

Douth's Corner.

WHAT IS PRAYER.

About twenty years ago, a little boy was sent to bed at dark by his sister. He knelt down before a chair to say his prayers. A young lady, a visitor, was present, and she listened while he repeated them. He knew that she was observing him; and as he said the words in a careful manner, with his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands clasped, "How sweetly he prays!" whispered the lady. This was all she said; but he heard it and his heart heard it with gratified pride. He had scarcely thought of God in his prayers; yet he went to bed glad and happy—not because he felt that he had pleased God, but because he himself had been praised! Was this prayer? I will tell you what he did afterward, and then you can judge.

One day he made a kite, it would not fly, but turned round. After trying awhile to make it fly in the air, he became angry, and cursed the kite—not loud, but softly, lest somebody should hear him. He did it with the same tongue which the young lady said had "prayed so sweetly." He forgot God when he cursed, as well as when he prayed. Had he prayed?

A few years passed away. He was now eight years old, and he often felt much troubled when he thought of his sins. There were no simple instructive books published at that time, to teach young children the way to be saved. He knew that he ought to pray; but did not rightly understand how Jesus Christ was his Saviour. It is true that he often heard the minister and his mother speak of Him, but no one explained to him, in a manner that he could understand, that he should love and trust the Saviour just as he should confide in his father. To quiet his conscience when it was uneasy, he resolved to say three prayers secretly every day. This plan he followed for a time; he then grew careless, and forgot to pray, until something alarmed him, when he began again; and, to make up for lost time, he counted up the days in which he had forgotten his devotions, and remained on his knees until he had repeated three prayers for each neglected day. But it was very tiresome to remain so long on his knees, and he then hastened over them as rapidly as his tongue could move, little feeling, that something more was needed than the mere repeating of words. Was this prayer?

Many more years passed away, and he became a man. His father and mother died, many of his friends besides. There were very few left in the world to love him; and he wandered to another city. He was sad and lonely; he felt that every thing worldly was vain and unsatisfying. He had no true happiness here, and he had no hope in looking to the life to come. He knew that God was not his friend. God could not be pleased with sinners; and he felt that he was a sinner. One Sabbath he went into a church, and there heard of Christ in such a way as he had never before heard. Overcome with sorrow, he went to his bedroom, and, in the agony of his soul, he threw himself upon the floor, and asked the Lord to have mercy on him. He felt that he could not cast himself down low enough for his Maker. He repented that he had sinned so long and so much against the good and holy God, and resolved, by the help of the gracious Spirit, to do so no more. He became a Christian; and then experienced that one moment's enjoyment of the love and favour of the Lord was worth ten thousand worlds. This was prayer.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

BLACK SALLY.

A black woman went out one day with some rubbing stones to sell. Poor creature! they were all she had. They had cost her thirteen-pence; and now she had no money left. She had baked the dust into cakes the evening before, and now she hoped that some servants would buy them to clean their hearths. She had eaten no breakfast, and she was very hungry and very cold. She knocked at a door. The servant came. "Do you please to want some rubbing-stone?" said the poor negro woman. "No," said the servant, and shut the door in her face. Yet this old woman felt a great deal of comfort in her heart. How could that be? She had been taught how good God is; she had been taught to pray to him; she knew that he heard her. She prayed in her heart, "Lord, open door for me," and she felt the Lord would open some door for her. So she went and knocked at another door. The servant came, and sent her away. Still she thought in her heart, "Me know the Lord will open door." She knocked again, but no one came. She knocked and knocked at many a door, but no one would have her rubbing-stones. "Ah," said she to herself, "what will me do? Serbal (servant) will not buy rubbing-stones; but still me know Lord will open door; so me go on knocking." Yet still no one would buy the stones. Then she thought she must go home. She knew God would not let her starve; but she did not know how he would help her. As she was going down the road to her home, she passed by a great house. Though she was now aching with cold, she said, "Me will try once more; Lord will open door." She knocked; no one came. She waited; at last she thought, "Me must go home." At that moment a gentleman came that way, and observed how sad she looked. He said to her, "Where do you come from?" She thought he was only laughing at her, because she was black; and she answered, "Why can you want to know where I come from?" The gentleman replied, in a kind manner, "Good woman, tell me from what country you come." Then the poor creature gladly told him the name of her country. "What!" replied the gentleman, "do you come from thence? I was once there myself; and when I was a stranger, I was kindly treated. Take this half-crown, poor woman, and come to my house every week; my wife will buy your rubbing-stones." "Ah!" said poor black Sally, full of joy, "thank you massa, thank you—Me know Lord

open door. Me pray to him; he hear me; he always provide. He so good to me! Me love him always."

