

YOUTH'S CORNER.

THE ECHO.

True faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?
Echo—The Gospel plan.
Must I my faith in Jesus constant show?
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Echo—Both friend and foe!
When men conspire to hate and treat me ill,
Must I return them good, and love them still?
Echo—Love them still.
If they my failings carelessly reveal,
Must I their faults as carefully conceal?
Echo—As carefully conceal.
But if my name and character they tear,
And malice but too plain appear;
And when I sorrow and affliction know,
They smile, and add unto my cup of woe,
Say echo, say!—in such peculiar case,
Must I continue still to love and bless?
Echo—Still love and bless.
Amen—write all my heart, then be it so,
And now to practice I'll directly go;
This faith be mine, and let who will reject,
My precious God me surely will protect.
Echo—Surely will protect.
Therefore on Him I'll cast my every care,
And, friends and foes, embrace them all in prayer.
Echo—Embrace them all in prayer.

Communicated: author unknown.

THE TULIPS.

Lucy was very fond of fine colours; she used to admire a bed of tulips in her father's garden, and declared very positively they were the most beautiful flowers that could be seen; for I am sorry to say Lucy was rather a giddy girl, and apt to run from one thing to another, without giving proper attention to any. After some time, the tulips went out of bloom, and Lucy did not think any more about them.

One day, in the month of October, she saw her father very busy at the place where the tulips grew; she ran up to him, and found he was planting some roots which looked like onions. Without asking any questions, she cried out, "Oh father, what are you going to do? why do you spoil the pretty tulip-bed and put a parcel of onions instead, only fit to make broth, or to be sent to market to sell? I am sure the tulips are much better."

Her father was going to explain what he was doing, but Lucy ran on so fast, and was so loud in her complaints, that she was very sure the tulip-bed would be spoiled, that her father thought he would let her find out the folly of her conceit. So he sent her away on an errand, and said nothing more to her at that time.

The winter came, and passed away, and spring returned at last; but poor Lucy had not forgotten the tulip-bed, and she determined not to go and look at the onions, for she was sure her father had spoiled the garden. He guessed the reason, but took no notice of it, till one day he led her to that part of the garden; and, to her great surprise, she saw the tulips all in full bloom. "O, father," she cried out, "how glad I am you took away the nasty onions."

Father.—I did not take them away; these flowers came from what you were so sure were onions.

Lucy went on just as foolishly as before, and contradicted her father, till he took one up and showed her the root. She then felt ashamed, begged his pardon, and promised to try not to be so foolish again, but to remember that he knew best.

I hope my little readers are not like Lucy. Are you "wise in your own conceit?" King Solomon said, (Prov. xxvi. 16.) "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." I have always found that conceited persons are the most ignorant, and that they are too idle and careless to learn, so they never become so wise as they might have been, unless they subdue this conceit.—"Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil." (Prov. iii. 7.)—*Child's Companion.*

TABLE TALK.

Concluded.

The household around the table had been amused during part of the monk's story, but at the close of it they were almost ready to cry for the ill-used old man; and yet there was a charm in the guest's way of telling his story, which kept them as it were nailed to the table, and no one liked to move, while such pleasant and profitable talk was to be heard. The farmer's wife seeing this, thought of doing an extra thing by cutting slices of cold ham to make the supper somewhat longer and excuse their sitting and listening. Now as she took a clean knife out of the table-drawer, she perceived that it had been blunted and notched; at which she turned her eyes sharply upon one of her children after another, asking who had been using the knife after this manner? The two boys looked frankly in her face, but the little girl coloured up, cast her eyes down, and tried to get away from the table. Then the monk took the word, and observed what a tender thing conscience is, before it has been seared with a hot iron, and how at times conscience betrays the offender, before even he is accused. "So it happened," he said, "to a thief who had robbed his parish priest and who was found out in this way: the priest held up a cabbage in the pulpit, and complained to his congregation that this was the only one he found remaining in the morning, out of the two beds full of the rare fruit he had planted in his garden." "I have," said he, "many a time punished sinners by the word of reproof only, without making them known publicly; but this time I

will even hit him before you all with this cabbage: while he said this, he flung his arm forward, and—sure enough while every body was looking who was to be hit, one fellow ducked as if he knew the cabbage was going to fly at him. But the priest did not throw the cabbage; he knew the thief now whom his evil conscience had betrayed, and who did not venture after this to deny the trespass."

