

YOUTH'S CORNER.

FAITHFULNESS AND SAGACITY OF A DOG.

During my frequent visits at Mr. E.'s house, I observed a dog, which was blind and helpless, worn down with age and disease, and apparently labouring for life lying on a soft and clean couch near the fire. One day I ventured to remark that I thought it would be doing the animal a kindness to put an end to his sufferings by terminating his existence. I had unwittingly touched a tender cord—and when I saw the effect it produced on the mind of good Mr. E.—I was sorry I had made the remark. The tears stood in his eyes, while he exclaimed, "That shall never be while I live! I should feel myself to be the most unworthy of men to allow a hair on his body to be injured. He saved me from death, and I will protect him while I live."

I then inquired into the particulars of the case, when he explained them to me as follows:—

"My house," said he, "stood remote from our church, and in going to it we had to cross a large moor, or common. It was winter, and there was considerable snow on the ground, when I was called to attend a meeting of our churches' session. As the day was fine, and the horses were engaged, I started off on foot, the dog accompanying me. The business to be attended to was important, and required more time to get through with it than I had anticipated. The day wore away, and it was evening before we were ready to break up the meeting. It had commenced snowing a little before we parted; but as it was moonlight, I apprehended no danger, and started for home. I had proceeded but a short distance however, when a sudden and furious storm overtook me; and while crossing the moor, the wind blew so violently and the snow descended so rapidly and closely, that I was obliged to turn my back to it. The road, which was little more than a track, had entirely disappeared; and so greatly was I bewildered that I soon lost all idea how to direct my course towards home. When the storm would allow me, I wandered sometimes in one direction and then in another, knowing not which, or if any of them were right. At length, overcome of cold and fatigue, I fell down, and was unable to rise. As long as I was sensible of my perilous situation, I felt the dog scratching the snow from my face, pulling at the collar of my coat, and crying as dogs generally do when in great trouble.

"My wife and family were at home, anxious for my safety—hoping I had not ventured out in the storm—and thinking, from my long absence, that I had determined to stay all night at our minister's house. Often, however, did my wife open the door and look out, saying to the boys, 'If father has attempted to come home to-night, he must perish.' They frequently offered to go out in search of me; but she was afraid that if they ventured out in the storm, she might lose us all. As they were thus passing the time in anxious and gloomy suspense, the dog came to the door, howling and scratching as if he would come through it. 'Father's come!' cried mother, and in a moment James had opened the door, when the dog ran into the house, flew at Peter, (the oldest son and a man grown,) and bit his thigh—then giving a howl, ran out again before the door could be shut. As they did not understand the dog, they began to fear that he was rabid, and felt alarmed for the effects of the bite—but their alarm was increased by my non-appearance. Mother's fears were now excited to a higher pitch than before; she thought she understood the meaning of the dog's strange and uncommon conduct; but just as the truth burst upon her mind, the dog was again at the door, howling louder and scratching fiercer than before. James opened the door in an instant, when the dog sprang in again and flew at Peter and bit him, and immediately ran to the door. 'Follow him, boys!' cried mother, 'follow him; your father is in sore distress, if not perishing!'

"The storm had somewhat abated, and the moon shone through, at intervals, between the passing clouds, when the boys started. The dog ran before them, and howled as he ran. He would sometimes stop and look back, and bark as if angry at their slow progress—now he would come close up to them and cry, and then start forward again in great haste, as if to hurry them on. When he had conducted them near to where I lay, he left them, and when they came up they found him scratching the snow from off me with all his might, and crying most piteously. After some delay they succeeded in getting me out of the snow—but I showed no signs of life. They lifted me on their shoulders and carried me home for dead. I was laid on a bed before a large fire, and every means they could devise were employed to restore me to animation; and, by the help of God, they were at last crowned with success. How then could I cease to love such a faithful and affectionate creature?" and the tears flowed down his face as he added, "I will be between him and all that would hurt him, and take pleasure in attending to his wants and comfort while he lives, which, poor fellow, I am sorry it is so, cannot be long."—*Correspondent of New York Christian Intelligencer.*