And now, my dear reader, do not leave off reading because the story seems finished; for I have a word more to say about Sally, and a word to say to you. Can you tell me how it was Sally knew God would open the door? I can tell you. She had knocked at the door of One much greater than any body in that town where Sally lived, and it had been opened. She had knocked at the door of a King. This door is called the door of mercy. Sally had repented of her sins, and had asked for pardon, for the sake of Jesus, who died for her; and the King had opened the door, and had given her pardon and peace. Then Sally knew he would give her bread and water as long as she lived; for he had promised he would, and she knew he could open any door. My dear reader, have you knocked at mercy's door? Knock now, if you have never knocked before. It will be opened, and you will be happy for ever.—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE IN SWEDEN AND DENMARK.

Letter from the Rev. Dr. Baird.

Upon our arrival at this city of Gottenburg, the second in size and importance in the kingdom of Sweden, I called upon such friends as I had made in my former visits in 1836 and 1840. Among them I may mention Mr. Olaf Wijk, a distinguished merchant, who is known to many in the United States, for he has visited our country, I believe, more than once. He is one of the oldest and most devoted friends of the temperance cause in Sweden. He informed me that there was to be a meeting of the officers, committee, and such of the members of the Gottenburg Temperance Society, as might be disposed to attend, this afternoon, at five o'clock, for the transaction of business, and invited myself and my travelling companions to be present. This invitation, you may be sure, we did not fail to accept. The number of gentlemen and ladies (for there were several ladies present) was not large, but in the highest degree respectable, for it embraced some of the most influential persons in the city.

The bishop of Gottenburg, one of the most distinguished prelates of the kingdom, the President of the Society, acted as Chairman. The meeting lasted about an hour and a half. As it related wholly to local matters, there was nothing worthy of being reported. One of the Committee, the Chief Collector of the Customs, after the business which had convened them had been transacted, read a Temperance Tract, which had just been published, and which was heard with fixed attention. It is the production of a pastor who resides in this part of Sweden, of the name of Janson. It was spoken of by Mr. Wijk and others, at the close of the meeting, as an admirable thing, and well fitted to do much good.

The Gottenburg Society has appointed a delegate to the Convent of Stockholm. That meeting, I am delighted to learn from all quarters, is likely to be a very large and important one. There will be delegates from all parts of Sweden and from Norway, some from Denmark, and from Finland; it is expected; and several from Germany. America will be represented by four friends of the temperance cause, if God spare our lives and health.

In my last letter I could not find space in which to speak of the progress of the temperance cause in Denmark. And even now a few words must suffice for that topic.

When I visited that country in 1836, I could do no more than distribute a few copies of the History of Temperance Societies I had prepared, and which had just been published in French in the city of Paris. The few grains of seed which were then sown were not lost. When I made a second visit in 1840, I found considerable interest awakened, and a few important friends raised up for the cause. Steps were immediately taken to cause that work, continued down to that epoch, to be translated into the Danish. Two thousand copies were published; one thousand for Denmark, and one thousand for Norway, where the Danish language is spoken. These volumes were sent to those who were likely to make a good use of them. The result has been, that the good work has taken root extensively in both countries. Temperance Societies are springing up in various parts of the kingdom of Denmark, and the good work goes on, not rapidly, but really. Of its progress in Norway, as I have already stated, I shall speak in another letter.—*New York Observer.*

SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

A parcel of printed reports which has just reached us from Aberdeen, conveys the pleasing intelligence that the Schools of Industry established in that town for the suppression of juvenile mendicancy and crime continue to be in a flourishing state. The object of these schools, as may be remembered, is to prevent begging and crime by children—vagrancy or begging being observed a mere preliminary to theft, theft leading to burglary or higher offences, and all these crimes sooner or later terminating in imprisonment, transportation, or penal inflictions still more severe. The aim, then, of these institutions is to prevent crime, instead of waiting till it needs to be punished. The way they go to work, consists in the seizure of every boy or girl found begging or vagrandering within the limits of the police, and conducting them, not to jail, but to a School of Industry, where they are fed, instructed, and caused to work at an easy kind of productive employment. All are sent home at night; but after a little time, the whole attend daily without any compulsion. By this means the streets are effectually cleared of all juvenile beggars and petty offenders. The crop of thieves is cut off ere it attains maturity. Crime is effectually nipped in the bud. From the report of the rural police committee of Aberdeenshire, laid

