

Youth's Corner.

EARLY SEEKING FOR JESUS.

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us
 Much we need Thy tender care;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us—Thine we are.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favour,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thyself our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us—love us still.
Child's New Hymn-Book.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A dog of a mongrel breed, who is well known about Castle-street, Aberdeen, by the name of the Doctor, has been for some time past in the habit of begging half-pennies from all and sundry with whom he could claim the slightest acquaintance. The Doctor, however, does not foolishly throw away the money given to him, but spends it in the most judicious manner. The shop which he first patronised with his custom, was that of a baker, who only gave him a bap or a biscuit for his bawbee; but he has now changed his place of business, not on account of any difference in political or local feeling, but simply because, in mercantile phraseology, he "can do better." The Doctor, who has become somewhat Epicurean in his eating, now frequents a cook-shop, kept by a black man in Exchequer-row, who gives him good value for his money—one day, perhaps, a bit of potted head; another, a slice of cold meat, or something dainty. Last week this animal struck up acquaintance with several gentlemen who take their stand at the Athenæum door, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. While this acquaintanceship is amusing to the one party, who are glad to see that their charity is not thrown away or improperly spent, it is very profitable to the other. From the Doctor's punctual habits of attendance, we have no doubt he will soon get into favour with the major part of the Athenæum. We may also state, as a trait in his character, that when not hungry, he has been known to give to the children, who are favourites with him, the half-pennies given to himself. In the course of one afternoon, he gave a little girl two-pence which he obtained in small coin.—*Aberdeen Journal.*

HANS SACHS—(pronounce Saz.)

THE NUREMBERG MASTER-SINGER.

Some time before the commencement of the reformation in Germany, the art of making verses had become something very much like a trade, carried on not very differently from the ordinary mechanical pursuits. There were Master-singers, who had acquired the right of taking apprentices to teach them verse-making, and who among themselves had agreed upon certain rules which must be observed, and who judged of merit. The chief of them were called Markers, because they sat making marks while the companions, who had finished their apprenticeship, recited their poetry in public; it was decided by their marks, who deserved the chain of honour, which was the highest distinction, or who should receive the chaplet of flowers, which was the next prize.

But this verse-making brought in very scanty living, so that those who tried their hands at it had commonly some more profitable trade to work at. The verses also were poor enough; but being printed on slips of coarse paper and hawked about the country very cheap, they were read, and people remembered the doggerel more readily than they would have done the same matter, if it had not been squeezed into verse.

Now it turned out that these Master-singers engaged with great zeal in the study of the Bible, as soon as Luther had translated this blessed book into German. It furnished them with the richest subjects to make rhymes upon; a vast quantity of printed paper was then soon carried about the country by the hawkers, the poetry bad enough, it may be, but the subjects mostly Bible-story, so that a deal of knowledge concerning the contents of the Scriptures was diffused throughout Germany, even when the people had not the means yet of procuring the whole book for themselves.

Among these Master-Singers, there was, however, Hans Sachs, who had the real spirit of poetry in him, and helped the work of reformation by the devotion as well as the wit of some of his verses. He was born at Nuremberg on the 5th of November 1494, in the midst of a prevailing sickness of which both his parents were at the time severely ill. His mother had scarcely strength to nurse him, and she thought her babe had only just come into the world to die an infant. But contrary to every fear he lived, and his parents having recovered gave the best of their attention, that by precept and example he might be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They were but plain trades-people, and had no

means of giving him a learned education; but as the little boy showed uncommon quickness and love for learning, they sent him to the Latin school at the age of seven, and he made rapid progress until his ninth year. Then a violent fever laid him on a sick-bed, and left him so weak after his recovery, that his head could not bear the application required for school-learning. He now applied himself to the reading he could get in his own language; and at the age of fifteen he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker, whom he served with faithfulness and diligence, and so acquired the means of a livelihood.

In the mean time he had also gained the good-will of Lienhard Nunnenbeck, a weaver, who was one of the Master-singers, and took much pleasure in assisting the young shoemaker to learn the verse-making which was current in those days. It was the very thing to set the lad's mind going in a direction where it could enjoy itself without breaking in upon the work by which he was to make out his living. Soon after he had served out his apprenticeship, he asked his father and mother's leave to go *wandering*, as it is called in Germany, that is to visit some of the largest and most interesting cities, working at his trade as a journeyman, and so acquiring a knowledge of men and their customs. His parents readily consented, for they felt confident that he would be steady in his habits and at his work, wherever he might go; they dismissed him with their blessing and many a parting word of advice and prayer.

