

Booth's Corner.

THE CANAL BOY.

Having taken a great deal of pains to learn the histories of boys on the Erie Canal, and having found many of them deeply interesting, I will relate one, (that of an orphan,) as it was told to me by one who knew all the particulars. It was the more interesting to me, as I was myself acquainted with the individual.

A lad, a driver, was taken sick, but continued to drive until he could hardly sit on his horse. In starting the boat out of a lock one day, being very weak, he fell from his horse, struck his head against a stone, cut a hole in his head, and became senseless. The brutal captain took him up, threw him into an old board shanty beside the lock, put his other boy on the horse, and drove along.

There was no one who saw him but the lock-tender, and he was "of the same piece" with the captain. The boy was in so bad a condition that he did not know anything for some time. At length his senses returned, but he could not speak, if to save his life. He seemed to be completely palsied, and could not move any more than a dead person.

At length a man came along, and seeing him lying in the shanty, said, "Here is a boy with his head all cut open. Who is he?" The lock-tender answered, that he was the wickedest boy on the canal.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked the man.

"Let him die," replied the lock-tender. I wish he was dead."

The boy heard the answers, but he could not speak. Several other questions were asked, and like answers given.

The boy thought he must die there, for it was a very hot day in July, and the boards were off the west side of the shanty, so that, when the sun was about two hours high it shone full in his face. He thought, if he had been in possession of the whole world, he would have given it freely for a half pint of water; but he could not speak and he made up his mind that he must die.

Just at dusk a "good Samaritan" came along, and asked, "What boy is this? He looks as though he were dead." The lock-tender made the same reply as on former occasions. Said the man, "I don't know but he is dead, but if he is alive I shall try to save him." He turned the lad over, and upon examination found him yet living. He then told his own boy, who was with him, to run home, and bring his one horse wagon with a bed in it. He took the boy home with him, washed his wounds, and procured a physician; but it was four days before he could speak. After a while, as he grew better, the man asked if it was true that he was the worst boy on the canal. He began to cry, and said he supposed he was; but he had constantly been treated like a slave for five years, which was the time he had been on the canal. He had never had a kind word spoken to him; he was an orphan, and had no one to take his part; had been cheated out of his wages, and he did lie, steal,

The man told him he might be a man if he would only behave correctly, and advised him, when he got well, to hire himself out to some one who would pay him, lay up his wages, and go to school in the winter, when navigation would be closed. He soon told the man that he had made up his mind to do as he had advised him. He went back upon the canal, hired out to a good captain, became a good boy, laid up his money, went to school in the winter, and continued this course for five years. By this time he had an excellent business education, was appointed to the office of captain of a boat in a line on the canal, became very much respected, and obtained a good property.—Christian Mirror.

As the man who saved this poor boy's life is called a "good Samaritan," it must be supposed, though the story does not mention it, that he was a disciple of the Saviour; and in that case, no doubt, he gave the boy the proper advice how he must learn to "behave correctly" and to keep out of the evil ways which had brought him into so much wretchedness. We take it for granted that the "good Samaritan" was a man who kept up family-prayer, read the Bible, honoured the Lord's day and public worship, and trained his children in the way of goodness. So, then, the boy may have understood that, to "behave correctly" means doing one's duty to God as well as to man: that will include prayer to God, faith in his Son, the study of his holy will, and longing for heaven. Thus, as the boy grew up to be a man, he had a possession, better than what is commonly meant by "good property"; a treasure out of which no captain on the canal could cheat him, because it was in the Saviour's keeping.—EDITOR BEREAN.

NATHANIEL ATTARRA,

A Student in the Church Missionary Society's Institution, Fourah Bay, Sierra Leone.

Nathaniel Attarra was the only son of Mr. John Attarra, who has been, for many years, Native Catechist at the village of Wellington. After receiving an elementary education at the village Schools, he was admitted, at an earlier age than usual, into the Fourah-Bay Institution.

