

Booth's Corner.

FREELY GIVE.

"A penny, if you please, brother Frank," said little Emily, coming into the parlour on Monday morning, and holding up the basket in which she was accustomed, every week, to put the money that her eldest sister collected for the Bible Society; "a penny, if you please, brother Frank."

"Yes," interrupted he; "but that was because my expenses were so much increased at my new school. You girls have no idea of the number of things I want, and how quickly my money goes. Three shillings I gave on Saturday for this beautiful penknife; three shillings, I assure you; but, then, I could not do without one; and see how neatly I am writing this Latin exercise, it mends my pen so well. The next thing I must buy is a silver pencil case, for I am continually obliged to borrow Edward Harding's, and I am resolved to have one of my own. That will cost twice as much as the penknife. I expect; so you may suppose I have no money to give away."

"But think of the poor heathen," pleaded Emily, with earnestness; "think how sadly they want the Bible, to teach them the way to heaven, and to turn them from worshipping their idols. Do spare them a penny, dear Frank."

"Now, don't tease me, there's a good little girl," said he, again bending over his book; "I am very busy this morning—you know the holidays will soon be at an end, and I have so much to do."

Emily felt that the case was hopeless, and sorrowfully turned away. Just then her sister Mary came in, ready for their usual walk; and as she immediately asked what caused the evident trouble of her companion, Frank's unexpected declaration was made known. While Emily was unbending her heart of its sorrows, he still went on writing his exercise, somewhat ashamed, as Mary could perceive, yet showing by his manner that he had quite made up his mind, and was prepared for all that she might say. Observing this, his sister did not attempt, by argument, to change his determination; but she went up to him, and laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, "I do not wish to dictate to you, dear Frank," said she, "concerning the manner in which any of your money should be spent. I would gladly continue to receive your free contribution; nevertheless, if, when you have duly considered what is the object and purpose of the Bible Society, you can feel satisfied to withdraw your aid, I shall have nothing more to urge. I make only one request, which is, that you will put by your writing, and go with us this fine morning to the village. Accompany us on our pleasant errand, and I am ready to promise that, when we return, you will wish your name to be erased from my list, I will not tease you by a single remonstrance from this day forth."

Frank thought this would be an easy way of freeing himself from all future importunities, and accordingly, having stipulated that Emily should also become a party in the agreement, he ran for his hat, and was ready in a few minutes. They set out together, Emily carrying the little basket, running on before, while Mary and Frank walked side by side, perhaps rather more gravely than was usual, for the kind sister felt grieved and anxious, and there was something in her brother's heart which told him he had done wrong. They called at several humble cottages, at some of which there were children subscribing a penny a week, to procure a Testament, or a father and mother who put a trifle every Monday toward the purchase of a Bible, printed in a clear, large type, which might serve them in old age. And there were many, even in those poor and lowly dwellings, who spared from the earnings of their labour a weekly contribution to assist in sending to distant lands those Scriptures which are able to make men wise, unto salvation; and Frank observed that the little offering was readily brought forward, with a cheerful smile, as though it were a privilege to give. His conscience reproached him, yet still his resolution was unaltered; and it was with much satisfaction that he heard Emily's whisper, "This is the list," as they entered a poor dwelling; the meanest and most comfortless they had seen. It consisted of one forlorn-looking room, furnished with three broken chairs, an old table, a few wooden shelves, and a bed, on which lay an old man, evidently suffering from severe illness, and fast sinking to the grave. His wife was seated beside a miserable fire, preparing matches for sale; and every thing wore such an aspect of poverty that Frank immediately concluded his sister had only called for the purpose of relieving their wants, especially as he saw, on looking round, that they already possessed a Bible, the poor man's best and truest friend; and he will only seek for religion here.

Great indeed was Frank's surprise, when, as Mary approached the bed, and in a few kind words expressed her regret on finding the old man so much worse, he saw him extend his trembling and withered hand, to grasp little Emily's little basket, and his feeble voice said, "An impatient exclamation, 'What a pity!' but Mary gently checked him, and addressing the poor man in the most simple and quiet way, she explained to him that the contribution was not asked, nor even desired, from persons circumstanced as he was, and urged him to

take back the money, which in his present state, needing so many comforts, he might be unable to spare. In vain, however, she offered to return the penny; the poor man seemed so much grieved by the proposal, that she thought it kinder to comply with his wish, although she pitied his sufferings as sincerely as her brother, and was not less ready to relieve them.

