

Doth's Corner.

THE LADY-BUG AND THE ANT.

The Lady-Bug sat in the rose's heart, And smiled with pride and scorn, As she saw a plain-dress'd Ant go by With a heavy grain of corn:— So she drew the curtains of damask round, And adjusted her silken vest, Making her glass of a drop of dew That lay in the rose's breast. Then she laughed so loud, that the Ant look'd up, And, seeing her haughty face, Took no more notice, but travelled on At the same industrious pace:— But a sudden blast of Autumn came, And rudely swept the ground, And down the rose with the Lady-Bug fell, And scattered its leaves around. Then the houseless Lady was much amaz'd, For she knew not where to go, And hoarse November's early blast Had brought both rain and snow,— Her wings were chill, and her feet were cold, And she wished for the Ant's warm cell, And what she did when the winter came, I am sure I cannot tell. But the careful Ant was in her nest With her little ones by her side, She taught them all like herself to toil Nor mind the sneer of pride,— And I thought, as I sat at the close of day, Eating my bread and milk, It was wiser to work and improve my time, Than be idle and dress in silk. Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

THE POOR EARTHENWARE MAN.

An old man, travelling about to sell earthenware and ballads, having been permitted to lodge in a barn, was overheard the next morning to pray in the following manner:—"Thank God I have slept soundly to night, and so this morning am pure and well. Thank God, my ass is well, and has eat a good lock of hay, her crust of bread, and drank half a pail of water. God bless us both to-day! and give me strength to walk about, that I mayn't be forced to get up and ride the poor beast, for she has luggage enough already. "God Almighty send that folks may want my wares, and that somebody may take a liking to my ballads; and them as can afford it may give me some victuals and drink, that I may not give my ballads to servants for it, when their masters and mistresses don't know on't. God Almighty lead us through green lanes, where my poor ass may light of good cropping, without running into other folks' grass or corn; and that, poor thing, she mayn't tumble down and hurt herself, and break my wares. "And God Almighty incline somebody to give me a night's lodging; and that I may have a dry barn, and some barley straw too (an't please God;) for I am grown old now, and a hard bed is worse than it used to be. But I don't distrust God Almighty's care, for he never let me want in my life; and so his great and holy name be praised now and evermore. Amen." This simple and affecting prayer cannot fail to interest an enlightened and feeling mind. The spirit of the poor man is deeply affecting, and reproves many whose advantages have been very far superior to those which he enjoyed. Indeed, what Christian, with the Bible in his hand, does it not reprove? Its simplicity is admirable. Here is no multiplicity of words, no attempt at fiery language; he comes directly to the point, and expresses, in the simplest style, his wants, his obligations, and his dependence. Oh, had but his views been enlarged, enlightened, and spiritualized, how excellent and delightful would have been his prayer!

His gratitude, contentment, and moderation of desire, are both pleasing and edifying. How much real enjoyment and heartfelt gratitude softened his bed of straw, and sweetened his hard crust, to which the great, at their splendid feasts, and on their beds of down, are too often strangers! Surely a contented mind is a continual feast; and how many of the artificial miseries of human life is he spared, who knows only the simple wants of nature! Perhaps the constant supplies with which we have been favoured, including all the necessities, and many of the comforts of life, have failed to produce such lively and constant gratitude; although we possess the precious book that leads us to trace all these bounties to the hand of a gracious Father, who gives us all things richly to enjoy. Oh, had the poor man, reposing on his bed of straw in the barn, been directed to that ladder of intercourse between earth and heaven, which the Patriarch saw when extended on the cold, hard stones, what earthly monarch but might have envied his bliss?

