

YOUTH'S CORNER.

Thursday, 26th December, 1844.

DEAR BOB,

Well, our examination is over, and holidays have begun. You will want to know how I got on, and all the boys; and I am glad to tell you, things went off pretty well—there was no downright break down—the ladies and gentlemen were very pleasant, and the Principal says, our Form must get a bigger French Dictionary, because the old one does not give the use of the words enough for us to write our Exercises by: a new Latin book also we are to have; I do not know which, but I suppose it won't have the Vocabulary at the end, and then I must have a Latin Dictionary too. It will be bother enough, but it's the only way to become a scholar.

I will tell you how it was that the examination went on so pleasantly. It was all kept in St. Timothy's Hall, and we never set foot in the Hardscrabble Grammar School; and every thing remained in the hands of our Principal and his Assistants, and Mr. Irritatus Wrinkle never once showed his face. Oh, I like to be taught by the Principal and I wish Mr. Wrinkle were done away with altogether!

Now don't think, because you are two years older than myself, you must begin to lecture me for talking so freely about one of my masters; for I can tell you, the Principal himself has as great a dislike to Mr. Wrinkle and to Hardscrabble as any one of the boys: and to make the matter short, I will let you into the secret which we found out the other day; Mr. Wrinkle of Hardscrabble and the Principal of St. Timothy's Hall are in truth one and the same person. When we used to read the VACATION EXTRA last year, we thought they were two separate establishments, and those masters one to each: but they are all one, all one, and now I will try to make you understand it, just as Papa has explained it to us. I pricked up all my ears when I heard it, that you may be sure of; and therefore I think I can set it down for you quite gravely as it was given.

When the boys come in briskly and in good time, step up to the Master's desk and bid him good morning with a pleasant smile upon their faces, then sit down and arrange their books and school-materials in good order before them, wet their sponges, sharpen their pencils, then look over their lessons quietly until their names are called, and school begins;—when they have learned their lessons perfectly, say them in a lively manner, looking straight up to the Master, and paying as much attention when his eye is away as when it is fixed upon them;—when they employ themselves steadily at their desks, not whispering to one another, nor making scratches on the desks, dog's ears in the books, blots or mistakes in their writing; then, Papa says, the school is St. Timothy's Hall, and the Master moves as Principal in the serene and animating atmosphere of St. Timothy's Hall.

But there are some boys who, when they think it will not be observed, do not go to show themselves to the Master at all, when they come in the morning;—they shun his eye, because they have not done their duty—it may be they were pushing one another about, pulling each other's caps off, using bad language, in going from school or coming to it;—they have not studied their lessons, are thinking how they may play tricks to their school-fellows, and whether they may not break the rules of the school and not be found out;—they will quarrel on the playground, and when they are complained of, they will deny what they have been doing;—their clothes are untidy, their hands and faces not very clean, their desks in confusion, and when they are to say their lessons, they stand with their eyes down to the ground, and all the good scholars have to wait and lose time before these give an answer, and then the answer is mostly wrong:—now when the Master has to deal with such scholars, no wonder he is not quite himself sometimes; no wonder he turns into Mr. Irritatus Wrinkle, and every thing around him seems to be the veriest Grammar School of Hardscrabble.

Papa says there are some things out of school-hours too that turn St. Timothy's Hall into Hardscrabble, but the boys can't help those things: it's about darning-letters which he has to write, but I don't find any thing about them in my "Helps to Composition": so I suppose I need not trouble my head and yours about them: but Papa says when poor Master has to do that kind of work, he turns Mr. Irritatus Wrinkle all over.

As to the former particulars, you know, the boys could help all of them, and so far as I am concerned, I am determined I will try: I feel as happy as a lark to think of going again to St. Timothy's Hall as soon as the holidays are over, and I am sure I should not like home so well as I do, if I had not a school to go to, though it's true I like a bit of holidays too, once in a while.

This is now quite a long letter for me to write and for you to read; but I think you would like to know how we intend to go to work, that every day at school may become like examination-day: Masters and parents and school-fellows, all in smiles, and wide awake, and in good temper; I have got every one in my Form to promise that he will try and help me, and now I am going to enlist the others—I

think they will all join, every one of them. Now I have written enough. Farewell, Bob! I remain sincerely yours,

CASPAR EVERGREEN.

