

YOUTH'S CORNER.

MOTHER WILL CRY!

A few evenings since, whilst walking along Broome street, I overheard the following conversation between a father and son, the latter a boy some ten or twelve years old.

Approaching a gin shop, the father observed to his son, "I must stop here a moment, I believe."

Son.—No father, let us not stop, 'tis so cold. Let us get home as soon as we can.

Father.—But I am thirsty, and must stop here to drink.

S.—We shall soon get home, and tea will be ready then.

F.—I will be out again in a moment.

S.—No, don't, father, don't stop now.

F.—Hush your noise till I come out again.

The little lad here grew desperate, and seizing hold of his father's hand and pulling it, cried "Oh! father, don't stop here, mother will cry again if you do." The father who had not yet lost all sense of feeling, yielded to his little son's entreaties, and they both went on homeward together.

Does not the conduct of this little boy speak volumes for the cause of temperance? To the youth of our own country, we must look for sober, industrious men to supply the places of the present race of drunkards, who are soon to leave the stage. And when we behold in the rising generation such powerful advocates for temperance, we feel assured that ere long our land must become emphatically the "land of steady habits."

J. E. S.

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

We read in the New Testament of one person who gave all the money in her possession for the service of God; and of another who, though blamed for it by the Apostles, anointed the feet of Jesus with a perfume which was valued at 300 denarii; while Zaccheus said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." In later days, John Davies, of Devauden Hill, near Chepstow, now about 73 years of age, has shown similar zeal. Having for many years travelled as a pedlar with a pack and basket, he commiserated the wretched state of the people of Devauden, whom he sometimes visited; and with a view to instruct them, he prepared himself for the office of a schoolmaster. At first he obtained a school at Usk with a good salary; but as the people of Usk could afford to pay a master, and those of Devauden could not, he left the former place, beloved and regretted by all who knew him, to place himself at the latter. There he has since that time expounded the Scriptures in a school which has generally held about eighty children, who would otherwise have been neglected; and these he has trained up in the fear of God. Besides obtaining about £20 yearly from the school, he has cultivated an acre of poor land, from the produce of which he has fattened a few pigs, and he has sometimes made from £4 to £8 per annum by the sale of flour. With this small income he has done much good. First, he induced the people of the parish of Kilgwrwg to repair their church, the nearest to Devauden, and then in a ruinous state. When they had repaired it, he gave a set of benches for the poor, erected a small gallery, and presented a velvet cover for the communion table, at the cost of about £30. But the people of Devauden being at a distance from the church, still spent the Sabbath in idleness and sport. To remedy this evil, Mr. Davies, in 1828, undertook to fit up a school-room as a chapel, which was in fact opened for divine worship, March 11, 1829. But this, besides costing him £45, turned him out of his home, for he had hitherto possessed no other house. He was now, therefore, obliged to build himself a small cottage; and when this was done, feeling it painful to his mind to conduct the ordinary duties of a day-school in a place of worship, he determined to build another school-room. His known character soon procured subscriptions, the room was shortly raised; and since that time a new chapel has been built and consecrated. Thus the children of Devauden have received their education, and the people the blessing of public worship mainly through his zeal. While he has cared for his neighbours, he has had a heart too to pity the heathen. When, in 1820, he began to read of missions to his scholars and his neighbours, fifteen of the latter became subscribers; the children contributed about twenty shillings within the year, and with these contributions he brought his own annual subscription of 12s. and a donation of £5. The second year he brought the contributions as before, and added his donation of £10. The third year, in which this part of his memoir was written, the subscriptions having fallen short, he made up the deficiency; and brought £5. besides: and since that period, as I have been informed by a gentleman who lives in that neighbourhood, he has from time to time renewed these munificent donations. His fund for these contributions has been furnished by indefatigable industry and equal self-denial. Some years ago he seldom used animal food, and attempted, till his health failed, to restrict himself to bread and water.—*Rev. Baptist W. Noel on Christian Missions, quoting Memoir of John Davies, by a Clergyman.*

THEATRICALS.

