

resort unto that God that is always near you, and lodge in a manner in your heart by his fear and love, and habitual religion towards him.—Thus (he adds) you doubly redeem your time. 1. In those natural and civil concerns which are not only permitted, but in a great measure enjoined by Almighty God. 2. At the same time exercising acts of religious duties, observance and veneration, by perpetuated, or at least frequently reiterated, though short acts of devotion to him. And this is the great art of Christian chymistry, to convert those acts that are materially natural or civil, into acts truly and formally religious; whereby the whole course of this life is both truly and interpretatively a service to Almighty God, and an uninterrupted state of religion; which is the best and noblest, and most universal redemption of his time.”

These extracts, even as here abridged, are not recommended by a neat or concise style; they were the extemporaneous unreviewed writing of a man of business, published not only without his knowledge, but against his wish. While valuable for their piety and wisdom, they are more than doubly so as exhibiting what must be supposed in a great measure the writer's habits and rules of life. Admonitions, in a work designed for public use, may occasion a far too favourable estimate of their author's moral attainments; of which (as a probable consequence) this volume is a humbling proof to myself. If, on the other hand, there be any case in which we may conclude a substantial and steadfast practice to have been the basis of excellent rules, it is that of a character so firm and regular as Judge Hale, sketching a plan of religious life, not for the public eye, but only for that of his children and intimate connexions.—Sheppard's Thoughts.

REGENERATION.

Regeneration is of the highest importance to man, as a subject of the divine government. With his former disposition he was a rebel against God, and with this he becomes cheerfully an obedient subject. Of an enemy he becomes a friend; of an apostate he becomes a child. From the debased, hateful, and miserable character of sin, he makes a final escape, and begins the glorious and eternal career of virtue. With his character his destination is equally changed; in his native condition he was a child of wrath, an object of abhorrence, and an heir of woe. Evil in an unceasing and interminable progress, was his lot; the regions of sorrow and despair his everlasting home; and fiends and fiend-like men his eternal companions. On this character good beings looked with detestation, and on his ruin with pity; while evil beings beheld both with that satanic pleasure, which a reprobate mind can enjoy at the sight of companionship in turpitude and destruction. But when he becomes a subject of this great and happy change of character, all things connected with him are also changed. His unbelief, impenitence, hatred of God, rejection of Christ, and resistance to the Spirit of grace, he has voluntarily and ingenuously renounced; no more rebellious, impious, or ungrateful, he has assumed the amiable spirit of submission, repentance, confidence, hope, gratitude, and love. The image of his Maker is stamped upon his mind, and begins there to shine with moral and eternal beauty. The seeds of immortality have there sprung up, as in a kindred soil; and warmed by the life-giving beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and refreshed by the dewy influence of the Spirit of grace, rise, bloom, and flourish with increasing vigour. In him, sin, and the world, and the flesh daily decay, and daily announce their approaching dissolution, while the soul continually assumes new life, and virtue, and is animated with superior and undying energy. He is now a joint-heir with Christ, and the destined inhabitant of heaven; the gates of glory and of happiness are already opened to receive him, and the joy of saints and angels has been renewed over his repentance; all around him is peace—all before him purity and transport! God is his Father; Christ his Redeemer; and the Spirit of truth his Sanctifier. Heaven is his eternal habitation; virtue is his immortal character; and Cherubim and Seraphim, and all the children of light, are his companions for ever! Henceforth he becomes, of course, a rich blessing to the universe: all good beings, nay, God Himself, will rejoice in him for ever, as a valuable accession to the great kingdom of righteousness, as a real addition to the mass of created good, and as an humble but faithful and honourable instrument of the everlasting praise of heaven. He is a vessel of infinite mercy; an illustrious trophy of the cross; a gem in the crown of glory, which adorns the Redeemer of mankind!—Dwight.

The Berean.

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1845.

A clerical friend has pointed out to us an omission in the introductory part of A STRANGER'S letter, inserted in our last number, which we are sorry we did not perceive, as our Correspondent (for the omission is in the manuscript) makes himself thereby say what he had no intention to state, and what, indeed, it was not at all within his design to advert to. The letter expresses surprise that there should not be in Quebec “any public Episcopalian worship during the week, except on Sundays.” This is incorrect. Public worship is performed in this parish, at the Cathedral on every holyday throughout the year for which an Epistle and Gospel are appointed by the Church, at 11 o'clock a. m.; in the Rectory Chapel a service preparatory to the monthly communion is held on the last Friday of every month (except during Lent) at 4 p. m., and morning prayer read every Wednesday and Friday at 7 1/2 a. m.; an afternoon service is held at St. Peter's Chapel

every Friday, besides the evening service at St. Paul's which we mentioned in our note last week. Every Wednesday and Friday also during Lent an afternoon service is held at the Cathedral at 3 1/2 p. m. Our Correspondent meant, as he expresses himself a little after, “a stated weekly service;” and that in the evening, as he also intimates.

