

YOUTH'S CORNER.

QUESTIONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN, AND FOR THOSE WHO WOULD WISH TO BECOME LIKE CHILDREN.

Little Children, do you pray, Call on God from day to day? Do you pray that God may keep, And protect you when you sleep? Do you in the morning pray, God to bless you through the day? Little Children time should spare Every day for humble prayer.

Little Children, do you praise? And your little voices raise, Unto him in whom you live, And who does your blessings give? Do you praise him for your food? Raiment too, and all that's good? And his sweet redeeming grace Ever will demand your praise.

Little Children, have you read How the blessed Saviour bled, That he might your souls restore, Unto joys for ever more? How he did ascend on high? How he lives above the sky? How he waits your souls to bless With his heavenly saving grace?

Little Children, do you love Christ who dwells in Heaven above? Do you love his precious book? Do you in it daily love? Do you love your parents dear? Teachers do you love to hear? Little Children, you must love All on earth and all above.

Little Children, you must die, And with worms and ashes lie, Do you wish to die in peace? O then, seek the Saviour's grace; This will teach you how to die, This will raise to heaven on high, This will make you ever live; This will crown you immortal give.

(A Hand-bill printed by J. Groom, Birmingham.)

THE CRIPPLE OF ROTTENSTEIN.

Free Narration from the German of G. H. von Schubert, Professor in the University of Munich.

In a small hut, outside of the village of Rottenstein, there lived formerly a cripple, known by the name of poor James. God released him from his state of helplessness and utter dependence, in the sixty second year of his age. From his birth he was sickly and deformed; his knees were drawn up almost to his chin, and he had never been able to stretch out his legs, consequently he had never walked nor stood on his feet. On level ground he would slide along by the help of his arms and hands, until his weakness increased upon him so that he was not strong enough for that, and then he had to lie in one position always. Until his fifty sixth year, he had the use of his hands and fingers, so that he could knit and sew, at which he was exceedingly industrious. At that time he not only earned his food, which was of the plainest kind, but even had something to give away. But during a very severe winter he was attacked with a disease which deprived him also of that comfort; all the strength of his hands and fingers was gone, and he had to be fed like a child during the remainder of his days.

He lived free of house-rent, because the hut which served him for habitation was common property. It had been erected a long time previously, for cases of infectious disease; and as there had been no use of it for that purpose, a good while, it was willingly given up to the poor and destitute. The hut was situated on a lonely spot, some way out of the village, on the borders of a wood. The widow of the old village herdsman had the same habitation assigned to her, and it was generally remarked that a surprising change came over that woman when she became the inhabitant of the cripple's hut. She had been ill-tempered and contentions; but while observing the temper and conversation of poor James, an altogether new mind seemed to be given her: patient gentleness, and the fear of God became as natural to her as irritability and profaneness had been before; she cared for the cripple as a mother, preparing his food, gathering wood for fuel, and sharing with him every morsel that compassionate people bestowed upon her.

Poor old Lisbeth herself had several days' illness when she was eighty two years of age, and that was during the severe winter, and probably it was through the want of keeping the hut warm and dry, that James became completely crippled in his hands at that time. When she recovered, so as to be up again and about her ordinary work, finding how much more helpless the cripple was become, she redoubled her attentions towards him, and what she could do to relieve and attend upon him, that was never found wanting.

But she died suddenly in the night, having attained her eighty sixth year. God dealt as gently with her as she had done towards poor James. The day before her last sleep, she tottered along the path to visit the pious widow of a farmer in the village, from whom she had received many acts of kindness. She spoke to her in a very affecting manner, giving thanks for the many acts of charity which had been bestowed upon her, and begging of the woman to send and inquire at the cripple's hut, in case she should not come to see her again for several days successively. On the very day after, the farmer's widow remembered old Lisbeth's moving words, and she could not be satisfied without sending to ask how she was. The old woman had fallen asleep in Jesus; so quietly that poor James, though his sick body allowed him very little sleep, knew of it only when the sun stood high in the morning, and Lisbeth did not awake and get up as usual. He raised his head as high as ever he could, and then he saw her face death-like, and her eyes fixed wide open

It was quite uncertain when any body would come and the news of her death be carried to the village, and how James himself would be cared for after this loss; but he did not let that disturb him: God had so tenderly removed his old companion that he could send up praises for her departure in faith and hope and peace, and commit himself to the same hand which had so gently laid her head to rest.