Theatrical amusements are in themselves so very captivating to the youthful mind, and have ever found so many defenders and exculpators, even amongst those who could have been expected rather to join in their condemnation, that we feel glad to have an opportunity of putting on record Mr. Roe's matured thoughts on the subject. The following letter, written long after the Private Theatre of Kilkenny had closed, will at once exhibit his decided hostility to those fashionable pursuits, and explain to our reader, why it is that so little of Mr. Roe's opinions on this subject have been presented to him in these pages. The letter is given entire, although the opening part has no reference to our immediate subject. It will not, however, be without interest, as an evidence of that anxiety which ever influenced the writer to promote the glory of his God and the salvation of his fellow-men.—

Kilkenny, Feb. 10th, 1832.

"My dear Miss P.—My answer to your kind letter has been too long delayed; but if you knew how engaged I have been, you would, I am sure, excuse me. The military force here is greatly increased, and it has brought a considerable increase of duty; for I am anxious to avail myself of the opportunity of bringing to the ears of many, who never heard it before, the blessed Gospel of the grace of God. You will be happy to hear that the divine blessing rests upon the word, and that many are inquiring the way to Zion. It would, I think, rejoice you to see my Church on Sundays overflowing with most attentive officers and soldiers—dragoons, infantry, and artillery-men. Perhaps it is for the purpose of leading sinners to a knowledge of himself, that the Lord has permitted this part of the county to become the scene of such outrage.

I, with you, deeply deplore the very melancholy scene which presents itself so near you; and I would pray that those who now take the warmest interest in it may be given to see that nothing more deceives the heart, as well as the imagination, than theatrical representations. They do, indeed, completely unfit the mind for reflection, meditation, and prayer. They keep eternally out of view: they generate or encourage false principles, and teach men to call 'evil good, and good evil'—to put 'light for darkness, and darkness for light'—'bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.' The time that ought to be redeemed is wasted by them:—the talents which ought to be employed in the service and to the glory of God, are sacrificed at the shrine of folly, fashion, and impiety; and those who associate together, whether as the performers or the audience, instead of provoking each other to love and good works, are fellow-helpers in a work of darkness, of sin, and of eventual misery, if not rescued by Almighty grace.

At any time, and under any circumstances, plays must be regarded, to say the least of them, as a proof of human levity, folly, and insatiation; and cannot at all consist with that soberness of mind which is so beautiful and distinguishing a trait of the Christian character. Many heathens regarded them as incentives to vice, and therefore discarded them. Can they be right under the Christian dispensation? We may well conceive how they would have been regarded by our Lord and his apostles—by the primitive Christians and by the Martyrs. Could the evangelization of sinners have proceeded, if those engaged in the glorious work had spent some of their time in theatrical pursuits? On the contrary, if there had been no other impediment, would not this have been sufficient to stop this blessed work? In the present circumstances of Ireland, it is truly surprising (did we not know the desperate wickedness of the heart) that there should be a revival of such proceedings. Dangers stand thick around; and no man can tell, how soon the sword and the pestilence may go through our country. Is this a time to neglect the Scriptures, and prayer, and self-examination? And is any one so ignorant of his own heart, as not to know that these cannot be attended to, when all its affections are engaged about things that profit not? What altered views, and feelings, and convictions would these votaries of pleasure have, if they were heavily visited by calamity of any kind? May God awaken them, and give them repentance to the acknowledging of his own truth! May God convince them that they are walking in the 'broad way' that leadeth to destruction. May he show them that the Saviour's 'yoke is easy, and his burthen light,' while theirs is galling and oppressive, though they seem to feel it not.

I regret I cannot lay my hand upon any thing I wrote at the time of the Kilkenny theatricals; but I never had much by me, except in the way of Scripture-notes, and short comments upon them. I generally looked to the Lord at the time, after prayer and meditation, to open my mouth, that I might speak boldly as I ought to speak. It is, perhaps, impossible to convince the world of the evils of plays; but it is easy to prove the inconsistency of professors! Upon no principle of sound reason or religion can they be defended; and the voice of every lover of truth ought to be lifted up

against them. They present a bad school to the rising generation.

I am rejoiced to hear of Mr. B's health; he is, I think, a man of God; I regretted that I saw so little of him; remember me kindly to Mr. P.; and believe me, my dear Miss P., to be

Your affectionate friend,

PETER ROE."