His conduct during his residence there was uniformly satisfactory, and he was one of the youths selected to come over to England for further education: when he was, after a very short illness, removed to a better country, on the 11th of January last. The Rev. E. Jones, the Principal of the Institution, in his Report for the Quarter ending March, observes—

"While mourning this sad removal, I cannot but see in it evidence of his ripeness and meetness for the heavenly inheritance. On the morning of the 7th of January, observing him look rather indisposed—he had been absent a day and a half from his classes—I advised him to go home to Wellington for a day or two, and to return on the 9th. It appears that he

was scarcely equal to the journey, about seven miles, as, when he reached home, he was in a burning fever. On the morning of the 11th he was no more. I was on my way to see him, little suspecting the sad result, when a messenger met me with the melancholy intelligence of his death. The news took us all by surprise, as even his poor father, until the preceding evening, had no evil anticipations. Little can be said of his last moments, as delirium ensued, and he was unable to say much. What he did say was in accordance with his previous character; and he has left us with every reason to feel assured that he was at peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A more particular account of his last days is furnished in the simple and touching Journal of his father. He writes—

"Jan. 7, 1847—I endeavoured to prepare my mind for the Evening Service, but felt very unsettled. Several texts came into my mind, but I could not settle upon either of them. At last I was led to speak to my hearers upon the subject of trials, Rom. v. 1-5. I knew not at the time why I was led to choose such a subject; but when I returned home the meaning was, in a measure, explained to me, for I found my dear son had come from Fourah Bay sick. Upon my asking him what was the matter, he replied, that, not feeling well, the Principal had given him leave to come home until Saturday, and he was to call upon the doctor on his way home. After waiting some time at Kissey, however, he was obliged to leave without seeing him. Mr. J. C. Taylor, the Schoolmaster at Kissey, kindly walked home with him, as he was quite unable to come by himself. He was burning with fever when I took hold of his hand; but I thought that he would be better in the morning. We had no rest throughout the night, he was so hot with fever.

"Jan. 8—Early this morning I sent a letter to the doctor for medicine, but the bearer brought it back again, stating there was no one to give him the medicine. My dear son continued very hot with fever, and I knew not what to do. I tried to comfort myself against sorrow; but my heart was faint in me. I thought of the words of the Apostle, Rom. viii. 28. I read and prayed with my dear child during the day, and waited anxiously to see him better. In the afternoon he wished to speak with me. He began by saying, 'Father, you know it has been said that I am going to be sent to England.' I immediately said, 'My dear child, do not talk: it will only make you worse.' He left off. I thought I could see that he wished to proceed. If I had known that his end was drawing so near, I would have let him speak. During the night he was very restless, and burning with fever."

On the next day Mr. Attarra himself made a fruitless journey to Kissey for medicine. He continues—

"When I reached home, my dear son was much hotter, and his tongue was very much swollen. I prayed with him, and spoke to him about the salvation of his soul. I found, by perceiving any fear of death. I felt satisfied, and my mind was a little relieved. I waited patiently for the fever to abate. During the night the fever still got hotter. I was very much distressed. I looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!"

"Jan. 10, 1847: Lord's day.—My dear boy began to get ligh-headed. I watched him with double care. During the evening he wished to speak to me. He placed his arms round my neck, in order to bring my face to his lips, that he might say something to me; but I could not understand what he was saying. He used every effort to make me understand his meaning; but his poor tongue filled his mouth, so that I could not. At midnight I felt his hands. I could not feel his pulse beating. At this I was greatly distressed in mind. I was completely at a loss how I should act. I prayed with my dear boy, and I feel sure that he understood what I was saying; for, after this, he occasionally, during the night, endeavoured to talk with me in the manner I have described above."

"Jan. 11—As I was supporting my dear son this morning, his happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of everlasting felicity, where he is for ever free from sorrow, and beyond the reach of temptation, where the weary be at rest, and where the inhabitant shall not say I am sick. Oh, what a blessed state! Oh, what a happy prospect! Even a short time before he breathed his last he tried to sing 'Glory.' No other words could be distinctly heard but 'Glory.' Oh, Heavenly Father! may it please Thee to prepare us all for that bright world on high, where all tears shall be for ever wiped off from the mourner's cheek, and where all shall be able to know what we are ignorant of now."

