

YOUTH'S CORNER.

THE USE OF THE BIBLE.

A little boy had amused himself by looking over the pictures of a large Bible; and his mother one day said to him, "John, do you know the use of the Bible?" He said, "No, mother."

A few days after, the father took his son to a house where a woman very ill in bed, and began to talk to the poor afflicted woman, who said that she had suffered a great deal of pain, but hoped that she was resigned to the will of God.

THE HORRORS OF FAMINE.

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After an absence of many years, I returned to the land of my birth. I had heard the general accounts of the sufferings to which the mass of its population had been reduced by the failure of the potato-crop.

I had supplied myself with articles of food for the hungry, and refreshment for the sick; these I distributed as I went along, but they were not enough to satisfy even for a day, the wants of the starving and pining creatures by whom I was surrounded.

I will give you an account of one cottage which I entered, and that will serve as a description of others. It was that of a man named O'LEARY; he had been what is called rather a snug farmer, having held a few acres of ground, for which he used to pay a moderate rent, and upon which he lived comfortably, with his family.

At the door of the cottage, I met two men bearing between them a rude kind of a bier, upon which lay a lifeless body, without coffin or shroud. It was the remains of the oldest son; and his heart-broken mother stood wringing her hands, and gazing like one bewildered.

The man was annoyed at the delay she caused them. They pushed her aside, and said, "Come, come, out of this with you, and don't be keeping us here this way. We have something else to do than to be kept waiting by you."

"An sure, boys," said she, as she rose from her knees; "sure, ye won't hurt the craythur, but take him gently, for 'tis what he always was used to; an may the light of yere eyes never be taken from you with a stroke, as mine is this day, glory be to His holy name." "An 'I'll pray the Virgin that sickness nor sorrow may never darken yere

doors, but that she may power a blessing on yere head every morning that ye rise."

Then as the men were about to depart, the poor woman with a sorrowful heart turned into the house repeating some Ave Marias and Pater Nosters, upon a string of beads which was suspended from her waist.

"Ah then, sir," said they, (their manner at once becoming totally changed) "it is the son of that poor woman that's just gone into the cabin there. Troth then, sir, 'tis he was the fine young man a short time ago, 'till the want and sickness kern upon him. An sure 'tisn't him alone she do be grieving after, but there's the father of 'em, that's worse to her, and two or three more of 'em dying or dead all out by this time."

"Troth, sir, an it's the want an the hunger that makes us do it," said one of the men, "for sorra a morsel of victuals did either of us taste sence yesterday morning, barring one small spoonful iv that Judey mail porrage, that Jim Cassidy gev me last night to broak my fast with. An we're going about to the neighbours burying the corpses for them, that hasn't the heart nor the strength to do it for themselves."

"Well," said I, putting some money in their hands, "deal gently with that poor body, and here is something for you to buy your breakfasts with."

"The Lord bless you, sir," said they, taking off their hats, "'tis this that is sorely wanting to us and our craythurs, this blessed day."

I then wished them good morning, and proceeded to the house. I had to stoop my head, as I entered the door, and gave the usual Irish salutation of "God save all here," but the ever ready response of "And you also," fell not upon my ear.

I looked up, and perceived no one within but two or three ragged, sickly looking children sitting crouched over the dying embers of a turf-fire. "Is there no one but you in the house?" I asked, but they replied not; whether from fear or shame, I was unable to tell.

I was unable to tell. I then advanced a few steps further into the kitchen, but the cheerful look which it once presented was gone, and now nothing appeared but dirt, confusion, and wretchedness. I looked round in vain for its blazing fire, its well scoured chairs and tables, clean swept floor, and above all, the dresser, with its finely painted shelves, and its rows of shining powder plates and delf ware.

"Wisha, Jack, Jack, avourcenn, why did ye die? why did ye lave me a lone widow this day, with the three fatherless orphans, and nothing to feed 'em with, but the cold bleak winds of Heavens, or to give 'em drink, but the bitter cup of sorrow. Nothing but the roof to shelter 'em. Oh! why did ye die? But the want and the misery was too much for yer poor heart, and ye left this sorrowful world, and now may the heavens be your bed. Wisha, Jack, ashore machree, 'tis ye had the tinder nature in ye, for sorra an unkind word ever crossed yer lips sence the day we knew ye. But the Lord took ye to himself, an praise be to His holy name, sure 'tis ye war it to go."

