

Youth's Corner.

ALL HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.

I was travelling near the sources of the Monongahela river, and in passing over a rough country, at every short distance, met many little streams which I could step over, but all of them were going the same way. At last I asked one where was he going?

"Why," replied the little rill, "I am going to New Orleans. I hear the people there want a great canal, a thousand miles long and fifteen hundred feet wide, and I am going to help make it."

"And pray, what can you do? I can step over you."

"I don't know what I can do; but I shall be there."

And so saying it hurried on. I came to another, and asked the same question, and received the same answer. All were hurrying on, to make the grand canal, in which the steamships of the West, with their heavy burdens, were to be transported.

At the heads of the Alleghany, the Scioto and the Mississippi, I found thousands more of little streams, hurried on by the same impulses, and which, while I yet spoke to them, passed out of sight. None knew what he could do, but all were determined to do something.

I passed on, till I came to the mighty Mississippi, and there I found the canal was made! The noble steamships rode proudly on its surface, and as its waters diminished, they were again replenished to the brim, by every mountain-spring and every stream.

Thus do the little rills make the stream, the stream the river, till the united waters of the whole pour on their way, rejoicing, to the glorious ocean. So is one man to the multitude, and the multitude to the grand tide of human life. Each little mortal, weak and weary tho' he be, can do something in making up the mighty stream of human events, as it rolls on to the ocean of eternity.—*Western Episcopalian.*

GOD, THE WIDOW'S GOD.

It was the twilight of a November evening. In chill weariness, a widow drew her chair to the fire in a room which served as "parlour, kitchen, and hall;" and as she rested her weary frame for a few moments, her eye fell upon her little fatherless children, who, in subdued playfulness, were building their castles and bridges of blocks by the light of the flickering blaze of the fire. It was near the day appointed for thanksgiving—the first after her widowhood. She had felt an irrepressible desire that her little ones might miss no comfort that day, which the tenderness of their father had ever led him, even in poverty, to supply.

As she looked upon her children, her thoughts went back, unconsciously, to the past—to the days of early marriage—of comparative affluence and ease—when, her husband's worth and standing acknowledged by all, they looked forward to much earthly good for themselves and rising family. Then came failure in mercantile business—decline—poverty. Of the causes which led to this, the deep devoted love of woman led her lip, and her heart alike to be silent. Lower and lower in the valley had they gone down; and upon his death, to exertions by the needle she had added more laborious tasks, that she might keep her little ones together, and bring them up in that "nurture and admonition," and in those principles, which now were the only portion she could bestow.

She knew too well the value of His blessing who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, not to desire it as the first portion for herself and her offspring. Next to this she desired for them a good education. By self-denial in other things, and the kind consideration of the teachers in the seminary and academy, she had been able to give her two oldest, advantages equal to other children of their age. And they met her wishes. They were good children. The youngest had an almost incurable inflammation of the eyes, which cost her mother many a solicitude. It was this little sufferer the children were seeking to amuse with their mimic buildings.

This day the widow had been washing. That delicate frame, so unused in early life to menial employments, shrank not from hardship when her heavenly Father hedged up other ways of maintenance. Lower and lower as she had descended in the valley of humiliation, no murmur arose in her heart, so she could preserve her Christian integrity, and eat the bread of honest independence however coarse; so she could obey the injunction, "owe no man anything, but to love one another," she was thankful and happy.

As she sat, the widow turned over and over in her mind the earnings of the week, and her debts to others. There was her week's rent to be met, and her wood, which was an indispensable comfort, yet to be purchased with other minor things; and her earnings would but satisfy for the payment of these. She felt the disappointment of not gratifying her children, but never had she suffered her rent to pass one week unpaid—nor could she now. "It would be tempting Providence," said she to herself, "and if I should sicken, or again have to take my poor, half-blind, child to the doctor, could I answer it? No—I must deny myself and trust God's providence. He will provide." In her heart's agony she sighed aloud, while she repeated, "God will provide."

The sigh, the words, caught the ears of

the children. They left their play and ran to their mother. "Why do you cry, mother," said they on seeing her eyes wet with tears, "and what do you mean by saying, God will provide?" Taking the youngest upon her lap, and throwing an arm around each of the others, she told them the story of Abraham's trial of faith. She dwelt upon the faithfulness of God to his believing children, until she had lost sight of her own immediate trials, and her heart was filled with love and trust.

She was interrupted. There was a knock at the door. "Mr. Fanning has sent you these chickens, and these things for thanksgiving. Good night." The basket contained every needed supply.