In the midst of his distress Mr. Attarra has not omitted to record the kindness of the Manager of Wellington and his wife, in endeavouring to relieve the sufferings of his poor son. Two or three other notices of the bereavement occur in Mr. Attarra's Journal—

Jan. 16—The Fourah-Bay boys came here this evening, on purpose to be near to attend the Service of the Church here in the morning. I looked at them, and could not but deeply feel my loss.

"Jan. 25—Our late beloved son's things were brought to us to-day. Ah! our feelings at the sight of these things were great. He was as dear to me as Jacob's Joseph. I had fondly looked to him as the prop of my declining days, and the helper of my family when my head shall be laid low; and, above all, I had hoped he would be a witness on earth for God. But it has pleased the Lord to remove him from us. Well, though it was not our privilege to see him thus engaged by our Divine Master, yet he being dead yet speaketh."

"Feb. 2—My dear wife was deeply depressed in mind, and far from well in body to-day. I took my Bible, and read to her the following portions of God's Word—Ps. xliii. 5; Lam. iii. 31-33, and 37; Heb. xii. 5-11; and Rom. viii. 28. I then related to her the sufferings of Job, of the three Jews who were cast into the fire, of Daniel in the Lion's den, and of the Apostle John. I endeavoured to make a few remarks, and I am happy to say she was comforted."

We add the testimony of some of the Missionaries to Attarra's general habits and character. The Rev. N. Denton writes, in a Letter dated Jan. 14—

"We are sorry to have to communicate to you the death of Mr. Attarra's son, who for nearly six years past has been a student in the Fourah-Bay Institution, and whose piety, superior natural abilities, and attainments, had won him the affectionate respect of all who knew him, and filled our minds with pleasing hopes of a future career of usefulness in the Missionary work among his heathen countrymen. It is indeed a mysterious providence that has thus early removed a youth of so much promise; but it doubtless teaches us, what in this Mission has been an oft-repeated lesson, not to attach an undue importance to human agency."—Church Missionary Record.

SYMPATHY OF BIRDS.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, a week or two since, remarked an unusual collection of brown thrushes in a thicket contiguous to his residence. His attention having been drawn toward them, for several successive days, by their loud cries and eccentric movements, he was at length induced to investigate more closely the cause of this unwonted congress of his feathered tenants, and ascertain, if possible, the cause of their excitement. Upon examining the thicket, he discovered a female thrush suspended by one wing to a limb. Near by was her nest, containing several half-grown birds. From the attendant circumstances, he immediately concluded that the maternal bird must have become entangled before the progress of incubation was completed, and that some kindly-hearted neighbour had supplied her place in hatching and brooding her callow offspring. He withdrew a few rods, and the committee of relief immediately resumed the self-imposed duty of administering "aid and comfort," in the form of worms and other insects, alternating between the mother and her young,—she, meanwhile, cheering them on to their labour of love with the peculiar note which first led to the discovery of her situation.

Having watched this exhibition of charity for about half an hour, our informant relieved the mother bird. She immediately flew to her nest, expressing her gratitude by her sweetest notes. Her charitable friends, their "occupation now being gone," as the police reports have it, dispersed to their respective places of abode, singing, as they went, a song of joy.

The above statement may be relied on in every particular.—New Haven Herald.

A CANADIAN JUDGE ON INTEMPERANCE.

From Judge Mondet's Charge to the Montreal Grand Jury, October 21st, 1847.