THE YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

The following instance of one who felt he was not too young to die for the Saviour, is taken from the Church History of the pious Joseph Milner.

"At Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, a child named Cyril showed uncommon fortitude. He called on the name of Jesus Christ continually; nor could threats or blows prevent him from openly avowing Christianity. Several children of the same age persecuted him; and his own father, with the applause of many persons for his zeal in the support of Paganism, drove him out of his house. The judge ordered him to be brought before him, and said: 'My child, I will pardon your faults—and your father shall receive you again. It is in your power to enjoy your father's estate, provided you are wise, and take care of your own interest.' 'I rejoice to bear your reproaches,' replied the child; 'God will receive me. I am not sorry that I am expelled out of our house; I shall have a better mansion. I fear not death, because it will introduce me into a better life.' Divine grace having enabled him to witness this good confession, he was ordered to be bound and led, as it were, to execution. The judge had given secret orders to bring him back again, hoping that the sight of the fire might overcome his resolution. Cyril remained inflexible. The humanity of the judge still induced him to continue his remonstrances. 'Your fire and sword,' says the young martyr, 'are insignificant.' I go to a better home—I go to more excellent riches. Despatch me presently, that I may enjoy them.' The spectators wept through compassion. 'Ye should rather rejoice,' says he, 'in conducting me to punishment. Ye know not what a city I am going to inhabit, nor what is my hope.' Thus he went to his death, and was the admiration of the whole city. Such an example illustrates well that Scripture—'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength.'

A spirit, such as this young martyr breathed, we would gladly see sought out and cherished by all the children of our Sabbath-schools. What can be more desirable than that they should be decidedly for Christ? Generally, their parents, instead of being offended, would greatly rejoice, and they would also secure a larger degree of earthly prosperity. Suppose it, however, to be the reverse; that even their parents should turn them out of their homes, and that they would have to go and be burnt up at the stake; all of these sufferings would have been of no moment in comparison with the heavenly joys to which they would be introduced. And what child would not rather burn an hour than burn for ever. Cyril, whose history we have just cited, was truly wise. Young as he was, he knew how to count the cost, and that time might not at all be weighed against eternity.

Children are struck with the bravery of great generals—of a Cæsar, a Buonaparte. In the young Cyril, they may nevertheless see a heroism casting all the fame of the great and mighty of the world in the shade. Death, amid the deepest disgrace in the estimation of mankind—death in the horrid form of consuming fire, could not intimidate or move the youthful Christian. Such children have no cause for fear. Either they will not feel what they are called to suffer, or they will be more than supported. As soon as released, all will be over. There can be no martyrdom, no pain, in heaven. All men would gladly be Christians in eternity. If the judge who condemned Cyril never repented, what would he not now give if he had only proved as brave? He who fears to sin, is alone truly brave.—*Christian Intell.*

OLD SUSAN.

"And even to your old age I am here: and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."—Is. xlvii. 4.

A few months ago we were led, in the good providence of God, to the cottage of an aged widow, in whose case this beautiful promise was strikingly verified. Yes, in old Susan, God had made his promise good, as you shall hear, if you will listen to my recollection of the few visits I was permitted to make to her.

No one who took any interest in the poor would pass that cottage; for the highly polished chairs and table, the clean, sanded floor, and the widely opened door, all invited the visitor; but still more that cheerful voice. "Come in, come in; you are kindly welcome." I wish I could give an idea of the happiness pictured on that countenance, the intelligence of those speaking eyes.

