

YOUTH'S CORNER.

EARLY RISING.

"I wonder where John is," said Mr. Morton, as he took his seat at the breakfast table.

"I am sure father need not wonder," whispered William to Mary, as she rose from her seat.

"Not in his room!" cried William, a bright, lively boy, of twelve.

"You know he always gets up to breakfast, William," said Mary, who generally had an excuse ready for any one who was either blamed or laughed at.

"Never till breakfast is on the table; does he, mother?—but here he comes."

John walked into the room, looking rather more sober than usual, and was immediately assailed with questions from all quarters.

"Good morning, Mr. Early Riser; you are really beginning to deserve your title. What time did you get up this morning?"

As soon as breakfast was over, John took down his satchel, and swinging it over his shoulder, and putting his cap on his head, called to William, to know if he was going to school.

William actually stared at him. "Hilloa, Johnny! what's the matter with you this morning? Yes, I'll go, if it were only to see how astonished the boys will look, to see you so early, and wide awake too."

How far William's expectations were realized, I will not stop to tell you. I will only say, that John was astonished to find how much he enjoyed the play before school, and the hard study in school.

After dinner, he was about to throw himself upon the sofa, according to custom, but he checked himself, and tried to think of something which he could do to help his mother.

"I'll go with Catharine," said John; and soon they were both in the garden, engaged in play. John was certainly unusually active.

In the evening, he took his books and sat down to his lessons, as soon as the tea things were removed, instead of waiting, as usual, until he was actually commanded to do so by his mother; and after these were faithfully learned, he enjoyed his play for half an hour much more than usual.

From that day, a gradual but decided improvement took place in his character. Every morning he rose at an early hour, and went into the garden, not to appear again until breakfast time.

One morning, as Mr. Morton was pruning a favourite fruit tree in one corner of the garden, he saw in a little arbour, which was seldom visited by any of the family, his son.

"Good morning, John," said Mr. Morton, "you see I have found out your secret. Do you come here to study or to read?"

"To read, father," said John, and as he put the book he had been reading into his father's hands, he saw it was the Bible.

"I see, my son," said his father, "I see now the cause of the improvement, in which your mother and I have lately rejoiced; rejoiced with trembling, for we knew not that you sought strength to resist temptation from the Giver of all strength."

"O father," said John, "I could never have been preserved, had it not been for this morning hour. When I was tempted, it was the thought of the prayers I had offered here, which reminded me to seek aid from God; and I have here learned from this book, and he took it from his father as he spoke, "a great deal that I never knew before."—Children's Friend.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. Continued.

"Yes, Squire," said Preston, "it is evidently not the soil but the labour bestowed upon it that makes a country's wealth. And there again, a difference seems to exist between labour and labour. The boy with his tasty flower-beds, may be, gave as much labour as the other who produced the noble crop of produce; he gave pleasure to those who did not reflect upon the passing nature of the show, but nothing has come from all his work and management."

"Perhaps something more may have to be taken into consideration," replied the blacksmith. "My boys had the very best tools to work with, which enabled Jack to turn his labour to much better account than he could otherwise have done. My brother, who has been to Africa in command of a ship, has described to me the wretched hoes and hatchets the people make on that coast, and to how little account, therefore, they turn their labour, though they were to work with ever so much exertion of limb. Now the smith, the joiner, the turner, and the wheel-wright, who make our tools, do not, in fact, bestow their labour upon the soil, but their work tells upon the increase of produce as much as that of the man who puts in the seed and takes up the crop. The mason and the carpenter who build good houses—the weaver who furnishes comfortable clothing—the tanner who prepares the leather of which you make our boots and shoes, neighbour Preston—all these, and you and myself, though our work is not exactly bestowed upon the soil by tilling, yet produce great effect in adding to the quantity of produce which is gathered from the soil by the farmer."

"I should be disposed," resumed the shoemaker, "to say that productive labour is that which constitutes a nation's wealth: and yet I am backward to lay that down, too; for I do not know how, in that case, to give sufficient credit to you, Squire, for keeping shop here, and for acting as a magistrate; and still less do I know, how to make proper acknowledgment, then, of the doctor's, the schoolmaster's, and the curate's services."