"So also one dark evening a stranger had come to stay at an inn, and as he sat at a table by the door, the landlady, perceiving how the tallow-candle began to gutter, called out in a great hurry: 'You Tom—you Peter—the thief there—the thief!' In an instant the guest by the door was up and out of the room, and over the fence, running as fast as he could, while they in the room were all wondering at his strange behaviour. But when they examined the bundle he had left behind, they found a dark lantern, and a bunch of picklocks, so that they knew he had come to stay at the house, only that he might rob it in the night: when the woman cried out against the thief in the candle, he thought it was meant for him, and sought safety by flight."

While old and young at table sat with smiles on their faces at the detection of the rogues, the woman's fork dropped off the table, and she had to stoop to take it up again, while her oldest boy was sitting close by, but did not stir. "Ah, Conrad," said the monk, "if the young boy Jesus had sat by while his mother dropped something, he would have been very quick to stoop and pick it up before she could move: for we are told in the Gospel, that he was subject to his parents, though his mere questions and answers made the learned doctors among the Jews marvel at his understanding. If you mean to be the Saviour's lamb, you must know his voice and go after him, as he has set you an example how you are to follow his steps. It is a strange thing, if a child cannot hasten to save his mother some trouble, for whom she bore great pains and perils, whom she nourished at her breast, and on whom she had compassion when he was weak and helpless. Think of Jesus, what kind of a boy he must have been, who remembered his mother and made provision for her while bearing the torment of the cross:—and as you are growing strong and handy, try how you may turn your hand and strength to do some service that may soothe your mother's heart and lighten her burdens."

The monk's manner was now becoming grave and mournful; so the children cast their eyes down, and their mother told them to kiss his reverence's hands and go to bed. They did so, and as they left the room, the mother fetched a deep sigh and uttered her sorrowful complaint, "Oh what a load indeed upon a poor mother's heart is the care of her children!"

"Yes," said the monk again, "if she will carry it alone, and seek not a helper that will take the load off her. But there is one that says, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' (Psalm lv. 22.) When she finds it very hard to believe that her children will be guarded and cared for, she may find ease by watching over little things in her garden. A butterfly comes fluttering to my window and lays her eggs on the leaves of the little plant in my flower-pot. The egg hardens, where it is exposed to the wind, but remains soft where it fastens on to the leaf underneath. As soon as the little worm within has acquired strength to make him want green food, he eats a door out of the leaf, and then he crawls out below and finds his daily bread all round, spread for him, but he must get it by crawling. If the mother can believe it, her boy is cared for, all the time, but she must not suppose that he will for ever be packed away in a little box with a door of gingerbread to eat himself through: he wants stronger food, and must go to gather it."

Supper was by this time more than done, so the servants rose and made low reverences to the monk who bade them a very friendly good night and farewell, for he said he must set out early the following morning, before they could have rested themselves from their day's work. Then the farmer and his wife also retired, in order that their guest might have his night's rest, and they themselves be up as early as he; for they were not willing that he should leave without giving them his parting benediction. The monk found repose that night, and at the dawn of the following morning he set out towards Weissenburg, urging on his way to Nuremberg and thence to Saxony.—*Freely translated from the German.*

If the reader should be very desirous of knowing who this monk may have been, it certainly might have been one in whose Life John Mathesius gives us an account, how in October 1518, he was defending the truth, as he had learned it from God's holy Bible, before the Pope's legate in the city of Augsburg; and when the wily Roman began to show that he was thinking of other ways of dealing with the monk of Wittenberg than by discussion, the monk's friends got a good horse ready for him before day-break, and a man who knew the roads well, to be his guide; one of the honourable councillors ordered the city-gate to be opened for

him, and so he escaped beyond the reach of his adversaries by a fatiguing ride of forty miles that day. That monk was Dr. Martin Luther, the celebrated reformer.

