

Poath's Corner.

THE BROKEN CRUTCH.

One hot day in the month of June, a poor sun-burnt sailor, with but one leg, was going along the road, when his crutch broke in halves, and he was forced to crawl on his hands and knees to the side of the road, and sat down to wait till some coach or cart came by, whose driver he could ask to take him up.

Soon after this, the tired sailor fell fast asleep upon the ground, and though a thick shower of rain came on, yet still he slept; for sailors, when on board their ships, have to bear all sorts of weather.

When the wind blows, the waves of the sea often dash over the decks of the vessel, and wet the poor men to the skin, while they are pulling the ropes and shifting the sails.

When the lame sailor awoke, he found a boy's coat and waistcoat laid on his head and shoulders to keep him from being wet; and the boy sat by, in his shirt, trying to mend the broken crutch, with two pieces of wood and some strong twine. "My good lad," said the sailor, "why did you pull off your own clothes to keep me from being wet?" "O," said he, "I do not mind the rain, but I thought the large drops that fell on your face would awake you, and you must be sadly tired to sleep on the ground. See! I have almost mended your crutch, which I found broken; and if you can lean on me, and cross yonder field to my uncle's farm-house, I am sure he will get you a new crutch. Pray do try to go there. I wish I was tall enough to carry you on my back."

The sailor looked at him with tears in his eyes, and said, "When I went to sea, five years ago, I left a boy behind me, and if I should now find him such a good fellow as you seem to be, I shall be as happy as the day is long, though I have lost my leg, and must go on crutches all the rest of my life."

"What was your son's name?" the boy asked. "Tom White," said the sailor, "and my name is John White."

When the boy heard these names, he jumped up, and threw his arms around the sailor's neck, and said, "My dear, dear father, I am Tom White, your own little boy."

How great was the sailor's joy, thus to meet his own child, and to find him so good to those that wanted help! Tom had been taken care of by his uncle while his father was at sea, and the sun-burnt lame sailor found a happy home in the farm-house of his brother; and though he had now a new crutch, he kept the old one as long as he lived, and showed it to all the strangers who came to the farm, as a proof of the kind heart of his dear son Tom.—Children's Friend.

NOT INVITED.

A few weeks since, a superb party was to be given in Bourbon street. The elite of the city was there, and many high dignitaries of the State honored the soiree with their presence. As may be supposed, there was a great fluttering among the fashionables, and a terrible demand existed for invitations. Divers young ladies were in great trepidation lest they should not be bidden, and said 'mamas' lost much of their matronly dignity in laying traps and anchors to windward, to ensure due attention to their children. I am not able to say how many were chosen out of the mass of butterflies, to make up the artificial summer of a fashionable saloon, with its gorgeous array of flowers and fruits! Nor do I know the number of aching heads and hearts which involuntarily testified, next morning, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit; though they would not own it either to themselves or others; but I do know of one beautiful creature, whose heart was and still is in a vexed, troubled, and humiliated state, because she was not invited!

How much she lost! Lost temper, self-respect, and charitable feelings. These are a great loss, but think you she missed these? Not at all. She missed only the glare of the ball-room—the crashing music—the noisy, chattering crowd—the dance—the flirtation and the supper. She was overlooked—she was not invited—she was not permitted to be at Mrs. —'s hall.

Let us see the other side of this picture. Sunday last was the occasion of administering the communion of the Lord's supper. A solemn time it was, (and this I say who am a sinner,) and one which pressed me to tears, even with my hardened heart.

The followers of Christ separated from the followers of the world, and with beating hearts and swelling bosoms, prepared in prayer and silence to partake of the body and blood of their departed Lord. It was, or should have been, to an impenitent sinner, an awful scene, only to be surpassed by the Judgment, when, in like manner, the goats shall be separated from the sheep.

This young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, blooming in health, and buoyant with gaiety, was at church. Again there was a rich entertainment—a noble company—a lordly host—a delicious banquet, and music which entered the soul; and still, she was not invited! She received no 'call'—she was neglected! Was she troubled, vexed, humiliated this time? Oh no! she arranged her veil, smiled sweetly, left the church, and was glad to get away! May God change her heart.—New Orleans Prot.

THE FIRST WRONG STEP.