"It seems to me," said the Squire, "that you have expressed the truth with sufficient clearness, Mr. Preston. Let only the term productive labour be properly understood. In the first place, labour may be bestowed upon such trifles, or in so bungling a manner, as to become unproductive though great pains may have been taken: in that case, of course, it is good for nothing; and the country is nothing the richer for it. Secondly, one man bestows labour with so much skill and such exquisite tools as to produce much, while another produces little: the first then enriches the country much more than the second. In the third place, some bestow labour which yields its produce in a direct and perceptible manner, like the husbandman and the mechanic: the labour of others produces in an indirect mode only, and we cannot lay our finger upon the very bag or chest-full of goods and say that is what their labour has produced; and yet, were it not for their services, a great deal of goods would never have been produced at all."

"I think, Squire," interrupted Preston, "your own case, and this evening's work proves what you say, very well. It is through your agency in effecting the exchange between my shoes and farmer Coley's butter that I have obtained leather, and can work at my trade tomorrow; and I know of no job just now to which I could turn my hand so profitably. So part of my work for a day or two will be of your producing in an indirect manner:—and to be candid, I must say that the good temper which you have restored to me and to the farmer is probably worth to the country half a day's work from each of us."

"Well, neighbours," resumed the Squire, take then the case of the curate who preaches the Gospel to us—who brings to remembrance the highest motives to diligence, sobriety, good temper, charity, dutifulness, and gratitude: would any one say that his work does not tell powerfully upon the amount of labour performed by his parishioners, and of the produce obtained by it? The master who inculcates the same Gospel-rules upon our children, who brings them under wholesome restraints, who furnishes their minds with sound learning, and returns them to us trained to good habits, their passions curbed, and their perceptions sharpened: what a large amount of produce, heretofore to come from the labour of our boys and girls, do we not owe to his services? The doctor who restores a man to health, and sends him to his work, in a week or a month, when without medical advice he might have continued sickly, or been disabled for years—or might have died:—it is plain, neighbours, that though such professions are very generally called unproductive, it would be doing them great injustice, if it were meant, by that expression, that they do not contribute as really and truly to the increase of the nation's wealth as the labour of husbandman, mechanic, and manufacturer.

To be continued.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE IN NORTH AMERICA.

It is curious to reflect that while every backwoodsman in America is occupying himself, as he thinks, solely for his own interest, in clearing his location, every tree which, falling under his axe, admits a patch of sunshine to the earth, in an infinitesimal degree softens and ameliorates the climate of the vast continent around him; and yet, as the portion of cleared land in North America, compared with that which remains uncleared, has been said scarcely to exceed that which the seams of a coat bear to the whole garment, it is evident, that although the assiduity of the Anglo-Saxon race has no doubt affected the climate of North America, the axe is too weak an instrument to produce any important change.

But one of the most wonderful characteristics of Nature is the manner in which she often, unobservedly, produces great effects from causes so minute as to be almost invisible, and accordingly while the human race—so far as an alteration of climate is concerned—are labouring almost in vain in the regions in question, swarms of little flies, strange as it may sound, are, and for many years have been, most materially altering the climate of the great continent of North America!

The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—

They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and, to get rid of their assailants, whenever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them there.

The wily Indian observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that by setting fire to the forest the flies would drive to him his game, instead of being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed, that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America!

CHANGE FROM WINTER TO SPRING.

In a very short time the whole surface of the country becomes cleared from snow, and the effect of the change is most interesting; for instance, on my arrival in Canada I found everything around me buried in snow, and my lonely house standing apparently in a white barren desolate field, to which my eyes soon became accustomed. But as soon as the spring removed this covering, flower borders of all shapes, a green lawn, and gravel walks meandering in various directions, made their welcome appearance, until I found myself the possessor—and if it had not been for English politics I should have been the happy possessor—of a beautiful English garden, the monument of the good taste of Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah Maitland, who many years ago had planned it and had stocked it with roses and shrubs of the best description.