Hans travelled as far as Cologne in the West, and Vienna on the East; southwards to Hall in the Tyrol, and northwards as far as Lubec, with his eyes open, his heart warm, and his head cool; all the time earning by work as much as he required for his support, making verses too, and acquiring much credit, though he seemed a very young Master-singer. He was only two and twenty years old when he returned from his *wandering*, greatly improved by the experience he had collected, but still as humble as he was when he set out, and content to sit down at his trade and work; but well furnished in his mind for the more important task of writing poetry which the common people would understand and read and not easily forget. To this he gave his leisure-time, and he produced some pieces for mere amusement, others describing events of history, and striking similitudes.

In the year 1519 he took to wife Kunigund Kreuzer, the daughter of a respectable citizen of Wendelstein, and lived with her in the suburbs until 1540, when he removed within the walls. The year of his marriage is the one in which Luther affixed his ninety-five articles against Indulgences at the church-gates of Wittenberg, and so commenced the resistance to Romish imposture and tyranny which led to the blessed reformation. Hans Sachs was one of those men of thought who received the spark struck by the Augustinian monk at Wittenberg, and were set in a blaze of zeal for souls, and ardour for the honour of God. And when Luther's translation of the Bible appeared—the word of God rendered in such beautiful, plain German which any poor soul could understand, then Hans Sachs was filled with delight and gratitude, and Luther's Bible was thenceforth the storehouse from which he drew lessons of wisdom to embody in his poetical works and diffuse among a people perishing for lack of knowledge.

(To be continued.)

SCENE IN LONDON.

VISITING THE POOR.

Our untaught, unassisted poor, perishing by thousands in ignorance and want, have long borne a testimony against us, calling for vengeance that, once awakened, will not sleep again until it hath caused both the ears of every one that heareth to tingle at the tale. Pause here, or let us stroll into the neighbouring lanes and alleys where poverty and vice have their unvisited dwelling, and trace the progress of this work of death, as we know that it always has pursued and always will pursue its way, when the Lord withdraws the curbing rein, and gives it freedom to follow its own dark plans. Look, yonder are some little ones sporting in the centre of a by-road. You see the squalid filth, the unseemly rags, the sickly pallor, the general emaciation, that mark them as children of poverty. Some of them are probably the offspring of that man, who with inflamed countenance, and blood-shot eyes reclines in the window of the beer-house, uttering language of blasphemy and villainy, too successfully imitated in what issues from the lips of those miserable younglings.

And that woman, Uncle, is perhaps his wife, who within the door of her dirty dwelling is sullenly relating to a poor neighbour some tale of trouble. What a comfortless, hopeless expression of countenance she wears! Merely glancing, you would call her a vulgar, dirty, stupid-looking creature, in whom nobody would take an interest, but observe the lines on a face once evidently handsome, and you will see that sorrow and suffering have furrowed them; and the absence of hope rather than the presence of any peculiarly evil temper, throws that leaden cast over her features. But we have caught her

eye, and she looks as if the gaze of comparatively well-dressed people irritated her: she seems to wonder what brought us here, and to resent our intrusive presence.

'Ah! that is the stubborn old English feeling that is not yet rooted out of even the most destitute of our poor. Come, I perceive in the far corner of that room a little bed with a half-grown child on it; and by the attempt to shade his eyes with an old rag for a curtain, I conclude he is ill. Let us go and speak a kind word.'

But kindness appeared a strange guest here: as we approached, the woman eyed us askance, with a scowl that boded no civil reception. Our long observance had roused some feeling of suspicion, or pride; and there was an evident intention to resent any impertinent interference on our part. However, my Uncle was not dismayed: in his usual tone of cordiality he asked, 'Is your child ill, my good woman?' 'Are you a doctor?' was the reply, and it was made sneeringly.

'No, I am not a doctor; but I am one who serve a good and bountiful Master, and he has commissioned me to relieve, as far as means go, the distresses that I see around me. It struck me that you are in some trouble; perhaps your child is sick, perhaps you have not means to procure for him the little comforts that his case requires; and if so, I have a trifling help to offer.'

The woman's countenance changed wonderfully; her wrinkled brow smoothed; her curled lip relaxed and quivered, she cast a hasty look towards the bed, and said, 'Your master must be a good gentleman: I wish there were more such! The truth is, sir, the boy is very bad in a fever, that's carried off one already, and left me four more, beside him, to do for, with hardly a morsel to put in their mouths.'

'Is your husband out of work?'

