

Youth's Corner.

THE SIXPENNY PIECE.

"Little Sixpence, little Sixpence, what shall I do with you? Suppose I buy cakes with you and eat them, eh?"

"Well, I shall go to the confectioner's then: some of me will go to buy meat and clothes for him, which will be very good; some will buy flour, and sugar, and butter, and eggs to make more cakes with, and other boys will buy and eat them—but when your cakes are eaten, and the boys' cakes, and the boys have nothing, and you will want more cakes as soon as you have a little money again."

"Well, little Sixpence, what shall I do with you then? what shall I do with you? Suppose I buy a whistle with you?"

"Then some of me will buy food and clothes for the woman who keeps the shop, which will be very good; and some will be sent to fetch more toys: but when you begin to blow your whistle, all the people in the house will cry out against you, and you must go into the field, that you may not annoy any body with your noise; and soon you will be tired, yourself, with whistling: what good then will I have done you?"

"Well, little Sixpence, little Sixpence, what shall I do with you? Suppose you tell me how to get good by you?"

"Suppose you give me to the Lord Jesus, and put me into the box the next time they make a collection at the Sunday School?"

"Oh, Sixpence, Sixpence, now you are sadly out—they will take all the money and buy books with it for the library, and we have got plenty books at home which I have never read yet, and care nothing about them; so what good to me from putting you into the box at the Sunday School?"

"But did not I tell you that you must give me to the Lord Jesus first? and does not he say, if you forsake any thing for his sake, you shall have manifold more, in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting? Suppose, as you drop me into the box, the Lord make you begin to care about the books you have at home, why there is a whole lot of books all at once he gives you, which are now no good to you at all—suppose he makes your heart glad, when the other boys go to the Library every Sunday, and take out some of the new books that will be bought with the collection, will not that be good to you?—suppose that sulky boy that tried to trip you up the other day should read one of them, and the Lord make him think that he should not do to you as he would not wish to be done by—"

"Very well, Sixpence, very well—you need not say any more, I know now what to do with you: you are a very good, round, little fellow to talk with; so go into that piece of paper, and I will seal you up, and write upon you, 'For the Sunday School Library.'"

CONVERSION OF AFRICANER.

Africaner was once a fierce and bloody chieftain. A Namaqua chief who was standing near Mr. Moffat, and observed Africaner, trying to make peace between two contending parties, said, "Look, there is the MAN, once the LION, at whose roar, the inhabitants of distant villages have fled from their homes." Missionaries went to settle about 100 miles west of Africaner's dwelling. Their zeal and self-denial were wonderful. Their congregation was sometimes increased by Africaner and his people coming to listen. Here Africaner first heard the Gospel. Still his heart was not changed. After this, he did great injury, as a robber and a murderer. It was in 1818, that Mr. Moffat first saw Africaner. After a short time, a house was built for Mr. Moffat, by order of Africaner. A flint-tot house, composed of mats and sticks, is built in half an hour. Africaner began to show great desire for knowledge, especially for the knowledge of God. He very regularly attended public worship, and read the Bible diligently. Sometimes at hearing about the wonderful works of God, he would rub his head with his hands, saying, "I have heard enough, I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects." When Mr. Moffat was ill, the chief, Africaner, was his constant nurse. After a time, Africaner went with Mr. Moffat to the Cape. At first he was afraid, because, when a savage, he had been outlawed, and a price put upon his head. He gave up his fears, however, and went, and was a proof to the government, of the blessing attending Christian Missions. The governor at the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset, presented Africaner with a waggon worth eighty pounds, as a testimony of kind feeling. He died in peace, in 1823. Some of his last words were, "My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Seek God, and he will be found of you." How true, my children, was the remark of an old Dutch farmer, about this converted chieftain, "Oh God! what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish."—*Children's Missionary Magazine.*

If we could only see the whole, we should see that the Father is doing little else in the world but training his vines.—*McCheyne.*

SOW THE PRECIOUS SEED.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

This divine promise was fulfilled in a remarkable manner in the experience of a clergyman of a country parish. He had attended an aged man in his last illness; had exhorted and prayed with him; had read the Scriptures to him; and speaking the truth in love, had laboured, if by any means, he might be turned from darkness unto light, from the power of Satan unto God. But apparently he might have said, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain;" for the old man died as he had lived, careless and ignorant, minding earthly things.