His cheerful confidence is also very pleasing—"I don't distrust God Almighty's care, for he never let me want in my life." And has he ever suffered us to want? Has he not said that he never will; but that "bread shall be given us, and our water shall be sure;" and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly? Yet have we not too often indulged distrustful care about those meaner things which our Father knoweth we have need of; as well as gloomy doubts about our interest in that kingdom which he has pledged himself to bestow on the meaneast, feeblest Christian? May the poor old man convey to us a reasonable reproof, and teach us to "be not faithless, but believing;" and anxiously careful for nothing, but in every thing, "by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make known our requests unto God; while the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

The simple traits of honesty discovered in this prayer may furnish a useful lesson to many professing Christians. The world abounds with a spirit of selfishness, and it is doubly painful to see so much of it even in the Church. How comparatively few are there, who scorn and dread every mean advantage, who sincerely

pray and watch against every temptation to injustice and covetousness, who do unto others whatsoever they would that others should do unto them, and exercise themselves herein to have always a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards man! Perhaps the more we examine our own hearts, the more we shall find to lament over our deficiencies in this respect; and how little we have exercised pure, disinterested, self-denying benevolence, which, with our advantages, is certainly not a higher attainment than was the poor man's principle of common honesty.

One more amiable quality in the poor man should not be passed over—his humanity to his beast. Young people cannot be too early convinced, that real tenderness of disposition evidences itself far more in a constant series of little kindnesses and attentions, and willing self-denial in trifles, than in loud professions and splendid offerings.

But however much there is of a gratifying nature, both in the sentiments and the spirit of the old man's prayer, there is also much to lament in its wants. How painful it is to reflect, that all his anxieties and wishes seemed to be centred in the perishing things of time and sense—sustenance by day, and safety by night, were the sum total of his desires. He discovers no knowledge of the soul, that infinitely better part—no thoughts of eternity—no hopes of heaven—no fears of hell—no idea of the requirements of the divine law—no consciousness of guilt—no inquiry after a Mediator—a way of pardon and salvation. Ah! what would mankind be without the written and preached word? If deprived of these, in how few generations would our race sink into ignorance equal to that of the poor old man, or perhaps yet more gross. So strong a tendency is there in human nature, if left to itself, to wander farther and farther from the source of light, holiness, and bliss, into the dark mazes of sin and error! How highly ought we to value our privileges; and how readily ought we to lend our utmost aid towards the circulation of the Bible, and the support of the Gospel. Is it too much to indulge a hope that there is scarcely now in our enlightened country a poor peasant or traveller who has never been asked the simple but important questions, Can you read? Do you possess a Bible? Let each reader hasten to prove whether this be the case; and, if possible, to remedy the evils that still exist in this respect. I have often wished to be informed whether the poor old man was directed to farther means of instruction, and if so, what effect they produced on his mind and conduct. But though no more is recorded than his simple prayer, does it not encourage a hope that he was not altogether destitute of that lowest degree of faith, without which, we are told, "it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh unto him must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him; and that, like Cornelius the Centurion, he was one of those who fear God, and work righteousness; and who, in every nation, are accepted by that God who is no respecter of persons; and who, rather than such should perish "through ignorance of what they could not know," will send an express messenger to tell them words "whereby they may be saved," and declare unto them the God "whom ignorantly they worship."—Friendly Visitor.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

In the year 1785, the Vice-Chancellor in the University of Cambridge offered a prize for the best Latin Essay to be produced, by any one of the gentlemen who had taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, upon the question: "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?"

One of the members of the University, of sufficient standing to be a competitor for this prize, was THOMAS CLARKSON, of St. John's College, twenty five years old, the son of a Clergyman who was master of the free Grammar School of Wisbeach in Cambridgeshire: a young man of good attainments in classics and mathematics, who had gained a prize in the year preceding. A desire to obtain further distinction was probably his principal inducement for applying to the study of the question proposed for this Essay.

Clarkson was naturally led to give his attention to the African slave-trade, with which he made himself acquainted through private papers, conversation with officers who had been in the West Indies, and Benezet's "Account of Guinea". Thus furnished with the most necessary materials, he adopted the plan of sleeping with a candle burning in his bed-room, so that he was able to rise and note down, at once, any useful idea that presented itself to him during the night. His work was accomplished, and gained the prize.