She then ceased speaking, for sobs and tears choked her utterance. After allowing her a few moments to regain her composure, I stepped forward. Reaching out my hand, I said, "Mary, do you know me?" Rising hastily from her seat, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, she caught my hand in hers, and kissing it, repeatedly said, "Is it I not to know you, sir? ah! an a good right I'd have to know one that was ever an always a friend to us. Is it not to remember all the goodness you ever showed to me and mine? Ah, then, sir, 'till this heart is in the cold grave with him that's lying there forewent us now, 'tis myself that will remind you an your's, an why not? An glory, honour, and praise be to His holy name, for bringing ye safe home, from foreign parts, an restoring ye in health, and strength to them that id have a wish for ye. But sure, sir, it is a sore and sorrowful house you've come to this blessed day. Oh! sir, 'tis little I thought

that sich trouble as this would ever come upon ye, the time I seen you; 'tis the rate corp house this day, for there is three of 'em dead in one house with me, and the fourth I buried yesterday, killed by the starvation and the poverty. Och, sir, these is hard times for the poor, for the whole country is almost to be swep away by the famine and the desolation that's come upon 'em."

A TUESDAY AFTERNOON AT THE HOME AND COLONIAL SCHOOLS, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON.

SKETCH OF A LESSON GIVEN TO THE CHILDREN OF THE SECOND PREPARATORY SCHOOL, ON A WATCH, FOR THE OBSERVATION OF ITS PARTS.

1st.—I will get the children to point to the parts of a watch, or to something that it has, as case, glass, face, hands, &c., will tell them the right names if they do not know them.

The Superintendent stated that the aim of the first lesson was to make the children observe the different parts of a watch; the second part would be on three objects to lead them to observe the quality of "friability."

Teacher. (Holding up a watch).—What is this? Several voices.—A watch. T.—Now look well, and tell me some part. C.—The hands. T.—Yes, the hands. Tell me another part.

T.—Find another part. (The rim or edge is pointed to). What do you call this? C.—The rim. T.—Is there any part of the watch which you cannot see when I hold it up? C.—Yes, the inside. T.—I think you can tell me some other part that it has? C.—The outside. T.—Now say, "The watch has an outside and an inside." The children repeated the words three times.

T.—Where do the hands meet? C.—In the middle. T.—In the middle of what? C.—The face. T.—Well, you have told me two other parts. C.—The watch has a face and middle. T.—Now I am sure you can find out something more on the face. C.—Numbers. T.—Repeat together, "The face has numbers." Children do so.

T.—Now tell me how many hands the watch has? C.—Two. T.—Are they both alike? C.—No. T.—How are they unlike? C.—One is long, the other short. T.—Say, "The watch has two hands, one long and one short." The children did so.

T.—Tell me some other part which you have named? C.—The glass. T.—How many glasses has the watch? C.—One. T.—And what does the glass cover? C.—The face. T.—Well, now you have been looking at the watch, and have told me what you see. Could you tell when a watch is near you, even if you did not see it? C.—Yes, it ticks. T.—What is the use of a watch? C.—It tells the clock. Another. It tells what time it is. T.—Yes, and there is something else which tells the time; who can tell me what it is? C.—A clock. T.—Yes, then the clock and the watch are used to tell the time. Now let us sing about the clock.

SKETCH FOR THE SECOND PART OF THE LESSON.—TO DEVELOP THE IDEA OF CRUMBLING.

1st.—I will bring before the children a lump of salt, of dry earth, and stale bread, and lead them to the observation of their friability by rubbing them in my hands, and by a comparison with a stone. 2d.—Tell them this quality is called crumbling, and let them apply the term to each substance. 3d.—Call upon them to tell me when we say things are crumbling.

Teacher.—I have several things to show you, let me see if you can tell me what they are. (Holds up a lump of salt.) What is this? Children.—Salt. T.—Look now at it (rubs the salt in her hands). What do you see? How is the salt now? C.—It is in little pieces. T.—What have I done to it? C. You rubbed it, teacher. T.—Repeat together "Salt, when rubbed, comes into little pieces."

T.—(Holds up a piece of dry mould.) Now what have I in my hand? C.—A piece of earth. T.—How does it look? C.—Very dry. T.—Now look and tell me what I do to it (rubs it in her hand). Many hands were held out to show they were ready to answer. T.—Will John tell me? C.—It comes into little pieces when rubbed. Children say this together.

T.—(Holds up a piece of stale bread.) What is this? C.—Bread. T.—Observe what I do, and tell me. C.—You have rubbed it. T.—And what then? C.—It comes into small pieces. T.—Can you tell me what sort of bread it is? C.—Stale bread.

T.—(Takes up a stone.) What is this? C.—A stone. T.—(Rubs it.) What am I doing to the stone? C.—Rubbing it. T.—Does the same happen to it as happened to the salt, earth, and stale bread? C.—No. T.—Why not? C.—The stone is hard. T.—Now tell me the difference; who can? (A little girl is selected to answer.) Girl.—The salt, earth, and bread, came into little pieces when you rubbed them, but the stone did not.

