

YOUTH'S CORNER.

FASHION.

Fashion is a most tyrannical mistress. She compels people to submit to any inconvenience she pleases. She allows them to listen to neither common sense, nor integrity, nor religion, against her bidding.

She pinches our feet with her shoes, chokes our necks with her cravats, and squeezes our bodies with her lacing.

She makes us sit up when we ought to sleep, and lie in bed when we ought to be up with the lark.

She will not let us go three paces to close the window, but makes us go four to ring the bell, that the servant may come up the stairs and into the room to shut them.

She makes us pay visits when we ought to be mending the children's clothes, and she requires the servant to say we are not at home, when the truth is we do not want to be bored with calls.

She makes some spend for ribbons and for wines that which ought to pay the grocer and the baker; and she makes others buy artificial flowers for the girls, when tuition at school remains due.

She makes people pay ten shillings for the binding of a book which is so fine, then, that they are afraid to open it for reading; and then she makes them borrow books which they want for use, and never return them.

She makes some be silent at Church because she says it is only for the charity children to respond in the service; and then she makes them talk and joke as they come out at the church-door, because it wouldn't be genteel to be impressed with the importance of religion.

She makes some stand up and look about who is come to Church, when they ought to be upon their knees to confess their faults and pray that God would spare them.

Fashion despises those who mind her. They are her dolls. If you would be respected by her and by yourself, let not fashion rule over you. Be guided by religious integrity and common sense, then you will give just offence to no one, and will be free indeed.

THE ESCAPE.

In the year 1800, a travelling mechanic stepped into the public-house of a village near Gera in Saxony, and ordered some little refreshment, while he laid aside his bundle, and sat down in a corner, evidently much fatigued with his journey on foot; it was not surprising to see him nearly exhausted, for he looked pale, sick, and depressed. The landlord was a kind man, and asked him, how he came to travel, being in so bad a state of health. "Ah," said the man, "this is the state I have been in, these six years, and I do not expect ever to be better; nor have I any thing to complain of: thanks to God, I can see his bright sun, and breathe his pure air, and go where my poor legs may carry me!" "Oh," said the landlord, "then that is what you have not always had liberty to do? what may have been the matter with you?" Upon this, the pale man related part of his history as follows.

According to the universal custom among journeymen mechanics in Germany, this man, when he had gone through his apprenticeship, set out from his native place to see men and things. With a bundle of clothes upon his back, and a stick in his hand, he travelled to the nearest large city, and looked for work. Under a new master, and amongst fellow workmen from different parts of the country, he acquired many new notions about handicraft, and became more expert at his trade. After some stay there, he got his certificate of good conduct, and marched further on again to collect more experience. Few mechanics in Germany would have the credit of being fit for mastership, if they could not show that they have spent some years in "wandering" as this kind of life is called. If the journeyman can manage to extend his wandering beyond the borders of his native land, so as to spend some time in a country where he learns a foreign language, that raises him greatly in estimation. The pale man in the public-house near Gera had made his way into France, and was very comfortably placed in the family of a worthy master of his trade, where he was rapidly acquiring the language, and attended to his daily work, little disturbed by the politics which kept the people generally in a state of agitation, but with which his master did not meddle, still less did the German journeyman seek to have any thing to do with them. The French King had been put to death, the country was declared a Republic, and the Terrorists, a set of men who seemed to delight in shedding blood, governed the nation. They had their spies every where, and if any thing like a suspicion could be thrown upon a person, that he was not favourable to the new government, he was condemned, and his head cut off without any delay by the guillotine, which had been invented in order to do that bloody work with despatch and safety.

One day the master-mechanic was sent for to appear before the new judges who had been sent to try disaffected persons. As he was conscious of no evil that he could be accused of, he went without any apprehension, nor did his family entertain the

slightest fear; but while they were looking for his return, to know what he had been sent for, a neighbour came in great consternation to tell them that the man had been accused of having given shelter to persons who were enemies to the republic, and had been at once sentenced to death, and executed. The poor widow, distracted with this horrible news, ran right off to the judges to reproach them with the murder of her husband who had done nothing but show hospitality to some relations quite as innocent as himself: they became incensed by the freedom with which she spoke, pronounced her an accomplice of her husband, and her head was cut off the same hour.