Old Susan sat on the side of the bed. From that spot she had not moved for fourteen long years, for she was completely crippled by the rheumatism. The only change she knew, was being helped to lie down at night, and to rise in the morning. "Patience had its perfect work." She was, I think, without exception, the happiest being I ever saw. Reader, do you ask, "Who will show us any good?" It is the language of mortals: Have you not learnt the secret? I cannot teach it you; The Spirit of God must whisper it, or you will never know it. There is a "peace

that passeth all understanding." "Come unto Jesus, and he will give you rest." Poverty, weakness, pain, these were the lot of the aged cripple; but she had riches which the world took no account of: her Saviour's strength was made perfect in her weakness; and a firm hope was being of soon being in a land where the inhabitants "shall no more say, I am sick." Oh! you who in the midst of health, and wealth, and ease, have never yet found the secret of happiness, enter this humble cottage, and see what God's grace and God's Spirit can do. Listen to the still small voice which whispers, "holiness is happiness." She was indeed a remarkable character, one that you went to learn of, not to teach.

She lived at the farthest end of our large parish; and before we arrived at her dwelling, we had to enter many an abode of ignorance, wretchedness, and guilt. We had to declare to those who had no fear of God before their eyes, that "the wages of sin is death." We had to bear with the awful ignorance of those who could not even tell us who it was that had come into the world to save sinners; not that they had never heard that blessed name, but to their polluted minds there was "no beauty that they should desire him." How gladly then did we turn into that cottage where there was one who, like David of old, could tell us "what God had done for her soul." More than once I have stood at the open door unobserved for a few moments, because I would not interrupt the humble, earnest prayer of the aged pilgrim. "Come in," she would say, on perceiving me, "I was speaking a word to my Master and Saviour. I was telling him of my pain and weakness, and asking patience. Ask, and you shall receive, he says; and I never doubt his word." She was very ready with texts of Scripture, beautifully suited to her particular wants and circumstances. I wondered at it, as she could not read; but she said, "if I can't read, I have heard it read; and I never forget it. I get the child to read sometimes, and when she is reading, I say, Mark that, Jesus suffered all that for us, more than ever we can suffer for him." Her manner of parting with us, when we prepared to leave her, was very striking. "God bless you," she would say, with a look of exceeding love, "God bless you, and give you heaven, give you heaven at last, that one day you may go up shouting, shouting." Was not that fervent "God bless you" worth the long walk and all that might have disheartened us by the way?

Old Susan's small pittance of two shillings a week, supplied her by the parish, (though it must have appeared a slender support to one who in former days had been used to possess plenty of this world's goods,) was received with gratitude to the friends who supplied it and with praise to Him whom she acknowledged as the great first cause of all. "I used to receive but eighteen pence," she said, "but a kind friend spoke for me, and I have had two shillings ever since. I and the child have enough," referring to the little girl, who waited on her and was her only companion. "I do my best for the poor child, for I have been a servant and a mistress both in my day, and I know what is required."

Dear old woman, how often have I seen her striving with her poor crippled hands to place the work for the little girl, and showing her the best way of managing her scanty wardrobe. We often admired her polished furniture and bright earthenware, reflected in the large old-fashioned looking glass. "Yes," she said, "I like to sit and look at it; they tell me to sell it, because I am so poor; and so I will if ever I really want, but I should not like to look at the bare walls." "Oh, no! keep your pretty things, you will not be suffered to want: 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.'" She never did want. One short week after that, they lifted old Susan into her bed, and she never moved from it, till a narrower one was prepared for her, and she was borne from her pretty cottage to our churchyard. Patient, tranquil, prepared,—who would not visit the cottages of the poor, to be privileged to witness such a scene! I began the beautiful hymn: "Jesus, lover of my soul." Line by line she whispered as I proceeded. It was one she had been long acquainted with. She pronounced my name, and grasped my hand affectionately. She could do no more, the hand of death was upon her. I had learnt my last lesson from those lips; that evening she "slept in Jesus."

On a bright spring day they laid her in the grave. Children and grandchildren gathered round. That poor worn-out body was sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power; that corruptible shall put on incorruption; that mortal shall put on immortality; she shall be a bright jewel in the crown of her Redeemer, shining as the stars for ever and ever.

We often pass old Susan's cottage; but the door is barred, the shutter is closed, and the geranium is carried away—the geranium whose beautiful scarlet blossoms she used to admire, telling us "that it was God's works, God's wonderful works;" the vine hangs its long untrained branches over the damp roof. She is gone, and we miss the pleasant rest, and the words of counsel; but who would bring her back to a world of suffering! Rather,

taking her God for our God, let us be followers of one who "through faith and patience has inherited the promises."—*Friendly Visitor.*

DOMESTIC TRAINING.