Being led to recur to this subject, we may as well add the remark that of the eight Clergymen resident in Quebec, besides the Bishop, two are engaged in laborious scholastic duties without parochial appointments; one is Chaplain to the Forces (two Battalions besides the Artillery) and his duties are entirely distinct from those of the parochial Clergy; another has a missionary charge on the opposite shore of the river—thus leaving, of those eight, only four parochial Clergymen on whom properly the care of providing means of education for the parishioners rests. Our Correspondent, who we hope reads the BEREAN, though we are not acquainted with him, must perceive that the case assumes a very different aspect from what it might present on merely reading his letter. At the same time, we conclude that he was not ignorant of the performance of the services above enumerated; only none of them seemed to him to supply the want which he meant to point out. He seems to intimate so much, when he adverts to the transfer of the Festival services (at the place of his residence) to the evening, not the afternoon, instead of the morning; and it must be admitted that altered habits of life and hours of transacting business make it a difficult duty for male members of the Church at the present day to disengage themselves for weekday service, unless it be performed in the evening, after business-hours.

It remains, therefore, a painful consideration that our communion in the upper town has not a stated public evening service on some week-day. But a difficulty on this subject exists, as we have discovered since our last publication, which we did not then think of. We have had a letter from A RESIDENT, who is led to write because he draws the inference from our editorial note, that in our opinion “the smallness of the attendance at the weekday evening service referred to has arisen more from the absence of a proper feeling of interest on the part of the congregation than from the want of zeal or ability on that of the ministers who officiated;” and who is thereby induced to give a smart admonition to those ministers, of whom the Editor of the BEREAN is one. At their door chiefly he lays the blame of the failure. We have to inform that Correspondent that the inference which he has drawn was not warranted. We simply stated the fact, that the attendance was small to a disheartening degree, and that no difficulty would exist in having such a service performed, if it were called for. Nothing was said of zeal or ability; and as the inference thus falls to the ground, we may be excused from printing the castigation, though we will undertake to read it to the Lecturers concerned. And whatever we may think of the warrant which the unknown writer has for using the office of monitor, we will assure him that we take the word of reproof submissively. Perhaps he little thinks how much surprise some preachers feel when they find any willing at all to sit contentedly under their ministrations.

A STRANGER, then, must rest content to learn that for the present there seems to exist no call upon the Clergy who might be looked to for it, to resume a week-day evening service. We adopt, however, the suggestion made from another quarter, to explain the hint at Cottage Lectures which we threw out in our last number. We do so, simply as recording what we know has proved an important auxiliary in parochial ministrations at home, without deciding what is applicable to other localities. In England, a large portion of the warm-hearted Clergy, desirous of establishing week-day services, commenced by meeting as many as liked to come, in the houses of the parishioners who felt with them in the matter; when these meetings increased to a size which made them unsuitable for private residences, they were taken into school-rooms; and there in the majority of cases, we believe, they have remained. We remember our officiating for a very experienced brother Clergyman in the Infant School-room of one of the suburban parishes of London; on making the remark to him: “You have quite a thronged attendance?”—his reply was: “Yes, too much so; we are now mutually enlivening each other; but when they increase so that we must remove into the Church, then there will be but a thin congregation, and we shall be discouraged one with another.” Experience very similar to this anticipation has been

had in the Episcopal Churches in the United States, and accordingly it is the very common practice there, when they build a church, to provide at the same time a lecture-room.

We should be exceedingly sorry, if we were understood to doubt the existence of a desire in many of the Church-members of this parish, to have an opportunity of social worship at an hour suited to their official duties and domestic arrangements in the intervals from one Lord's day to the other. Some entertain that desire so strongly that they will sit under ministrations even which would not attract A RESIDENT. We earnestly pray that such a desire may be nourished and may extend, and that the next time A STRANGER visits our city, he may have no reason to go to “other places of worship” when his “strong predilection” would keep him to his own if edification is to be obtained there.

To the Editor of the Berean.