Could the curtain be lifted that conceals the history of persons as the light of a future world will reveal it, of how many young men who have made wreck of character, conscience and soul, would the following confession be a true outline. This sketch is offered as a beacon voice to every young person, beware of the first step in sin. "Take care," said a

father to his son, "of the first step in sin." Good as the advice was, it was forgotten or neglected. The son, confident of his own strength of mind, felt indignant at the thought that he could be guilty of a dishonourable act. Years passed on, the venerable father had long been in the grave, and his son, at the age of fifty, reduced by disease to the last verge of life, made the following dying confession:

"Life draws to a close; my course has been miserable, and death finds me without a hope. A misspent life is about to be succeeded by a terrible reckoning. An affectionate father earnestly cautioned me, in the days of my self-confiding youth, to guard against the first step in sin. His advice was thoughtlessly rejected, and to this may all my after miseries be traced. While under my father's roof, and impressed by his example, I thought that I could never be induced to utter a falsehood; but when engaged in business, I was tempted to secure purchasers by exaggerating the quality of my goods, and this so weakened the moral sense, that I could soon, without compunction, habitually deceive purchasers by palming upon them inferior articles. This prepared the way for direct falsehood, and at this I learned never to hesitate, when I conceived it to be for my worldly profit. By constant practice, I soon lost all reverence for the sacred character of truth; and at length on more than one occasion, I perjured myself for gain, with no other counteracting feeling than that of the fear of detection. Between perjury and the first departure from strict truth there is a wide difference! and yet I can now see the descent was gradual and easy. The first step led to the last."

THE SECOND STEP.

"In regard to profaneness, I had been taught to regard it as disreputable and wrong. But mixing with men of the world, I soon imitated their example in confirming my word with strong asseverations. These are regarded as innocent by many, but they led to greater departures from the proprieties of speech. An occasional oath seemed to give force to a declaration, and God was appealed to on slight occasions. Soon all reverence for the divine name wore off, and in common conversation it was used in a profane and impious manner. Swearing became a habit, until at length my conversation was mixed with oaths, and my anger was expressed in the most terrible imprecations. Thus, also, between the first and the last there was a natural connection."

THE THIRD STEP.

"Could I ever commit a wilful fraud? The time was when I would have spurned the very thought. I felt strong in conscientious integrity. The artifices of business, however, to which I referred, not only involved a departure from truth, but led to the abandonment of common honesty. Praising goods beyond their value to tempt purchasers, was followed by more direct and positive frauds, and from frauds of a less kind, I was finally led to cheat my creditors out of a large amount, by a pretended and fraudulent insolvency. All the public disgrace consequent upon such a step was endured without a blush, and for the sake of present gain I was willing to throw away all the reputation I had."

THE FOURTH STEP.

"Often had I been cautioned against the insidious approaches of intemperance; and my father's maxim was, they only are positively safe who refrain from taking the first false step. This caution I soon learned to ridicule. It was well enough, I thought, for those who had no power of self-control, to avoid all contact with the exhilarating cup; but as for myself, I had too good an opinion of my own resolution to doubt my power of abstinence, whenever I pleased to exercise it. I felt no difficulty in enjoying myself in this way in moderation, and even should I, for the sake of good companionship, indulge in excess, now and then, I could prevent it from falling into a slavish habit. Thus I reasoned, and thus I blinded myself. I made the first false step; for some time I advanced, but still could perceive no danger. I began moderately, and only increased in quantity as I felt my system, from a little practice, abler to bear it. For several years I was sensible of no very serious evils resulting from the enjoyment, but at length I suffered the shame of a public exposure in a state of beastly intoxication. For a moment I repented, and determined to tax my resolution for an entire reform. It shall be so, I said; but it was not so. I felt chained like a galley-slave; my efforts to abstain only convinced me that I had placed myself under the power of a demon who could detain his prisoner. I was, in short, a hopeless drunkard; and each succeeding day only sunk me deeper into the depths of disgrace and ruin, from which I might have been saved by guarding the first step.

"Similar has been my career in other vices; the lustful thought has entailed licentious habits; anger in the heart has led to malice and revenge; and here, at length, lies the victim of those vices, worn out in body, broken down in reputation, lost in self-respect, shocked at the recollection of the past, affrighted in view of the future. Oh! how different might it have been, had I been careful to guard against the first step in sin!"—Teacher's Visitor.

VACATION-JOURNEY INTO THE MOON.

Mr. Quintus asked for one more piece of information; he had heard the Proprietors of the Seminary mentioned: what relation did they bear towards the body of Tutors? He was now informed that the ample building in which he found himself, was erected, a number of years ago, by a few private individuals for the purposes of education. These, as Proprietors, retained for themselves the power of deciding who was to have the use of the building. "They give it up to a body of men who possess the confidence of the community; and

it is in their power, at any time to revoke their grant, if they see fit. Over the management of the institution, they have reserved to themselves no authority; but they have a right to visit and inform themselves upon the use to which the building is turned. Consequently, they may ask for information on any point they please; to them every appointment of a new Tutor is referred for approval, even as they are requested to decide upon the removal of any whose services become undesirable. If we lose their confidence, they can turn us out; but if we deserve their confidence at all, we must know better than they, how the institution ought to be conducted. In point of fact, we have been sustained by the Proprietors against every attempt that has ever been made at complaints on the part of parents; and as long as we, the Tutors, are united, there is no power in the moon can prevent us from having the largest number of scholars under our tuition."