The poor German saw, the safest course for him to take was to get out of the country as soon as possible. He packed up his things; and as the night was setting in, he took at once his travelling staff, and opened the street-door to set out on his journey without delay. Two spies perceiving his attempt to escape, seized him as he was stepping over the threshold, and dragged him to the men of blood. It was too late in the day for them to deliver him to the executioner at once; he was ordered to prison. But that place was so full already, that the jailer did not think he could lock him up with the rest of the prisoners; there was a dark hole, however, below, which one of the turnkeys bethought himself of, and into which he thrust the poor guiltless man, locking the door upon him. The place was damp and cold; he was afraid of lying down on the floor, and on feeling all round, he could find only a stone against the wall, upon which he could sit down, and so try to rest his limbs which shook with terror. Here he spent a sleepless night; the change to day-light he learned in his dark cell only by what he heard of the opening and closing of the prison-door above, when one party of prisoners after another were called to appear before the judges or else to be carried straight to the guillotine. The German expected every moment, it would be his turn to be led to death, but no one came for him. As his life was thus continued, he also began to feel the cravings of hunger; fortunately he had put a little bread and meat and a flask of wine in his pocket for his journey, upon which he made his melancholy meal, wondering all the while, why no one came to look after him. The day seemed to wear away, because the going to and fro ceased; he himself began to feel the want of sleep, and at last he had to lie down on the floor, damp and cold as it was, and soon gentle sleep relieved him for the time of all the doubts and fears of his perilous situation.

He did not know how long he had been asleep, when he awoke and heard the noise above, which indicated that another night had past. He awoke to the threatenings of death, and to the immediate craving wants of a suffering body. No one came to look after him; he now perceived that he was forgotten; the terrors of the guillotine were displaced by the horrors of death from hunger. Now he began to think of his home, and of the care which his mother used to take of him; and he felt glad to think that she was dead, and would not have her heart rent by mournful tidings of his sorrows and cruel death. But while he was thinking of her, a verse of the Bible came into his mind, as if some kind angel whispered it to him: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion upon the fruit of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." Is. xlix. 15, 16. These words spoke to him peace and confidence at which he forgot all the wretchedness of his present situation. "I am not forgotten," he said to himself. "My Father in heaven remembers me; my Saviour feels for me." So it turned out to this poor prisoner, as God promised by the prophet Micah: "When I sit in darkness, the LORD shall be a light unto me." (vii. 8.) He felt greatly encouraged to pray that the captivity of his body might tend to the deliverance of his soul. He trusted himself in those hands where his name was written, and the weariness of his solitude was sweetly relieved by the communications of divine love which came to him in answer to his fervent applications.

But his bodily sufferings were protracted and very severe. Nobody came to bring him food or drink; when he knocked or called out, no one attended. The noise in the prison was very great during the day; and if he was heard at all during the night, it was not by the turnkeys who might have perceived that the sound came not from the large room. God, however, had by this time stopped the mad course of the men in power. Robespierre, the leader of them, had been executed with many of his adherents and companions in crime, and orders had been given for all those who were imprisoned on suspicion to be set free. Thus the large prison near which the poor praying and suffering German was forgotten of men, but remembered by God, was in one day cleared of all its trembling inmates. The place now was still, and the turnkeys had been clearing away the chains, bolts, and padlocks, when one of them thought he heard a moaning which came from below. He listened, and became sure it was the voice of some man.