Some time after his death, the clergyman was called upon to visit a son of the old man, who was very ill. This person had formerly the character of drinking to excess; he was subject to fits, and considered not very far removed from an idiot. The clergyman conversed with him, and was surprised and gratified at the seriousness and humility which he displayed; he had evidently been taught from above. The Holy Spirit had convinced him of sin; he saw and owned himself to be a sinner, not only in a general way, but he particularized his sins, took the shame of them to himself, and gave glory to God for "the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering," in leading him to repentance. He saw his disease clearly, and, through grace, he was not unacquainted with the remedy: he knew and felt that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; and accordingly Christ was all his salvation and all his desire; he believed—and Jesus was precious to his soul: he exhibited the greatest resignation and patience throughout all his sufferings; and amidst extreme poverty and worldly distress, his anxious desire was for "grace; more grace;" his prayers were fervent and scriptural; his conversation was edifying, and his whole conduct was that of one who had indeed experienced the death unto sin and the new birth unto righteousness.

It was a pleasing and instructive sight to behold this poor man in a room open in some places to the sky, through which the wind swept boisterously at pleasure, stretched on his miserable pallet, giving continual proof to those around him, that godliness with contentment is great gain. His understanding was supposed to have been impaired, perhaps in consequence of the fits to which he had long been subject; but O that the wise of this world were able to utter such gracious sentences as passed his lips. He listened with the greatest reverence to the Holy Scriptures; and he might have pointed to the Bible, and said with the Psalmist, "this is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me." "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" To the clergyman he said, "Ah! sir, I never thought of these things until I heard you read the Bible to my poor father." Was not this to find the bread corn "after many days?" As his strength decayed, his faith became stronger: he rested with all his weight on the righteousness and atonement of Christ, and his end was "peace."—*Friendly Visitor.*

FESTIVITY INTERRUPTED.

A wealthy merchant, known to have been a great advocate for parties of pleasure, even to an advanced period in life, had so entirely altered that he even manifested a horror at every mention of a ball; and his change was traced back to a day on which a great festivity took place in his own house, at his daughter's wedding. He gave the following account of the circumstance which then occurred.

He had left the merry party for a minute, to give some directions to the domestics, when he met a woman who had been engaged to help for that day only, with a lighted candle in her hand, without any candlestick—at which he exclaimed, "What a slovenly way is this!" but did not stop her: he accomplished what had taken him from the company, and was hastening back to the ball-room, when he met the same woman again, carrying bottles in both her hands, but without the candle. In an instant he perceived that she had been in the cellar, and he recollected that a barrel of gunpowder deposited there had been opened that very evening for a purchaser, and in the hurry of preparation for the feast it might not have been secured. He was scarcely able to utter: "Where have you left your candle?" and received for answer: "Oh, I just stuck it into the *black-sant* there below in that barrel."

The merchant gathered up all his strength to hurry into the cellar. As he crossed the passage, the music struck up a lively tune, summoning to the dance. The floor over him was trembling under the steps of the party; before him was the glimmer of the candle resting in the gunpowder—its wick long and bending over; his knees were shaking and his hands trembling—but with his two hands hollowed he took up the candle; none of the sparks fell: he came out of the cellar—and fell into a swoon, from which he awoke in a delirious state. Several weeks elapsed before he could attend to his mercantile business again. But he had attended to weightier business during his illness. He

had determined to engage in no pursuit which might not be safe for his soul, if there were just beneath him the barrel of gunpowder with the lighted candle in it.

(From the German.)

THEATRICALS.

Letter from the late Reverend Peter Roe, Minister of St. Mary's, Kilkenny, to two of his young parishioners.

To THE MISSES

"Dublin, October 20, 1812.

"My dear young friends—My personal regard for you, and my relation to you as your Pastor, combine to urge on the performance of a duty which is, I can truly say, irksome to me, and may be found not less so to you; but when the eternal interest of immortal souls is at stake, every minor consideration sinks into insignificance. And I have now to regret that I did not long since address to you the language of exhortation. . . . I have observed, with great pain of mind, for some time past, your want of that seriousness, that attention to the preached Gospel, that desire to hear, and speak of, in the domestic circle, the glorious things that concern the great salvation, which were once evident in you, and which the friends of truth, and of your souls, had observed with such pleasure, and such gratitude to God.