"My children," said the widow with an overflowing heart, "see in this the faithfulness of our Father in heaven. Let us kneel, and thank him for his mercies. I had not wherewith to buy you a dinner. Truly, He will provide." And she knelt, and poured out her heart in love and gratitude to her faithful, covenant-keeping God.

And did she forget to crave blessings upon him, who, under God, had relieved her wants? What light and joy had that almoner of heavenly bounty kindled in that lone dwelling! Happy the man who has the blessing of the widow, and the widow's God!—*Ep. Rec.*

NATURAL AFFECTION

LEADING TO A CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE.

It happened that a gentleman had an unusual abundance of fine grapes in his hot-house, and his gardener boasted, far and near, that such grapes were not to be had in the country. This information soon reached the ears of a numerous gang of gypsies who had encamped on the skirt of the common hard by.

The gypsies had boiled their evening pot suspended from three sticks; they had supped, played on the fiddle, and retired to rest, some under the tent, some stretched at full length under an old oak tree, and some lay round the cart by the side of their donkey.

The old mother eipsy was very ill; indeed it was thought she was at the point of death, but that did not restrain the rest of the gang from following out their reckless pursuits and light-hearted mirth. For some time the old woman could eat nothing that the gang could bring her; at last she cried out for grapes.

At dead of night, when the stars were visible in the sky, and all was silent around, a stout young man gently stole away from the encampment, passed down the dark lane, and tearing a stake from the hedge, proceeded on his way to the gentleman's garden. The wall was high, but he soon clambered over it; in another minute or two he had found his way to the glass-door of the hot-house.

No sooner had the young gipsy placed his stake under the door, and wrenched it open, than a wire fastened to it set a large bell at the top of the hot-house ringing; turning round hastily to make his escape, he was confronted by two men who, at that moment, from different directions, arrived at the spot. Accustomed to danger, he lost not his self-possession, but resolutely attacked them, when a blow from one of them dashed him back against the glass-door; in a moment, however, he again grappled with his opponents, and all three struggled for their lives.

The ringing bell, and the gonging glass, soon brought half a dozen servants to the scene of contention, when the light of a lantern discovered to them three men throttling each other on the ground. The servants dragged them asunder, and led them away one by one, to different places of security for the night; but what was the surprise of the culprits in the morning to find, when placed together, their hands tied behind them, that they all belonged to the same gang. The old father gipsy had resolved, cost what it would, to get a few bunches of the best grapes in the country for his dying wife; and his two sons, unknown to him and to each other, had also formed the same resolution for the sake of their dying mother.

It was a daring enterprise, and one that under common circumstances would have been visited with great severity; but so pleased was the gentleman with the attachment of the gypsies to their aged and dying relative, that, after inquiring into the truth of their statement, and giving them suitable reproof, in which he pointed out how much better it would have been to have made known to him the object they had in view, than to break the laws of God and man, he pardoned their crime in admiration of their affection, sending them away laden with the best grapes his hot-house would afford.

NOVELS.

The immoral tendency of Bulwer's novels is justly maintained. His heroes are generally great criminals, violating all the laws of God and man, and yet exhibiting in their conduct so much generosity and magnanimity, that they inevitably enlist the sympathies of the unsuspecting reader. His earliest work, called Falkland, is the history of an adulterer, the most noble and kind of his race, who was led by the force of circumstances, to violate the sacred rites of hospitality, and ruin the wife of his friend. Paul Clifford, the hero of another of his novels, is the commander of a band of robbers in Berkshire. He is, convicted safely through

his career of villany, and escapes "unwhipped of justice." In Devereux, an amiable gentleman murders his brother's wife, and afterwards becomes an interesting religious enthusiast in Italy. Eugene Aram was a veritable culprit, whose history is here embellished with the choicest ornaments of wit and fancy, and the very gallows is ennobled by the martyrdom of a high-minded, large-souled, intellectual hero. "The Disowned," professing the noblest creed, boasting of the purest philanthropy, becomes the murderer of his benefactor.

Bulwer seems to delight in portraying the unsocial passions of men, and dragging out to view every thing dark, unlovely, and misanthropic in the human soul. If his object is to make these vices odious, why does he exalt what is diabolical, and elevate what is mean, by surrounding his robbers and murderers with a halo of glory? Why not leave the burglar to rot in his grave? Why attempt to rescue a real hero of the Newgate calendar from merited ignominy? If he wishes to benefit the world, why does he hold true virtue so much in the back ground, and make mere selfishness, flattery, and intrigue, the chief means of success in life? "Bulwer's novels," says an eminent critic, "show us virtue caricatured, vice seductively garnished, generous qualities degraded by paltry motives, petty objects magnified, vulgarities glossed by passion, and manners tinged with affectation. Whatever is veritable, honest, useful, and truly noble, finds little place in this fictitious world."