The place was examined, the dark hole opened, and the poor sufferer discovered on the ground, shivering with fever, and unable to raise himself. He was carried up, and at the first breath of fresh air he fainted away: it was too pure for him to bear. When he came to himself again, he learned that it was the fifth day since he had been thrown into prison. Many kind-hearted persons, when they heard of his state, strove to show him sympathy; and so by rest, medicine, and strengthening food he was brought round so far as to be able to take his bundle and stick, and make his way home to his native country. "Six years," he said, as he closed his narrative, "have passed since then, and I have enjoyed many mercies, though the effect of those five days remains in my limbs to this hour. I am well content to have passed under those terrors of men which God has used as the means of drawing me near to him with the cords of love. Now when darkness surrounds me, I think with wonder and gratitude of the anguish which the Saviour endured for me; and when the pleasant light of the sun shines upon me, I lift up my heart with joy at the cheerful thought of the bright realm of happiness for which He is fitting me. And as I pursue my weary way on my wanderings to look for work which shall provide for this trembling body, I look to my journey's end, and my soul is ready to leap out of me in longing for my habitation in glory."—Free Translation.

DEATH BED SCENE.

It was in the autumn of the last year that J. N. married, and came to reside in our village. He was soon afterwards attacked by the epidemic, which so awfully spread over the length and breadth of the land: from this, at the time, he recovered, but the attendant weakness produced a decline, in which he lingered several months. When in health, he had chosen the Lord for his portion, and in trouble he found him a very present help. I speak not here of the way by which it pleased God to bring him out of darkness into the blessed light of Gospel truth, nor of the persecutions he endured from his family and others, because he walked not according to the customs of an ungodly world; I only wish to notice a few of his dying remarks; and oh! that all who read this simple account of the latter end of one poor (according to this world's estimation) but rich in faith—possessing all things in Christ—may not rest content with exclaiming, "Let me die the death of the righteous;" but diligently search their own hearts whether they have, indeed, sought that reconciliation with God which only can be obtained through the all-atoning blood of the Saviour; for awful beyond conception must the hour of death be to a soul unrepented, unregenerate! This young man's sufferings were extreme, yet he never murmured, receiving every pain from the immediate hand of God, who, he knew, would impart strength for his time of need. During his illness, he was anxious for young people especially to see him, and would take occasion to entreat them to seek an interest in Christ, reminding them that, although they were then strong and healthy, they might soon, like him, be laid on a bed of sickness. "Oh!" he often said, "I would not change with any one; I wish all felt as I do; but I wish no one to suffer as I do." He was frequently carried beyond himself, whilst speaking of the things unseen and eternal, remarking, "If it is so delightful to think of that it almost transports me, what must it be there? He seemed to feel, "If such the sweetness of the streams, What must the fountain be, Where saints and angels draw their bliss. Immediately from Thee?"

His animated countenance would show how greatly he enjoyed hearing hymns read, often saying, "I seem already in glory;" but the Bible was the book he chiefly liked to hear, because it "told him of his Saviour; and when he thought of his sufferings, it lightened his own." He rested most firmly and humbly on Christ, delighting to dwell on the amazing sacrifice on Calvary for guilty souls. "It is astonishing," he would say, "to think of, but I feel it true; I was far off from God, but he brought me nigh by the blood of his blessed Son. It reminds me of the Jews who crucified Jesus; and he ordered the word first to be preached to them."

About a fortnight preceding the death of this suffering Christian, a change for the better in his health gave some of his friends hopes of his recovery. He does not appear long to have entertained the idea himself: one day, when he was much stronger than usual, he observed to me, "perhaps the Lord may raise me up; nothing is too hard for him. I am willing to leave all in his hands. If I get better, I hope I shall live entirely to his honour and glory."

A very few days, however, showed how fruitless were the hopes entertained. On entering his room one morning, I saw a great alteration for the worse had taken place. His weakness prevented his talking much; but he smiled, and said calmly, "I am now going fast." I replied, "It is better to depart and be with Christ." "Yes," he answered, "much better. Oh! how I long to be with him! I wish I could speak; but in heaven I shall always have a voice to sing his praise."