before the commissioners of supply, April 30, it appears that the benefit of the schools is extended over all parts of the adjoining district. A few years ago, the number of juvenile vagrants which infested the county of Aberdeenshire was between 300 and 400. It was quite common to take up above 300 in the year. In the year, however, ending April 1845, the number had diminished to 105; and in the year ending April 1846, it had sunk to 14. To the activity of the police is, doubtless, owing some of this remarkable diminution; but further, observes the committee, is it owing to "the establishment of the admirable Schools of Industry in Aberdeen—food and education having been provided for this unfortunate class, and thus even the shadow of an excuse has been taken away for sending out children to procure subsistence by begging. Your committee desire to draw particular attention to this subject, feeling it to be of the highest importance, because juvenile vagrancy is, they are persuaded, the nursery whence a large proportion both of the crime and the pauperism of after-years is furnished. Doubtless the Schools of Industry more immediately benefit the city of Aberdeen; but as it was from Aberdeen that most of the juvenile vagrants in the county issued, so now the county is also sharing largely in the benefit of these institutions."

Whatever be the merits of the plans now before the public in respect to the punishment and treatment of criminals, it can admit of no question that institutions such as those we allude to may be rendered important national engines for the general prevention of crime. What can be more sorrowful than the sight of a prison half filled with children, who, having once got into a course of vice, are almost certain not to stop till they endure the higher penalties of the law. That properly-organized Schools of Industry will tend to assuage, if not nearly extirpate, this crying evil, the best evidence is obtained from the report before us. Let every large town, then, follow the example which has been so admirably set. Let the metropolis, always behind in movements for social advancement, be up and doing in this good work. Already the subject has been sufficiently talked about; the time has come for action. To set about anything of the sort, a little energy on the part of a single influential individual is alone required. In each locality, such an individual will know where to look for funds. He will not wait, and wait, and wait to see if Government will lend its helping hand. Government seems to know or care little for first principles, and, besides, has neither power nor inclination to assist in any scheme of this broad and humanising nature. In establishing Industrial Schools, however, for pauper children, the co-operation of the local magistracy and police is extremely desirable: compulsion being a primary means of filling the benches with pupils. It would further be desirable to have a piece of ground in connexion with each school, which could be cultivated by the boys able for garden or field labour. Valuable as employment within doors may be, it is much less exhilarating than that in the open air, where the whole influences of nature contribute not only to physical, but also moral improvement. The returns from any species of field labour, we apprehend, would also aid materially in supporting the establishment, and render it less burdensome to the friends by whom it would, in the first place, be maintained.—*Chambers's Journal.*

In connection with the above, it will be interesting to read the following remarks from Dr. Hook's late pamphlet on National Education. He speaks of compulsion in requiring the attendance of children at school. "No compulsion can of course be resorted to which would interfere with the liberty of the subject; but there are many indirect and constitutional methods of forcing unwilling parents to extend to their children a blessing which is as beneficial to the children themselves as to the public. The children of many of those persons to whom allusion has already been made are sent out every day to beg, by their parents, and they are punished unless, by begging or stealing, they bring home at night a specific sum of money. In vain do the clergy penetrate the dark lanes where these persons reside, and entreat them to send their children to school: they are put off in quiet times with civil speeches; and in times of turbulence they are, perhaps, pelted and abused. Now it might surely be enacted that, if a child under a certain age be found begging, the magistrates might send it to the industrial school attached to the workhouse, where it could be fed and clothed as well as educated. It would not be just to compel a parent, while professing to support his child, to send it to school; there would be validity in the excuse that the services of the child are required to contribute towards the expenses of the household: but the parent would have no cause for complaint if, besides providing for his child a good education, we were also to make provision for its sustenance. A boy or girl found begging might be thus appropriated by the State and sent to the workhouse, so that the punishment of the parent would be the blessing of the child."

PLEASURE IS CHEAP.

Did you ever study the cheapness of pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, and a smile, do the work. There are two or three little boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look; we'll be bound to say they will not be cross for an hour. A poor widow lives in our neighbourhood, who is the owner of a half a dozen children; send in half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—all the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another,

and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sombre face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his task, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or has "left an out," or "pied a stickful;" say "you block-head," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry, try do better in future," and he feels a great deal better. You have employed a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet many a familiar face. Say "good morning" as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbour.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, and sunshines, and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them hermetically in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them to scatter about us; in the cot of the widow, among groups of children, in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy—the discontented, cheerful—the vicious, virtuous—at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

It is related of Mary Lundie Duncan that when, in her fourth year, her little brother had struck her in a fit of anger, she instantly turned the other cheek, and said mildly, "There, Corie." The uplifted hand was dropped, and when the child was asked who taught her that, she replied that she heard her papa read it one morning out of the Bible at prayer time.