We do not pretend that Bulwer vindicates the crimes he so graphically depicted in express terms; yet the whole complexion of the plot is such as to leave the impression upon the reader's mind that a man may commit such enormities, and yet deserve our love and admiration. This covert method of teaching immorality is worse than open and avowed profligacy.—*Biblical Repository.*

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN INDIA.

In 1837, during the suppression of a rebellion in Goomsur, one of the northern Circars in the Madras presidency, it was first ascertained that one of the hill tribes of Orissa practise the rite of human sacrifice throughout a great extent of territory, in the Madras and Bengal presidencies, and in the state of Nagpore. The rite was, in that year, described in many of the public Journals. Many intended victims were liberated by our troops, as appeared in the thanks of the Court of Directors to some of the liberating officers published in General Orders.

From 1837 to 1841, nothing more was heard of the subject by the public. In May of the latter year, Lord Auckland printed a Report by Captain McPherson on the Khand, one of the Orissa hill tribes or races in the Madras and Bengal presidencies, which practised the sacrifices. This Report was communicated by Government to the Asiatic Society, and to the press, and was sold by the Government printer. Soon afterwards an epitome of the contents of this deeply-interesting Report was inserted, with appropriate remarks by Dr. Duff of the Scottish Mission, in the *Calcutta Christian Observer*. From Captain McPherson's official statement it appeared, that the rite of human sacrifices was practised throughout a region, imperfectly explored, about 200 miles in length, and from fifty to a hundred miles in breadth, composed of forests, swamps, and mountain fastnesses, interspersed with open and productive valleys, and from its climate, habitable by strangers only for a very few months of the year.

Captain McPherson conceived that, from the physical character of the country, force could not be hopefully or effectually employed for the abolition of the inhuman rite; but that the systematic and energetic application of moral influence might avail to that object.

All that the public has since learnt, and from accidental newspaper notices, is this, that in the beginning of 1842 Captain McPherson penetrated the hill country, with a view to the adoption of measures for the suppression of the sacrifice amongst the Khand, but that he was compelled within a month to retire, almost every individual of his party having been attacked and prostrated by fever; and that, in the beginning of 1843, Capt. M. had again visited the Khand country, and succeeded in liberating nearly two hundred intended victims; that, in the beginning of 1844, Capt. M. had accomplished the suppression of the rite of sacrifice, by the use of moral means alone, in a large division of the Khand country, having again rescued between one and two hundred victims more; and that it had also been discovered that female infanticide was practised to a very great extent by those hill tribes, and that it had also been partially abolished.

Such is the sum-total of information possessed by the public on this painfully interesting subject. Capt. McPherson has evidently acquired an experience of peculiarities, social and religious, of these wild tribes, as well as a commanding influence over them, to which no other can have any pretensions. It is generally understood that, were he only endowed by the Supreme Government with sufficient authority, he might still more largely

succeed in effecting the abolition of a rite which is a disgrace to humanity, and a blot on any civilized Government that could even passively tolerate it.

The following Description of one of these sacrifices, taken from the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, is gathered from materials furnished by Capt. McPherson.

All arrangements connected with the ceremony of human sacrifices are conducted by the Patriarch in concert with the priest. The Divine will is in every case declared by the latter, as it is communicated to him in visions, and he may demand a victim at any time, even when no visible signs of the Divine displeasure appear. From the festivals of sacrifice no one is excluded; and at them all feuds are forgotten. They are generally attended by a large concourse of people of both sexes. They continue for three days, which are passed in the indulgence of every form of gross and indescribable excess.