Dear Sir,—Having heard with regret that the Township Clothing Society is likely to end its benevolent operations with the present year, I beg the favour of a small space in the columns of the Berean to bring before the notice of the ladies constituting its committee, and also of those contributing towards the funds of that Society, a case in which their benevolence has been the means of contributing in the highest degree to relieve the wants of an almost destitute family. When we look around us at the present season, and behold the once green earth covered with a mantle of fleecy whiteness, well may we, amongst our numerous mercies, give a thought to the poor. To whatever part of creation we turn our attention, there is much to draw forth feelings of wonder and admiration. When nature is smiling around us under the summer's sun, and the leafy trees add beauty to the landscape, our hearts are filled with delight, and we participate in earth's rejoicing. When too we gaze upon the distant hills glowing with an endless forest dressed in the gay attire of Autumn, our hearts are enraptured with a joyful, fearful awe, and we long to penetrate their boundless woods. But little do we think of the woodman there dwelling. Little do we imagine that those very hills embosom many a cottage, the habitation of the wretched. A few days since, duty called me to visit my scattered flock. It was a cold frosty morning in the month of January. I was soon in the midst of the majestic hills to which I have alluded. The beautiful evergreens tufted with the whitening element were raising their branches above the withered tribes, fearless of the winter's blast, and all looked animating and sublime. How beautifully illustrative was the scene before me, of Job's description of the Creator's works—“God thundereth marvelously with his voice, great things doeth he which we cannot comprehend. For he saith to the snow, be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain and to the great rain of his strength. He sealeth up the hand of every man that all men may know his work. Then the beasts go into dens and remain in their places. Out of the South cometh the whirlwind, and cold out of the North. By the breath of God frost is given and the breadth of the waters is straitened.” Reflecting upon these words I arrived at the house of my church-warden. In my further progress he accompanied me. We had not, however, proceeded far, when one of my parishioners requested me to visit his wife who was ill. We consequently directed our steps towards his dwelling. After leaving my horse at a neighbouring farm, we ascended the side of a mountain for nearly a mile. The cold North wind was blowing keenly, and the drifting snow fast hiding from our view the footpath to the dwelling. Our minds now sickened as it were to the change which a sudden blast creates, and the gloomy aspect of all around compelled us the more eagerly to seek the friendly shelter of the peasant's cottage. We hurried onward and I soon perceived a small leg shanty buried in the snow with little more than the doorway visible. Our knock was answered by the barking of a dog; repeating it, a little ragged girl lifted up the wooden latch, and upon a slight pressure from without the door opened. The anxiety for shelter which the frowning elements had caused to usurp the place of admiration, now gave way to feelings of excited commiseration. There was a pale, emaciated, shivering woman crouched before me, looking with much anxiety upon her babe which not many weeks before had become the participant in the woes and miseries of the mountain hut. Could it be, that no human being had entered the door of the sick woman's dwelling for two months, save her husband and her four half naked children! It was even so—no other human being had she seen until she fixed her eyes on me.

It was evident that she was not in a fit state to be out of bed; I therefore assisted her to it. She had arisen during her husband's absence in order to exert herself for the children. The bed was composed of straw supported by four rough-hewn sticks and covered with a tattered quilt. I lifted up the babe from the side of an old sheet-iron stove, and dedicating it to God, placed it in her arms. “Now,” she exclaimed, “I am happy; oh, Sir, I shall do finely after this.” Upon my questioning her, respecting provisions for her family, she said with much emotion—“I am thankful to say, we have plenty of potatoes, and we people in the bush think ourselves well off, if we have sufficient potatoes for our children.” Here was contentment in the midst of the most abject poverty. Here a lesson for thousands—a creature of our own flesh and blood perishing for lack of meat in a land flowing with milk and honey. My first thought was to provide her with such nourishment as her state required—my second to supply her with clothing to shield herself and babe from the wintry storms which surrounded them.

I remembered that there was remaining some portion of a parcel which I had received from the Township Clothing Society. On arriving at home, I told the tale of woe to our family circle: my wife and sister, anticipating my wishes, soon examined the remains of the parcel. They immediately set to work, and with some small addition soon prepared a little wardrobe for the mother and the babe. Ladies, will you shrink from the unpleasant office of soliciting the alms of the benevolent when you are thus rewarded? Oh, whosoever giveth even a cup of cold water only, to the sufferer, in the name of a disciple of Jesus Christ, he shall in no wise lose his reward. And shall you encounter difficulty in obtaining the aid of a generous hearted people? No—there are thousands in our city, whose feeling hearts would gladly espouse a cause conferring such benefits upon suffering humanity; nay, who would feel it both a duty and a privilege to cast into this treasury for the poor. Let us remember, then, that if our kinsmen's cry is uplifted to us, we should rejoice in being made the instruments of responding to their call. May we, then, who feel the mercies daily extended to us, not cease to remember the poor, and may the blessing of the great Head of the Church rest upon the exertions of the Township Clothing Society.