He had now attained the distinction sought, but the satisfaction arising from this success was swallowed up by the anguish of mind with which he was filled by the facts continually before him, of the wrongs inflicted upon Africa. What was literary distinction, to him whose feelings were harrowed up with the minute detail, now haunting his mind, of the injury done to a large portion of the human race by the barbarity so triumphantly exposed by him? He felt that it ought to be some one's special object to bring this criminal traffic to an end: and he could not keep off the persuasion that he was providentially called to engage in that duty. On his return, on horseback, to London, he became so affected that he had to dismount and throw himself on the turf by the way-side, in order to pursue his thoughts upon the necessity of efforts towards putting an end to the calamities which he had described.

Clarkson had been admitted to the ministry as a deacon, at a time when he formed but an imperfect estimate of the responsibilities connected with that calling. He did not proceed to take priest's orders, and gradually allowed his clerical character to be lost sight of, so that he was gene-

rally known only as Thomas Clarkson, Esquire. He probably found that the great object of his life required a devotedness so undivided that it would be impossible for him to fulfil the duties attendant upon a pastoral charge. While he was looking out for a bookseller in London who would publish his Essay, he fell in with Mr. Hancock, a member of the Society of Friends (or Quakers) who not only forwarded the publication of his book, but also brought about his introduction to a little association at that time quietly engaged in the very cause which absorbed his thoughts. To his surprise and delight, he found that he would not have to labour alone; the day-star of African liberty seemed to be rising in view, and he became increasingly willing to be an instrument in hastening the spread of his healing influence.

Clarkson's Essay was published in the year 1786; it was the first commanding public effort for the abolition of the African slave-trade. Fourteen years previously, the judicious and persevering labours of Granville Sharpe, in the case of the slave Somerset, whose master had abandoned him to distress in the time of sickness, but claimed him again as his property, when the care of Christian people had been blessed to his recovery, had obtained a declaration of the law to this effect, that, as soon as a slave sets foot on English ground, he becomes free. This success had encouraged and united that little band of Friends to the African into whose midst Clarkson was now received. Wilberforce became the able, zealous, and eloquent advocate of the cause in the House of Commons, while Clarkson travelled from place to place, roused public sentiment in favour of the African's rights, organized Committees, collected evidence, and corresponded with all parts of the world. There was no rivalry between these two eminent men; the question was not, who should have the most honour, but who should do the most good.

One instance may be mentioned, of Clarkson's indomitable perseverance in pursuing his object. It was found very difficult to obtain proof of the manner in which slaves were obtained in Africa in those great numbers which were shipped from its coasts. A report reached Clarkson, that a sailor was somewhere in His Majesty's navy, who had been engaged in the trade, and could give evidence on the point in question. He could learn neither the man's name nor that of his ship; his person only was described to him. But he commenced visiting successively every man of war at Deptford, Woolwich, Sheerness, and Portsmouth; and having been unsuccessful to that time, he proceeded to Plymouth where he visited fifty six vessels to no purpose, but found the man in the fifty seventh.

In the sketch of Wilberforce's life, to be found in number 9, and three following, of this volume, the history of the abolition movement is given with so much detail as is sufficient for these columns: we refer the reader to it, and only mention the success of all these labours, in which Clarkson acted so important a part, by the abolition of the slave-trade in 1807.

He had laboured so disinterestedly in the cause, that his own means had been materially diminished; but by marriage he acquired property which made him quite independent in his circumstances, besides that his comfort was much increased by Mrs. Clarkson's sympathy with the generous and benevolent feelings of his heart. He published several works, gave watchful attention to the due enforcement of the Abolition Act, and promoted measures to induce other nations to follow the example so nobly set by Great Britain. The cause of the West Indian slaves did not fail to engage his sympathies and energy; he laboured for their emancipation with the untiring zeal which he had devoted to the object just accomplished; and in 1833 he saw that great measure also carried by the extinction of slavery throughout the British Colonies.

