

YOUTH'S CORNER.

CHARLES WOODFORD'S HOLYDAYS.

Surely never was there a happier boy than Charles Woodford! He has much to make him happy: kind and tender parents, sisters who dearly love him, and a comfortable and pleasant home. He has many friends among his school-fellows, who are glad to be often with him; and twice in the year he has a great treat, which he thinks of from mid-summer till Christmas, and then from Christmas till mid-summer comes again. He always goes to spend the holidays with his grand-father, who lives in an old farmhouse in the country; and both in summer and winter Charles finds plenty of enjoyment there.

In summer, there is the sheep-shearing and the hay-making, besides the long rambles in the woods, or on the hill side, with Rover, the faithful spaniel, who is nearly as old as Charles, and has lived all his life at the farm, as did his mother before him. Many a ramble have Charles and Rover enjoyed together, making their way through the tangled brushwood, and loitering in the sunny copse or in the mossy dingle, where violets and primroses grow.

In winter there is skating and sliding on the large pond, and making houses and men of snow. Then there are in-door pleasures more than I can mention; and one above the rest, of which Charles is never weary. He delights to sit with his grandfather in the long evenings beside the bright, blazing fire, and to hear the good man's stories of old times, and things that happened when he was a boy. Great changes have taken place since then, Farmer Woodford often says; for 'tis more than fifty years ago; but he has never seen reason to alter his opinion, that there is no book like the Bible, and no wisdom to compare with that which leads to the fear of God.

"Remember this, my boy," said he, one Christmas night, as he sat in his old-fashioned chair, while Charles was eating his supper of bread and preserved fruit: "there is a great deal said in the world about learning and science, and you might think, when you hear some people talk, that nothing else was necessary to make a man happy, either in this life or the next. Now, I have not any thing to say against learning; on the contrary, I value the little I have myself been able to gain, and I honour it in others; but I am grieved when I see it put in the place of religion: and my heart aches when I read of men who are seeking it so earnestly, that they neglect to secure that which is infinitely more important, the salvation of the soul. What shall it profit a man in the day of judgment, though he should understand all mysteries and all knowledge, if he has never come to Christ for pardon of his sins, or ever sought to learn the way to heaven! Remember, then, in all your studies, to keep the end of life in view. Try to advance in learning, for God gives us understanding and abilities that we may use them to his glory; but do not forget that you have a soul to be saved, a soul that must live for ever and ever, long after this earth, and all that it contains, shall have been burned up with fire, and when the planets shall have ceased to run their course, and the sun shall no more give light. O remember that you are living for eternity! and seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, then all other things will find their proper place, and be sought in the proper way.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

SIN FOUND OUT.

Story by Mrs. Sherwood, and advice by the Rev. J. A. James.

Emily Fairchild assisted her mother to put away some jars of damascenes, or damsons, as they are called, which had just been boiled in sugar, to keep till winter. They were very nice; and as Emily carried one of the jars to the cupboard, she saw that it was tied down so loosely that she could put in her finger and take the fruit. They looked so tempting, that she first took one, then another, and was going to take a third, when she heard the servant coming; at first she was a little uneasy to think what she had done, for she had been taught that it is a great sin to steal the least thing; but then, she said, 'it is mother's fruit, and she has a great deal of it.' One evening, when it was getting dark, she was passing by the cupboard where the damsons were kept; and the door happened to be open: she looked round to see if any body was near, and nobody being seen or heard, she went into the closet, took out two or three more, and ate them in haste, and after washing her hands and mouth, went down into the parlour. Her father and mother had no suspicion of what she had done, yet every time they looked at her steadily, she turned away her head lest they should see her blushes, and every time they spoke to her she was all agitation, and feared they were going to charge her with the crime. Yet so hardening is the nature of sin, that she went again the next day to the closet, and committed the same sin. On the Sunday evening, her father read a sermon about the all-seeing God, about his being every where present, and seeing all we do. Poor Emily was in such dreadful agitation that she was ready to

faint, and expected that the moment the sermon was over, she should be accused before all the family. Glad was she, however, to find that the worship ended and nothing was said about her. This made her a little more courageous; so the next evening she visited the closet again. She then remembered the sermon, and felt half inclined to go back, 'but,' says she, 'as I am come so far, I will take one more damson, but it shall certainly be the last I will ever eat without my mother's leave.' She took one or two more; just at that moment she heard the cat mew, which had followed her unperceived into the room. She was so frightened at the sound that she spilt some of the red juice upon her frock. She did not perceive the stain till she had reached the parlour, and then immediately ran back to her room, where she washed all the bosom and sleeves of her frock, and used so much water that all her inner clothes were wet to the skin; to hide which she put on her pinafore, and went down to tea. 'Where have you been, Emily?' said her mother; 'we have almost done tea.' 'I have only been playing with the cat up stairs, mamma,' said she. But at this falsehood she felt very unhappy.