"Are there other seminaries besides this?" "Certainly; we should not wish it to be otherwise. They are a safety-valve by which the troublesome element of dissatisfaction on the part of parents who do not sympathize with us, makes its escape. Cases will arise in which we cannot bring the mind of a parent into conformity with ours: it is our great relief, then, that the son can receive education elsewhere. We live in habits of pleasant intercourse with the conductors of other seminaries, and look not upon them as rivals. Within convenient walking-distance from this building, the population furnishes between three and four hundred scholars, of whom we have one half. We think it a great benefit to the community and to ourselves, that we are not compelled to have the whole of them.

Study-time having expired, the scholars left the class-rooms; and while a number of them went to their homes, many enjoyed themselves on the play-ground. Several of the Observers remained among them or within sight. Mr. Quintus was glad to look on at their recreation, and one of the Observers was requested to afford him all the information he might find it convenient to ask for. When he had been for some time thus engaged, walking over the green in conversation with his new friend, a message was conveyed to him, proposing, if it were his wish, that he should join the Tutors at their Conference which had been opened. This call he met with ready acceptance. He was conducted into an apartment where the whole body of Regents was assembled, with the Censors and the venerable Chairman. Accounts were delivered by one after another, of occurrences which deserved special notice—wants which were felt—suggestions which presented themselves—progress which had been made—difficulties which retarded success. Some subjects were disposed of by conversation immediately; others were noted down with the view of becoming matter for future discussion. A tone of courtesy—of willing relinquishment of one's own opinion for the sake of harmony—of deference to longer experience on the one hand, and of yielding, on the other, to promising suggestions from the young and ardent—threw a charm round the assembly, which Mr. Quintus had not found his former intercourse with seniors and colleagues to possess. He had become deeply interested in the proceedings, when the subject of promotions began to engage the Conference. The Censor Morum laid before his Colleagues the movements which he intended to propose at the close of the Term. Upon registering these, one of the Regents found that the number of his scholars would increase to thirty, which was at once declared to require a division of that Class, and therefore the appointment of an additional Regent. The discovery was treated as a matter calling for much reflection, and which should engage their attention again at the next meeting of the Conference. The old Chairman spoke at some length upon the union of sentiment and action which had for a long time marked their meetings, and the melancholy consequences which would follow the admission of any disturbing influence. He entreated all of them to bear the measure upon their hearts against the time of their next Conference, so that they might then meet with a good prospect of making a wise and suitable choice.

While these proceedings went on, Mr. Quintus had in him a very strong desire that it might become his lot to labour in this Seminary. His heart was full and ready to flow over, while he heard the old gentleman talking; and when the address was ended, his mind was made up to entreat that they would consider whether their arrangements might not open for him a place of employment in their midst—no matter in what capacity—any charge that would keep him under the influence which he had found to run through the institution;—he started up and—knocked his head against the book-case which stood just before the arm-chair in which he had fallen asleep, and the blow awoke him fully out of his protracted nap—the whole of his flight into the moon and his discoveries there were only a dream, for he had never left his apartment. When he recollected the thoughts which had engaged him before he fell asleep, and the agreeable fancies which had since then been travelling through his brain, he determined within himself to try whether the dream which had given him so much pleasure when he thought himself in the moon, might not in some measure be reduced to reality while it was appointed to him to have his sojourn upon earth.

UNITY IN FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

In the whole community, not the head of a family can be found, who does not know, who will not acknowledge, that a unity, both in theory and in practice, between the father and mother of a family, is absolutely essential to the proper

government of the children; and that a difference in parental administration is fatal to the best interests of those who are its unfortunate subjects. Even in those unhappy cases, where an irreconcilable difference of opinion exists between the father and mother, in regard to the best modes or means of family government, if they have a vestige of good sense remaining, or any glimmering perception of propriety, they will keep that difference to themselves. When before their children, it will be one of the interdicted subjects of conversation, and they will earnestly endeavour that the practical administration of the one shall not counterwork that of the other. What deplorable consequences must result from an open collision between those to whom allegiance is jointly due! How can children ever learn to obey, when a command issued by one parent is countermanded by the other? What salutary efficacy can there ever be in discipline, when the half-corrected child is snatched from the hand that is administering punishment, and the offender is left to read his present justification, and his future impunity, in the rebuke which is given to the corrector? What self-denial will a child ever learn to practise, if a dainty forbidden to him by one parent, is openly or secretly given to him by the other? A state of anarchy is had enough, in which to rear up children; but two hostile sovereigns, alternately exercising their authority, granting exemption from each other's laws; and vainly striving to enforce their own, would ruin any kingdom, though its subjects were angels.—Com. Sch. Journal.

