

South's Corner.

THE SHORT CANDLE.

As I sat in my chamber, I saw a little girl working by the light of a candle. It was burnt down almost to the socket. I perceived that she plied her needle very fast, and at length I overheard her saying to herself, "I must be very industrious; for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone."

What a moral there is, thought I, in the words of this child! Surely I may learn wisdom from it. Life is but a short candle. It is almost gone, and I have no other. How earnestly engaged should I then be in every duty of life. While I have the light of life, how careful should I be to perform every thing enjoined by my heavenly Master.

1. I ought to be in haste to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing that when this light is extinguished, there is no other allowed to mortals for preparation.

2. I ought to be all alive to the immortal interests of my fellow-creatures; working while it is called to-day; striving to bring sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ; for my brief candle is soon to go out; and there can be no conversion of sinners in another world.

3. I ought to be unceasingly active in every act of benevolence, making as many happy as I can; relieving the miserable, and doing good to all within my reach; for this light is soon to be put out; and in the other world the miserable and suffering will be beyond my reach.

4. I ought to use every talent for the glory of God and the kingdom of Christ; working the works of Him that sent me while it is day, because the night cometh in which no man can work.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."—Eccles. ix. 10.—Children's Friend.

PEELER, THE DOG OF THE POLICE.—During the recent investigation relative to the manner in which the policeman Daly came by his death at Kingstown, a little active and inquisitive dog of the Labrador breed, was seen from time to time during each day running in and out of the room as if he took a personal interest in the inquiry. The dog was admired, and a gentleman in the police establishment was asked to whom it belonged. "Oh (said he) don't you know him? we thought every one knew Peeler, the dog of the police." The gentleman then proceeded to give the interrogator the history of this singular dog. It appeared from the story that, a few years ago, poor little Peeler tempted the canine appetite of a Mount St. Bernard or Newfoundland dog, and was in peril of being swallowed up by him for a luncheon, when a policeman interposed, and with a blow of his baton levelled the assailant, and rescued the assailed. From that time, "Peeler" has united his fortunes with those of the police; wherever they go, he follows; whether pacing with measured tread the tedious "beat," or engaged in the energetic duty of arresting a disturber of the public peace. He is a self-constituted general superintendent of the police, visiting station after station, and after he has made his observations in one district, wending his way to the next. He is frequently seen to enter a third class carriage at the Kingstown Railway, get out at Black Rock, visit the police station there, continue his tour of inspection to Booterstown, reach there in time for the train as before, and go on to Dublin to take a peep at the "metropolitans;" and having satisfied himself that "all is right," return by an early evening train to Kingstown. He sometimes takes a dislike to an individual, and shuns him as anxiously as he wags his tail at the approach and frisks about the feet of another for whom he has a regard. There is one man in the force for whom he has this antipathy; and a day or two ago, seeing him in "the train," he left the carriage and waited for the next, preferring a delay of an hour to such company; and when the bell rang, with the eagerness with which the protracted joy is sought, he ran to his accustomed seat in "the third class." His partiality for the police is extraordinary—wherever he sees a man in the garb of a constable, he expresses his pleasure by walking near him, rubbing against and dancing about him; nor does he forget him in death, for he was at his post in the funeral of Daly, the policeman who was killed at Kingstown. He is able to recognise a few in plain clothes, but they must have been old friends of his. Wherever he goes he gets a crust, a piece of meat, a pat on the head, or a rub down upon his glossy back, from the hand of a policeman; and he is as well known amongst the body as any man in it. We have heard of the dog of Montargis, the Soldier's dog, the blind beggar's dog, and the dog of the Monks of St. Bernard, and been delighted by stories of their fidelity and sagacity, but none are more interesting than "Peeler the dog of the Police," "whose heart, enlarged with gratitude to one, grows bountiful to all."—Saunders's News Letter, Dublin.

ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN GLANVILLE, Son of Judge Glanville, who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth.