The scenes of riot and of dissipation, against which Mr. Roe raised his voice in solemn warning, continued, with some short intermission, to vex his spirit, and to delude many of his congregation till the year 1819; and then they ceased, as we hope and pray, for ever. And we doubt not, but that many of the leaders in those scenes who still survive, when they look back on broken fortunes, and ruined prospects, and blighted hopes, are forced to acknowledge that it had been well for them had the Private Theatre never been opened; or, at least, if they had attended to the friendly voice which warned them against its delusive and destructive amusements. We are well aware that Charity's holy name was forced into the cause; and we remember the motto which surmounted the stage, and which seemed to sanction alike the actors and the audience in their amusements, by the assertion—'Whilst we smile, we soothe affliction.' We also know that large sums of money were annually contributed by the theatre to the various local charities. But with all these statements of its good deeds, we believe the mass of wickedness which accompanied, and the mass of misery which has followed the Private Theatre of Kilkenny, would more than counterbalance its alms, were they ten thousand times greater than they were.—*Memoir of the Rev. Peter Roe, by the Rev. Prebendary Madden.*

CELEBRATION OF MOHAMMED'S BIRTH-DAY.

Professor Leipsius gives the following account of the manner in which some of the followers of the false prophet celebrate the anniversary of the impostor's birth. It was on the 17th of April, in the year 1843, that he witnessed this display of frantic will-worship at Sakkara, a borough in Upper Egypt, and the seat of several orders of Dervishes (or Mohammedan monks.) The Sheikh (or chief) of one of these orders, after performing prayer in the mosque, proceeded on horseback to the dwelling of another Sheikh, attended by a large train of worshippers. The appointed time was shortly after midday. A crowd collected all along the road which the procession had to take—eating, drinking, and shouting. The Sheikh's approach was announced by officers who pushed the crowd asunder on both sides, so as to form the lane in which the most insane part of the solemnity was to take place. A tumultuous troop of Dervishes came on, running, dancing, embracing one another, some foaming at the mouth, their eyes rolling as of madmen, or fixed as of corpses: cries of Allah! Allah! resounding from all sides—as if God could take pleasure in this awful exhibition of their utter ignorance of the worship he requires. And now some of them threw themselves down upon their faces, stretching out their legs and arms; others followed, lying as close as they could: upon which instantly the multitude closed in a dense throng, so as to form the lane precisely the width of a man's length from his outstretched hands to his heels. Some Dervishes ran backwards and forwards over these fanatics, to see that they formed a complete carpet of human bodies, muttering prayers, intermixed with cries of Allah! Allah! Some were perceived to tremble violently, others seemed insensible to what was coming. Of the surrounding crowd, here and there one was seized by the contagion, and rushed forth to lay his body by the side of the others. The procession came in sight: several men on foot bearing sacred banners, then the Sheikh himself, a venerable looking man, mounted on a horse led by two Dervishes. The noble beast refused to set its feet upon the human bodies before it, but it was urged on till it yielded reluctant compliance. The brute seemed tender to the animated dust under its hoofs. It walked slowly and cautiously; but it could not touch the ground, until it had passed the whole line of human bodies. A few Dervishes formed the rear of the procession at first; but now every one of those on the ground who was not much hurt, sprang to his feet and joined the procession; some had to be lifted up and carried away either in a state of insensibility, or screaming with pain. The procession pursued its way to the other Sheikh's residence, where company, often including Franks, that is Europeans, of distinction is commonly invited on purpose to see a repetition of the ceremony of riding over the deluded votaries of a sanguinary faith, at greater convenience, in the court-yard. The vulgar belief is, that through virtue of the Sheikh's prayers, offered up during the preceding night, none of these fanatics are really hurt by the horse.

Thus Mohammedanism concurs with the delusions of the heathen, and the corruptions of a nominal Christianity, in producing fruitless attempts at laying some foundation of merit in man's invention for the mortification of the flesh, while the influence of God's Holy Spirit, testifying of the vanity of all this self-tormenting, is disregarded, and every evil passion remains in undiminished vigour. Ought not the love of Christ to constrain us to send the Gospel to them; that instead of farther estrangement while their bodies are trampled upon by the horse's hoofs, they may really draw near to God, by submitting to bear the Saviour's easy yoke, and his light burden, and learning of Him who alone can give rest to their souls!—*Tubingen Monthly Records.*

POOR DINAH.