A NOVEL KIND OF SCHOOL-PRIZE.—The municipal council of Paris has decided on founding prizes of apprenticeship for the pupils of the communal schools. The scholar who shall have been selected by the choice of his fellow-pupils, and who may be qualified with regard to age and other conditions, will undergo an examination, after which he will, at the expense of the city, be bound apprentice to any trade he may select. At the end of three years, the usual term of apprenticeship, if this adopted child of the city shows himself, by his conduct, worthy of its esteem and confidence, he will be put into possession of a small sum of money, deposited for that purpose in the savings-bank during the three years of his servitude.

MACHINE FOR WEIGHING AND ASSORTING COIN.

Mr. Cotton, who is governor of the Bank of England, has invented this machine for the purpose of weighing sovereigns, and separating the light ones from those of standard weight. It is so delicate, that it detects with precision a variation of a twelve thousandth two hundred and fiftieth part of the weight of a sovereign. The coins are placed in a tube, or hopper, whence they are carried on to a small platform, which is suspended over a delicately poised beam, to the other end of which is appended the standard mint weight. On setting the machine at work, a sovereign is placed on the platform, and if its full weight, a small tongue advances and strikes it off into a till appointed to receive it; but if it is light, the platform sinks, and brings it within the reach of another tongue, at a lower level, which advances at right angles to the former tongue, and pushes the coin into another till. Other coins succeed in rapid rotation, so that the machine can weigh and sort 10,000 sovereigns in six hours, while an experienced teller can, at the utmost, only weigh between 3000 and 4000 coins by hand scales, in the same time; and even then, the optic nerve, by incessant straining, becomes fatigued, and errors occur.—Journal of Franklin Institute.

THE PETITIONS FROM THE ROMAN LEGATIONS TO THE POPE.—The address of the inhabitants of Bologna, which is to be presented to the Pope, is filled with signatures. According to accounts from Italy, although the signatures of working classes were not inserted, at Bologna alone 1,573 of the principal persons in the town signed their names, comprising 384 nobles; 242 lawyers, physicians, and engineers; 342 merchants; 324 heads of manufactories; and 261 others belonging to different classes of society. Similar addresses are preparing at Ferrara, Ravenna, and Forli. At this latter town the Mayor, of gonfaloniere, was the first to sign, and the example given by these towns will be followed in all the Legations. The principal point in view is to obtain the re-establishment of the provincial councils, with the rights conferred upon them by the pontifical government in September, 1831, and of which they were deprived two years afterwards. These rights were not of an exorbitant nature; they consisted principally in the right of laying before the Holy Father, without trespassing on his sovereign authority, the desires of the inhabitants of the provinces touching the administration which governed them. All accounts coincide in the hope that the just and peaceful demands of the inhabitants of the Legations will at length be listened to. It is universally believed that the new Pope is a man of good intentions, nay the German journals, generally speaking well informed upon what takes place at Rome, state that a general amnesty will be one of the first acts of his accession to power. It is however to be doubted if a few such manifestations will suffice to obtain the desired end. The wrongs of Italy are of ancient date, and it would be too sanguine to hope to see them vanish in a breath. A petition addressed to the government by 402 of the principal citizens of Piacenza, among whom were many ecclesiastics, who demanded, in most moderate terms, that education was not to be a monopoly in the hands of the Jesuits, proved of no avail; and on the other side some of the ultra-liberals have refused to sign the peaceful and moderate worded address which is to inform the Pontiff of the wishes of the Legations. These are dangerous shoals, and are to be attributed principally to ignorance of the political state of Europe, an ignorance which prevails in Italy owing to the rigorous veto of the governments on the introduction of books and newspapers,

and in general of anything tending to enlighten the public mind. To find a healing remedy for the ills of Italy is no light task. It is not by a sudden and bold stroke, or by desperate attempts, inevitably followed by a re-action doubly deplorable, that the remedy is to be obtained. Moderation and perseverance are requisite; time and patience are the only remedies. Some reforms in the administration are all that can be demanded at present, and this is only to be brought about by obtaining gradual concessions by legal means from the governments. The instruction of the people, and political education in every class of society, must precede other reforms, which time and circumstances can alone effect. It is not by the aid of another armed power that Italy can raise her drooping head; it is by her own efforts, and by a slow but gradual progress, which the sight of the liberty in Europe produces every where, that her regeneration must be effected, and the French government has done more for the triumph of liberal ideas in Italy, the maintenance of peace in Europe, than if she had sent an army across the Alps.

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