The cripple remained the solitary occupant of the hut after this; but there were people in the village who made it their business to attend him after working-hours, and he was not suffered to want. It was about this period that a Clergyman, newly ordained, commenced his ministry as Pastor over the village of Rottenstein. He came to see the poor cripple and was much pleased with him; but James was very modest, and the young Pastor had not yet the skill to draw him out to speak of the fullness of the heart within him. From time to time, however, he heard some of his history and edifying conversation, and then he remembered the uncommon expression of his countenance. Sickness had contracted and deformed the whole of his body, except his face. His features were regular and attractive, and his eyes so full of life that, while he spoke with retiring modesty, it was plainly to be understood that he bore in his breast a great deal more than he uttered in his words.

Two years had nearly passed away since the aged widow's death, when the thaw in February one night sent through the rotten thatch over the cripple's bed a quantity of cold drops of melted ice which gave a fatal chill to his body, and he was found senseless on his damp couch in the morning. As soon as this became known, several persons came to look after him: he was placed in a dry corner and wrapped in warm coverings, a fire was made to take the damp out of his hut, warm drink was provided, and his eyes spoke gratitude and love and contentedness, when his voice was not yet able to give forth the sound of utterance. When at last he recovered his speech, he asked that the Clergyman might be told of his desire to testify his faith, and commemorate the Saviour's dying love, in the Lord's Supper.

The young Pastor was soon on his way, thinking in himself, by what words of comfort and exhortation he might edify this tried and afflicted disciple on his dying bed. He had formed no plan yet, and felt rather troubled about it, when he entered the cripple's lowly habitation. There was a seat for him by the bed-side, from which he looked right into the dying man's face. The bright looks which he saw there, seemed to have fetched their light from heaven, and to shed splendour all around; the hut was transformed into the palace of a King's son. An heir of glory was under this rotten thatch; and the young Clergyman came to receive edification more than to impart it.

But poor James was not forward to speak. The Clergyman commenced: "You seem aware of the danger which threatens your life, old man, and to be ready for your departure." "I am willing," he answered, "to live or to die; my life is in the Lord's hand: let him continue it, if he will, or take it if such be his pleasure."

"Why, James! is not every one of your thoughts a longing and a sighing for deliverance from this wretched body of yours? Can you willingly think of continuance to a life which to you has never been better than pain and misery?" "I do long," said poor James, "for the hour when this tabernacle of clay shall be broken down and my soul clothed upon with an undying habitation. But it gives me no trouble to think of continued life on earth. I have had times of pain and misery, but not of such continuance as to take away the comfort and enjoyment of life."

"Poor man," replied the Clergyman, "I am glad to hear you acknowledge the goodness of God above the trials of your life; you remember the joyous days of youth, I suppose, before you were attacked with this sickness; for, certainly I know not one person in a more pitiable state than what you have been in now these many years."

"When I think of it, Sir, I must own that the days of my youth might have been joyful, if I had known, then, what joy was. But I was foolish and wayward, and made trouble for myself which God never designed. At that time I only regarded my crippled body, and made no account of the unsearchable riches which God has made me value since then."

"Have you been a cripple, then, from your youth?" asked the Clergyman, much surprised.

"Yes, Sir," was James's answer; "and I am told my helpless state hastened on my poor mother's death, when she was left a widow and destitute. I was but a child then, but I had a god-fearing grandmother, who took me into her garret, and cared for me with as much good-will as if I had been a strong and healthy boy. But I brought trouble enough upon the poor old woman. She lived in the house of her daughter-in-law; but her son was dead, and this woman had married another man who was very unwilling that my grandmother should occupy the garret, though that had been secured to her at her son's marriage settlement. Sometimes he broke out into such angry words about me that my heart froze within me, and I could not imagine what wrong I had done him. But grandmother was still, until we were quite alone, and nobody could hear us. Then she told me: 'James, you must pray for Michael; that God would bless him and his house; then the curses which he flings at you will turn into a blessing.' She herself was often in prayer, sometimes loud and much oftener in silence, which I could perceive very well by her lips and her eyes. When it was safe, she would sing a hymn, and when Michael was within hearing she would hum it, which was very soothing. She read her Bible daily, and she taught me to read. At this I was very quick,

for it was a great treat to me, who was altogether unfit for the amusements of children. When I had learned so much, she often made me read to her while she was at her spinning-wheel. But she also taught me such work as required only my hands and fingers, and so I was very well fitted out by the time it pleased God to take her to himself. I was twelve years old when she died."

(To be continued.)

VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES IN A TIME OF CAPTIVITY.