E. C. PHILLOS.

[We are glad of the opportunity afforded us by our Correspondent, to bring to the notice of the public the modest and retiring Society to which he refers: to the value of its labours we have repeatedly heard testimony borne warmly by country Clergymen; and it will be gratifying to PHILLOS that we can say, from private inquiry recently made, it is not probable the Society's labours will be discontinued.—EDITOR.]

THE QUEBEC JUVENILE CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, which arose three years ago among the youth under education by the Rev. C. L. F. Haensel, closed its accounts for the year last week, and rendered a statement, on Thursday evening, when a number of friends kindly encouraged them by their attendance. The funds reported as in hand at a similar meeting held on the 2d of October last amounted to £9 6 8

Since then were received from weekly and monthly subscribers through the young Sub-Treasurers	3 16 6 1/2
Contents of three missionary-boxes	3 5 10 1/2
Amount raised by the St. Charles' Street Branch of the Association	0 17 7
Amount collected by Master Lewis Bradshaw	0 12 9 1/2
	£17 19 5 1/2

Received from an anonymous donor, through the Editor of the Berean 1 0 0

Subscriptions from members of the Parent Society, to be remitted with the funds of this Association: Rev. G. Mackie 1 5 0
Rev. C. L. F. Haensel 1 0 0

£21 4 5 1/2
Since the meeting, received from W. S. Sewell, Esq., subscription to the Parent Society 1 5 0

£22 9 5 1/2

This sum will be remitted to the Parent Society by the next mail, so as to be included in their accounts, which are to be made up on the 31st of March, and laid before the Anniversary Meeting to be held in London at the commencement of May.

The best thanks are tendered to the friends who have promoted this endeavour to aid the cause of missions in the wide field occupied by the Church Missionary Society.

To the Editor of the Berean.

Sir,—The recent conflicting presentations of the Grand Jury in respect to the management of the Lunatic Asylum, having excited my curiosity, I took advantage of the kind invitation of a friend, to accompany him to the spot, that I might be able to judge for myself as to the correctness of the descriptions given; and as the subject may possess some interest to your readers, I venture to request that you will allow me a corner in your journal. The Asylum for the Insane is situated on the bank of the River St. Charles, a little above the Marine Hospital, and near the range of buildings known as the General Hospital. A ticket on the door informs you that persons wishing to visit the insane can do so on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 10 to 3 o'clock. It is long and narrow, and consists of two parts, of which one seems to have been added on to the other, a door dividing them. After passing through a small ante-room, you enter a narrow passage with small rooms or cells on each side: this is devoted to females, and I think contains 8 cells. Passing through the door at the end of this passage, you descend by one step into a longer one, where are 12 cells, six on each side, devoted to male patients, and having a separate entrance besides that from the female ward. From a rough guess and calculating by the width of each cell, I should consider the passage as about thirty-five feet long. A large stove in the centre was the only means for warming it. The floor of the passage was stone, those of the cells wooden. Entering into one that was vacant, I measured it by my walking stick, and found it to be about eight feet deep, and less than five wide. The doors of the cells which were tenanted, with two exceptions, were tightly closed. Above the door a grating of wood seemed to be the only opening (when the door was closed) by which heat could enter the cell, unless by a hole in the wall, some nine inches square, through which you can see the unfortunate inmates and converse with them. There was another opening like a trough of stone into which is poured the water for them to drink. Their food is conveyed to them through the first named aperture. The only furniture seemed to be what serves them for a bed, and in some of the cells, a chair. Each cell has a small window which, in summer, may be a help to ventilation, but they are all closed in winter; the window at the end of the passage being the only medium for

allowing fresh air to take the place of the confined atmosphere of the cells. As far as I could judge, the building was kept clean, for I did not enter any cell where the door was closed; but the noxious effluvia, mentioned by the Grand Jury (and which was worse than I ever found it in any stable) which salutes your nostrils upon entering the passage, particularly that where males are confined, is sufficient proof that the personal habits of the patients are filthy beyond description, and that proper means do not exist or are not used for ventilating and purifying the atmosphere. It was so intolerable that I am persuaded a short time longer would have made me ill, and I feel confident that the constant inhaling of such “noxious effluvia” must seriously affect the health of the lunatics.