Permit me to say to those mothers who interest themselves in the education of their children, be assiduous early to implant domestic tastes in the minds of your daughters. Let your little girl sit by your side with her needle. Do not put her from you when you discharge those employments which are for the comfort of the family. Let her take part in them as far as her feeble hand is capable. Teach her that this will be her province when she becomes a woman. Inspire her with a desire to make all around her comfortable and happy. Instruct her in the rudiments of that science whose results are so beautiful. Teach her that, not selfish gratification, but the good of a household, the improvement of even the humblest dependant, is the business of her sex. When she questions you, repay her curiosity with clear and loving explanations. When you walk out to call on your friends, sometimes take her with you. Especially if you visit the aged, or go on errands of mercy to the sick and poor, let her be your companion. Allow her to sit by the side of the sufferer, and learn those nursing services which afford relief to him. Associate her with you. Make her your friend. Purify and perfect your own example for her sake. And while you mingle with domestic training and with the germ of benevolence, a knowledge of the world of books, to which it will be a sweet privilege to introduce her, should you be able to add not a single fashionable accomplishment, still be continually thankful in shielding her from the contagion of evil example.—*Patriarch.*

ZEAL FOR MISSIONS.

From a Journal kept by the Rev. J. J. Weibrecht, of the Church Missionary Society, during a tour for Missionary purposes through part of Germany.

I was last Sunday at Mergentheim, and dined with the Dukes, Paul and Adam, of Wurtemberg. The town contains only 400 protestants, so we expected but a small congregation, but the whole population came—the church was crammed full—one might have walked on the heads of the people, there must have been 1500, who listened for an hour and a half in breathless silence. The Dukes were present, and became subscribers to the Society. How these people rejoiced in getting some sound gospel food, who are all their life long turned off with the husks of popish superstition! You can imagine I do not lose these fine opportunities for speaking, as God may enable me, to the hearts and consciences of the hearers. Letters have reached Stuttgart, communicating the great and general impression which this visit in the Hohenloe country has produced. May the Lord Jesus water the seed I have been permitted to sow, with the dew of his divine grace! I could see and feel every where that the Lord was with me—I never witnessed any thing like it before. Many ministers and congregations have been stirred up. Six months, instead of fourteen days, might well have been spent, for there were numbers of places I could not touch. What a pity it cannot be done. The prayers of hundreds followed me in my labours, and to this chiefly I ascribe this wonderful movement. The Prince of Hohenloe Jaxberg, who heard me the week before, and who is a Roman Catholic, came to Mergentheim last Sunday to hear me again. He said, "I felt no rest at home, I was obliged to come and hear you once more." At Creglingen, an old peasant woman, who had followed me from Freudenbach, came to me and said, "Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you, my heart was warmed yesterday. I love the Saviour, and wish to love him more, will you pray for me? I have to suffer much ridicule and persecution in my village, for they neither know nor love Jesus. I had an only daughter—she died, and I am left alone; she spun and prepared a piece of flaxen cloth, but could only half finish it. It is worth 10 batzen (about 1s.) the ell, but I cannot sell it, because it is the last thing my dear child ever made. Pray accept a part of it, and have a shirt made of it. Wear it when you are among the heathen, and then think of me as you look at it, and pray that I may be faithful to the end, and that my latter end may be peace. I hope I shall meet you in heaven again." I was almost moved to tears. If any feeling is at present preponderating in my mind, it is this—that the more we are permitted to witness the work of God in sinners, the more should the instruments be abased and humbled in the dust. I trust I have learnt a lesson lately, which will remain deeply imprinted on my heart and memory all my life—it is this—to live nearer to God—to believe and realize his promises more in all my undertakings, and to ascribe all the glory more entirely to him!

NOTICE

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HENRY W. WELCH, Assignee, No. 38, St. Peter-St. Quebec, 13th Sept. 1844.

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THOMAS COWAN. Quebec, June 27, 1844.

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