"A day or two before I left home, information reached me that you intended to go to the theatre—that place of folly, where not only the dresses, the decorations, company, conversation, music, attitudes of the performers, &c. &c. are calculated to banish from the mind every serious, every chaste, every correct, I will not say religious thought, but where the glorious truth of God has been reviled—where solemn demeanour, which becomes those who have their treasure in heaven, has been mimicked—and where the humble followers of Jesus (including your own Mother) have been held up as objects only fit for the railery of the infidel or the debauchee.

"Into this place you have gone with your eyes open. Warned of the consequences and the danger of so doing, you have afforded an awful and decided preference of transitory, carnal pleasures, to the joy and peace which belong to the children of God. . . . You have done that which you must have known was contrary to a fond parent's wish, and I will add, to the wish of every friend who really deserves the name. For think not that those who flatter the natural vanity of the mind—who are delighted when they see you dressed like the world, and living like the world—who would run any length in order to obtain companions in sin and folly—think not that they are your friends. No; they have no wish beyond their own personal gratification; and if you were sick or afflicted, you would find a termination to their friendship, and that they would turn at once to others, and share with them the same insincerity of human friendship.

"A course of sin is in general required to stifle conscience, and render the heart of man deaf to its cry. I therefore indulge the hope that you may have heard the voice of that monitor; and that the truths you have so often heard, and with which you are so well acquainted, may have flashed conviction upon your minds—and that you are now truly penitent for having listened to temptation's siren song, and joined the pleasures and practices of that world, the friendship of which is enmity against God. For God's sake, and for your own souls' sake, take up your Bibles; once more lay them before the throne of mercy, and on your bended knees implore the God of all grace that He may lead you to the fountain open in Jesus—that from Him you may receive 'redemption'—the forgiveness of all your sins. Invitations are still held out to you; for though you have acted wrong, not through ignorance, or for the want of means of instruction, but knowingly, still 'there is mercy with the Lord that he may be feared'—there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; and I trust and pray that you may, ere long, know, to the comfort of your souls, that Jesus is a Saviour from the love of sin and the world here, as well as from hell and its miseries hereafter. Read John xvii., John's first Epistle, 1 Peter ii. and iii.; and may you through grace, 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' these portions of sacred Scripture.

"Accept this letter as a token of my sincerest regard, and believe me,
"Ever yours in truth and faithfulness,
"PETER ROE."

Biographer's remarks: "A word spoken in due season, how good is it." So it was found here. The ladies to whom the above was addressed, received it as it deserved to be received. Their first was also, we believe, their last visit to a theatre; and they still live to thank God, who, in ordering the bounds of their habitation, cast their lot in a place so highly favoured with an able and affectionate Pastor as the parish of St. Mary's, Kilkenny."—*Memoir of the Rev. Peter Roe, by the Rev. Prebendary Madden.*

LEARN WHILE YOU TEACH.

To SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Do you learn while you teach? for unless you do, your power to benefit others will be very limited. A writer, well known for his usefulness among Sunday schools, has said to Sunday school teachers, "You should prepare the lessons for your children before hand. Nothing can be done well without taking pains. You should fear to offer to children that which costs you nothing. You should be like bees continually gathering sweets from every flower to bring home honey to the young swarm in your Sunday school hives. Seek to gain information, and diligently peruse works on education, such as the Teachers' Magazine. Take this as a maxim which I cannot too powerfully enforce. 'He who ceases to learn, soon becomes unfit to teach.'"

My present object is not to point out how you are to learn; or what you are to learn, but rather to increase your desire to obtain information. When once you fully resolve to get knowledge, it is as in other things that, "where there is a will there is a way." Learning without a determination to improve, is like winding

up a watch with a broken main-spring. A kite will not fly without wind. A balloon will not rise without gas. A hackney coach will not run without horses, neither will you ever become wise without a resolution to improve. "Do you learn," then, "while you teach?"

It is said that "men are but children fully grown," and it is certain that the wisest man has very much to acquire. Instead of regarding scholars as learners, and teachers as those who have nothing to attain, I rather look on scholars, teachers, and superintendents, as only different classes in the same Sunday school. All have need to make progress in useful knowledge, and especially to learn lessons of Him who has said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matt. xi. 29.