VISIT TO MODERN BEREÄ,

BY THE REV. J. T. WALTERS OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, IN 1813.

May 25—It being unadvisable to visit the northern parts of Macedonia, on account of the dangerous state of the roads, I resolved to proceed in another direction, and visit some parts of Thessaly. An English resident at Salonica kindly proposed that I should accompany him as far as Berea, whether he was going on business. The Consul strongly advised me to avail myself of this opportunity.

We started this morning at 11 A.M., and proceeded through the gate of Yandar, which was the triumphal arch of Augustus, raised after the battle of Philippi. At a short distance from the town a very extensive and fruitful plain opened before us. The road on which we travelled was perhaps the same by which Paul and Silas were sent by night unto Berea.

Arrival at Berea.

May 27—We arrived at Berea yesterday, soon after mid-day. It is beautifully situated on a hill, surrounded by fruitful gardens and fields; and, issuing from the dark foliage of the trees, you are delighted with the voice of singing birds and the noise of small cataracts.

Visit to the Bishop.

May 28: *Lord's Day*—The Bishop of Berea this morning sent one of his Clergy to invite me to dine with him; an invitation which I gladly accepted, hoping to find an opportunity for useful conversation. I accordingly went, accompanied by the Gentleman with whom I travelled from Salonica. The old Bishop received us in a very friendly way; and the simplicity of his manners at once made a good impression upon me. Observing some large books on a shelf, I asked the Bishop whether the works of Chrysostom were among them; to which he replied, "They may be." From such an answer I was led to conclude that reading was not very much practised among the Clergy. The dinner was served by two young Deacons, by whom also grace was said before and after. The Bishop of—was among the guests. In order to lead the conversation to religious subjects, I said how much I was interested in seeing Berea, the scene of Apostolical labours, &c. "Yes," replied the Bishop, almost joking, "Paul was persecuted"—he used the expression "driven away"—"at Thessalonica, and then he came here." With this the subject dropped, for which I was sorry. Their minds were apparently only occupied with the dinner, and repeated invitations to partake of every dish, and not to despise the juice of the grape.

Excursion to Nausta—Education.

May 29:—While at Berea, I made an excursion to Nausta, a borough about two hours distant from Berea. This place is surrounded by the most charming natural scenery, reminding me strongly of Switzerland, and many parts of Western Asia which I have seen. As it is higher on the mountains, its climate is much more healthy than that of Berea; at which place the complexion of the people is rather pale, indicating the insalubrity of the air, produced by swamps and rice-fields in the vicinity; while the inhabitants of Nausta appear to be the very picture of health. In the time of the Greek Revolution the Greeks of Nausta distinguished themselves by their bravery in fighting against the Turks: they could not withstand, however, for any long time: a Pasha came and punished them severely. A great number were massacred on the spot, and the place where their corpses were thrown down the precipice was pointed out to me.

It was pleasing to me to find that the inhabitants of this retired spot in the mountains of Macedonia did not entirely neglect the education of their children, as is the case at so many other places. There is a Greek School, for the mutual instruction of about 120 children; who do not, however, regularly attend. The same Master gives instructions in Ancient Greek to a small number of his pupils. The complaint—heard almost in every Greek School that I have visited—here also came to my ears: "We are poor, and have not the means to support the School." This may partly be true; but much is to be ascribed also to the indifference and neglect of the parents, and not of them only, but also of the Clergy; who, themselves ignorant in the highest degree, do not so much as think of the necessity of establishing and supporting Schools. The School at Nausta owes its origin chiefly to the zeal of the brother of the American Consul at Athens. In the evening we returned to Berea.

Conversation with an Albanian.