But Frank was of a different opinion, and when he saw the penny again added to Emily's store, his patience quite forsook him. "Indeed, sister," said he, hastily, "you ought not to take any thing from this poor man; he claims our help instead. It is wrong; it is cruel; do not, pray, be so unjust."

Mary did not answer; for the sick man gave her no time. He raised his head, and pointing to the Bible, "That book, young gentleman," said he, "has brought me from darkness to light; it has taught me the way to Christ, and the way to heaven. I was a guilty, hardened sinner; I hated all good things; I broke the Sabbath; I took God's name in vain; I feared neither death nor judgment; I was far on the road to hell. Two years ago I bought that Bible, not because I wanted it, or cared for it, but because this kind young lady came to ask me, and I knew not how to refuse. It was a blessed day for me, a day for which I hope to praise God through all eternity, when first I opened that precious book, and read the glad tidings of Salvation. Yes, it taught me that, sinner as I had been, there was mercy through my Saviour's blood, mercy even for me; and now I wish that all should have the Bible, that all should seek through that dear Saviour for the pardon of their sins. It is little I can do to show my gratitude for all the Bible has done for me; but as long as I live it will be my joy that I am permitted to help in sending the gospel to teach poor, guilty, and miserable souls how they may be forgiven."

For some minutes after this, there was a deep silence, and Frank turned away his face from Mary's eyes, feeling a sense of shame as he contrasted his own narrow selfishness with the humble, thankful spirit of the Christian, who gave from his scanty pittance what he denied from his abundance. It appeared, from the conversation which followed between Mary and these poor people, that the sick man, though infirm and ailing for some time previously, had only lately been confined to his bed; and Frank was glad to hear his sister say that his case should be attended to, and all possible relief afforded. Some further remarks ensued, which showed the sufferer's happy state of mind, and gave proof that God is "no respecter of persons," but often bestows the consolations of his grace upon those whom the world would scorn. They then left the cottage, the poor man blessing them as they departed, and praying that the Saviour would keep them beneath his care. Frank was much affected by all he had heard and seen in the poor man's dwelling, which seemed no longer cheerless, since God was surely there, and they had no sooner passed the gate than he himself begged of little Emily to take his penny, and of Mary to allow him the privilege of remaining a subscriber to the Bible Society.—Child's Companion.

HISTORY OF AN ACORN.

I dwell upon the lofty branch of an oak for a long while; but one day a sudden gust of wind bore me to the ground, from which situation I was taken up by a beautiful boy, returning from school to his companions. A shade of thought passed over his brow as he gazed at me, and his eye assumed so serious a look that his schoolmates paused in their sports to learn the result of his meditations; which were, that, lofty as was the tree from which I fell, it was once a simple acorn. His story not being believed by his wise friends, it was resolved that I should be planted, and thus prove the truth or falsity of what he said.

It was indeed a sad moment for me when the damp earth hid from my sight the bright world above, and for many days I gave myself up to despair, but finally I grew impatient of my restraint, and could no longer live under ground; so I timidly peeped through the earth, and inhaled the fresh air. My joy could not have been greater than that of the little boy, who, on visiting the spot where I was planted, found me quite above the ground. His assertion being proved, no more was thought about me, and I was left to myself.

Time hastened on. Summer and winter quickly succeeded each other, and every year found me increasing in size and beauty. And the boy—had he not changed too? He had been away from his native home, and had now returned with a manly step and haughty mien. Oh! how unlike the laughing boy who, twenty years before, bounded over the fields so light and free of heart! But notwithstanding the gay and dissipated world in which he dwelt, the thousand cares and pursuits of the associations of early days were not entirely obliterated from his mind. He wandered over the grounds, marking each change that had taken place, and he started in surprise when he saw me, and remembered me as the little shrub he had tended with so much care many years before. It was easy to imagine, from the expression of his countenance, what thoughts were passing through his mind. The wind, rain, sun and air had all conspired to make me what I then was, and I had daily increased in that which was good. He too had had advantages showered upon him; but had he improved them as he ought? I felt grateful that I was thus happily made the means of teaching him a lesson not soon to be forgotten.

