

YOUTH'S CORNER.

TWO KINDS OF DISPOSITION—CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.

Soon after the close of the long French war in Europe, a boy was standing on one of the bridges that cross the Thames at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale. A sailor, who was passing, observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping through the wires, and manifesting their eager desire to regain their liberty. He stood for some time looking at the birds, apparently lost in thought. At length, addressing the boy, he said, "How much do you ask for your birds?" "Sixpence a piece, sir," was the reply. "I don't ask how much a piece," said the sailor; "how much for the lot? I want to buy all hands." The boy began his calculations, and found they came to six shillings and sixpence. "There is your money," said the sailor, handing out the cash, which the boy received with evident satisfaction at his morning's trade. No sooner was the bargain settled, than the sailor opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away. The boy, looking quite astonished, exclaimed "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds." "I'll tell you," said the sailor, why I did it: I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see anything in prison that I can make free." Soon after the occurrence of the little incident just recited, I met a young French gentleman with whom I was acquainted, the son of the count de la Chabace. He came into a jeweller's and asked for some small brass chains, observing that he wanted to chain some birds in a cage. "What!" said I, "Frederick, is it not enough to keep them in a cage, but must you chain them too?" "O," said he, "when the English took me prisoner, in my privateer, they shut me up in prison, and now my birds shall have a taste of a prison as well as myself."

Do you choose to be the sailor, or to be the young Count?

PRESENCE OF MIND.

On Monday afternoon, Sept. 1, a party of ladies, consisting of Mrs. James Oakes, of this city, her two sisters, Mrs. Knapp, of Newburyport, and Mrs. Mosely, of Boston, and Mrs. O's daughter, Miss Garafelia Oakes, who will be 12 years old in December, went from Newburyport to Plum Island, to bathe. They all came out of the water except Mrs. Mosely, and went a short distance upon the beach to dress. While they were dressing, Mrs. R. N. Berry, of this city, who was also upon the beach, heard Mrs. Mosely scream: "Save me! save me!" Mrs. Berry called to Mrs. Knapp, and told her that her sister was drowning. Mrs. Knapp, with a natural impulse, rushed into the water to save her sister, but immediately found herself beyond her depth, and called upon Mrs. Berry to save her. Mrs. B. was in full dress, not having been in to bathe, but she waded in up to her neck, and reaching out, seized a part of Mrs. Knapp's clothing and drew her on shore. By this time Mrs. Oakes heard the screaming, and seeing her sister, Mrs. Mosely, floundering in the water, pushed out to attempt her rescue; but she, too, soon found herself sinking, and in her turn cried out to her daughter, "Garafelia, save me! save your mother!" Mrs. Berry saw that both ladies must inevitably drown, without prompt succour, and with great presence of mind, she advised Garafelia to put on her life-preserver and save her mother. Quicker than lightning, (to use Mrs. Berry's words,) the heroic girl had on her preserver, plunged in, swam to the spot where her mother was sinking, seized her by the hair of her head, which was all that was above water, and dragged her to Mrs. Berry, who had waded in to receive her; and, together, they laid her upon the beach, perfectly insensible, and with every appearance of a drowned person. But Mrs. Berry's self-possession had not deserted her, and she implored Garafelia now to leave her mother and rescue her aunt, Mrs. Mosely, who had already sunk. As she rose, Garafelia swam towards her, calling out, "Keep up! keep up! I'm coming; I've saved mother, and will save you!" and with these words she reached the drowning woman, and drew her also on shore, unconscious of all. It appears that Mrs. Mosely was seized by cramp, lost her self-control, and was drawn by the current into water 10 or 15 feet in depth. The coolness of Mrs. Berry, and the admirable courage and quickness of Miss Oakes, prevented a catastrophe that would have been afflictive beyond description.—*Boston Post.*

PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Arrived at the Palace of the Duke, a fine building in the modern Gothic style, forming three sides of an immense quadrangle, and with a turretted entrance, the Royal party alighted and partook of a slight refreshment. A guard of gendarmes were drawn up here. After a short delay, the Royal party left the Palace (it is the town residence of the Duke) and proceeded to the summer Palace, Rosenau, situate about four miles from Coburg. The road to this place runs through a vale, in which are crowded in picturesque variety all the most charming features of English rural scenery. A little further on, and an avenue of trees,

perhaps two miles long, leads up to the Palace, through a country which has all the charm and beauty, all the richness and massiveness of forest and verdure, that you see in an English nobleman's park, without that exclusiveness which in our country is a check upon all enjoyment. You cannot see where the public road ends, and where the domain of the Prince begins, so entirely is the place open to all comers.