But "all is not gold that glitters;" and accordingly, though spring ornaments almost beyond the powers of description the surface of Canada, she is no respecter of the Queen's highways, but on the contrary, creates dreadful havoc among roads of all descriptions. The departure of the snow is followed by a general blistering and up-wrenching of the surface of the earth, which for some weeks remains what is called "rotten," and which, especially in the roads, is so troublesome to ride over, that at this period a well-mounted horseman can occasionally hardly travel above twenty or twenty-five miles in a day; indeed I have sometimes come to narrow quagmires in the roads which I have stood gazing at for minutes in despair, and which it was almost impracticable to cross at any price. However, the first heavy rains settle the ground, and then the rush of vegetation, being as beautiful as it is surprising, it is most interesting to ramble in solitude through the secret recesses of the forest.

CHANGE FROM SUMMER TO WINTER.

As the winter approaches, the cold daily strengthens, and before the branches of the trees and the surface of the country become white, every living being seems to be sensible of the temperature that is about to arrive.

The gaudy birds, humming-birds, and fire-flies, depart first; then follow the pigeons; the wild-fowl take refuge in the lakes, until scarcely a bird remains to be seen in the forest. Several of the animals seek refuge in warmer regions; and even the shaggy bear, whose coat seems warm enough to resist any degree of cold, instinctively looks out in time for a hollow tree into which he may leisurely climb, to hang in it during the winter as inanimate as a slice of bacon from the ceiling of an English farmhouse; and even many of the fishes make their deep-water arrangements for not coming to the rivers and harbours during the period they are covered with ice.

Notwithstanding the cheerful brightness of the winter's sun, I always felt that there was something indescribably awful and appalling in all these bestial, birdal, and piscial precautions; and yet it is with pride that one observes that while the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, one after another, are seen retreating before the approaching winter like women and children before an advancing army, the Anglo-Saxon race stand firm! and indeed they are quite right to do so, inasmuch as the winter, when it does arrive, turns out to be a season of hilarity and of healthy enjoyment.

Not only is the whole surface of the ground, including roads and paths of every description, beautifully macadamised with a covering of snow, over which every man's horse, with tinkling bells, can draw him and his family in a sleigh; but every harbour becomes a national play-ground to ride on, and every river an arterial road to travel on.

In all directions running water gradually congeals. The mill-wheel becomes covered with a frozen torrent, in which it remains as in a glass case; and I have even seen small water falls begin to freeze on both sides, until the cataract, arrested in its fall by the power of heaven, is converted for the season into a solid mirror.

From Sir F. D. Healy's Emigrant.