Again I would pass over years of my monotonous existence, and introduce myself in all the pride and grandeur of the monarch of the forest; my massive trunk supported branches that towered far above any competitors around. Truly, I was fair to look upon, might I judge from the admiration and awe with which an aged man regarded me. There was little in him to remind me of the joyous boy or the haughty man of days gone by; yet there was seen the same thoughtful look that ever characterized him.

It was indeed pleasant for me to have the

laid form of that old man repose under my spreading branches, and to hear his words of wisdom imparted to light-hearted children around. But such happiness could not last long. He passed away from the earth, weighed down by his infirmities, while I was yet in my prime.

"Vain boaster!" said Time to me one day as I was congratulating myself on account of my beauty, strength, and long life, "be silent, nor pride thyself on the length of days; for surely thou shalt soon be like the aged one gone to his long home!"

I laughed his prophecy to scorn; but it was too true. My form is now bowed low to what it once was. My branches are bare and lifeless; a few scattered leaves alone remain, no longer able to lament, as it were, my doom. Light-hearted children shun me, for what is there in a withered tree to promote the happiness of the young! Yet would I teach them a lesson, as I mourn from day to day in my loneliness. I would tell them of the short race of man; of the fickleness of friendship; of the bright hopes and pride of youth dashed to the ground; of the folly, the madness of living without a thought of another state of existence. Yes, many a truth might I learn from me, would they but hear; but perceiving they turn their eyes away, and I must leave them to learn from experience, as I have done.—Knickerbocker.

THE SAILOR JEROME.

On the late melancholy occasion of the burning of the Ocean Monarch, a sailor of the name of Frederic Jerome became the means of saving fifteen lives, under circumstances which have attracted general notice, and called forth tokens of approbation from a variety of quarters. On his return to New York in the packet-ship New World, to the crew of which he belonged, a public meeting was held at the Mariners' Church, Roosevelt Street, for the purpose of presenting the Freedom of the City in a gold box, voted to him by the Corporation. The Mayor presided; the Rev. Henry Chast offered up a prayer; one of the Aldermen presented the gold box, and a brother of Capt. Wright, of the New World, gave a circumstantial account of the calamity which had given occasion to Jerome's heroic conduct, and of the valour in the cause of humanity shown by him and other sailors. The Rev. B. C. C. Parker, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Minister of the Mariners' Church, at Jerome's request, delivered an address of acknowledgment on his behalf; after which he closed the solemnity with the benediction.

The same Clergyman has furnished the following account of this fearless man, now a citizen of New York, though a native of the soil of England:

"He has worked along shore and sailed out of New York for the last seven years. He is not much over twenty-five years of age, of most indomitable courage, without being fool-hardy in its use, and of considerable personal strength. I yesterday conversed with five seamen who had sailed with him, and they say he is as worthy a young man as ever was on board a ship. He has boarded in Water street for some years, with a kind-hearted and worthy landlord, Mr. Richards; and, within a year or two, married a young woman in the domestic employment of Mrs. R.

"He has now one child, and his wife is spoken of as possessing a very good domestic character, and contributes to her own support all she is able, by washing or sewing, while her husband is at sea. He is poor, and has nothing to depend upon but his hard-earned wages as foremast hand when on the deep; and his wife now lives in a little room of a house in Roosevelt street. I shall be most happy to apply to her and her child's use any testimony of the approbation of his late act which our citizens may wish to convey to them. He was one of the crew of the ship Henry Clay when, two years ago, she was stranded on Barnegat, and with the second mate of that ship (who lately sailed from Boston as the mate of the Ocean Monarch, and was on board at the time of her burning) was in a boat with four other seamen, when an attempt was made to carry a line to the shore over the surf.