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

INIGO JONES was the son of a cloth-worker in London, and was born in the year 1572. His father, being in humble circumstances, had his son apprenticed to the useful but laborious trade of a joiner. But the young man, soon discovering a great taste for drawing and landscape painting, and finding a munificent friend in the Earl of Pembroke, was by him sent abroad with a handsome allowance to support himself, while he indulged his natural inclination, and perfected himself in the profession of a painter. At Rome he had an excellent opportunity of gratifying and at the same time improving his taste by observing the works of art which abound in that capital, and which still serve as models for the painter and the sculptor; but here he resolved to give up the profession which had first engaged his attention, and to devote himself to the study of architecture. The magnificent churches and palaces of Rome made him ambitious of producing some building which would remain as a memorial to the taste and design of its architect, and he soon found patrons who gave employment to his genius. Christian IV. first invited him to Denmark, and appointed him his architect. At Copenhagen, he met James I. of England, by whom he was taken home as the Royal architect; afterwards obtaining the office of Surveyor-general of the works. On the death of Prince Henry, Jones returned to Italy to perfect his taste. It must be mentioned as much to his credit, that finding his office in debt when he came into it, he gave up the fees, and prevailed upon some of the other officers to do the same, until all arrears were cleared off; a piece of conscientiousness not often practised. He continued in favour during the reign of Charles I., by whom he was employed in erecting many public buildings; but the misfortunes of his royal master affected the interests of Jones, and caused him grief and losses which probably shortened his term of years, though he had attained the advanced age of seventy-nine when he died at Somerset House on the 21st July, 1651.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, the most eminent of English architects, was born in 1632, and was the son of Christopher Wren, dean of Windsor. He became a student of Wadham College, Oxford, obtained the degree of A. B. in 1653, and was chosen fellow of All Souls' College. Four years afterwards he was made professor of astronomy at Gresham College, London, which he resigned in 1660 for a professorship in the same science at his own University. A few years afterwards, he went over to France, to examine the finest public buildings there, and upon his return to England he drew a noble plan for rebuilding the city of London, which had just been desolated by the great fire. This he presented to Parliament, and, on the decease of Sir John Denham in 1668, he obtained his office of Surveyor-General of the King's works, and had under his control the erection of a vast number of public edifices, many of which still remain and do great credit to his taste and architectural skill. Among the most celebrated of these may be mentioned St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Stephen's Walbrook, St. Mary-le-bow, the Monument, and the theatre at Oxford, Chelsea College, and one of the wings of Greenwich Hospital. Sir C. Wren was twice elected to Parliament, and held the honourable post of President of the Royal Society, some account of which was given in the BEREAN of April 23d. Besides his talents as an architect, this great man distinguished himself by many curious and useful inventions and discoveries. He contrived an instrument for measuring the quantity of rain that falls on any space of land during the year; and did much to render astronomical observations more easy and accurate, while he wrote several works on scientific subjects which were published, after his death, by his son. He died in 1723, and was interred in the vaults under his own Cathedral of St. Paul's.—G.S.

WILLIAM HOGARTH, a celebrated painter, was born in London in the year 1697, and his father bound him apprentice to a man who engraved on plate. This business practised him in the use of his fingers, and sharpened the correctness of his eye, but it did not at all satisfy him, and his genius manifested itself at an early time of his life on an occasion from which one would be glad if it had been far off. He was present at a fight in a public-house, when one man struck the other so that his face, besmeared with blood and distorted with passion, had a ludicrous appearance, which Hogarth instantly drew with his pencil, adding the likenesses of several other persons engaged in the fight, which were found very correct. The expression of the countenances was lit with uncommon success, and in this particular branch Hogarth was soon found to excel. He represented the working of tempers and passions on the human face with the utmost truth, and more especially those which produced effects of the laughable kind. As a portrait-painter, he gave dissatisfaction in several cases, because he never flattered, and the parties did not like to see themselves look as he represented them. A certain nobleman had his portrait taken by him, but refused to pay, saying it was not a good likeness. Hogarth signified to him that if such was His Lordship's opinion, he would paint a