Poor Dinah was one among the many (in a large district of a very poor and populous parish) of whom her visitor would gladly have known more, and for whom she would gladly have done more than she did; very poor, but honest and industrious; full of

gratitude for the little temporal help afforded her, and never intruding on the kindness of those who had, she knew, so many to relieve. There is one thing, I remind my poor neighbours when they are anxious for gifts which (however liberal our benefactors may be) cannot be extended to all; there is one thing of which there is enough for all: the grace, the free grace of God in Christ Jesus: this poor Dinah obtained. She could not read; but from the blessing of God on her attendance at Church, and at the weekly evening lecture, she became wise unto salvation; and whenever she could be spared, she would leave her work at the poor-house, and come, though but for a few minutes, into the room where the visitor would be reading to the poor aged women, and listen to the sermon, or chapter, or hymn. Poor Dinah! the visitor has witnessed with thankfulness her deep and silent attention, and been glad to see one more added to the little group of listeners.

At the poor-house, while employed in washing there, she took the cold which laid the foundation of her last illness; but "Never mind," said poor Dinah, on her dying bed, "I'm glad of it now. My husband troubles about it; I tell him his loss will be my gain: our children will be as well off as other widowers' children."

Here was a simple faith: the name of Jesus was her delight. Once, when reading to her the first chapter of St. John's first epistle, I observed she listened with perfect silence to the two first verses; but when, in the third, the name which is above every name is mentioned, she uttered it likewise: this she frequently did in any hymn or Scripture that was repeated.

There was great simplicity in her expressions. "I do not find my heart so heavy as I did," she said: "the more I pray, the lighter it is." She stretched out her poor wasted arm, and holding her visitor's hand in hers, said to her, "I took your advice; when you came to me first, I knew no more about Jesus Christ than that door; but I went to church and school, and there I learnt." On the same day she said, "I am not afraid. He died for us; he shed his blood for us: he could do no more. I give him my whole heart; my blessed Jesus! my heavenly Father! all the comfort I have!"

Another time, when she said she was not afraid to die, she was reminded that our trust is in Jesus. She said, "Yes, all in him; all in him!" The tears were in her eyes, but her tone was quite triumphant. When I asked how she felt, she said, "Beautiful! I am going home: I am ready." "What makes you ready?" I said. She replied, "The Lord Jesus Christ." Yes, poor Dinah! he is all, and in all. He gives his Spirit to sanctify, and makes his people meet for heaven; but his Spirit does so by taking of the things that are his, and showing them to his people. When the bell tolled for poor Dinah's humble funeral, it seemed to echo her words: "Good bye; we shall meet in heaven."—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER, AND NAPOLEON.

There were traits in the character of this prince that bespoke more than intellectual enlightenment; some who knew him personally, and who were privileged to converse freely with him, have testified that he searched the Scriptures with an evident understanding of some mighty work being prepared for his country to effect, in the restoration of Israel to the inheritance which is and shall be their's, howsoever long they may mourn in exile, far from that pleasant land. In the days of Alexander all Europe underwent a revolution, the magnitude of which has no parallel in history; and its tendency no clue but in the Bible. The mild, merciful, peace-making temper of Alexander shone out most beautifully amid the disordered elements of rage, and cruelty, tyranny, and bloodshed, that deformed the era at which he appeared among the sovereigns of Europe. It is a most remarkable circumstance that when Napoleon, the scourge of the papal nations, exceeded his commission, and led his immense host of plundering invaders into Russia, he there sustained the death-blow of his power, the rebound that sent him back a disgraced fugitive surrounded by a flying army. Neither was it in the battle that the vaunting conqueror met this defeat: he had fought his way with no little difficulty against a band of patriotic defenders, less than half as numerous as the assailing force; and he had planted his flag on the towers of Moscow, and triumphed in the midst of the desolation caused by his approach: but the elements fought against him; fire, applied by the invisible hand of hidden avengers, consumed the city, and drove him forth on a country that could yield no farther supply to the locusts who had eaten their way thitherward. Then frost and snow, hail with storm, the stern blasts of the north, and all the artillery of a wintry heaven, opened upon him their terrible magazine of irresistible destruction. He fled homeward, and his path was marked by the frozen corpses of his boasted warriors; he fled; and the nations awoke from their lethargy of fear,—for Napoleon was no longer invincible.—*C. E., in the Christian Lady's Magazine.*

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No. 38, St. Peter-St.

Quebec, 13th Sept. 1844.

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