Judge Glanville, descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, and possessed of a good estate, intended to settle it on his eldest son Francis, who was to bear the honours of his house, and convey them unscathed to his posterity; but he disappointed his hopes, proving idle and vicious, and, like the prodigal son, left his father's home for the society of the low and wicked. Seeing there was no prospect of his amendment, the Judge gave the inheritance to the younger born, and settled Kilworthy, his estate, on John, afterwards Sergeant Glanville. Francis, on his father's death, finding the threats he had never believed, were really

carried into effect, was overcome with grief and dismay. The reflection that like Esau he had sold his birthright for dishonour, and that his father had died in too just anger towards him, so wrought upon him, that he returned to God with a truly penitent heart, as to his offended and only father, his earthly parent being removed far from his sorrow or his repentance; and from that time his life became completely changed.

Sir John Glanville, his younger brother, wishing to prove him before he gave him better countenance, for some time left him to himself, till he felt his brother's penitence was sincere. He then sent, and invited him to be present at a feast that he proposed making for his friends in the halls of Kilworthy. The most sumptuous preparations were made. The banquet was set forth with all the liberal hospitality of the times. The guests assembled were numerous and honourable. Sir John Glanville took the repentant prodigal by the hand, seated him at the table, and after many dishes had been served, ordered one that was covered to be set before his brother Francis, and then, with a cheerful countenance, he bade him raise the cover. Francis did so. All present were surprised on seeing that the dish contained nothing but written parchment; whereupon Sir John Glanville, wishing all his friends to know the respect in which he now held his repentant brother, and, at the same time, with that true generosity which seeks to lighten the obligation it confers by lessening its merit, told Francis, and those who were assembled, that what he now did was only the same act which he felt assured would have been performed by his father, could he have lived to witness the happy change which they all knew had taken place in his eldest son; therefore, as in honour bound, he freely restored to him the whole estate. The scene that followed may be readily imagined. "The lost that was found" fell on his brother's neck, and wept aloud; and if there was one heart in that assembly more than all the rest rejoicing in the general joy, it was the heart of the generous, the noble, the just brother, who now most truly felt the force of these words of the Lord of life: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is a satisfaction to know that Francis proved deserving of being restored to his inheritance; and well might his noble brother, who thus obeyed his blessed Lord's dying commandment: "Love one another, as I have loved you," realize that promise, "Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right." Prov. xvi. 8.—Children's Friend.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

LUKE xvi. 3.

"Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all." A missionary in Burmah relates as follows:—"Some time since, I went into the house of an aged female, who worships God. For several months she had been unable to leave the house, and is fast wearing out with consumption. She has four children; but one is blind, and another is deaf. She is very poor, too. The house may have been worth fifteen rupees, and all there was in it fifteen more. She could talk but little, on account of her cough; but expressed great anxiety for the eternal welfare of her children. After about an hour spent in conversation and prayer, I rose up to leave, when the poor old woman bid me remain a little longer. She crept along to another part of her house, and, returning soon, she put into my hand a rupee. I could not comprehend what it meant and said, "What is to be done with this?" "This is very little," she replied; "but it is all I have, and it is to help in the cause of Christ." But you are old and infirm, and very poor." "Yes; but I love Christ, and this is very little." I thought, here, in the midst of poverty and infirmity, is a converted heathen, exercising that enlightened faith which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. For days, I could not help reflecting on the expression, "It is to help in the cause of Christ." When I thought of the withered hand and wrinkled face of her who gave it, that rupee was magnified a thousand times beyond its real value.—Friendly Visitor.

KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT CHRIST.

Speculative knowledge, however it may advance, is not growth in grace; it makes men contentious, high-minded, and less edifying to others. Growth in knowledge, if it be without a proportionate conformity to the image of Christ, and the cultivation of devotion and practical religion, merely puffeth up.—Robt. Hall.

DESPONDENCY FROM UNBELIEF.

Affliction springs not from the ground; it is delivered out in weight and measure. But if a man yield to despondency and melancholy, it is the effect of unbelief; it is calling in question the truth of God; it is forgetting the promise of Christ and that covenant of God—which is "ordered in all things and sure," it is forgetting that this world is a school, and that a school will have its tasks and its discipline, and that God brings us under these lessons for some wise end, and calls on us for credit and assurance.—Cecil.

VIOLENT PASSION, MISTAKING ITS OBJECT.