It was a cold winter's evening, and Emily kept as far as possible from the fire and candle, lest her mother should discover any more spots upon her frock. She soon felt dreadfully chilled, but did not complain lest the cause should be discovered. A long time she lay shivering before she could go to sleep, and when she fell asleep she was scared with dreadful dreams. She dreamt she had been doing something wrong, though her head was so confused she did not know what. She dreamt that one large and dreadful eye was looking upon her from above; which way soever she turned she saw this eye looking upon her with an awful frown. At length she uttered loud screams, which brought her father and mother to her bedside: 'there, there it is,' said she, 'looking upon me now; oh, how angrily it looks!' Her parents soon perceived that she was delirious, and in a violent fever. She grew worse and worse, till it was expected she would die. One day she lay in great weakness, her senses again returned, and looking at her mother, who sat weeping by her bedside, she burst into tears, and said, 'O, my dear mother, I have something upon my mind which I want to tell you, and yet I am almost too weak. What will become of me? oh, what a wicked child have I been,—my sins have now found me out. Yes, all my illness is the effect of my sins, and my sins have now found me out.' She then related, as far as her weakness would permit, the whole circumstance to her parents, who encouraged her to repent and believe in God's mercy, through Christ, for pardon. Bitterly did she bewail her sin, and severely did she suffer for it; for altho' she finally recovered, it was a long, long time before her health was fully restored.

Advice founded upon this story.

1.—Think of this subject. It is a very solemn and important one, and it belongs to you—to each of you—as much as to any one else. It is your duty to think of it—it is your wisdom to think of it. You are much tempted to sin, and perhaps are oftener tempted by the prospect of secrecy, than anything else. Now there is no secrecy. Whatsoever is hidden will be brought to light sooner or later. Write this sentiment on your own hearts, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

2.—I advise you to find out your sins, instead of leaving them to find you out. Examine your conduct, to know what sins you have been guilty of—then confess them to God with true repentance. Do not deny your sins, or excuse them, but tell God all your wicked words and sinful actions; for the apostle John says, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Pray to God to show you your sins, and to make you really sorry in your hearts; for it is God that giveth the grace of repentance as well as the blessing of forgiveness. Jesus Christ, you know, died for sinners, and his blood cleanseth from all sin. You are to believe this and hope for pardon—not for your own sake, for you do not deserve it, but for the sake of Christ alone.—What a blessed thing will it be to have all your sins forgiven; then they will be forgotten too, and will not find you out at the judgment-day.

3.—Avoid sin as much as possible for the future. Pray to God to make you hate sin, and to keep you from it. Be afraid of sin, of all sin; be afraid of little sins, for they lead on to greater ones; be afraid of single sins, for they lead on to others. When you are tempted, by its being said, "only this once,"—resist the temptation, for when you have done it once you will be asked to do it again. A sinner's course is like that of a person running down hill, who, though he begins at a slow pace, goes on faster and faster every step, till he cannot stop. Avoid bad companions; they will lead you perhaps to disgrace and the gaol, and the gallows in this world, and to hell in the next. Remember when you are tempted to sin, God sees you, God is there: God sees all things, and forgets nothing. Remember there are two witnesses always with you, God and your own conscience, and if you sin in their presence, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

JOHN ADAMS AND THE SABBATH.

The elder John Adams, while President of the United States, as he was returning from the country to his family in Boston, was interrupted by a new England snow-storm, which effectually blocked up his way. He was then at Andover, twenty miles from Boston, where his family as he had learned, were waiting his arrival. Sabbath morning the roads became for the first time passable. On the question of going to Boston that day, it was the opinion of the clergyman of the place, that the circumstances of his detention, and the sickness of his family, would justify his travelling on the Sabbath. His reply was, that the justifiable occasion in this case would not prevent the bad influence of his example on those who might see him travelling on the Sabbath, without knowing the cause. He therefore decided to wait till Monday.