In the year 1657, Capt. Knox visited the isle of Ceylon in a trading vessel. The crew were here detained by the tyrannical prince who then governed the country. The following narrative, in his own words, shows the remarkable manner in which he obtained the invaluable treasure of the Scriptures, to cheer and guide him in his captivity:— "Provisions falling short with me, though rice, I thank God, I never wanted, and monies also growing low; as well to help out a meal, as for recreation, I sometimes went with my angle to catch small fish in the brooks, a boy being with me. It chanced, as I was fishing, an old man passed by; and seeing me, asked of my boy if I could read in a book. He answered, 'Yes.' 'The reason I ask,' said the old man, 'is because I have one which I got when the Portuguese lost Colombo; and if your master pleases to buy it, I will sell it him.' Which, when I heard of, I bade my boy go to his house with him, which was not far off, and bring it to me to see, making no great account of the matter, and supposing it to be some Portuguese book.

"The boy, having formerly served the English, knew the book, and as soon as he had got it in his hand, came running with it, calling out to me, 'It is a Bible.' It startled me to hear him mention the name of a Bible, for I never had one, nor scarcely could ever think to have one. Upon which I flung down my angle, and went to meet him. The first place the book opened in, after I took it in my hand, was the 16th chapter of the Acts, and the first place my eye pitched on was the 30th and 31st verses, when the jailer asked Paul and Silas, 'What must I do to be saved?' and they said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.'

"The sight of this book so rejoiced me and affrighted me together, that I cannot say which passion was greater, the joy for that I had got sight of a Bible, or the fear that I had not enough to buy it, having then but one pagoda in the world, which I willingly would have given for it, had it not been for my boy, who dissuaded me from giving so much, alleging my necessity for money many other ways, and undertaking to procure the book for a much less price. This counsel, after I had considered, I approved of; my urgent necessities earnestly craving, and my ability being but very small to the same; and, however, I thought I could give my piece of gold at the last cast, if other means should fail.

"I hope the reader will excuse me, that I hold him so long upon this single passage, for it did so affect me then, that I cannot lightly pass it over as often as I think of it, or have occasion to mention it.

"The sight, indeed, of this Bible so surprised me, as if an angel had spoke to me from heaven, to see that my most gracious God had prepared such an extraordinary blessing for me, which I did, and ever shall look upon as miraculous: to bring to me a Bible in my own language, and that in such a remote part of the world, where his name was not so much as known, and where any Englishman was never known to have been before. I looked upon it as somewhat of the same nature with the ten commandments which were given the Israelites out of heaven; it being the thing for want whereof I have so often mourned, nay and shed tears too; and than the enjoyment whereof there could be no greater joy in the world to me.

"Upon the sight of it, I left off fishing, God having brought a fish to me that my soul had longed for; and now how to get it, and enjoy the same, all the powers of my soul were employed. I gave God hearty thanks that he had brought it so near to me, and most earnestly prayed that he would bestow it on me. Now, it being well towards evening, and having not wherewithal to buy it about me, I departed home, telling the old man that in the morning I would send the boy to buy it of him.

"All that night I could take no rest for thinking of it, fearing lest I might be disappointed of it. In the morning, as soon as it was day, I sent the boy with a knit cap he had made for me, to buy the book, praying in my heart for good success, which it pleased God to grant; for the cap purchased it, and the boy brought it me to my great joy, which did not a little comfort me over all my afflictions."

"The joy of this incident might lead many a Christian mind to reflect that, in the reality of the thing, they are at this moment equally blessed, if they are owners of this book of life; more especially if their hearts are touched by the Spirit of grace to look therein for the things which belong unto their peace. Nor does its history end here, for to Knox and many of his companions it was found of great service.

"In the process of years, seeing nothing before them but the hopeless captivity, some of these men were induced by the natives to ally themselves with them, and to adopt their usages; hoping thereby to ameliorate their situation; but Knox uniformly refused, and, by his example, was instrumental in influencing two or three others; and he grounded his refusal upon the book of God, and the dangers which he proved generally to arise from such ill-assorted connexions. It afterwards occurred that some openings gave reason to suppose an endeavour to escape might be attended with success; but

as, in order to do so, it was necessary to mislead and escape for some time the notice and observations of the natives, none of those ill-fated men, who had created fresh obstacles by family connexions, did or could avail themselves of it. Knox and some others were in the end delivered from their frightful captivity of near twenty years; and, if we may judge from the character of his narrative, he gratefully regarded the Divine Protector, who had been with him in trouble, and who eventually made all things work together for good.—Rel. Tract Soc. Anecdotes.

