

## Youths' Department.

"I CAN'T."

BY W. O. NOUNER.

NEVER say "I can't," my dear;  
Never say it.

When such words as those I hear,  
From the lips of boy or girl,  
Of't they make me doubt and fear  
Never say it.

Boys and girls that nimbly play,  
Never say it.

They can jump and run away,  
Skip and toss and play their pranks;  
Even dull ones, when they're gay,  
Never say it.

Never mind how hard the task,  
Never say it.

Find some one who knows and ask,  
Till you have your lesson learn'd;  
Never mind how hard the task:  
Never say it.

Men who do the noblest deeds  
Never say it.

He who lacks the strength he needs  
Tries his best and gets it soon,  
And at last he will succeed—  
Never say it.

But when the evil tempts to wrong,  
Always say it.

In your virtue firm and strong,  
Drive the tempter from your sight;  
And when follies round you throng,  
Ever say it.

When good actions call you near,  
Never say it.

Drive away the rising fear,  
Get your strength where good men do,  
All your paths will then be clear,  
Would you find a happy year?  
Would you save a sorrowing tear?  
Never say it.

**THE PRAYING SAILOR BOY.**—The 'Cornelia was a good ship,' (said one of the West India Chaplains of the Seamen's Friend Society,) but at one time we feared that she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from the harbour, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us.

I must tell you of a feat performed by a sailor-boy at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing Webster's Spelling-book than furling a sail in a storm. The ship was rolling fearfully. Some of the rigging got foul at the main-mast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy to do it. He fixed his cap, and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling, wrathful seas, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment; then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned laid his hands on the ratlines and went up with a will. My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending the boy aloft.

'He could not come down alive. Why did you send him?'

'I did it,' replied the mate, 'to save life.'

'We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful: he'll come down safe, I hope.'

Again I looked, till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and, straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day I took occasion to speak to him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft.

'I went sir,' said the boy, 'to pray.'

'Do you pray?'

'Yes sir: I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God.'

'Where did you learn to pray?'

'At home: my mother wanted me to go to the Sunday School, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me: and I do.'

'What was that you had in your jacket?'

'My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish I would have the word of God close to my heart.'—*Christian Intelligencer.*

**BOYS, GET AHEAD.**—When we see young men spending all they make, and when we consider the great importance of a little cash capital to their future

prosperity, we are amazed that their own common sense does not urge with sufficient importunity the duty of trying to save, if it be ever so little, from present earnings towards a future capital.

We once heard of a gentleman who had risen from poverty to wealth and influence, by his own prudence and industry, enforcing the saving plan in this way. Suppose, said he, you had six eggs to live upon daily. Now, it is clear, if you eat all the eggs every day, you will never have any ahead to depend upon. But if by self-denial, you can save one of these eggs to day, or this week, and another next day or week, you can soon have besides your six eggs daily, one, two or more hens, that will give you one, two, or three dozen eggs, instead of the half dozen you had first. You will not suffer, in any respect from the little self-denial necessary at first, and when once you have set in train the egg-producing influence, it goes on of itself, as it were. The one egg saved, gives you a hen, which produces indefinitely, and, then if you choose you can eat your half dozen eggs daily, and still be gaining from the first saving.

We have often thought of the simple illustration as comprehending in an egg-shell whole volumes of political economy, and recommend it to our young readers as worthy of practice.—*People's Organ.*

## Selections.

GENERAL BECKWITH, A NOVA-SCOTIAN,  
THE BENEFACTOR OF THE WALDENSES.

GENERAL BECKWITH, mentioned in the following article, is a native of Nova Scotia; his family came here at the early settlement of this Province. His father held a Public situation in this city, and his mother was the sister of our present distinguished Chief Justice. The interesting description given of him in the following extract, may not have met the eye of the public in general, and whilst the perusal of it must prove gratifying to his numerous friends and relatives here, to find one so distinguished, closing the evening of life in such noble acts of piety and benevolence among the interesting people the Waldenses, it may also serve to encourage Christians in similar acts and labours of love.

Soon after the General had shared in the laurels of victory on the field of Waterloo, he returned to visit his native land, and whilst in Halifax when he could no longer serve his country as a soldier, having lost his right leg in action at Waterloo, he directed his noble energies to the service of the King of kings, and is still remembered by many in this community as a devoted and consistent Christian.

His disinterested exertions in the establishment of Schools among the picturesque valleys of the Alps, shows us what may be accomplished by one individual, when his heart is touched by Divine grace, and directed into its proper channel. May we not also believe that the General has been led by Divine Providence to take up his residence among the Waldenses, and by devoting his time, his talents, and his fortune in establishing Protestant principles, and propagating the pure doctrines of the Evangelical church of Christ, has prepared the way for the spread of truth in that portion of the earth where darkness and superstition now reign.

It is pleasing also to reflect that this generous benefactor of the Waldenses was the founder of the Sabbath School in St. George's Parish, in this city. It is now over 30 years since he commenced the first Sunday School at the north end of the city, in the little old German church. He was moved with compassion on beholding the destitution of children in religious knowledge, and their profanation of the Sabbath, and then for the first time, commenced the noble work of Christian benevolence, to be matured and perfected among the valleys of the Waldenses.

