

Youth's Corner.

CONSCIENCE.

A little girl named Caroline, had a most lovely canary bird. The little creature sang from morning till night, and was very tame and beautiful. Its colour was yellow with a black head. Caroline gave him seed and apple to eat, and occasionally a small bit of sugar, and every day fresh water to drink.

But suddenly the bird began to be mournful, and one morning, when Caroline brought him his water, he lay dead in the bottom of the cage. She raised a loud lamentation over her favourite bird, and wept bitterly. Then the mother of the little girl went and purchased another, which was more beautiful than the first in colour, and just as lovely in its song, and put it into the cage. But the child wept louder than ever when she saw the new bird. The mother was greatly astonished, and said, "my dear child, why are you still weeping and sorrowful? Your tears will not call the dead bird to life: and here you have one which is not inferior to the other!"

Then the child said, "Oh! dear mamma, I treated my bird unkindly, and did not do all for it that I could and should have done."

"Dear Lina, you have always taken care of it and loved it."

"Oh no," replied the child, "a short time before its death, the bird being very sick, you gave me a piece of sugar as medicine for it; but I did not give it to my poor bird, but ate it myself." Thus spoke Caroline, with a sorrowful heart.

The mother did not smile at this complaint, for she understood and revered the holy voice of conscience in the heart of the child.

THE YOUNG LADIES FROM TOWN ON AN EXCURSION INTO THE COUNTRY.

Early one morning in the month of July, a good many years ago, a lady who seemed but little used to exercise on foot was seen alighting from her carriage with her three nieces, at the foot of the ascent between Pappenheim and Ubermatzhausen. She nodded in a friendly manner to the old woman who was awaiting them for the purpose of being their guide on an excursion which the young ladies had planned, their aunt good-humouredly consenting to accompany them. The coachman handed to the old guide a basket which contained provision for the way, and the company on foot commenced their ascent, while the carriage proceeded at a leisurely pace round the mountain to Solenhofen, where it was to remain in readiness.

Every thing on their journey was new to these fair travellers; for they had never seen more of the country than what is to be discovered while driving along the road in carriages. The old lady was in possession of a fortune which enabled her to keep servants who attended to all domestic affairs without any other trouble to herself than ordering the money to pay expenses. She brought up her nieces for the same kind of life, careful to have them taught every thing in the way of accomplishment, but leaving them utterly ignorant of things needful for ordinary use in life. Anne was eighteen years old, and she produced beautiful embroidery: her younger sisters Maria and Elizabeth were proficient, the one at music, the other at drawing. But it was a perfectly new thing to them to ascend a rough mountain-path like that now before them; the wild beauties of the forest with its springs and birds and flowers spoke a language which they had never heard in the carefully kept garden where almost alone they had hitherto taken walking exercise: and, to do them justice, there was a response in the young hearts of the girls, though their aunt almost wished herself out of the play and luxuriancy of nature around her into the state and circumstance of her drawing-room.

But the incessant chatting of her nieces, pointing out to her and to one another the new sights that met them at almost every step, and uttering the most unqualified delight at the richness of nature displayed all around, made the old lady feel content together with them: she said nothing about the fatigue which she felt, lest she should make their kind hearts feel bad on her account; but when they arrived at Ubermatzhausen, she was right glad to see the guide make up to the door of a farm-house where they were to make their first halt and take some refreshment.

The guide was so familiar with the place that she walked right in at the door—and that indeed was the only way to get in, for there was not a person that could have come to open the door for the strangers. The farmer and servants were out in the meadows, hay-making; the wife was in bed, and her babe, five days old, in its cradle, screaming with all its might. Much entertainment was not to be expected here, but neither did the party depend upon uncertain chances for that; they had sugar, tea, rolls, and cold meat in their basket; and as the guide knew very well where to find milk and water, they anticipated rather pleasure than disappointment from being thrown upon their own resources.

But their hearts were quite as much wounded as their ears were pierced by the little boy's crying. They inquired into the meaning of it with great concern, and the mother interpreted the infant's language by saying that he was hungry and probably

wet. Measures were taken immediately for remedying the inconveniences. Miss Anne and Miss Maria undertook to make pap for the youngster, while the youngest sister changed his linen, and their aunt, to do the crowning kindness, wrapped two lumps of sugar in a little rag tied close together, which she put into his mouth; and the whole party was overmuch delighted at finding his noise stopped, and distinctly hearing the long draughts which he took of the sweet soother to his infantine troubles.