Session after session comes in regular order, the routine of business is gone through, indictments are heaped, trials follow in rapid succession, and then convictions, sentences, and punishments more or less stringent, and what is the result? The result, Gentlemen! a repetition of the same scenes, the return, oftentimes, of the same delinquents, at the Bar of this Court, and the appearance thereof of others whose faults are to be traced to the main, chief, and, most certainly, prime cause of the numberless crimes which are increasing to an alarming extent. The most superficial observation suffices to convince any one that intemperance has, for years past, brought before this Court seven-eighths of the unfortunate beings who are, thus, lost to society. Intemperance is both effect and cause; hence the duty of every one of us is, to inquire into the causes of those disastrous effects, and to guard against the consequences resulting from that most debasing and enervating vice, when it acts as a cause. Grand Jurors have, on a former occasion, been reminded of the reform which is loudly called for. They have been told, and it is becoming to repeat, that the evil springs from the innumerable places of resort in this city, where people are allowed to indulge in their propensities for the use of spirituous liquors. The number of licensed taverns is considerable; that of houses of an inferior degree, hardly admitting of description, is frightfully large. Need you be told that the evil immediately resulting from such a state of things is incalculable? Need you be reminded that the worst of consequences may be apprehended from such a crying evil? It is but too well known that there was no exaggeration in the assertion made on a former occasion, this time twelve months, that to those dens of immorality, of revelry, and debauchery, are to be traced the midnight disturbances, the affrays, the tumults and frightful scenes which occasionally occur. In those low and disorderly houses, every temptation is offered to the profligate, as well as to the unguarded. There, Gentlemen, many, too many, have entered into their career of vice and folly; and from thence, imperceptibly, progressed therein, until, becoming deaf to their own interest, and careless to every honourable feeling, they have boldly plunged into the abyss. In those disgraceful receptacles of abandoned characters, are daily expended the fruits of hard labour; the earnings destined for and necessary to a virtuous and industrious wife and mother, and to helpless children.

A WIFE AND MOTHER, SPEAKING ON TEMPERANCE.—We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Coik; a young woman was

knitting stockings at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them. "My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a-week; he was a good workman, but the love for drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound on a Saturday night, and it broke my heart to see the poor children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge, and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks upon my bended knees that night? Still I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed; and, glory to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings, so I felt there was no fear for him, and the ninth week when he came home to me I had this table brought and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself; and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his chair I put a bran new suit, and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all, just the eight sixteen shillings, the cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a baby, but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the whole county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decenter or better fed children than our own?"—Mrs. Hall on Ireland.

SENTENCING TO SCHOOL.—The following is an extract from a "Report of the Overseers of the Poor of the City of New Bedford," made last April. The Report is signed by "William A. Gordon, Chairman." The suggestion it contains is most important. Cities and States will be compelled to act upon this matter. The longer they delay, the more it will cost them. It is poor policy, and poor religion, too, when a house is on fire, to wait till God shall send rain to extinguish the flames. When we are inside of the house, and cannot get out, to wait thus is madness. In regard to all social vices and crimes, the world is our home; and we must arrest them, or perish by them.—Editor of Common School Journal.

The overseers cannot refrain from adverting to the great evil in this Alms-house, as it is in all Alms-houses, (an irremediable one without great expense)—the association of the young with adults whose conversation and example are highly pernicious to them. It is very evident that this ought not so to be. And the overseers have the duty of this rich and liberal city to take the lead in the establishment of a COVETRY-FARM, OR MANUAL LABOUR SCHOOL, for boys, at some point easy of access from the various sections of the county, where they may be supported and educated amid proper influences; and saved from a life of vice, which is the almost certain result of their exposure at the almshouse. We have reason to believe that, were the enterprise once started upon a proper foundation, it would receive the support of the several towns in the county. The school would be soon filled. It would, in our opinion, prove antagonistic to almshouses and houses of correction, and in that way, to say the least of it, would prove money-saving to the community. The Legislature has, during its past session, established a Manual Labor-School for boys, who may come under the cognizance of the court,—a school, instead of prison, to which boys of a certain age may be sentenced. But acting upon the old adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," we would recommend admitting them to the county institutions at an earlier period, and before they shall have attained to the degree of criminality which constitutes their claim to the privileges of the State Institution."