"The boat in which they made this hazardous experiment was swamped in the rollers, and four of the persons in her perished. I am told Frederic Jerome and the present mate of the Ocean Monarch saved their lives by swimming back to the ship. As no other persons in the ship could be induced to make a second attempt, Frederic Jerome and this person undertook it, and, on the second dangerous effort, succeeded; and, by means of this line, the whole of the lives of the passengers and crew on board of the Henry Clay were saved. It was their only connection with the beach, which was at a considerable distance. The mate of the Ocean Monarch, at the time of the said burning, six miles from Liverpool, knowing that this lion-hearted man was on board the ship New World, then lying to, near, coming out on her homeward voyage, and seeing no other human aid was to be had, and knowing of no other man of the like daring to whom he could apply, thought only of him—remembering his former adventure with him—to save the fifteen persons yet remaining on the bowsprit of the burning wreck. He therefore put off to the New World in a leaky boat, to beg him to go with him to the rescue. Jerome no sooner heard the request than he instantly stripped himself, and, whether for life or for death, let himself down from the chains and went to their rescue.

Fifteen souls are now rejoicing in life, who, without his aid, would be at the present hour in eternity. He got to the ship partly by swimming, climbed up some ropes to the bowsprit, to which the helpless, terrified women and children were clinging like burning martyrs at the stake, with the devouring element touching their very clothes, and with his own hands, tied a rope round their bodies, one by one, and let them down into the boat, which his friend, the mate, kept underneath to receive them. He was the last man that left the burning wreck. The congratulations and munificence of the Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale, the officers of the Brazi-

lian frigate which rescued them, who witnessed his heroic daring, and that of the Queen of Great Britain, each being £50 and the gold medal of the Humane Society, and the honourable notice of his conduct by the Mayor and Common Council of Liverpool, it is to be hoped, will not prevent some honourable notice being taken of his conduct by the citizens and the public authorities of the city, whose proud boast it is to have had within its precincts seven years, as a resident when on shore, a man who has proved himself an honour to humanity, and an example worthy of the imitation of his whole race."

NOT KNOWING CHRIST, ALL KNOWLEDGE ELSE IS VAIN.

I now speak to those, who are children of this world. You have perhaps looked out to discern the face of the sky, and the posture of affairs. No one, perhaps, will deny that you are men of science, and perhaps of great information; but yet suppose that, in conversing with you, it was to be found, that you did not know the day of your visitation; that you knew nothing of the spiritual or moral considerations, or signs of the times; that you had made no provision to meet God or eternity; I know not a more deplorable sight on earth than you exhibit! I know not a more affecting sight, than a man of sense and science, a man looked up to, a man who not only admires himself, but is universally admired; and yet is a fool, an idiot, in the sight of God! for he has not at all concerned himself about the "one thing needful"—that better part that shall never be taken from him!—Cecil.

ADVENTURES WITH ALLIGATORS.

Having encamped one evening, when travelling in the interior, at a place called Omisato, where alligators abound, the Indians, in cleaning the game, left the entrails of the animals on the sand beach. The scent of them attracted an unusual number of alligators to the spot. The moon shone brightly, and they were seen moving under water by the waves occasioned on the surface. The people having retired to rest, I was reading under my tent in the canoe, and was soon convinced that these voracious creatures were assembled in great numbers, from beneath the water. Presently one came up close to my canoe, drawing his breath, which in the stillness of the night sounded terrible. I started on my couch, and wishing to get a peep at the creature, drew aside the little curtain, but he had sunk; a few minutes after, I felt the canoe moving; thinking that one of the alligators had got into it, I grasped a cutlass which was near me, and, seeing my curtain move, I was just about to give a violent blow, when the thought flashed across my mind, perhaps it is one of the people; I therefore asked, "Who is there?" "John," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I see," said he, "that there are, 'fisher' animals!" that is, many alligators around you, and I am come to take care of you." Most thankful was I for not having struck the blow; and after recovering myself a little, I tried to persuade the Indian to go and lie down in his hammock, which he had hung high under some trees; but he positively refused. He sat down on a bench before the tent, with a spear between his legs, and there he remained till break of day. After the excitement was over, I fell sound asleep, and when I awoke found the Indian still sitting there.