HEBER IN HIS PARISH.

There was in the parish an old man who had been a notorious poacher in his youth, and through the combined influence of his irregular mode of life, drunken habits, and depraved associates, had settled down into an irreligious old age. He was a widower—had survived his children, shunned all society, and was rarely seen abroad. The sole inmate of his lonely cottage was a little grandchild, in whom were bound up all the sympathies of his rugged nature, and on whom he lavished the warmest caresses.

It was considered an unaccountable departure from his usual line of conduct when he permitted little Philip to attend the Rector's school.

"Why not?" was the old man's reply "d'ye think I wish Phil to be as bad as myself? I'm black enough God knows!"

The old man was taken ill and confined to his room. It was winter. His complaint was a painful one; and there was every probability that his illness might be of long continuance. A neighbour suggested that his little grandchild should read to him. He listened at first languidly and carelessly; by and by with some degree of interest, till at length his little grandchild became the means of fanning into a flame the faint spark of religious feeling which yet lingered in the old man's breast.

He expressed a wish that Mr. Heber should visit him; and the good work which it pleased Providence youthful innocence should begin, matured piety was to carry on and complete. It was no ordinary spectacle. The old man lay upon his bed, in a corner of the room, near the framed window. His features were naturally hard and coarse: and the marked lines of his countenance were distinctly developed by the strong light which fell upon them.—Aged and enfeebled as he was, he seemed fully alive to what was passing around him; and I had leisure to mark the searching of his eyes as he gazed, with the most intent anxiety, on his spiritual comforter, and weighed every word that fell from him. The simplicity in which Heber clothed every idea—the facility with which he descended to the old man's comprehension—the earnestness with which he strove not to be misunderstood—and the manner in which, in spite of himself, his voice occasionally filtered as he touched on some thrilling points of our faith, struck me forcibly; while Philip stood on the other side of the bed, his hand locked in his grandfather's—his bright blue eye dimmed with tears as he looked sadly and anxiously from one face to another; evidently aware that some misfortune awaited him, though unconscious to what extent.

The old man died—died in a state of mind so calm, so subdued, so penitent and resigned,—"that I feel myself cheered in my labours," said Heber, "whenever I reflect upon it." Heber himself officiated at the funeral. I shall never forget—I never wish to forget—if I were cast to-morrow on a desert island, it is one of the few things I should care to remember of the world I had left behind me—the air, the manner, the look, the expression of hope, which lit up his noble countenance as he pronounced this passage of our magnificent ritual: "O Father, raise us from the death of sin into the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in thee, as our hope is, this our brother doth."

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR'S MARTYRDOM, in the reign of Queen Mary, A. D. 1555.

The night after his degradation, by the gaoler's favour his wife, with one of his sons, and the faithful John Hull, were permitted to sup with him. In exhorting the boy to a virtuous life, he bade him remember, that his father died in defence of holy marriage. He charged his wife, who, he said, had been a faithful yoke-fellow to him, and would now soon be discharged of that wedlock-bond, to marry again, as soon as God should provide her an honest and religious man, who would be a merciful father to her poor children. For herself and them; this, he said, was the only course that would bring them out of troubles; and he bequeathed them to the Almighty's protection, saying, that he was going to those of his children whom God had taken to himself, and whom he named, five in number.

His wife suspected that he would be removed that night, and therefore, when she left the prison, went with one of her daughters, and an orphan girl whom Dr. Taylor had bred up, and watched all night in the church porch of St. Botolph's, beside Aldgate, by which she knew he must pass. It was early in February; at two in the morning, one of the Sheriffs, a humane and compassionate man, came to conduct him to an inn without Aldgate, where the Sheriff of Essex was to take him in charge. They went without lights; but when they approached the church, the orphan heard them coming, and exclaiming, "O my dear father!" called upon her mother. "Rowland, Rowland," said his wife, "where art thou?" For it was so dark, that they could not see each other. He answered her, and stopt: the men would have hurried him on, but the Sheriff desired them to let him stay awhile and speak to his wife. Taylor then took his daughter in his arms, and kneeling in the porch, with his wife and the orphan girl, said the Lord's Prayer. He then kissed her, and shaking her by the hand, said, "Farewell, dear wife! be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience." And blessing the children, he charged them to stand strong and steadfast unto Christ, and keep themselves from idolatry. Then said his wife, "God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadley." She followed them to the inn; but the Sheriff, who had wept apace during their sad interview, would, in mercy, allow no more meetings. He entreated her to go to his house, and use it as her own, promising she should lack nothing, and sent two officers to conduct her thither; but at her request, she was taken to her own mother's, who was charged to keep her there.