tail and other additions to the work, and transfer it for exhibition to Mr. Hare, who kept a number of wild beasts for show. The nobleman then sent the money, took away the portrait, and burnt it. On another occasion, however, he introduced the likeness of Sir Isaac Shard into one of his laughable pictures, which exposed that gentleman to ridicule. Sir Isaac's son came to look at the picture, and inquired of the servant, did not that figure represent some particular character. The person admitted that it was quite like Sir Isaac Shard. Upon this, the young man drew his sword and cut the painting to pieces. Hogarth himself was called into the room, and manifested great wrath; but the young man told him he had used the art of a painter in a most unwarrantable manner, and he might seek what remedy he pleased for the destruction of the painting. Hogarth thought it safest to be quiet. Some of Hogarth's works are the history of a person in a series of prints—for instance the history of an unfortunate girl who came from the country to London, fell into vice and died, after a wretched life. If his genius had represented that which deters men from evil, rather than that which makes them laugh, it would have been employed to more advantage. He published a book entitled "The Analysis of Beauty," in the composition of which he had the assistance of several learned men. Towards the close of his life (in 1757) he was appointed painter to the King; and he died in 1764, aged sixty-seven.

H.S.L.

THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA, WILLIAM III.

Once, when the king was entering a considerable town, the Superintendent of the place thought proper to greet him with an eulogistic address. Frederick interrupted him, turning indignantly to the adjutant, Colonel Witzleben, "This is not to be endured—the man is speaking plain untruths." Then taking out the paper upon which the names of those invited to the afternoon entertainment stood, with his own hand he scored the name of the Superintendent out.

A young man possessing good talents, and much fluency, and furnished with high testimonials, had been proposed as preacher to the division of guards. He was permitted to preach his trial sermon in the presence of the king in the court and garrison church at Potsdam. He here discoursed eloquently upon Christian heroism, but making use of unmeasured encomiums upon the conduct of the king and the Prussian army, the former, who at other times sat there listening with undivided attention to all he heard, lost his equanimity, and rising, looked round the church. As his eye rested on me, in his displeasure, he added, "The preacher has certainly not studied the holy scriptures, at least he has not learnt their spirit, or he would have known well that the inspired writings never flatter men; but, on the contrary, humble them. A preacher who makes my troops feel their sufficiency, and puts them asleep when he ought to arouse them, I will not endure."

In 1809, when the king with his family returned to Berlin, according to his former practice, he attended the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the church at Potsdam with the congregation. The moving and elevating spectacle of a sovereign and his people uniting on such consecrated ground, affected every heart so much that I thought some allusion to the circumstance was necessary. But trifling as the allusion was it displeased him. "I thank you for your sermon," he said afterwards; "it was an excellent one, and it edified me. But it is painful to me when, in the preaching of the divine word, any mention is made of my name, especially in the way of praise." I answered that his feelings on this subject were known to me, and that I honoured such sentiments; but that in present circumstances the people would have been disappointed in their just expectations, had I passed over in utter silence the subject which warms all hearts. I added, "If, however, on that account, I have displeased you, yet may the good intentions which I had excuse me?" The memorable words of the king in answer to me were, "Your good intentions I have by no means mistaken, but I believe there is no king in a Church in the eyes of God, no distinctions, no merit. The more earnestly, and freely, and without respect of persons, a man preaches God's word, the more will I esteem him. The public worship of God and the participation in it, is meant to improve man, and on that account real truth and disagreeable truth must be spoken as well to master as to servant."—*Foreign Quarterly.*

PROFITING BY UNFAVOURABLE SEASONS.

It has pleased God to give us rain, without which this part of our country at least must soon have become a desert. The meadows have been parched to a January brown, and we have foddered our cattle for some time as in winter. The goodness and power of God are never (I believe) so universally acknowledged as at the end of a long drought. Man is naturally a self-sufficient animal, and in all concerns that seem to lie within the sphere of his own ability, thinks little or not at all of the need he always has of protection and furtherance from above. But he is sensible that the clouds will not assemble at his bidding, and that, though the clouds assemble, they will not fall in

showers because he commands them. When therefore at last the blessing descends, you shall hear even in the streets the most irreligious and thoughtless with one voice exclaim—"Thank God!"—confessing themselves indebted to his favour, and willing at least as far as words go, to give him the glory. I can hardly doubt therefore that the earth is sometimes parched, and the crops endangered, in order that the multitude may not want a memento to whom they owe them, nor absolutely forget the power on which all depend for all things.—W. Conper.

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