Having laid him dry and still in his cradle again, Miss Elizabeth, to be a perfect nursemaid, went to hang up the wet clothes in the yard, and she was returning to the house, when the guide happened to pass by and pointed out to her that a nest of young swallows was right over the pole upon which she had spread the linen, and that was a position not very favourable to their becoming dry or clean. "Oh, how could I be so careless," exclaimed the young lady while removing the articles: but the old woman civilly rejoined: "There are many older heads than yours, my dear Miss, that make the same mistake while they try to get out of the ills of life: often they think themselves in the bright sunshine of success, while defeat is brooding over their heads. Look upwards as well as around you, when you shape your course through life, young lady." The good-natured nursemaid nodded thanks at the old counsellor, and now she hurried back to the room to give an affectionate look to the babe in the cradle, still rejoicing at his perfect stillness—but what was her terror to see his face all blue and his body in convulsions! It was her turn now to scream; the mother looked:—"Just hand him to me, if you please," she said, for she at once perceived what was the matter with him. The powerful sucking apparatus within him had so quickly reduced the size of the lumps of sugar that the linen rag itself went down his throat so far as nearly to choke him. His mother caught hold of the end and pulled out the whole, which soon removed the threatening symptoms, and allowed him to make a good roar for more judicious nursing than the ladies from town had bestowed upon him.

Both aunt and niece were quite distressed at the ill success of their scheme for the infant's comfort; the mother seeing that, asked them to put some soft bread together with small sugar into the rag, and they would soon see that no harm was done to the little boy. "It won't do for any of us," she moralized while this operation was going on, "it won't do to have all sweet sugar and no plain crumbs to give it substance. If we meet with long prosperity unmixed, we enjoy it so fast as to forget the rag of earthly disappointment that lies all around it, and soon we have that sticking in our throat; therefore God puts the good of life into labour and toil which keep the pleasure of it coming to us in measure, mixed with substance which gives strength; and so we get nourished up to man's estate, and have to tell of mercy and goodness in the bargain. Is it not so, Andrew, my Boy?" He seemed to give a smack of assent, as he received the new silencer, and soon he was as much and as contentedly engaged as ever.

(To be continued.)

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, ON THE SEA SHORE.

We remember, in Oct. 1823, a collier brig, carrying nine men, was driven on the rocks just off the Cromer light-house. The life boat was brought out in time, but it was an unwieldy boat, (it has since been changed for one more effective,) and could not be got off against the tremendous sea; the Sydestrand mortar was fired repeatedly, but the line fell short by about forty yards, and grievous was the disappointment to the sufferers. The vessel went to pieces, and seven of the crew sank irrecoverably; one man was happily washed within the reach of a party who had fastened themselves to a line on shore, and another was seen on a rising wave, but too far out for hope of saving him. Mr. Buxton, without waiting for a rope, dashed into the surf, caught the man, flung himself on him, and held him against the forcible drawback of the retiring billow, till others could get up to him, and he was dragged back, himself almost exhausted, with his rescued mariner, who was so far gone that he could with difficulty be disengaged from a piece of the wreck which he had clasped, as in a death grasp, till the nails had entered his hands. The sailor was, however, soon restored. The dead was one of extreme peril and daring; most on shore thought Mr. Buxton was gone, and he said afterwards, that, "he felt that the waves played with him as he would play with an orange." Those who remember his unusually tall, and then powerful frame, will feel the force of this image. He was very grateful to those who came up promptly to his aid in this affair, especially to a poor blacksmith, named Curtis; and some may remember the proof he gave, that his care extended to the souls as well as the bodies of men, when, after the supper at which he assembled those who were concerned in the awful scene, he read to them the parable of the barren fig-tree (Luke xiii.), and forcibly spoke to them all on the need of securing an interest in Christ their Judge and Saviour while time was granted them.

—Fisherman's Friendly Visitor

EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

Since there is a season when the youthful must conso to be young and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn *how to grow old gracefully* is perhaps one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to women. And it must be confessed that it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life, that education should lay up its resources.