Oh! what a song that of the redeemed will be!" He often expressed a desire to be in glory; but would check himself, as if it implied impatience. "I am willing to wait the Lord's time. Last night I thought there may be a few days longer to stay here; well, never mind it is a few weeks, perhaps God may give me more pains to try my patience; but then he will strengthen me." He appeared to feel very much the texts I suggested. "They are very consoling," he said; "and then to have the Comforter in my heart!" The contents of the latter part of the seventh Revelation were evidently enjoyed. Slowly he repeated at the end, "Yes, God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. How good I have found it to be afflicted! Oh! I wish I had done more for Christ when in health!" Sweetly did this dying saint endeavour to comfort his afflicted wife, by leading her forward to the blessed day when they would be reunited; and surely she sorrows not as one without hope, nor would she recall his glorified spirit to this cold world.

He spoke constantly of dying, as one would of taking a short journey: when taking leave at night, he generally observed, "This may be the last time we shall meet on earth; but we shall soon meet in glory. I am only going a little before you." Never shall I forget the animation beaming on his emaciated face, nor the sparkling of his eyes, as I repeated to this happy believer portions of Scripture, and hymns. "There is a fountain filled with blood," and "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" he especially enjoyed. So great was his anxiety for the conversion of sinners, that he underwent much inconvenience during his illness, that the means of grace might be afforded to others. He was truly grateful for temporal comforts: first thanking God, who had raised up friends for him. Whilst this suffering, patient Christian was able to articulate, he spoke entirely of the things which belonged to his eternal peace; and when his voice nearly failed him, he could still, as he said, "look up." Yes, it was by fervent, simple, and heartfelt petitions to him who can impart abundant strength, that he was enabled to endure to the end. A few minutes before his death, his wife asked him if he felt his Saviour precious to him. "Oh yes," was his reply. She enquired if he was happy. He answered, "Yes," and then he closed his eyes; and, without a struggle, sweetly entered that everlasting rest prepared for the people of God, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, leaving us to thank God that another blessed spirit had been added to the number of just men made perfect, and that another servant had departed this life in his faith and fear. Oh that all may be content to be counted as nothing by an ungodly world, and despising the unsatisfying portion it has to offer, cast in their lot with the people of God. Soon, very soon, it shall appear they only are wise who set their affections on things above.—Friendly Visitor.

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NOW LANDING and for Sale by the Subscriber, the CARGO of the Brig "KATE," from Cienfuegos.

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J. W. LEAYCRAFT.
Quebec, 12th July, 1841.

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The universal preference given to his work for many years past by the Military Gentlemen of this Garrison, is a proof of the superior style in which orders entrusted to him are executed. Top Boots made to order.

THOMAS COWAN.
Quebec, June 27, 1844.

ENGRAVED PORTRAIT

SIR CHAS. T. METCALFE, BART.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce that he has entered into arrangements for publishing, by subscription at an early day, a splendid MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL, taken from Mr. Bradish's Portrait, recently painted, which has been pronounced by the most competent judges to be the best likeness of His Excellency ever executed.

The engraving will be executed in the very best style of art, and printed upon a sheet of about 18 by 14 inches, and the greatest care will be taken to ensure perfect copies to the Subscribers. The price of the Proof impressions will be 20s., and of the ordinary Prints only 12s. 6d. each, thus placing it within the reach of all. The undersigned will visit Quebec on Thursday, the 3rd October, for the purpose of exhibiting the Painting at the Merchants' Exchange, and receiving Subscriptions. Gentlemen residing in other parts of the Province who may desire to subscribe, or those who may wish to act as local agents, are requested to address (post paid) ROBT. W. S. MACKAY, Bookseller, 115, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

September 25.

Publishers of Newspapers in the Province friendly to the proposed publication, will, by inserting this notice in their papers once a week for six weeks, be entitled to a copy of the portrait free. Gentlemen remitting the price of six portraits, postage free, will be presented with the seventh copy gratis.

N. B. An Alphabetical List of Subscribers to the Portrait will be published, of which each one will be presented with a copy gratis.

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The English and French Paper: in Montreal and Quebec, are requested to insert the above, once a week, until forbidden.

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