The infirmities of advancing age began now to weigh upon him. He became totally blind, but by a skillful operation his sight was restored, and he then retained it to his death. The latter years of his life were spent in retirement at Playford Hall, near Ipswich, objects of benevolence still engaging his mind: among the rest, measures for the benefit of seamen were near his heart. He took entirely to his bed, about a week before he died, and then his wish was, to be as little interrupted as possible in his silent communion with God. He died on the 16th of September last, leaving behind him a fame which princes and warriors might envy, but would find it difficult to deserve.

STRANGE USE OF A MONK'S ROSARY.

A certain Franciscan monk, a passionate gambler, lived at Huancayo. By his friendly offices he had become a favourite among the Indians, to whom he often applied when in want of money. One day, when he had suffered losses at the hazard-table, he begged of an Indian who was his relative, to help him out of his poverty. The Indian promised assistance on the following evening; and arrived punctually at the appointed time, with a bag full of silver ore for the monk. This process was repeated several times, until the still needy monk earnestly prayed that he might be favoured with a view of the source from which his wants had been so often supplied. This request was also granted by the friendly relative; and, accordingly, on the appointed night, three Indians came to the house of the Franciscan, desired that he would allow them to bandage his eyes, and he assenting, carried him away on their shoulders, some miles among the mountains. There they lifted him down, conducted him down a shaft of little depth, and displayed to him a rich and shining vein of silver. When he had amply feasted his sight, and had taken ore enough for his present necessities, his eyes were again bandaged, and he was carried home on the shoulders of his guides. On the road he slyly untied his rosary, and dropped a bead here and there, that he might have a clue to the mine. Arrived at home, he lay down to

rest, in the comfortable hope of exploring the path to wealth on the following day; but, in the course of about two hours, the Indian, his relative, came to the door, with his hand full of beads, 'Father,' said he, 'as he gave them to the monk, you lost your rosary on the road?'—Dr. Tschudi's Peru.

A TEST FOR THE ADVOCATES OF SLAVERY.—A fugitive from slavery was asked if he was not well fed and clothed?—Yes, was his answer.—Was his master kind to him?—Yes.—Was he over-worked?—No.—Then go back to your master; you were better off than you will be in freedom.—Gentlemen, replied the fugitive, the place that I left, with all its advantages, is open to any of you that want to fill it.

THE COUNTRY OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, South Carolina, who lately visited Belfast, made certain statements injurious to the moral and religious character of Mr. Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave. These statements being calculated to injure his usefulness, Mr. Douglass felt himself compelled to call upon the reverend gentleman to come forward and make a full and public apology, or abide the legal consequences of a refusal. Messrs. Davison and Torrens, Solicitors in behalf of Mr. Douglass, demanded this apology from Dr. Smyth; intimating, at the same time, that in case of refusal, he must abide the issue of a civil action, which would afford him abundant opportunity to prove (if he could) the truth of his assertions.

Mr. Douglass, conscious of innocence, took this manly and fearless mode of procedure, rather than the more usual one of filing a criminal information, which would hinder the party complained against from putting in a plea of justification.

The following is a copy of Dr. Smyth's letter of apology, with which Mr. Douglass's Solicitors advised him to rest satisfied, as his only object was the vindication of principle and character, and not any consideration of a pecuniary nature:— (Copy)

"Dublin, July 28, 1846.

"Gentlemen,—In reply to your letter of the 16th inst. informing me that you had been instructed by Mr. Frederick Douglass, the Anti-Slavery Lecturer, to institute proceedings at law against me for certain statements made by me, injurious to his moral and religious character, I beg to express my sincere regret for having uttered the same; the more especially as, upon mature reflection, I am quite satisfied that the statements I incautiously made, on the report of third parties, were unfounded.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant, THOMAS SMYTH.