TRAINING FOR HARDNESS.—THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE, on the occasion of a public dinner given him at Edinburgh, previously to his leaving the country to undertake the duty of Governor General of India, made a speech in which occurs the following passage:—

"It is not so long ago but that the youngest of you may remember, that it was in the city of Edinburgh that my friends opened my political career. Not to flatter you, I cannot in my conscience say that you proved the tenderness of masters. I must acknowledge that fairly spread as that cradle was you rocked it somewhat roughly; although at the time, believe me, gentlemen, you never did any man a better turn. I recollect when an old East Lothian voter, at whose door I stopped one morning—and a cold bitter morning it was—when setting out to canvass that county, said to me, 'A stout heart, my Lord, to a steep breeze.' If at any time of my career I have shown a stout heart, it was you of the city of Edinburgh—you who cordially supported me, and you, also, who cordially opposed me—who first taught me how to make use of that stoutness. I, indeed, believe, that if you had accepted me without a contest as your representative, I would, in all probability, have turned out a spoiled child, and fit to be trained for nothing but a carpet knight. Your treatment of me was, however, widely different; for you began by giving me an undeniable and unmistakable thrashing; and by giving me the wholesome advice, 'as soon as I could to thrash somebody else. You sent me into the world hardy and rough, and ready to fight anybody, until I find myself in the position in which I am now proud to stand. I have never ceased to acknowledge, and I will never cease to do so, that whatever may have been my success in public life, the foundation of that success was truly and deeply

laid in the contested election for the city of Edinburgh."

[We cannot say that we approve of the advice given to this nobleman when he had been thrashed, to give a thrashing to somebody else, as soon as he could; nor must it be supposed that he derived pleasure from another's defeat; he only means to express the gratification he obtained from successful exertion, after the failure of his earlier enterprise which taught him to know his deficiencies, to appreciate another's advantages, and to resolve upon giving to his own powers the most effectual exercise possible. One man gives up his pursuit because he finds that another succeeds better in it than he; a man of Lord Dalhousie's mind sticks to that pursuit the more tenaciously, because he wishes to use his powers to the utmost advantage practicable. WHAT MAN HAS DONE, MAN CAN DO.—EDITOR.]

ETIQUETTE AT THE PRUSSIAN COURT.

There is something unnatural in those forms which interpose like a screen between a royal couple. The King disliked restraint, and would not submit to the forms of courtly etiquette; with his satirical gravity he broke through them: the Queen, with her bounding spirits, leapt over them: both, according to their different dispositions, exhibiting the same unity of thought, confidence, and affection. The Oberhofmeisterin, the Countess Von Vosz, whose duty, by virtue of her position in the household, was to carry out all the ceremonials of royalty, was in despair at this disregard of rules. She delighted in the forms of etiquette herself, and was of opinion that every good thing must be surrounded by a protecting barrier in order to preserve it from desecration; and she constantly instanced the example of the French court as a proof of the evils arising from the neglect of good old rules. Without the formula of etiquette, according to her ideas, there could be no distinction or dignity, and everything must degenerate into confusion, and all respect become annihilated.—The crown prince had a peculiarly dry and humourous manner of teasing the countess, without allowing her to guess what he was aiming at; and on these occasions his features assumed a serio-comic expression that was very pleasing. "Well, then," he said one day to the countess, "I will yield to custom; and, in order to give you a proof, I beg of you, countess, to be kind enough to announce me, and to ask if I may have the honour of speaking with my consort, her royal highness the crown princess. I wish you to present my compliments to her, and hope she will be graciously pleased to receive them." The countess was enchanted with the idea of the courtly etiquette becoming established, and prepared to execute her commission with all due ceremony; and having arrived full of the importance of her mission, not doubting that a favourable reply would also be entrusted to her as the medium of the negotiation for an audience, she entered the royal apartment; and there, to her great amazement, she beheld the crown prince, who had arrived long before her, laughing heartily with the crown princess as they were walking hand-in-hand up and down the saloon. The prince, in a peal of merriment, cried out, "Look you now, my good Vosz, my wife and I can see and speak with each other unannounced whenever we choose; and this is as it should be, according to all good Christian usages. But you are a charming Oberhofmeisterin, and for the future you shall be called 'Dame d'Etiquette.'"—Memoirs of Queen Louisa.

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