AN EXTRAY ON THE FLY-LEAF, OPPOSITE TO THE TITLE PAGE OF A BOOK.

READER! Whosoever thou art, affectionately and earnestly art thou entreated, before beginning the perusal of this Book, to offer up, from thy heart, the following brief, but most comprehensive and most necessary petition:—

"O God, for JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE, GIVE ME THE HOLY SPIRIT, THAT I MAY PROFIT BY WHATEVER IS GOOD IN THIS BOOK. Amen."

* See and consider, amongst others, the following chain of passages in Holy Scripture, viz.:

John xv. 5, (with 2 Cor. iii. 5, and James i. 5, 6, 7, 17). John vi. 63; vii. 39; xiv. 16, 17, 23; xvi. 7 to 14. 1. Cor. ii. 4 to 15; xv. 10. 1. Thess. i. 5. Romans viii. 9, 14, 16, 26. Ephes. ii. 18, 22; iii. 14 to 19; i. 15 to 19; vi. 18. 1. Peter i. 22. 1. John ii. 20, 27; Luke xi. 9 to 13.

PERILS OF YOUNG MEN, AND NEED OF A STADYING INFLUENCE.

On the great river that flows west of the Rocky Mountains to the ocean, there is a place where the waters are compressed by the rocks into a narrow channel, and where the river suddenly falls many feet, pitching and tumbling over the rocks. The passage is by no means unattended with danger, but it is not unfrequently made in a boat. Yet below that fall there is a deeper danger still. The water appears smooth, gliding onwards as though there were no treachery in its flow. The boat, having shot down the narrow passage, is seen to stop and to lie without motion on the bosom of the waters. It neither goes forward, nor backward, nor towards either shore, as if there were a moment of deliberation in which way it should go. Soon it begins to move, not forward, but in a circular direction. It moves so gently, that one who knew not the perils of the place would feel no alarm; but then commences the fearful struggle. Round it is swept with increasing velocity, in spite of the efforts of the boatman. Every oar is plied; every nerve of the oarsman is stretched; every effort possible is made at the bow and the stern to turn the boat from the fatal current. It goes round, and round, and round, in spite of the death-like exertions, increasing in rapidity as the circles grow smaller, until, having reached the centre, in an instant, the boat and all its crew disappear. Rare is it that a fragment of the boat is seen afterwards, or that a body that is lost is recovered. So there are points in the lives of young men, when they seem to have escaped the greatest perils, when there seems to be no dangerous tendency in any direction. Yet soon there is a movement, perhaps commencing far from the vortex; and there is a struggle, but the current sweeps into ruin. The young men who are lost by intemperance and sensuality, do not perish without a struggle. They do not lay their oars calmly down, and let the current sweep them on. It is after many a struggle—when too late; it is after many a conflict, when the power that bears them forward has secured a firm grasp, that they perish. Now, what the young man needs for his safety, is some steady influence in favour of virtue that shall bear him through every danger; some power acting on his soul at every point—when he seems to be safe, and when he is seen to be in danger; when he has escaped one manifest place of peril, and when he glides into a more dangerous position, though it seems to be safe; some steady influence that shall accompany him up to manhood, and place him in safety on that elevation beyond all the dangers that beset youth.—Barnes, on the importance of the Sabbath to young men.

THE GLORY OF GOD, THE CHRISTIAN'S CHIEF OBJECT.

A Christian is encouraged to convert his whole life into a kind of devotion. St. Paul has enjoined this in its utmost extent: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Not that the glory of God can always be the distinct object of thought; but it may well be conceived to govern the mind, in the same sense as many minds are governed by the love of wealth or fame, or by a strong earthly attachment. The ruling passion does not always distinctly or expressly engage the thoughts, but it always influences or modifies the conduct.—Shepherd's Thoughts on Devotion.

PRESS FORWARD.

Be always displeas'd with what thou art, if thou desirest to become what thou art not; for where thou hast pleas'd thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, "I have enough," thou perishest. Always add, always walk, always proceed. Neither stand still nor go back; nor deviate. Press forward, press towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Persevere and faint not.—Augustine.

HUMILITY.—Humiliation of spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price. As he has a special aversion to pride of heart, he has a special liking of humility. The humbling of sinners; and bringing them down from their heights; wherein the corruption of their nature hath set them, is the great end of his word and his providence.—Boston.

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CHAS. T. PALSGRAVE. June 12th, 1845.

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