'He has not had above a day's work out of six, these some weeks: and'—here she burst into tears. My uncle placed some silver in her hand, and said, 'That is from my Master: what shall I say to him for you?'

'Sir, my humble duty to him, and I'll think of his goodness as long as I live.'

'God grant that you may!' exclaimed my uncle. 'My master is the Lord Jesus Christ, to whose love in dying for sinners I owe the salvation of my soul, and every gift and blessing that I enjoy. Oh, think of Him, my poor sister: think of his goodness, and pray Him to make you a partaker in the good things that He has purchased for us at the price of His own precious blood.' He continued for a while, preaching to her repentance and faith; and then we walked on.—*Christian Lady's Magazine.*

THRILLING INCIDENT.

The following thrilling incident is related of a post-man, who for a very large reward, attempted to carry a letter across one of the deep glens of Scotland, through an overwhelming northeast storm. He had been, if I remember right, a shepherd, and fearlessly set out on the enterprise, while many were filled with apprehension for his life, if the storm did not subside. The weather was excessively cold, and the violence of the storm rendered it impossible to see any track of man or beast through the whole glen. The only chance of a safe arrival consisted of some knowledge he had of the ground, where he had many a time driven his flocks in summer. But as he afterwards assured us, one may have a very accurate knowledge of the way in summer, while, in a winter storm of snow, at night, the whole way seems like a trackless ocean. It is said that some of those glens in Scotland are so full of snow in winter, as not to thaw out in mid-summer.

His courage, as the storm thickened, and the cold increased, would have failed, but at length it became as doubtful whether he could find the way back, as whether he could succeed in crossing the ridge in safety. As he had to cross many a small stream, now filled with snow, he not unfrequently sunk, and wet his feet in the stream, and on bringing them up to the cold air, they froze, and at length became so disabled that he could rise on his feet no more, and he had to press forward on his knees, as well as he could. From some indications, he concluded that he had well nigh crossed the glen, and might, by lifting up his voice, be heard. He cried aloud for help—a *lost traveller!*—but cried in vain. At length he became frozen to his knees, and he could only worm himself onwards with his hands, for he knew that when he should cease all exertion, he must immediately die, and there was a possibility that his cry might be heard, and he should live. Hence he raised again and again his cry, a *lost traveller!* But at length, a little opening in the storm, showed a shepherd's cot at hand. He had not missed his way to the cottage of a shepherd which he sought, and easily wormed himself to the very door, and gave the signal that saved his life. His friend opened to him and built a fire, and warmed him into recollection and recovery.

MORAL.—But if that man had not persevered after he had frozen his feet, and even after he could no longer travel on his lower limbs, but had to worm his way on his elbows, he must have died. Al-

though he was near the shepherd's cot, yet as he did not know his position, if his resolution had failed for a moment, and exertion had ceased, he must have died. He agonized to live, and his agonizing saved him. And if we will only thus agonize to live for ever, he shall live for ever.

There is not an enterprise we undertake that requires so much exertion as to reach heaven. Those who conclude that they know enough of the subject already, and that heaven will come as a thing of course, and fold their arms and slumber on, will die in their sins, and never see the King in his beauty. The few years of their probation will slip by before they are aware, and they will just begin to feel the importance of doing something, when they shall find themselves upon a dying bed, the harvest past, the summer ended, and they unsanctified.—*Rev. D. A. Clark.*

PRIZES IN SCHOOLS.—In the year 1843, a public-spirited gentleman in Salem, a warm friend of the cause of public education,—proposed to give a sum of money to the schools of that city, to be invested as a Prize Fund,—the income of which should be annually distributed in prizes among the most successful pupils in the public schools. The school committee deemed this so important a matter, that they proposed to take the opinion of the masters of the Salem schools on the expediency of accepting the donation for such a purpose. A circular letter was accordingly addressed by the committee to the masters, requesting the opinion of the latter on the "Expediency of establishing a system of Prizes in the schools." To this letter, most of the masters returned written answers. A majority of at least two to one being in the negative, the offer of the money was respectfully declined and the project abandoned.—*Common School Journal.*

RED RIVER MISSION.

HOPEFUL DEATH OF A LITTLE SCHOLAR.