Rosenau itself is the beau-ideal of a summer residence. Although built on a princely scale, it looks like an enormous cottage *orné*, embowered in trees and flowers. The name Rosenau, "the meadow of roses," aptly describes the lovely valley from which the Palace rises. The views commanded from the windows are of the finest kind. A landscape of more than English softness and rich luxuriance—meadow, woodland, and stream—is spread at the foot, while all around, as far as the eye can reach, mountains of Highland grandeur, clothed to their summits with fir or with rich woods, enclose it and develop its beauties by a noble contrast. In the distance, at the extremity of the valley, lies Coburg itself.

After the natural beauties of the place, the next peculiarity that strikes an English mind is the utter absence of all ceremonial and exclusiveness. There is none of that sulky solitary grandeur, with which English noblemen and princes are so prone to surround themselves. There is not a gate or a sentinel in the whole place; but the country people (and happy comfortable people they seem) come and go, and look about them as they please, under the very windows of the Palace, with no other restraint upon them than their own sense of self respect, and those habits of decorum which characterize the Germans.

Not more than four miles from Rosenau, and nearer Coburg, there is another summer residence, the Palace of Prince Ernest of Wirtemberg, from which a very fine view is obtained of the vale in which Coburg is situated, the spire of the Church of St. Maurice rising boldly from the centre of the city. On the opposite heights is the fortress of Coburg, which Her Majesty went last evening to visit, driving from Rosenau for the purpose.

As to Coburg itself, the notion entertained of it in England is one of the most absurd and *outré* in John Bull's bundle of prejudices. That its situation is picturesque, will have been gathered from what has already been said. But the city itself is much larger and of much more importance than is generally supposed. The Palace of the Duke is a noble structure, and the great buildings of the town are very little inferior to any of the same recent erection in the chief towns of Germany. These are comparatively modern, but the town itself is much more ancient. The streets, however, are wider than in most of the older towns in Germany. The houses are for the most part white; and, above all, they seem remarkably clean. The market-place is a fine large area, very similar to the great square at Bonn, and there are some magnificently quaint old houses in it. The theatre, also, is a fine building; and the suburbs of the city, in which there are villas in abundance, of remarkable beauty, combine a very rural air with much elegance. But what is, after all, much more interesting to the stranger, and more surprising to the Englishman, than the merely physical aspect of Coburg, is the wealth and comfort it displays. The residences of the better classes are distinguished by much elegance; and there is no squalor, but, on the contrary, much appearance of substantial comfort in those of the lower. Of course Coburg cannot compete in size with the capital towns of larger states; it is, in fact, a sort of miniature city, in which everything is perfect, although on a somewhat small scale; but in the possession of all those features which are desirable for the happiness of the people it seems unique. It has its historical associations too. Wallenstein besieged it in vain in the thirty years' war, and it boasts of being able to show the room where Luther slept while in concealment here, and the pulpit from which he preached.—*London Times.*

THE CLERGY OF RUSSIA.