On the 19th of April 1843, Thomas Nicholas, an Irish labourer, was charged at the Marlborough-street Police-Office, London, with breaking a looking-glass of the value of £5, in the house of Mr. Jennings, No. 100, Quadrant, Regent Street. The details of the case were so ludicrous that the Magistrate, Mr. Maltby, and every one present were convulsed with laughter. Mr. Jennings stated, that he had employed a builder, who had that morning sent the defendant to his house to make some necessary repairs. The defendant, about 7 o'clock in the morning, while he was watching him (as he otherwise would not have believed

any man could be such a fool) seeing in the room, in which he was working, his own reflection in a large looking-glass door, exclaimed—"Arrah, and me masher told me he only sent one man, and there's another; and he's got me hammer, I'll have a shy at him;" then suiting the action to the word, he smashed the imaginary personage, and the glass at the same time. The value of the glass was about £10., but he had only laid it at £5.

Mr. Maltby inquired of the defendant, how long he had been employed by his present master?

Defendant—Only this morning.

Mr. Maltby—A very pretty beginning. How can you pay for the damage you have done, and how do you account for it?

The defendant replied, that he had just been put on the job, as he expected, by himself; but seeing the other fellow looking at him, he struck against the glass and broke it. He could assure his Worship that he thought it was another workman who had been put on the job; that he was enraged against him, and thought he had stolen his hammer.

After being locked up for some time, he was liberated on the complainant accepting a promise from the prisoner's wife, to pay the amount off at 5s. a week.—Annual Register

The above is not simply a laughable story; it gives occasion to many reflections. The man mistook his own image for an enemy—alas, how sadly is man in truth his own greatest foe! Had he controlled his passion, and simply remonstrated with the supposed man, he could hardly have failed to discover his error;—if he was persuaded the other man had his hammer, he might have stretched out his hand for it, and would have touched the glass, which must necessarily have dissipated the delusion. But here was ignorance first—then passion stirred up by an erroneous impression—violent action next—and then the loss of a day's work by the proceedings at the Police-Court, and twenty weeks' self-denial to himself and family, in order to pay for the damage he had done.

THE FREE-TRADE VELVETEEN.

The following letters will be read with some interest now, since Sir Robert Peel has been induced to adopt the very sentiments which were so tastefully insinuated by the manufacturer, but at that time repudiated by the Premier. The first letter was dated Drayton Manor, December 31, 1842, addressed to Mr. Barlow, of Ancoats Vale Works in Lancashire, who had sent to Sir Robert two pieces of a velveteen of his manufacture, entirely cotton, but so beautifully dressed as to appear like silk, and which was so highly appreciated as to be acknowledged in the following terms:

"Sir,—I am much obliged by your kind attention in sending a specimen of the beautiful manufacture which accompanied your letter. Lady Peel admires it so much, that she will convert one of the pieces into a cloak for her own wearing; the other I will apply to my own use.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

Upon closer inspection, however, it was discovered that the design, which represented a stalk and ear of wheat, grouped or rather thrown together with great taste, included a small scroll peeping from beneath and bearing the inscription "FREE." Upon this, the Premier had to subject himself and the manufacturer to the mortification of addressing the following letter to Mr. Barlow, which bears date 7th January, 1843.

"Sir,—I was not aware until to-day, that the specimen of manufacture which you requested me to accept bore any allusion to matters that are the subject of public controversy. No mention whatever was made of this in the letter you addressed to me; and I thought it would be ungracious to reject what appeared to be a pure act of civility on your part. I must beg leave to return to you that which I accepted under an erroneous impression.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

Mr. Barlow, in reply, disclaimed all intention of connecting the Premier's acceptance of the gift with any subject of public controversy; in the meantime, however, great publicity had been given to Sir Robert's acceptance of the present, and much amusement, on the one hand, and some embarrassment, probably, on the other, had been occasioned. If Mr. Barlow has kept the two pieces by him, they might form a suitable New Year's present for Sir Robert on the approaching festival season; and if Lady Peel has suited herself with a cloak in the interval, they might make one for the Right Honourable Gentleman.

TRANSPLANTING.