However disregarded hitherto they may have been, they will be wanted now. When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world with increasing force.

Yet forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to mature life we ought to advert? Do we not educate them for a crowd and not for themselves? for show and not for use? for time and not for eternity?—Mrs. Moore.

JUDGE CHARLES MONDELET ON RELIGIOUS AND MORAL EDUCATION.

A lecture was delivered, on the 13th of February last, before the *Montreal Mercantile Library Association*, by Judge C. Mondelet, in which it was endeavoured to show how religious education may be given to children "without interfering with the particular dogmatical tenets which may and should subsequently be taught by Parents and Clergymen." The lecturer defines Education to be "the way to make man what he should be towards his Creator and towards his fellow-beings. He laments the fact that, up to a late period, a mechanical instead of an intellectual process was generally resorted to, as well as the firesides as within the walls of the school-room:—the minds of the young were "richly stored with words, but most sparingly subjected to moral influences." A good hope is expressed, that the times for this sort of training are passing away, and the importance of moral and religious education is recognised. Fully admitting that without religion no society can hold together, nor can there be happiness in this or the next world; and that consequently "there must be religious education," the lecturer proceeds to treat of the question how this can be effected in schools, consistently with the security and protection due to "the rights and privileges of all religious denominations." Relinquishing, therefore, the exclusive tuition of catechism in schools designed for the population at large, the lecturer fixes upon the study of Geography as one which is to become the medium for imparting religious education. The prominent features of that science having been made familiar to the scholars, they are to be invited to an imaginary voyage to Palestine, as to the part of the globe immediately connected with the sacred history of the Old and New Testaments. Introducing all the collateral information of interest to the scholars may present itself, such as the peculiarities of Gibraltar—the birth-place of Columbus, &c. the travellers arrive at Joppa. In the mean time already, the tutor has been careful to elevate his scholar above the position of a "mere listener." Very judiciously, the lecturer says: "You should pay the closest attention to his style of describing and giving an account of what he is taught. Precision, clearness, and energy are essential ingredients in narration. It is, we apprehend, to a neglect of such training, that are to be ascribed those uncertain, vague, unintelligible vocations, those undecided actions of so many intelligent persons, and that want of practical mode of viewing and solving a question. Our life is so short that we have quite enough to do in learning what is useful, without wandering about and seeking to become very profound in things which not only are useless, but lead us into habits of metaphysical speculation without any avowed object, keeping us perpetually in a world of uncertainties."

Proceeding across the Holy Land, and as far as the country which lies between the Tigris and Euphrates, the scholar will be made acquainted with the history of the creation, fall of our first parents, &c. through the history of the Old Testament, into that of the New, and to the close of its narrative part in the Acts of the Apostles, each lesson being "accompanied with such religious, moral, and statistical remarks as will naturally suggest themselves." By this process, it is anticipated, the children "will become impressed with an early, deep, and lasting reverence for God, and his infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. And, what is of great importance: when they come to read the Old and New Testaments, meeting with what they will have learnt and retained, because understood with their mind and seen with their eyes, they will continue to be, what they will already have become, true believers and religious beings."

The lecturer's hope is, that all children whatever origin, religion, or social condition they belong to, even to the child of the Jew, may be brought under this training, "there being nothing of a sectarian character in this course." It is considered as preparing the children "for the tuition of catechism and that special religious instruction which they will receive at the hands of their parents and

their respective Clergymen, and which must necessarily become more intelligible, at once believed in, easier to retain, and consequently more likely to make a lasting impression."

This lecture, which we find printed in full in the *Montreal Gazette*, is very interesting, especially coming from a member of the Church of Rome, who recognises the desirableness of a course which is to prepare youth for the reading of the Old and New Testaments. We must of course claim him for the free circulation of the Bible, among young and old, as soon as they are qualified to make intelligent use of the boon. We ourselves, no doubt, think it the preferable course to give the volume of God's revelation to man the prominent place; we should expect to find the Bible in the scholar's hands at the period when he has become acquainted with that outline of geographical knowledge which we should make subservient to scriptural instruction, whereas Judge Mondelet would bring in Scripture as if it were incidental to Geography. But we are thankful for the zeal and ability with which he has advocated the cause of religious education according to a course which seems to him to promise acquiescence on the part of parents of different creeds. We sincerely wish that his effort may be found to have directed attention to the means of training up our children to a consistent walk as followers of Jesus, and we are sure that no means will be found so effectual as the child's familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures as with the book which is able to make him wise unto salvation.

