearly all people conform. If you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity, take a European hat for your subject of meditation. I dare say there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute, each wearing one of these hats in order to please the rest.—*Friends in Council.*

SUFFERING DEATH'S TERRORS.

A mode of punishment.

A strange spectacle was witnessed lately at Arnheim, in Holland. A R. Catholic priest, named Gepkens, having been condemned to death for assassination, the king commuted the sentence into perpetual imprisonment, and the application of the punishment called "brandishing of the axe," which consists in making a prisoner undergo a pretended execution. A scaffold was prepared, exactly as for an execution, and a coffin was on it, as if to receive the bloody and mangled remains of the condemned. At twelve o'clock in the day, Gepkens was driven in a cart to the scaffold. His head and neck were bare, he wore no coat, his hair was cut very close, and his hands were tied behind his back. Two priests were with him, giving him religious consolation, and two other carriages contained the officers of justice, and the executioner and his assistants, the latter carrying an axe. A strong detachment of soldiers accompanied the cart, and another surrounded the scaffold. Gepkens ascended to his appointed place with a tottering step. His eyes were then bandaged, and his head placed on the block. One of the assistant executioners seized him by the hair, to keep his head in the right position, and two other assistants held him by the shoulders. The chief executioner then took the axe, flourished it in the air, and let it descend on the prisoner's neck, so as to make him feel the cold steel. The man who held his head afterwards released it, and for about five minutes the executioner continued to brandish the axe around the prisoner's head, so close that he could distinctly hear the whizzing. The emotion of Gepkens was so great that he fainted. When the ceremony was completed, his hands were untied, and he was re-conveyed to prison in the cart. About 30,000 persons waited from daylight to witness this singular proceeding, the like of which had not occurred within the memory of man. Previous to the prisoner's arrival the crowd was very merry and boisterous, and roared forth several songs; but on the conclusion of the mock execution, it dispersed in silence, and apparently feeling strong emotion.

RAILWAY COLONIZATION OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—ST. ANDREWS AND QUEBEC RAILWAY.

An investment of £80,000 of English, to meet £80,000 of colonial capital, spread over a period of three years, for the construction of a cheap railway of 80 miles, with a guaranteed minimum dividend of 5 per cent, from Government, and an actual estimate of 20 per cent. from existing traffic, is not a very formidable matter; and yet, at the same time, it involves the construction, by its branches and extensions, of Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Fredericton, St. John, and Miramichi; of Hamilton, Sandwich, Toronto, the great Lakes, and Hudson's Bay; of Augusta, Portland, Boston, and New York; the opening up of the mineral resources of New Brunswick—its tin, iron, and copper mines; its coal-fields, one of these extending over 5,000 square miles; the consequent creation of manufactures and of a new empire of steam; the extension of the fisheries of the Bay of Fundy; and with equal certainty, the establishment of British North America as the granary of the old world. British North America, within little more than a week's steam-sail of England, and abounding in agricultural and mineral wealth, embracing even on this side of the St. Lawrence, 20,000,000 of acres of rich unlocated territory and valuable timber, must, when intersected by railways, surpass in attractiveness all the more distant fields for the employment of British industry or the exhibition of British enterprise.

The port of St. Andrews, at the mouth of the St. Croix, and on the Bay of Fundy, is the terminal point of the British coast of North America, and of the boundary between the British and Republican territories. The St. Andrews and Quebec Railway, with the most amicable understanding with the States, will run parallel to the boundary line of Lord Ashburton for its whole course. The Act incorporating the original Company, whose operations were suspended pending the adjustment of that boundary, was obtained in 1836. The new Acts which have just been confirmed by the Queen in Council, confer the following extensive privileges.

In the first place, the survey has been completed by the Government, at an outlay of £10,000; and the works are now about to be commenced. Along with a belt of land, 200 feet on each side of the line, for its whole length, involving the possession of the frontage of all lands to be settled contiguous to the railway, a grant of 20,000 acres has been bestowed upon the Company, to be selected in convenient blocks. All the timber, fuel, and materials necessary for the construction are also conceded; with a guarantee of 5 per cent, on the portion of capital subscribed in England—the local shareholders being amply satisfied with the commercial prospect, and refusing to participate in this guarantee; and, above all, and especially important as respects the systematic colonization and advancement of the provinces, power to form branches to all parts of New Brunswick, with commensurate privileges.

To every class of Great Britain the settlement of British North America is a subject of deep importance and interest; and now that a new opportunity thus presents itself to the statesman of effectively encouraging the plantation of those

magnificent provinces, it is indeed most desirable that no false step, as in the case of New Zealand and almost all our modern colonies be taken in the outset. The principle which seems to actuate Earl Grey, and in which we thoroughly concur, is, make *Colonization* as systematic and methodical, as you will, but let *Emigration* be entirely spontaneous. In other words, clear land, make surveys, build towns, lay out roads, establish municipal, educational, religious, and other institutional attractions of civilized life; by the agency of combined capital and hired labour: in a word, *prepare* morally and physically the field of enterprise. If that be made sufficiently attractive—if the discouragements which have hitherto damped the energies of the yeoman, and frittered away his moderate capital, and thrown the poor Irish or English labourer a burthen upon colonial, instead of British poor rates, be removed, capital and labour will of themselves flow to the settlement; the capitalist company will reap a rich reward for its investment in preparation; the yeoman will willingly pay the price or rent of lands from which he readily finds a return; and the English, Scotch, and Irish able-bodied labourer will—it is within the range of easy possibility—eat meat!—*London Railway Record.*

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