"Messrs. Davison & Torrens." In South Carolina, if the negro had ventured to address Rev. Mr. Smyth, he might have been asked, "Whose boy are you?" and rewarded for his impertinence by sixty lashes well laid on; but in Ireland the slave is a man, and must be treated accordingly. Such are the magical effects of a change of residence from a Republic to a Monarchy.—New York Tribune.

CUNNING OF THE QUAIL.—The female quail conducts her young ones about in search of food, and calls them, and shelters them under her wings, very much in the same manner that the hen does her chickens. If the little family are at any time surprised, the mother throws herself in the path, fluttering along, and beating the ground with her wings, as if sorely wounded, using every artifice she is capable of, to entice the enemy to pursue her, instead of her young. At the same time she utters notes of alarm, well understood by the little ones, who divide separately among the long grass, and hide till the danger is over. The parent, having decoyed the pursuer to a convenient distance, returns by a round-about way, collects her young, and leads them off to a place of safety. This cunning trick, in a great many cases, preserves herself and her brood.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE SIZE OF OUR CULINARY VEGETABLES.—Great zeal is manifested in raising new varieties of culinary plants, but improving existing sorts seems to be quite disregarded. I am confident that a vast increase of food, &c. may be obtained by managing judiciously, and systematically carrying out for a time, what I may term the principle of increase. Take, for instance, a pea: plant it in a very rich ground, allow it to bear the first year—say half a dozen pods only, remove all others—save the largest single pea of these, sow it the next year, and retain of the produce three pods only, and the next year the again select the largest, and the next year the sort will have trebled its size and weight.—By these means you will get peas (or anything else) of a bulk of which we at present have no conception.—Danazo.

MACKEREL AND HERRINGS. JUST Received ex Schr. Collector, from Guysborough, and for Sale by the Subscriber: 222 Barrels Mackerel 142 do. Herrings 88 do. Arichat Herrings 2 Hall Barrels do. do. 1 Barrel Codfish 1 do. Shad. J. W. LEAYCRAFT, Exchange Wharf. Quebec, 29th October, 1846.

FRESH BERMUDA ARROWROOT. JUST received and for Sale by the Subscriber, Forty Boxes of Genuine Bermuda Arrowroot. J. W. LEAYCRAFT. Quebec, 21st October, 1846.

SIGHT RESTORED. NERVOUS HEADACHE AND DEAFNESS CURED, BY THE USE OF GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF. Patronized by the ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN. Recommended by the MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

For its efficacy in removing Disorders incident to the EYES AND HEAD.

THE FORCES, 14TH DEC., 1844. This Scientific Medical Reviewer made the following critique on GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF, demonstrating its powerful influence on those delicate organs, the Eye and Ear.

GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF.—Perhaps there is no one thing that has effected so much good, and that in so pleasant a manner, as Grimstone's Eye Snuff; and we are really surprised that it has not commanded more attention from the medical profession, for although we are aware that some eminent professors of the medical art have taken advantage of its usefulness, there are many who, however they might be convinced of its utility, prescribe it not because it is a simple remedy that might, on a future occasion, be resorted to without their aid.

Independently of its usefulness in removing pains in the head and inflammations of the eye, it is a pleasant stimulus to the nose, so that those who use it combine pleasure with profit, and we can scarcely understand how snuff-takers can forego its advantages for compounds that in many cases possess only the recommendation of being foreign. We would recommend every one requiring its aid to try Mr. Grimstone's Snuff, and we feel convinced that they will be grateful to Mr. Grimstone for the talent he has displayed in forming his excellent compound, and to ourselves for calling their attention to it.

Other Testimonials can be seen. The Wholesale and Retail Agent for Canada has just received a fresh supply per Zedons. THOMAS BICKELL, Grocer and Importer of China, Glass and Earthenware. St. John Street, Quebec.

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