To a western European there seems to be a contradiction in the station and character of the Russian clergy. The priest, in his canonical dress, and during the performance of his Divine offices, is in the highest authority. Wherever he appears, all bow before him, cross themselves, and even cast themselves at his feet. But let him only put off his official robes, and he is instantly reduced to a nullity. In the very same house where he has just performed his sacred functions, he will not be even tolerated by the company; and the very peasant who meets him in the street considers such a rencounter a token of some bad luck, and expects to be as soon as he sees him, in hopes of turning away the misfortune. It must be confessed that the station of the secular clergy; or popes, in Russia, is not respectable; yet the contempt that attaches itself to the men seems to have no influence upon the offices which they perform. This apparent contradiction has a twofold cause. Their reverence for clerical sanctity arises

from the childish religious notions of the Russian people. Their idea of religion reduces it to a very simple matter of attention to outward ceremonies, and with internal thoughts they do not trouble themselves. This mode of viewing the matter is truly characteristic of the people, and forms the bond of unity throughout the whole line of Russian Church history. Most of the contentions of the Russian Church have been about fasts, the formalities of crossing, the consecration of Churches, and the signs of clerical honors. With the firesome and fruitless disputes of the West, about points of abstract divinity, the Russian Church has had little to do. The positive ordinances of the Church are so purely and entirely regarded as positive dogmas, that they are in no danger of falling into controversy with any system of philosophy or natural religion. Thus we find the Greek Church in Russia, from the oldest times, remaining at the same point of development. The greatest strictness in the observance of forms procures the greatest religious justification and satisfaction. The priest, as a necessary instrument for their performance, maintains his official dignity. To the preservation of uniformity the law contributes, which forbids all original preaching among the clergy, lest in their comments on Scripture they should get astray into subtleties and contradictions.

Whenever they see a church or a church-spire, near or distant, they stop to uncover their heads and cross themselves. The dimensions of the crosses they make vary with their stations, decreasing in proportion to their respectability; and I have seen gentlemen make their tiny crosses under the cover of arranging their cravats.—*Von Blasius's Travels in Russia.*

ENCOURAGEMENT IN FRANCE.

Letter to Monsieur Louis Courtois, Banker, at Toulouse.

Damazan, July 16, 1845.

"Sir and dear brother,—You have requested a statement of the most important facts relating to the building and dedication of the church at Damazan; I will in a few words comply with your request.

"You know that it was in the month of August last, that we commenced the building of this house of prayer. We could foresee no difficulty, since we were provided with a royal decree, (dated Aug. 15, 1835), which gave us the necessary authorization; but we were mistaken; for from that period till the 3rd of July, the day on which the church was opened, we were exposed to all kinds of opposition and annoyance. Thrice did the Mayor of Damazan notify to us that the work must be suspended, thereby causing painful delay and expense. Thrice did the municipal council of Damazan endeavour to prevent our deriving any benefit from the royal decree; attacking us at first before the prefect of Lot-et-Garonne, afterwards before the minister of worship, and finally before the council of state. As these attacks were unsuccessful, the mayor addressed the king himself, praying him not to permit the 'adulterous introduction of a strange religion into that locality, which to that moment had remained an unpolluted virgin.' God be praised, all these efforts were useless; and (thanks to the justice of the superior authorities, who so willingly protected us in the exercise of our rights) we have been enabled to dedicate this church to the thrice-holy God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and to celebrate this Christian festival, which has filled our hearts with joy.

"The church was opened on Thursday, the 3rd of July, when the pastors of the department, members of all their congregations, and a hundred Roman Catholics were present. The first service began at 10 A.M. I preached from the words of the Psalmist, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.' (Psalm, cxxii.) This furnished me with a very appropriate topic for the occasion—the joy of the Christian in the sanctuary of the Lord. In the evening M. Pastor Rendent preached upon the parable of the mustard-seed. Pastors and people appeared very much edified, and all retired blessing God for having permitted them to see that day.

"Now, dear brother, this house of prayer is dedicated to the Lord; now the Gospel of our blessed Saviour is preached therein; but we have not enough funds to pay the costs incurred in its erection. They must be exclusive of unforeseen expenses arising from necessary additions, and the delay and hindrances of which I have spoken) 10,000f, at least; a sum towards which 5820f. only, has yet been raised. Thus we have a deficit of more than 4000f. (upwards of £160), which it is necessary to obtain as soon as possible. Will you come to our aid, plead our cause, which is the cause of the Lord, and which claims the attention of friends of the Gospel? We shall then receive abundant assistance.