T.—Did you ever see bread rubbed into little pieces before? Several children.—Oh yes. Mother rubs the bread into the milk for baby. T.—What do you call it when you do so to the bread? A child.—Crumbling. T.—You may say the bread is crumbling. Tell me some other things that are crumbling. C.—Salt—dry earth. T.—What are they? C.—Crumbling. T.—When may you call things crumbling? C.—When they come into little pieces. T.—Now tell me some things that are not crumbling. C.—Stone, wood, iron, leather. T.—Now repeat together, "Things that come into little pieces when rubbed, are called crumbling." Children do so.

The lesson here ended, as the time was expired, and the visitors proceeded to the infant school-room.—Quarterly Educational Magazine.

THE BIBLE IN FRANCE.

Our colporteur in the department of— writes as follows:—I must now inform you that I have visited H—in the course of the present month, and never have I experienced so much pleasure since I became a colporteur as my visit has afforded me.

One of our colporteurs applied last month at the Gates of a prison in the country, and begged permission of the turnkey to sell some New Testaments among the prisoners. "I shall throw no hindrance in your way," replied he, "provided you bring me an authority from the almoner."

The almoner, however, he sold that number of New Testaments, several of them expending upon the purchase the trifle of money which they had saved from time to time to obtain some small indulgences. On quitting the prison, and passing by the barracks, he conceived the idea of paying a visit to the soldiers, and accordingly applied for leave to do so.

The Jews in Persia. From a Report in the Montreal Transcript, of a Lecture by Rabbi De Sala, on the behalf of the oppressed Jews in the Shah's dominions. The lecture on the present state of the Jews and Christians in the dominions of the Shah, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. De Sala, pursuant to notice, at the Temperance Hall, St. Maurice Street, before a very numerous and highly respectable audience.

A LONDON PRINTING OFFICE IN THE MORNING.—By eight o'clock the whole body have arrived. Many in their costume resemble common labourers: others are better clad, several are very well dressed, but all bear in their countenances the appearance of men of considerable intelligence and education.

awake a sympathy that might lead to an amelioration of their abject condition. was chosen to travel westward over Europe and America. Some of his own family have been crippled for life by the cruel application of the lash. This was in 1843. Since that period he has travelled through the principal cities of Europe and the United States, and has now come to Canada to solicit that aid which in the cause of humanity, be it Jewish or Christian, has never been withheld.

LEGAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN months and a twelvemonth. In the Westminster County Court, an action was brought, last week, by a maiden lady residing in Grosvenor-street, Bond-street, against a solicitor, for five guineas, the amount of one week's rent due from the 24th to the 31st of July, in the present year.—Charlotte Cassell, on the 1st of May last, took her apartment at five guineas a week for the season.—Judge: Are you sure that the term was "the season"?—Plaintiff: No, your honour, the words used were for three months; of course, that meant a quarter, and in each quarter there are thirteen weeks, but Mr. Brown left at the end of twelve weeks, and said such was the law as laid down in Blackstone. My sister and I have read through one volume of Blackstone, and we can't find anything so absurd there.—The Judge: Which volume of Blackstone have you looked through?—Plaintiff: The fourth, your Honour.—The Judge: I fear, Miss Cassell, that if you had carefully consulted the second volume, you would have found the doctrine too plainly laid down. The legal meaning "for three months" is for twelve weeks. The law is beyond dispute. It may startle many persons who have never, perhaps, gone so far as the plaintiff in the study of Blackstone; but that great authority says, that even in taking a house for the year by parole, if the words used be "for twelve months," it is only a lease for forty-eight weeks. If the words used be for "a twelvemonth," in the singular number, that will be held to mean one year, or fifty-two weeks. The judgment must, therefore, be for the defendant.

IMPOSITION. WESTMINSTER, LONDON.—On Monday 23rd ult., W. Dyson, a well known street beggar, was charged with practising the following imposition upon the public:—A police constable stated that, on Saturday night he saw the defendant in Great Fotherill-street, Westminster, standing in the middle of the carriage way with his body bent nearly double, his hands and legs shaking as though dreadfully afflicted with the palsy, repeatedly exclaiming, "Oh, a poor man!" Witness watched him for some minutes, and on a cart coming down the street, defendant suddenly became perfectly erect and very nimbly jumped out of the way. After the cart had passed, the defendant, who walked extremely well, resumed his former posture, when witness took him into custody. Mr. Brodie observed, that the defendant was one of those who preyed upon the public and diverted the stream of charity from really deserving objects. Taking advantage of the times, the defendant seemed to have been performing the cholera until the arrival of the cart, when the unfavourable symptoms disappeared.—He was committed for a month.

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