The first day and night are spent exclusively in drinking, feasting, and obscene riot. Upon the second morning, the victim, which has fasted from the preceding evening, is carefully washed, dressed in a new garment, and led forth from the village in solemn procession with music and dancing to the Meria-grove. This consists of a clump of deep and shadowy forest trees, and usually stands at a short distance from the hamlet, by a rivulet, which is called the Meria stream. It is kept sacred from the axe, and is studiously avoided by the Khand as haunted ground. In its centre an upright stake is fixed, at the foot of which the victim is seated, and bound back to it by a priest. He is then anointed with oil, ghee and turmeric, and adorned with flowers; and a species of reverence, which is not easy to distinguish from adoration, is paid to him throughout the day. There is now infinite contention to obtain the slightest relic of his person, a particle of the turmeric paste with which he is smeared, or a drop of his spittle being esteemed, especially by the women, of supreme virtue. In some districts small rude images of beasts and birds in clay are made in great numbers and stuck on poles, of the origin or meaning of which there is no satisfactory explanation. On the third morning the victim is refreshed with a little milk and palm sago, while the licentious feast, which has scarcely been intermitted during the night, is vociferously renewed. The acceptable place for the intended sacrifice has been discovered, during the previous night, by persons sent out for this purpose. The ground is probed in the dark with long sticks; and the first deep chink that is pierced is considered the spot indicated by the earth-god. As the victim must not suffer bound, nor, on the other hand, exhibit any show of resistance, the bones of his arms, and, if necessary, those of his legs, are now broken in several places. The priest, assisted by the Abbaya, and by one or two of the elders of the village, then takes the branch of a green tree which is eld a distance of several feet down the centre. They insert the Meria within the rift, fitting it, in some districts, to his chest, in others to his throat; cords are next twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close. All preparations being now concluded, about noon, the priest gives the signal by slightly wounding the victim with his axe. Instantly the promiscuous crowd, that erewhile had issued forth with stanning shouts and pealing music, rush with maddening fury upon the sacrifice, wildly exclaiming, "We bought you with a price, and no sin rests on us," they tear his flesh in pieces from the bones! And thus the horrid rite is consummated. Each man then bears away his bloody shreds to his fields, and from thence returns straight home. For three days after the sacrifice the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this period a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when all tongues are loosened."

TAKE CARE OF THAT TONGUE.

1. It is your tongue. You have not the care of your neighbours' tongues. They may need care; but it is with yours only that I am now concerned, and about which I am anxious deeply to interest you.

2. It is you only that can take care of it. If your neighbours could have done it, they very likely would have done it long ere this with a vengeance. They have thought about your tongue, and used their own about it, beyond question, and would be well pleased with dominion over it. But they cannot have it. You are the only ruler.

3. It needs care. Whose tongue does not? "The tongue is an unruly member." Not a Greek or a Roman tongue only. Not a Jewish or a Gentile tongue merely. The tongue. Here is universality of application, and the appellation is "unruly." This net is large enough to catch all the birds. Your tongue therefore needs care.

4. It will repay care. If you have taken some care of it already, then you know what fruit there is of care. If you have not taken care of it, then verily there is a noble field of enterprise before you. An uncared-for tongue has played some antics that have not added much to the glory of the owner. And such a tongue has formed some habits of motion, the knowledge of the strength of

which, will be one of the ways in which you will be repaid for attempting now to rule over it. More safety for the character of your neighbours will be more fruit of said care. And more fruit still will be, the ascertaining which of all the following Scripture descriptions best describes your tongue, or whether it takes them all to complete the picture. "A scourge—flatterer—sharp sword—devouring fire; deceitful, mischievous, lying, false, froward, perverse, naughty, boasting, not tamed."

It is a pity that more people would not go forth to gather those ample harvests which can be theirs from a care of the tongue. Numbers would not have to glean here and there scanty grains. They might bring home full sheaves of triumphs. Where is the son or daughter of Adam that might not be a reaper? Who that has a tongue might not properly be invited to carry a sickle? Truly the field is the world.—*Pascal.*

UNION.—We should live together as if we had but one mind, one heart, and as it were, one soul; what thou believest, I believe; what thou hopest, I hope; therefore we love each other, and dwell together in unity, like brethren. When hearts are united together by one faith, as by a girdle, there certainly can be no war.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH is this,—the belief that one cannot be justified and saved by works, but through a Mediator, and grace freely bestowed; also that man has no dependance on himself or his works. (Gal. i. 4.) hanging on Christ's merits alone. The Judaizing creed, is, by works and self-doings, to attain the grace of God, to atone for sin, and be saved. By this, Christ must be excluded as not needed, or at least not of any very great need. Rom. x. 3.—*LUTHER.*

What is your CHIEF OBJECT, the object of your warmest desires and that for which you are ready to part with all besides; is it the world? Alas it is vain! Make it not your portion, it will deceive and disappoint you; even now it does not afford you satisfaction, but think of the solemnities of a dying hour, think of that awful period when you shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ. What then will profit you? What but Christ?—then every soul will be ready to say with the martyr, "none but Christ, none but Christ."

Why do you not say so now? Why should not that now be the language of your heart, not waiting till the horrors of death and the dread of judgment shall extract it!

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