March 11, 1844—I visited a little sick boy, one of our scholars. I found his mind in a calm state; and he felt deeply interested in the portions of Scripture which I read and explained to him. I drew his attention to the many diseases which our blessed Saviour cured when on earth, and the miracles which He wrought. While speaking to him about the power and compassion of the Saviour, and His willingness to help all who exercise faith in Him, he looked at me very earnestly, and asked, "Do you think, Sir, that my Saviour will doctor me?" I said, "He is both able and willing to help you."—"Do you think he will make me well?"—"I am not able to say that He will restore your health; but I am certain that He will make your affliction work together for your good."—He said, "That is all I want; I wish to be made fit for Heaven." I read to him about Lazarus being carried by angels unto Abraham's bosom. He said, "I like to hear that. I would rather die, and be carried by angels into the bosom of Jesus, than live with Mamma and Papa, and Lewis, and all my other brothers, though they are all so very good to me."—I said, "When any came to our Saviour, while on earth, asking favours from Him, He would ask them, Believest thou that I can do this or that for thee? If they replied, Yea, Lord, then the Saviour answered, According unto your faith be it unto you. Now the blessed Saviour asks, John, dost thou believe that I am both able and willing to pardon all thy sins, and to send my angels to carry thy soul to Heaven?" He said, with much earnestness, "Oh, I believe! I believe!"

March 12—I again visited the sick boy, and found that he had spent a night of severe pain and restlessness. He was perfectly sensible, and felt conscious that he was in the agonies of death. He said, "You have often preached to me. When I am gone, do preach to Lewis: he is not a very good boy." I said, "You are better acquainted with Lewis's character than I am: you had better preach to him."—"What must I say to him?" I said, "Whatever you think proper."—He said, "Lewis, I have often been sorry when you were so disobedient to your father, and so very unwilling to go to School. You know I have often had to drag you to School; and sometimes you have tried me so, that I have had to go without you. Now you must obey your father, and go at once to feed the horse when you are told. And you must go to School, and learn to read the Bible; and go to Church always, that you may learn to pray to God; and never play on the Lord's Day, or go with bad boys. Never go where they drink beer and dance. Serve God, Lewis, and He will be good to you when you die. He will take away the fear of death from you, and make you pleased with the thought of going to heaven." He paused for a short time; and then said, "I want to say more to Lewis; but I cannot." He then looked at me, and said, "Help me." I said, "You have told him quite as much as he will remember." I then desired the little Lewis to repeat the things which his brother had told him to do; and when he had concluded, I said, "All the good pay great attention to the last words of their departed friends; and if you, Lewis, are a good boy, you will remember all

the days of your life the lesson which your brother has now taught you. You will perhaps never see him again till you meet before the Judgment-seat of Christ; and should you lead an ungodly and wicked life, remember that your brother will be a witness against you on that awful day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known. If you deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow the Saviour, and lead a sober, righteous, and pious life, you will then be acknowledged by the blessed Saviour as His, and be welcomed into the society of the blessed as a *good and faithful servant*. But if you indulge in the vicious practices of the heathen by whom you are surrounded, the Son of God will spurn you from His presence with, *Depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.*" The little sick boy died in the evening.—*Rev. W. Cockran's Journal.*

RECEIVED EX "BRITISH QUEEN."

145 HAMPERS Cheese, viz:
 Double Gloucester, double Berkeley,
 Cheddar, Truckles and Queen's Arms,
 C. & W. WURTELE,
 St. Paul Street.

Quebec, 23rd Sept., 1844.

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Missisquoi Foundry Company's Castings.
PREMIUM Cooking Stoves,
 Improved do. do.
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 Summer do. do.
 American Ploughs,
 Hollow-ware and various small Castings.
 —ALSO—
 Single and Double Stoves,
 Cambouses, Register Grates and Coolers
 —AND—
 Pig Iron.
 C. & W. WURTELE,
 St. Paul Street.
 Quebec, 20th Sept., 1844.

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 Best Black Lead, Nos. 1 and 2,
 Genuine White Lead, Nos. 1, 2 and 3,
 Putty, Paints, assorted colours,
 Sheet Lead and Lead Pipe,
 Patent Shot,
 Canada Rose Nails and Spikes,
 Horse Nails,
 English and Best Bar Iron,
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 Sheet and Hoop Iron,
 Anvils, Spades and Shovels,
 Cast Steel, Borax, Block Tin,
 Coil and Trace Chains,
 Shop Twine in balls.
 —ALSO—
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 "Acraman's" Patent do. do.
 —AND—
 200 Boxes Tin Plates,
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 C. & W. WURTELE,
 St. Paul Street.
 Quebec, 23rd Sept., 1844.

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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.
 For Boots made to order.
 THOMAS COWAN.
 Quebec, June 27, 1844.

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