The practice of picking out and transplanting cabbages, and such plants, into fresh, loose, and nourishing soil, causes an increase of their roots and mouths, and also a corresponding enlargement of the stomach and lungs; for in whatever proportion you increase the roots and leaves, (preserving always a proper equality between them,) you will also promote the size and health of the plant.

You can now see the reason why it is a stupid practice to crowd plants which naturally require a great deal of room for their roots and leaves; for by so doing, you will cripple their lower extremities, lessen their means of obtaining food from the earth, while you compel the roots to encroach upon each other's feeding ground—for all the roots seek the good soil, and avoid the bad—and also, by refusing them elbow room above-ground, and forcing them as they grow to jostle against each other, and struggle for breathing space, you render them half-fed spindled things, instead of their becoming portly in the girth, with sound and expanded lungs, insuring their health, weight, size, and solidity in their due degrees. Be-

sides, being as it were, half suffocated from want of fresh draughts of air, the exposure of the leaves to the light is obstructed by their being huddled together. In such case, one plant shades another from the sun's light, on which depends the health, and green colour of all plants.

The free motion of a plant by moderate wind, is also necessary to its health, by stimulating its action, producing heat, and so increasing and promoting the growth and organization of the several parts.

Having shown you this well grown cabbage, as an illustration of the parts and constitution of a plant, as far as it is necessary for practical purposes, I shall make use of it in illustration of the opinion that such plants ought not to be crowded, and to furnish a general rule by which you may regulate the distances at which they should be placed from each other. Look at the large circle to which the leaves stretch out, and at the great bulk and solidity of the head and stalk. Compare this cabbage, (which has had its due allowance of room in the field,) with other cabbages of the same kind, planted out at the same time, and in the same soil—but much more closely—you will find those cabbages to be smaller and weaker in every respect, and of course less weighty, drawn up to an unnatural height, at the loss of their bulk and strength, so as only to be able to support a paltry head.

Even as to the second point, you may see that the outer leaves—those great organs—extend all around in a large circle, which is the boundary line to which the horizontal roots reach; knowing then that the leaves of a plant, if allowed space enough, will extend say twelve or eighteen inches in every direction from the stalk, you will understand the necessity for allowing the same circular space for the roots.—Martin Doyle's letter to the Young Farmers of Ireland, in the Newcastle Farmer, published by Chatterton, Coburg.

CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS OF CANADA.

Canada is, as I have written two former volumes to prove, a magnificent country. I doubt very much if Nature has created a finer country on the whole earth. The soil is generally good, as that made by the decay of forests for thousands of years upon substrata, chiefly formed of alluvium or diluvium, the deposit from waters, must be. It is, moreover, from Quebec to the Falls of St. Mary, almost a flat surface, intersected and interlaced by numberless streams, and studded by small lakes, whilst the littoral is a river unparalleled in the world, expanding into enormous fresh water seas, abounding with fish. If the tropical luxuries are absent, if its winters are long and excessively severe, yet it yields all the European fruits abundantly, and even some of the tropical ones, owing to the richness of its soil and the great heat of the summer. Maize, or Indian Corn, flourishes and is more wholesome and better than that produced in the warm south. The crops of potato, that apple of the earth as the French so justly term it, are equal, if not superior to those of any other climate; whilst all the vegetables of the temperate regions of the old world grow with greater luxuriance than in their original fields. I have successively and successfully cultivated the tomato, the melon, and the capsicum, in the open air, for several seasons, at Kingston and Toronto, which are not the richest or the best parts of Western Canada, as far as vegetation is concerned. Tobacco grows well in the western district; and where is finer wheat harvested than in Western Canada? whilst hay, and that beauty of a landscape, the rich green sod, the velvet carpet of the earth, are abundant and luxuriant. If the majesty of vegetation is called in question, and intertropical plants brought forward to contrast, even the woods and trackless forests of Guiana, where the rankness of luxuriance prevails, will not do more than compete with the primeval woods of Canada. I know of nothing in this world capable of exciting emotions of wonder and adoration more directly than to travel alone through its forests; pines lifting their hoary tops beyond a man's vision, unless he inclines his head so far backwards as to be painful to his organization, with trunks which require fathoms of line to span them; oaks of the most gigantic form; the immense and graceful weeping elm; enormous poplars, whose magnitude must be seen to be conceived; lindens, equally vast; walnut trees of immense size; the beautiful birch, and the wild cherry, large enough to make tables and furniture of.—Bonnycastle's Canada.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made by the undersigned on behalf of themselves and their associates, at the next session of the Legislature, for an Act to Incorporate a Joint Stock Company, to work mines of Copper and other minerals on the Lands and Islands bordering on Lakes Superior and Huron, in Upper Canada, under the name of the Quebec and Lake Superior Mining Association.