"In the heat of the battle of Waterloo, a young English officer was carried from the field severely wounded. A most painful surgical operation, in which his right leg was amputated, only saved his life. His noble form was thus despoiled of its beauty in the very flower of his youth. His gallantry and daring in the very thickest of that terrible conflict, won for him not only the unqualified approval and honourable mention of his superior officers, but gained him distinguished decorations from the Allied Powers. Such was the young Colonel Beckwith in 1815.

"Being disabled, he could no longer follow the profession of arms, and he turned his thoughts to a nobler sphere of usefulness. He was naturally of a philanthropic turn of mind, and directed his attention to something that he might do for his fellow-men on the American continent. With this view he visited the United States; but seeing the advancement—the vigour

of civilization—in the new Anglo-Saxon republic, he returned to his father-land. Colonel Beckwith at that time, though a member of the Church of England, was not a pious man. God has since, however, opened his heart in the "shut-up valleys" of the Waldenses, and has there made known to him the truth as it is in Jesus.

"Twelve years after the battle of Waterloo had passed away, when one day the crippled officer entered a library in Durham. He wandered from alcove to alcove, until his eye fell upon a volume written by Dr. Gilly, of Norwich, on the history of the *Vauds* or *Waldenses*. His heart was moved as he read the story of the persecutions, the endurance, the heroism of that simple Christian people, who dwell in the picturesque valleys at the foot of the Cottan Alps. He devoured with avidity all that he could find about them in books, he pushed his inquiries in regard to them, until he was fired with the resolution to descend into Piedmont, and there among the Christians of the valleys, to bestow his sympathies and his fortune.

"He journeyed to Piedmont some time in the year 1829. He entered La Tour, the chief town of the valleys, in the midst of a furious rain. The storm continued long, and he remained for days shut up in his hotel, without seeing a person. At length, the venerable Waldensian pastor (long since gone to his rest), heard of the arrival at La Tour of an English gentleman who took a great interest in the Vauds. This pastor visited Colonel Beckwith, and prevailed upon him not to carry into effect the speedy return to England. He took Colonel Beckwith to his own parsonage, and so long as he lived the philanthropic Englishman was his welcome guest. Such are the providences which gave to the Vauds one who, under God, is chiefly preparing for them, we trust, a future, which will be more glorious than their past, resplendent as that past is—a future, which shall see the Waldenses, a Protestant missionary band, extending themselves slowly but surely over the fertile plains of Italy.

"Colonel Beckwith instantly manifested a great zeal in visiting and reforming the parish schools, or, as they call them "les ecoles des quartiers," which were held for three months during the cold season.—He found these establishments in a bad condition.—Some were kept in stables; others in either damp or ill-ventilated school-houses. Many of the teachers were ignorant and dissipated. He has rectified this by building one hundred and twenty-nine good and comfortable parish school-houses. He raised the salaries of the teachers, so that men of talent might be induced to follow teaching as a profession. When he first commenced this reformation, he sent young Waldenses to the College at Lausanne, in Switzerland, where they prepared themselves for teachers. Since that time they do not go out of the valleys for that purpose; for through his and Dr. Gilly's efforts, two Colleges have been erected, one in La Tour, the other in Romare. It is, however, but just to say, that the expenses connected with the building, and for the most part the sustaining of these institutions, were and are defrayed from the private fortune of the once Colonel, but now General, Beckwith. The last distinction was conferred upon him by the English Government about a year ago.

"Another institution also has been found of great benefit. It is a sort of College for young ladies, where they are prepared in the higher branches of education, and fitted to be *instructresses*. This was also founded by the generous benefactor of the Waldenses. He acknowledges that his work has hitherto been more philanthropic than religious, but now that the shackles of despotism have been thrown off by the Constitution of Charles Albert, he is bending all his efforts to quicken by his now converted heart—to have the Waldenses bear the precious seed of the Gospel through Italy. When the Constitution was given by Charles Albert, the services of General Beckwith became known, and were acknowledged by marked honour from the King himself in the shape of the cross of "Santi Maurizio e Lazzaro"—the highest honorary distinction that could be conferred upon any Sardinian citizen. The Jesuits and the power of the priests were broken by that Constitution, and General Beckwith became at once known, through the public journals, as not only the "benefactor of the Vauds," but the benefactor of Piedmont.

"A few days ago, it was my privilege to spend some hours in the company of General Beckwith.—With another friend, I had received an invitation to dine with him. The hour fixed was seven, p.m., and, hearing from the Waldenses of the punctual habits of the *ci-devant* officer, we were prompt at his mansion. Formerly he used to spend the summer in England, and only the winter in the "valleys;" but for the last eight or ten years he has lived in the valleys, only occasionally visiting his native land. For several years past he has occupied a large and comfortable mansion, formerly the residence of the Count de La Tour.

"We were admitted by one of his domestics, and conducted through a large dining room and library to the parlour. Everything was commodious and comfortable, without any attempt at splendour. While waiting, a side door opened, and in hobbled the General. I could see at a glance that the billet which I had received in the morning gave the complete character of the man. He was direct, frank, and good-natured, said just what he means, and in the shortest possible manner. As he limped rapidly up to us, the short party welcomes roiled out: with an amazing volubility, "How do you do? I'm glad to see you." In our conversation with him, we were filled with admiration at the great practicality of the man, and his correct general information.