Alligators abound in the Upper Essequibo, and more especially in the creeks. I have seen as many as ten at one time, basking themselves in the sun, and swimming on the water like logs of wood. They are afraid of men, and quite harmless, provided they are left unmolested; but when bereaved of their young, they are very ferocious. Eric, who accompanied me, told me that there he lost one of his people. The Indians, in order to see the fish more distinctly in the dark waters of the creeks, are accustomed to climb on the trees which line their banks, from which they shoot them when passing by. One of his people, when drawing the bow, slipped off the branch and fell into the water, when an alligator bit off his leg. He bled to death in a few minutes. At another place higher up the river, Eric called my attention to an amusing incident which occurred to one of his people. Falling off the tree in the manner just described, he fell upon an alligator's back. The Indian so soon perceived what had happened, and felt that the creature was moving under him, that he placed himself in a riding position, and clasped his hands round the alligator's body. He was now dragged through the water across the creek, where the creature climbed up through the bush, by which the Indian's back was much lacerated; he returned to the creek, and dragging him through, tried to climb upon the opposite bank. This being rather steep, he was slow in effecting it, and the Indian observing this to be a favourable moment to make his escape, threw himself backward, and swimming across, saved his life. It may be easily conceived that both the rider and his horse were equally glad of getting rid of one of the other.—The Rev. J. H. Berman's Missionary Labours in British Guiana.

PEOPLE DETERMINED TO BE HOAXED.

From the London Morning Chronicle. Why, indeed, should people believe any fact whatever, in contemporaneous British history, that rests merely on British authentication, when New York gets all the best bits first? It is truly astonishing how little we know, over here, of what is going on within twenty-four hours' journey of our own metropolis, compared with the minute and precise accounts they get of all States, in England, the House of Lords have thought, for example, that on the night of the 24th ult., some of New York's bravest generals, who had fought in the Mexican war, were in the very act of giving all the aid in their power to Smith O'Brien, at the head of a victorious insurgent army? But for Mr. Mooney, this interesting addition to the history of the British Empire, would have been hopelessly lost to the world. Again, how few of us have ever heard that "all persons arriving in Dublin from the disturbed counties are arrested and sworn to secrecy," in order to prevent the terrible truth about the rebellion from coming out. The Transatlantic patriots have, in short, just now, the monopoly of Cis-atlantic intelligence; and "no other is genuine" than what comes from the patentees' own shop.

Another favourable peculiarity in the traffic is, the unbounded good nature of the purchasers. Never, in this world, were people easier to please, than the folks who rush to pay down real dollars and cents for phantom battles of Slievenamore. Actually, there is no occasion for the inventors even to be at the trouble of vouching that their "intelligence" is true. At all the more recent Meetings, subscribers are not indistinctly given to understand that there may be some mistake about "details"; yet they subscribe, and cheer, just the same. For "something of the kind" has happened, or must have happened, or might have hap-

pened, or ought to have happened, or may happen; and in the mean while (we quote the words of the Chairman at one of the latest gatherings), "the prevalence of such reports is encouraging." Are we wrong in saying, that this is a branch of business which will last? Could there possibly be finer picks for patriots than the pockets of people who literally make a merit of preferring pleasant "reports" to unpleasant facts—who love a lie scarcely less for knowing that it is a lie—and who cannot exist without having their hoax to subscribe to?

FRANCE.

Gleanings from the European Times of Sept. 30.

Louis Napoleon in the National Assembly.—The events of the French revolution flow on in rapid and interesting succession. Another crisis has been got over without an appeal to arms in the streets of Paris. The elections are now terminated; and it will be seen that besides the return of Louis Napoleon, Achille Fould, and Raspail, for Paris, Count Molé has been elected for the Gironde, and has taken his seat in the National Assembly. The Government candidates have been all unsuccessful. The Prince left London very quietly and almost unattended, and so careful was he to avoid any public excitement, that, after his arrival in Paris, he remained two or three days in privacy, changing his residence to avoid notice.