PETER PATTERSON, HENRY LEMESURIER, JOHN BONNER, WILLIAM PETRY, THOMAS WILLIAM LLOYD.

Quebec, 29th October, 1846.

ROBERT CAIRNS,

MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 2, St. Louis Street, Place d'Armes,

In thanking those Gentlemen who have for so many years extended their support to him; and begs respectfully to announce the receipt of a choice assortment of Goods suitable for the season per Douglas, from London; and as every care has been taken in their selection, he can confidently recommend them as being superior to anything hitherto imported. He would therefore solicit a continuance of their patronage, and all orders entrusted to him shall be executed with every care and attention to ensure satisfaction. Quebec, 6th November, 1846.

THE undersigned would invite attention to the following English and American publications:

- The entire and beautifully Illustrated Works of George Virtue, Ivy Lane, London, for which the subscriber is agent, together with a variety of Standard Religious, Literary and Scientific works from the house of Messrs. Harper and other publishers of New York, viz.: Virtue's Illustrated Bible, each part embellished with a superb steel engraving, 1s. 6d. Christian in Palestine, or Scenes of Sacred History, with four engravings in each part, 3s. Gems of European Art, or the Best of the Best Masters, in parts, at 7s. The People's Gallery of Engravings, in parts with four engravings each, at 2s. 3d. The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. In parts, at 3s. Finsen's Ports, Harbours, and Watering Places of Great Britain. In 3 parts, at 3s. each. Illustrated Shakespeare, in parts, 1s. 6d. The complete Works of Robert Burns, Illustrated, 2s. 3d. per part. Domestic Architecture, containing a History of the science and principles of designing Public Buildings, Private Dwellings, Country Mansions, and Suburban Villas, 3s. per part. France, Illustrated Drawings by Thomas Allan, Esq., and descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M. A. To be had either in French or English, 3s. per part. Pictorial History of England, Ireland & Scotland, prepared by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, reprinted by Harper & Brothers at 1s. 6d. per part. Penny Magazine, 170 pages in each part, at 1s. 6d. per part. The following list of Periodicals will be delivered in Quebec for the prices specified, free of Postage. All above 18s. per year payable quarterly in advance.—Less than 18s. per year, semi-annually in advance. Bibliotheca Sacra, & Theological Review, 2s. per year. Biblical Repository & Classical Review, 18s. per year. Forbes' British and Foreign Medical Review, 20s. per year. London Lancet, American Edition, without abridgement, 30s. per year. American Journal of Science, and Art, by Prof. Silliman, 30s. per year. The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature, 30s. per year. The Farmer's Library, 30s. per year. Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, monthly, 30s. per year. The Horticulturist, monthly, at 18s. per year. The Agriculturist, monthly, at 6s. per year. The Monthly Flora, monthly, at 18s. per year. Animated Nature, monthly, at 12s. per year. Christian Parlor Magazine, at 12s. per year. Youth's Cabinet, monthly, at 6s. per year. Literary Emporium, monthly, at 6s. per year. Mothers' Magazine, monthly, at 6s. per year. Sailors' Magazine, monthly, at 6s. per year. Copy specimens left at Messrs. T. Cary & Co.'s, where subscriptions may be given. ROBT. W. LAY. The Agent will also canvass for the works. Quebec, 26th Nov., 1846.

NOTICE.

THE BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY having reduced their rate of Premiums, the subscriber is prepared to receive proposals according to the new scale. R. PENISTON, Agent. India Wharf, 27th October, 1846.

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For further particulars, with tables of Premiums, apply to R. M. HARRISON, Agent for Canada. Quebec, August, 1845.

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