In this so called Asylum are eight males and, I believe, four females, one of the former having been there 28 years, and one female more than 30 years. Confined to a small cell, deprived of exercise, inhaling a most impure air, with nothing to engage or divert their thoughts, is it to be wondered at if none ever leave the building cured or in any way benefited? Confinement there would make a lunatic of any one!

As I have already trespassed upon your kindness, I will not presume to add a word of comment upon these facts, which speak for themselves. If any think my statement exaggerated, let them by a personal examination satisfy themselves of its justness.

OBSERVER.

[The only relief to which we can turn from this sickening account—and it is one which literally coincides with all the descriptions of the “Asylum” we had previously heard given—is the assurance we receive that urgency is now using by an official character to effect the establishment of a suitable institution to receive those unfortunate fellow creatures of ours. We know that persons in a state of mental alienation are likely to be filthy in their habits, but correctives to that are successfully applied in well regulated establishments. We will once more express our full persuasion, that the public will not allow more than the most indispensable delay to interpose between these disclosures and the application of a thorough remedy.—EDITOR.]

R. CATHOLIC SYMPATHY FOR PROTESTANT BLINDNESS.—A prayer for the conversion of England from the “darkness which heresy has spread there,” has been framed by a Belgian priest; and Englebert, the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, thus approves of it:—“We give our sanction to the above prayer; and for every day on which it shall be devoutly repeated, we hereby grant a hundred days' indulgence [from the pains of purgatory]. We accord the same favour to those who shall receive the holy communion, as well as to the priests who may celebrate mass with the like views [of bringing about the conversion of England]. We earnestly engage all who are of our Diocese, and especially the priesthood, and the members of religious societies, to be frequent in prayer for an object so important, and to especially dedicate the Thursdays to this work.”—Newcastle Courant. No doubt the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much; but we know “the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord.” Protestant brethren, let us pray for ourselves (that none of these evils prayed for us) come upon us. VEZUIS.

[VERUS is too severe upon the Belgian Priest—we say nothing for the Archbishop with his bribe of indulgences:—really, when in the Church of England many are known to be longing for union with Rome, and are borne with, stroked, fondled, as they have been, we can imagine that members of the Church of Rome whom we should not designate as “the wicked” nor their prayers as “an abomination” may be so far confirmed in their error by these apparitions (see the Sermon on our first page) as to think the return of England to the Roman faith, an event to be devoutly prayed for. It may be, Mr. Bickell of Oxford, latterly of Bruges, (see Berean 19th December) is the mover of all this.—EDITOR.]

THE TWO WONDERS.

“I have lately seen two wonders: First, I was looking out of my window at night, and saw the stars in the heaven, and God's great beautiful arch over my head, but I could not see any pillars on which the builder had fixed this arch; and yet the heavens fell not, and this arch stood firm. Still there were some who were seeking for the pillars, and were longing to touch them and feel them. And because they could not do this, they stood quivering and trembling, as if the heavens would certainly fall, and for no other reason than because they could not see and feel the pillars which held them up. If they could only grasp the pillars, then the heavens would stand fast.

“Secondly, I saw great thick clouds sweeping over us, of such weight and burden that they might be compared to a mighty sea; but there was no floor for these clouds to rest upon, and no barrels to barrel them up; yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us with a scowling visage and fled away. And when they had gone, then both the floor and the roof which had held them up, shone down upon us, the beautiful rainbow. Yet that was so small, thin, weak a floor and roof, that it disappeared in the clouds, and seemed more like a shadow, like an image in a painted glass, than such a strong floor; so that one might well be in doubt whether such a floor could bear up so great a weight of water. Yet in point of fact, the waters were borne up and we were protected; still some will be feeling to see what holds the waters up, and because they cannot find it, are in dread of an eternal flood.

“Such a work as God by his grace has given us to do, He will by His spirit prosper and advance; and way and time and place to help us will come right, and will be neither forgotten nor delayed.—Letter from Martin Luther to Chancellor Bruck.

THE TRUVES IMPOSTURE WORKING BATTER DANGEROUSLY.—The Rev. Mr. Ronge (see our number of the 6th) has not retracted, and consequently has been excommunicated. On this subject, the following particulars are inserted in the Halifax Times:—A letter from Breslau, says:—“The