On the 23th he took his seat in the National Assembly. His entrance caused some emotion in the Chamber, but the formalities having been proceeded with, the Prince was declared, without opposition, a representative of the department of the Yonne. His certificates of birth and nationality were dispensed with. The Prince then ascended the tribune, and in a brief written speech, which we give entire elsewhere, declared his adhesion to the Republic; to the defence of the order and consolidation of which he declared that no man is more devoted than himself. Upon the question of Raspail's admission into the Assembly, an opposition was made by the Attorney-General, who demanded permission to keep him prisoner at Vincennes, as he had been arrested on a flagrant délit in his attack on the National Assembly. His admission to the Chamber was voted; but the Assembly afterwards, amidst great confusion, accorded permission to prosecute him for having excited civil war against the Republic. As there must be a fresh election for Paris, we should not be surprised if M. Buloz is proposed for the next vacancy. In fact, General Cavaignac finding his position between the Moderate and the Red Republicans wholly untenable, has found himself compelled to make a declaration from the tribune, couched in vague terms nevertheless, intimating that he had bested the fit of reconciliation and concord to both parties, and that the Government only required that the men who sincerely affected its support should afford the Republic a local support. He declared that the Government was armed with ample powers to repress all insurrectionary attempts, and that it was desirable that the country should know whether it had or had not pursued the course pointed out by the Assembly. The Assembly, accordingly, passed almost unanimously a vote of confidence, only twenty members of the Mountain rising in their places against it. This vote caused an improvement in the funds, but matters remain, in point of fact, precisely as they were before, with almost as much danger of an outbreak.

The new member's first address, read from the Tribune.—Citizen Representatives.—It is not permitted to me to guard silence after the calamities of which I have been the object.

I require to express here frankly, and on the first day when I am permitted to sit amongst you, the true sentiments which animate me—which have always animated me.

After thirty-three years of proscription and exile, I at last recover my country and all my rights as a citizen.

The Republic has given me this happiness; let the Republic receive my oath of gratitude—my oath of gratitude; and may my generous countrymen who have brought me into this Assembly be certain that I shall endeavour to justify their votes in labelling with you for the maintenance of tranquillity—that first necessity of the country; and for the development of the democratic institutions which the people has the right to demand.

Long have I been prevented from devoting to France only the meditations of exile and captivity; at present the career, in which you are all advancing, is open to me. Receive me, my dear colleagues, into your ranks with the same sentiment of affectionate confidence that I bring with me here. My conduct, always inspired by duty, always animated by respect for the law, my conduct will prove, with respect to the persons who have endeavoured to blacken my character in order to again proscriber me, that no one here more than myself is resolved to devote himself to the defence and freedom of the Republic.

The Constitution.—One chamber decided upon.—On the 27th the debate on the question of one or two chambers was resumed. An amendment having been presented proposing two chambers.

M. Lamartine ascended the tribune, and delivered a speech of great length in favour of a single chamber. He went over all the advantages commonly attributed to a system of one chamber. It might, he said, be admitted that the Government might exist as under the monarchy, in a state of equilibrium between different powers, but he contended that, if a senate were created, such a body would absorb all the eminent men in the sciences, arts, letters, and politics of whom the lower assembly would thus be deprived. How, he asked, in times of danger such as the present, could an insurrection be suddenly suppressed if two chambers were to be consulted? He contended that no analogy existed either between France and England, or between France and the United States. In England the House of Lords represented the interests and traditions of an aristocracy; no such interests and no such traditions could be represented here. In the United States the Senate represented the federal principle; no such principle was to exist in France. He contended that a second chamber would be the nursery of an aristocracy, and insisted on this point until he elicited some noisy demonstrations of applause from the ultra-democratic party. In fine, he contended that, with two chambers, the dictatorship would become almost a normal condition. As must not (he said) be always paying for chimeras; nor allow ourselves to be always led away by phantoms; there are various dangers in a dictatorship; do not forget, on the one hand, Montcalm, and on the other, Bonaparte.

M. Odillon Barrot followed, in a speech advocating the establishment of two chambers. M. Dupin supported the arguments of Lamartine. Upon a division, which ensued after some further discussion, there appeared:

For two chambers..... 289
Against..... 530
Majority for a single chamber..... 242

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