CAN YOU MAKE SACRIFICES?

About 500 years ago, Edward, then king of England, besieged Calais, where the inhabitants were shut up by land and by water, and put to such great straits that they wrote to Philip, their monarch, to say that they had eaten their horses, their dogs, and all the unclean animals they could find, and nothing remained but to eat each other.

Though things had come to such a pass, there was no relief offered them, so that Sir John of Vienne, the captain of Calais, went to the walls of the town, and there spoke to Sir Walter of Manny, telling him that, in the fulfilment of their duty, they had stood out until they were in extremity, but that they were then ready to give up the place, on condition of being permitted to depart in safety. This was refused, for the English king, being enraged by the mischief done by the people of Calais, and the expense to which he had been put by them, resolved to compel them to surrender, that he might put to death as many as he pleased, and ransom as many as he pleased.

At last, however, he so far relented as to say that, on condition of six of the principal burghesses of the town coming out bare-headed, bare-footed, bare-legged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands to be dealt with after his pleasure, the rest should find mercy.

These were hard conditions, for how was it to be expected that six rich citizens would offer up their lives for the rest? Nevertheless, six such were found. Eustace de St. Pierre was the first to come forward, declaring his trust in the Lord God, and his willingness to jeopardise his life. Jean d'Aire was the next, and he was followed by Jacques de Visant, and Peter his brother, and two others, and these notable burghesses, for the love they bore to their country and to the city wherein they dwelt, went out of the gates to the English party, bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, in their shirts, and with halters round their necks, to save the lives of the men, women, and children of Calais. The English earls and barons wept for pity at the sight of them, but the king ordered their heads to be struck off: Sir Walter of Manny sued for them, in God's name, but the king would not hear him, calling out for the hangman: at last, the queen herself knelt down to intercede for them, and then King Edward gave way and spared their lives.

I know not how this matter affects you, but for myself, I feel an unbounded sympathy and respect for these men. When a man talks about serving his country by plunging into battle, be he in the ranks, or at the head of an army, he has something beside the love of his country to animate his courage; he hopes to escape without injury, and then there is the glory and the prize money he desires to obtain; but these men, with the instruments of death ready round their necks, gave themselves up to their enemies to sacrifice their lives for the welfare of their fellow men.

Now I want this relation to be a means of calling up within you a willingness, yea a desire, to make sacrifices: I could blush for my own demerits in this respect. How long have I lived in the world, and how few, how very few, have been my sacrifices, compared with the abundant mercies of which I have partaken!—*Ephraim Holdings, in the Sunday School Teachers' Magazine.*

THE SEED SPRUNG UP.

"It is no use to try," said a young man to an aged gentleman, who was urging him still to endeavor to be useful in a Sunday school, "they are so careless and unconcerned, that I am quite sure that no good can be done." "Such an argument," replied the gentleman, "would at one time have satisfied me: now,

however, I can see its fallacy. It is forty years since I was first a Sunday school teacher, and the boys whom I taught, seemed so perversely deaf to all my words, that at length I considered myself justified in giving it up as a hopeless task. During the ensuing thirty years of my life, I continued uninterested in the cause of Sunday schools, until a circumstance occurred which led me to perceive my error, and to return to my duty. One evening as I was returning from church, I was accosted by a man, who smiled in my face, and holding out his hand to me, blushing inquires if my name was not Mr. P.—? I answered that it was so. "Do you remember," added he, "a boy by the name of Dempster, that attended your Sabbath school about thirty years ago?" "Dempster!" cried I, "I remember Tom Dempster very well; and a very wild and wicked boy was he!" "and that wild and wicked boy was I!" said the man, "though now, thanks be to God, I am a very different person from what I was then. It was your instructions, blessed by God's Spirit, that brought conviction of the truth home to my mind, long after I left your school." "My object has been since," said the gentleman, "to do my work, and pray for the Spirit to do his. Go and do thou likewise."—*Western Episcopalian.*

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