THE NEW YEAR AT JELALABAD.—So passed the latter months of 1841. They had been pregnant with events of very deep moment to every individual in the brigade; yet the progress of time soon showed that other and still more startling incidents were to be born of them. January, 1842, came in with frightful tidings in his hand. The officers of the garrison had celebrated Christmas day, first by reverently attending divine worship, and then by dining together after the custom of their country, and remembering in their talk the friends and relatives whom they might never perhaps see again. Their beverage was water; yet they drank it to the healths of many far away, and were as happy, with a sobered joy, as they could expect to be apart from the society of those dearest to them. And here let me not forget to record, to the honour of the illustrious garrison, that regularly as the Lord's day came round, brigade orders called both officers and men together, that in his own name, and in the names of his comrades, one of themselves might present to their Father which is in heaven their common sacrifice of prayer and praise. It was a righteous custom, and produced upon all concerned the happiest effect. It sobered while it encouraged all, from the highest to the lowest, teaching them to feel that the lives of the brave are in the hands of Him who gave them, and that the best preparation which men can make for battle and for death comes out of a humble yet hopeful reliance on the mercy, as well as on the power, of the Most High. Nor do I think that I go beyond the line of sober truth, if to the prevalence of this right feeling among them, aided by the happy absence of that bane of a soldier's usefulness, spirituous liquors and the encouraged use of them, I attribute the patience, the good humour, the unwearied zeal, which from the beginning to the end of the siege characterised the behaviour of all classes, and rendered the garrison of Jellalabad, though few in number, invincible. Had the same tempers prevailed at Calcutta, and the same wisdom been exhibited in the encouragement of them, who can doubt that the fate of General Elphinstone's corps would have been different? New Year's day, 1842, is marked in a journal which has before me with two emphatic words, "All quiet." Their meaning is, that no shots were fired, that no enemy showed himself, that no untoward rumours occurred to disturb the equanimity of the garrison, and that within the walls and without, things held their accustomed course. Quiet, in a besieged city, is a state of things which has no existence; for the spade and the pickaxe are at work continually; and guards are watchful, and sentinels much on the alert, whether there be any visible object of suspicion near them or the reverse. On the first of January, precisely as on other days, the routine of life went on; and from hour to hour the defences of the place became more formidable. But the second brought with it ample ground of uneasiness and alarm. A letter from Ma, or Pottinger announced that Sir William Macnaghten was murdered, and described, hurriedly, the terrible results that ensued from that act of treason; and while men yet held their breath through horror of such tidings, another messenger brought word that the Candahar brigade had been stopped by the snow, and fallen back again, after having penetrated as far as Ghuznee. Finally, a despatch from Akbar Khan to one of the chiefs in the neighbourhood was intercepted and brought in, from which Captain McGregor learned that a holy war was proclaimed, and that all believers were adjured, in the name of the prophet, to rise against the infidels, "whose chief," continued this memorable despatch, "I have slain with mine own hand, as you, I trust, will in like manner slay the chief of the Feringhees in Jellalabad." There was horror and extreme indignation among those who listened to these recitals; but not one pulse beat the more hurriedly. They felt, indeed, more and more, that their lives were in their own keeping.—Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan.

[The close of this piece is so expressed as to be at variance with what is said above, in connexion with their Lord's day worship; their lives were in the keeping of Him who gave them; it was their duty to use every means for their defence and deliverance; but on God's mercy as well as power, their safe-keeping every moment depended.—Ed.]

THE RUSSIAN CHURCHES.—These edifices generally resemble one another exactly in form. They are built in the shape of a Greek cross, and surmounted by a dome in the centre. In the interior, one arm of the cross is shut off by a gorgeous screen adorned with stately pillars, and containing large folding doors, covered with gilded carving. The space behind the screen is the sanctuary, and always contains a figure of our Saviour in a glass case, which is made use of in certain ceremonies. The altar is also here, and though we found no difficulty in gaining admission to the mysteries of their shrines, no woman is ever permitted to enter the sacred precincts; while the carpet in front of the altar is never trodden but by the priest alone. The whole interior is always devoid of seat or pew, as the worshippers of the Greek religion pray standing; but there is in every church a place set apart for the emperor to stand in, which is raised above the floor, and usually covered with a canopy or small dome. All the churches in St. Petersburg, except that of the Smolnoi monastery, are filled with banners, horse tails, keys of fortresses, and other spoils of various wars. Turkish, Persian, Polish, Swedish, and French colours are grouped round the massive columns; keys of vanquished cities, and insignia of conquered generals adorn the wall; while over the trophies of her victorious children soars in triumphant majesty the Black Eagle of the north, and seems here to be nearly as sacred a symbol as the cross of Christ. The Greek churches contain no statues; but pic-

tures of different saints are hung round in great profusion; the face, feet, and hands of the holy personage whom the painting represents are the only parts of the body or drapery visible, as the rest of the picture is covered with either gold or silver plates, and sometimes studded with precious stones of immense value; so we generally, in the richest pictures, see the face of the holy departed peeping through a pavement of gems, the hands springing from a diamond wrist band, and the feet protruding from an emerald petticoat. The churches and their treasures are always guarded by one or two old soldiers, who lie on a bench near the door, rolled in their sheep skins, and who are delighted to show everything to strangers, in expectation of the copels that usually reward their civility. The service is chanted, and the continual crossing and genuflection practised by the worshippers far exceed what I have seen in catholic countries. The sacred music is generally excellent, and the imperial choir, whereof I shall hereafter speak, is the finest in the world. Instrumental music is totally excluded from their services.—Bourke's St. Petersburg and Moscow.

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