May 30—I had an interesting conversation this morning with my host, an Albanian, on faith in a crucified Redeemer, as the only way of Salvation; on good works, as necessary evidences of our faith; on reading the Scriptures, &c. The mistress of the house showed me a little book; it was the New Testament in Ancient Greek. I read and

explained Acts xvii. 10, 11; and asked, at the end, "Where are now the Christians at Berea, who search the Scriptures daily, and receive the Word of God with all readiness of mind?" The man, feeling as it seemed, in some degree, the importance of my question, answered, "Oh, how shall we give an account to God?"

Comparing the ancient Christians of Berea with those at the present day, what a picture presents itself to our view! Alas! not a vestige has remained of the more noble than those at Thessalonica: Acts xvii. 11. Berea may perhaps contain from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants—Turks, Greeks, and Jews. The number of Jews is very small.

May 31—Having left Berea, we to-day reached Salonica.—*Church Miss. Record.*

STRICT HONESTY.

As two friends were one day talking of the state of the world around them, it was observed by the younger, that they had hardly ever known a strictly honest man. I am surprised at this, said the other, for I should have said, that in our own rank of life, I have hardly ever known one whom I should designate as dishonest. These persons were not so far apart in their general sentiments, as might have been expected from such opposite declarations; but they regarded the word dishonest in a different light. The one considered dishonesty to consist in doing that which the laws of the land would punish—the other had established a high standard in his own mind, and would have applied, perhaps uncharitably, the term dishonest to those who did not act up to this measure of honesty. But even without the establishing of a very high standard, the position is much nearer the truth than most of us should at first allow. Money transactions are more tangible criterions of right and wrong than any others, because the money-value enables the party aggrieved, to place before those who have injured him, much more definite evidence of the injury. And perhaps there is no class of duties which are so well understood, and so distinctly laid down and acknowledged as those pertaining to pounds, shillings, and pence. Observations when made on money matters will be more easily understood, than if the same reasoning were applied to other subject-matter. In looking, then, at our own money transactions, how few of us are, strictly speaking, honest; that is, how few of us would do that, when we are not likely to be seen, which we should do if our conduct were placed before the eyes of the world. How many persons would do that as members of a body corporate, which they would be utterly ashamed to do if they were acting alone. How many persons, where they are not known, would do that, about little things, which they would never have thought of doing in their own neighbourhood. People may call this "mean," rather than dishonest; and perhaps the word would be more appropriate, but the question before us, is not about names, but things. There is a certain credit attached to the making a good bargain, which is very seductive. Many a man who would be ashamed to do that to a poor man, which would in any way injure him, will still be very hard with a workman when he is entering into a contract with him, and will be severe in exacting what has been agreed on. In England, he who charged more for work, when done, than he would have agreed to do it for, if previously asked, would be considered an unfair workman. Many persons would be guilty of this, and perhaps as a general rule, we should advise a young housekeeper always to make an agreement before he entered on any work, in which he possessed no great experience; but still, a tradesman who charged that which he would not have charged if he had been previously asked the question, would be sure to meet with the reprobation of his neighbours, who would blame him, though they themselves might be guilty of the same species of fraud. In Holland, it used to be the custom to travel by boats on the canals in which the fare is fixed and small; but there are frequent carryings of luggage from one boat to another, which render this species of journey much more expensive than it would otherwise be. If a stranger accept of the offices of the first porter who presents himself, and make no bargain as to the conveyance of his goods, he will invariably be much imposed on, and should he be so unwise as to go to a magistrate, the only question which will be asked him is, Did you make any agreement? if not, you had better pay what is asked. What! more than double what any porter would have gladly done it for? Yes, sir! It is difficult to ascertain the value of such work; whereas, almost any porter would have named a fair price, had he been originally asked, and would have done his work with fidelity. The same man will be strictly scrupulous about the delivery of the goods, and will charge for their conveyance, three times as much as he would have undertaken to do it for, and will be esteemed honest.

The question which we should ask ourselves is this—are there not many of us who are guilty of the same inconsistency? I believe that if any man will review his own money transactions for a year, review what he has done, and what he has not done, about pounds, shillings, and pence, he will find his own conduct much nearer to some of these cases, than he supposes.—*The Right Rev. T. P. Short, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man.*

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