"Believe me, very sincerely,
yours in Christ,
"H. LAPORQUE, Pastor."

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

Before you think of bidding a child do anything, make it submit, whenever it is expedient and reasonable that it should. It may cost you much trouble to make a child walk out of the room or out of the house; but you can very easily lift him out, and, if it is proper, keep him out. It is not easy sometimes to make him put off his clothes, and go to bed; but you

can always take them off, and put him to bed. You cannot make him eat his porridge if he is not disposed, but you may tell him he has had enough, and that he shall have no more. All you have to attend to here is, never to express your purpose till you are determined to see it executed,—never to say that it shall be done till you are just about to do it. In this way habits of submission are formed, and the child never discovers nor suspects that your will can be resisted.

Then you may, if you choose, venture a command; but do not imagine, as many parents seem to do, that you are to establish your authority by giving many. The fewer the better in every view. He that never gives a command will never be disobeyed; and you must not forget that in all early training, this is the first point to be secured. Run no hazard, therefore, by giving orders, which may by any possibility be disobeyed; in other words, give as few as possible. If you want your child to go for a pitcher of water, rather than say "Go bring it," it is better to tell him that perhaps he is old enough and strong enough to do you that service, perhaps not; and if there be any inconvenience in wanting it, take care that he suffers, at least as much as anybody else. If, after all, you find it necessary to give an order, and obedience does not follow instantly, then "he that sparreth the rod hateth the child." Chasten him, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." In this way you will compel obedience, which is good; but not near so good as some parents think. You gain a victory over the child, but the desire of your heart ought to be, to gain a victory over the evil spirit of resistance; and your progress that way is not so great as you may imagine. You have obedience for the time, and the remembrance of the stripes may make your presence a terror; but they inflame the disposition to resist. Tommy, like every weak person suffering under a strong restraint, grows cunning, watches his opportunity, and runs wild when you are fairly out of sight. He thus discovers that you may be disobeyed; and it is ever after a question of *prudence* with him, whether to obey or not.—*M'Farlan.*

GREAT OFFERS LITTLE REGARDED.—Were the Emperor to send word to us by his son, that we should take no thought for our life, what we should eat or wherewith we should be clothed, since his father knew what we needed—he had a sufficiency of such things, and had already made arrangements that we should be provided with them; and that we should only be careful that his will, the laws of his empire, be fulfilled—all would rejoice, and feel their minds quite at ease, on receiving such a message. God has long ago said the same thing to us by his Son; and yet there are only few that rejoice and are at ease upon the subject. A sign that men trust less to God than they do to the emperor.—*Martin Boos.*

"STIR UP THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE," said Paul to Timothy. It seems that grace, light, power, zeal, and courage, occasionally sleep in men, since Paul tells us to stir them up, or awaken them. At least I find something of the kind in myself. Frequently all light seems to be extinguished, all zeal abated, and all courage to have failed. And this often lasts for two or three days. All at once they reappear, as if they had previously been asleep, and had now awoke out of sleep.—*Ibid.*

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FOR SALE,
ENGLISH Lined Oil, Imported
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TO LET.
THREE OFFICES on Arthur Street
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Apply to
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NOTICE.
THE undersigned has been duly appointed Assignee to the Estate of the late Mr. W. B. JEFFERYS, Plumber and Painter. All persons having claims against the late Mr. Jefferys, are requested to send them in duly attested, without delay.
CHRISTIAN WURTELE,
St. Paul's Street
Quebec, 26th June, 1845.

NOTICE.
THE undersigned having entered into partnership, will from and after the first of May next, carry on business in this City under the firm of WELCH & DAVIES.
HENRY W. WELCH.
W. H. A. DAVIES.
Arthur Street,
Quebec, 25th April, 1845.

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MISS EVANS begs to inform her friends and the public, that she proposes opening a FRENCH and ENGLISH SEMINARY at No. 1 Des Grisons Street, Cape, on MONDAY, 5th MAY NEXT. Reference can be given to most respectable families in this city, where she has instructed as visiting Governess for some years past.
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Quebec, 15th April, 1845.

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