The question was once asked, "Where shall we find God?" The reply given was, "Where shall we not find Him?" Something like the same observation may be made of knowledge, when once a thirst to obtain it has taken possession of the heart. Ask you where knowledge is to be acquired? "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work." Psa. xix. 1. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," Psa. xxxiii. 5, and they who look around with a hearty desire to improve cannot fail to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The Bible is within the reach of every hand; libraries are abundant, and fresh sources of information are continually being opened around. The difficulty is not in obtaining knowledge, but in making up our minds to become wise.

Every Sunday school teacher may rest satisfied, however limited his experience and humble his qualifications, that if he is in earnest to become useful to his class, he cannot altogether fail in his object, for he will then gladly avail himself of every means to qualify himself for his office. Did Hutton, a poor homeless, moneyless, friendless lad, who was reduced so low as to sleep, for the want of a better bed, on a butcher's block in the open street, did he become a wise man, and an eminent writer? Did Ferguson, a poor shepherd boy, without books or instructions lay the foundation of his future knowledge as a famous astronomer? Did Saunderson and Huber, though blind, led on by a thirst of science, and a spirit of determination, become eminently wise, one as a naturalist, and the other as a professor of mathematics; and shall the lowliest Sunday school teacher, blest with the use of all his faculties, and favoured with facilities, be discouraged in obtaining knowledge? Never! Never! I hold it as an axiom, that he who, tied and bound with a sense of his own deficiencies, looks above for heavenly aid, with a heart humble enough to feel his own ignorance, and a spirit ardent enough to pursue after wisdom,

"Who pants for knowledge, labouring to be free,
And says, 'I will be wise' wise he will be."

Again, I ask, "Do you learn while you teach?" For your own comfort, for the good of your class, and for the glory of that gracious Redeemer, under whose banner you have enrolled yourselves, this should be the case. One of the most apostolic ministers of the gospel that ever I knew, once addressed me after this fashion. I was then about five and twenty, and he somewhat more than threescore years and ten. "How are you in your body, soul, and spirit? Are you humble, and willing to learn as you go on your way to heaven; or, are you proud and puffed up, and think that you know enough already? There is plenty to learn! At least I find it so. If you are not learning, you are cheating yourself of great good, and robbing God of his glory. The more you learn of his word and will, the better will you be able to serve him; the more you learn of his goodness and grace, the better will you love him, and the more gladly will you glorify him. Learn, then, every day and all day, and never cease learning till you cease living! Learn for yourself! learn for all around you! Learn for life and death; learn for time and eternity."

As these remarks suited me then, they may possibly suit you now, and should they dispose you to "learn while you teach," they may do you even more good than they did me.

St. Paul, the great apostle, though brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, highly educated, learned in languages, and full of faith and christian experience, was a learner all his days; hear how anxious he is for future attainments.

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. iii. 12-14.

If this apostle onward press,
For knowledge, faith, and righteousness,
New doubts prompt should we be found,
To gladly learn of all around."

I have somewhere met with the remark, that the beginning of an address to Sunday scholars should be made to fix

their attention, the middle of it to instruct their minds, and the end to impress their hearts; and as I hardly think that a better plan than this can be laid down in addressing Sunday school teachers, I shall endeavour to bear it in my mind. Whether my present Homely Hints will either interest, instruct, or edify, I cannot tell. With a hallowed influence they may do all three. At any rate, I must now bring them to a close, encouraging the hope, that as I myself have often profited by humble productions, your minds also may be moved to learn while you teach, by my commonplace observations.—*Teachers' Magazine.*

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.—Died, on the 16th ult., at Littleton, in the parish of West Lavington, aged sixty-five, David Saunders, the fifteenth child of the late David Saunders, the subject of Mrs. Hannah More's beautiful tract, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. In early life he entered the army and served in the 25th Light Dragoons; he rose to the rank of sergeant-major, but was invalided, and retired on a pension twenty-nine years ago. About six or seven years since, he embraced the Christian doctrine which his honoured father had in his life and conversation so highly adorned; since which time his chief pleasure has been in reading the Bible and other religious books. Towards his last days he said that he hoped a passage in a book written by the late Rev. Rowland Hill, was a means of his conversion to God. His end was happy and peaceful; and he departed this life in the full assurance of meeting with his revered father in a better world.—*Record.*

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THOMAS COWAN,
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29th August, 1844.

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HENRY W. WELCH,
Assignee,
No. 38, St. Peter-St.
Quebec, 13th Sept. 1844.

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