A little before noon, the Sheriff of Essex arrived; Taylor was then placed on horseback, and brought out of the inn. John Hull was waiting without the gates with Taylor's son; Taylor called the child, and John lifted him up, and set him on the horse before his father. "Good people," said he "this is mine own son, begotten in lawful matrimony—and God be blessed for lawful matrimony." He then prayed for the boy, laid his hand on his head, and blessed him, and returned him again to John, whom he took by the hand, saying, "Farewell, John Hull, the faithfullest servant that ever man had!" And so they rode forth, the Sheriff of Essex, with four yeomen of the guard and Sheriff's men, leading him. When they came to Brentwood, a close hood was made for him, with holes for the eyes and mouth, that he might not be recognised on the way. They halted for the night at Chelmsford, where the Sheriff of Suffolk met them. When they entered Suffolk, a number of gentry, who had been appointed to aid the Sheriff, assured him that they had his pardon ready, and promised him promotion to a bishopric, if he would accept it. These offers were in vain, for he had not built his house upon the sand, in fear of falling off with every puff of wind, but upon the sure and immovable rock, Christ, wherefore he abode constant and immovable to the end.

A poor man was waiting for him at the bridge foot, with five small children; they fell upon their knees, holding up their hands, and the man cried, "O dear father, and good shepherd, Dr. Taylor, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children!"

The streets through which he passed were lined with people, some of whom, when they saw him thus led to a cruel death, cried out, "There goeth our good shepherd, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! What shall become of this most wicked world? Good Lord, strengthen him and comfort him!" The Sheriff and his men rebuked the people sternly for thus expressing their feelings; but Taylor evermore said to them, "I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood."

As he passed the almshouses, he gave among their inmates what was left of the money with which charitable persons had supplied him during his long imprisonment. He carried it in a glove, and, inquiring at the last of those houses, whether the blind man and woman who dwelt there, were living, threw the glove in at their window, and rode on to Aldham Common, where he was to suffer. When they told him, that was the place, he exclaimed, "God be thanked, I am even at home!" and, alighting from his horse, he tore with both his hands the hood from his head. The people burst into loud weeping, when they saw "his reverend and ancient face with a long white beard, and his grey hairs, and they cried out, "God save thee, good Dr. Taylor! Christ strengthen thee and help thee!" When he had undressed himself, he knelt and prayed, and a poor woman, in spite of the guards, who threatened to tread her down under their horses' feet, prayed beside him. A butcher, who was ordered to assist in setting up the faggots, refused, and persisted in the refusal, though the Sheriff threatened to send him to prison. Wretches, however, were easily found for this work, and one of them threw a faggot at the martyr as he stood chained to the stake,

which cut his face so that the blood ran down. "O friend," said Taylor, "I have harm enough! what needeth that?" Sir John Shelton hearing him repeat the Psalm Miserere in English, struck him on the lips, saying, "ye knave, speak Latin; I will make thee!" And when the fire had been kindled, and he stood patient and unmoved, with his hands folded in prayer, a fellow, whose character made the action appear an impulse of brutality, rather than compassion, cleft his skull with a halberd, and the body then fell forward. Thus rendered the man of God his blessed soul into the hands of his merciful Father, and to his most dear and certain Saviour Jesus Christ, whom he most entirely loved, faithfully and earnestly preached, obediently followed in living, and constantly glorified in death.

The effect of such executions was what the sufferers trusted it would be, not what the persecutors intended and expected. It seemed as if the martyrs bequeathed to their friends and followers, like Elijah the Prophet, a double portion of their spirit, from the flames amid which they ascended to their everlasting reward.—*Abridged from Foxe and Southey.*

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