This is not only an evidence that this child early gave her understanding to what was read to her, but a hint to all parents that it is not a matter of no moment whether very young children are made to be present at domestic duties; for not only is the habit acquired of waiting on God in the way he has appointed, but the mind, in its flickering attention, gleams some precious things, which are stored up amongst its treasures.—*Protestant Churchman.*

[It must be borne in mind, however, that it is not always possible, nor is it always advisable, to give pleasure. Please men, by all means, if it may be to edification; but risk their displeasure, rather than their ruin. In dealing with children, also, it is not safe to do always that which will please them. Their choicings and fancies must often be crossed, in order to form the character for life.]

THE SWALLOW AND THE TRIFLER.

There you have a creature abundantly busy, up in the early morning, for ever on the wing, as graceful and sprightly in his flight as tasteful in the haunts which he selects. Look at him, zig-zagging over the clover field, skimming the limpid lake, whisking round the steeples, or dancing gaily in the sky. Behold him in high spirits, shrieking out his ecstasy as he has bolted a dragon-fly, or darted through the arrow-slits of the old turret, or performed some other feat of birdlike agility. And notice how he pays his morning visits, alighting elegantly on some house-top, and twittering politely by turns to the swallow on either side of him, and after five minutes' conversation, off and away to call for his friend at the castle. And now he is gone upon his travels, gone to spend the winter at Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the Holy Land, or perform a more *cherché* pilgrimage to Spain or the coast of Barbary. And when he comes home next April, sure enough he has been abroad;—charming climate, highly delighted with the cicadas in Italy, and the bees on Hymettus;—loists in Africa rather scarce this season; but upon the whole much pleased with his trip, and returned in high health and spirits. Now, dear friends, this is a very proper life for a swallow, but is it a life for you? To flit about from house to house; to pay futile visits, where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes and nimble movements and polished attire; to roam from land to land with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime or beautiful in your soul that, could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the winged traveller enlarging on the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one, on the miseries of his hotel or his chateau; you describing the places of amusement, or enlarging on the vastness of the country, and your rival eloquent on the self-same things. Oh! it is a thought, not ridiculous, but appalling. If the earthly history of some of our brethren were written down; if a faithful record were kept of the way they spend their time; if all the hours of idle vacancy, or idle occupancy were put together, and the very small amount of useful diligence deducted, the life of a bird or quadruped would be a nobler one; more worthy of its powers and more equal to its Creator's end in forming it. Such a register is kept. Though the trifer does not chronicle his own vain works and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They find their indelible place in that book of remembrance with which human hand cannot tamper, and from which no erasure save one can blot them. They are noted in the memory of God. And when once this life of wondrous opportunities and awful advantages is over—when the twenty or fifty years of probation are fled away—when mortal existence, with its facilities for personal improvement and serviceableness to others, is gone beyond recall—when the trifer looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of hope and doors of usefulness, past which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness—what anguish will

it move to think that he has gambolled through such a world without salvation to himself, without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifler, a vivacious idler, a clever fool!—*Life in earnest, by the Rev. James Hamilton.*

SIGHT RESTORED.

NERVOUS HEADACHE AND DEAFNESS CURED, BY THE USE OF

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 of *Zeblous*.

THOMAS BICKELL, Grocer and Importer of China, Glass and Earthenware.

St. John Street, Quebec.

MONTREAL TYPE FOUNDRY.

TO THE PRINTERS AND PROPRIETORS OF NEWSPAPERS IN CANADA, NOVA SCOTIA, &c. &c.

The Establishment, begs to solicit a continuance of the Patronage which has been heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him as Agent to the Foundry.

Having revised and greatly added to the material, he can confidently recommend the Type now manufactured by him as equal to any manufactured on this Continent.

The services of an experienced practical man, from New York, have been engaged in the mechanical department, and the Printers in this City are confidently appealed to as to the beauty and quality of the Type cast in this Foundry.

A specimen will be shortly issued, when the Proprietor will do himself the pleasure of waiting upon the Trade; in the meantime, he will be happy to see or hear from those inclined to give him their order.

Old Type taken in Exchange at 6d. per Pound. Printers' Materials, and any article not manufactured in Montreal, brought in from New York at 20 per cent. in advance.

CHAS. T. PALSGRAVE.

June 12th, 1845.

COALS.

NEWCASTLE, Wallsend, Grate and Smiths' Coals, for Sale by H. H. Porter & Co., Porter & Co's Wharf, Late Irvine's.

Quebec, Jan. 1st 1846.

FOR SALE EX "PERSEVERANCE," FROM HAMBURG.

GERMAN WINDOW GLASS (in half boxes) of all sizes and double thickness, 150 Demijohns, German Seythes, Best German Steel and Spelter.

C. & W. WURTELE,

S. Paul Street.

25th June, 1846.

THE BEREAN.

EDITED BY A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Is published every THURSDAY Morning,

BY G. S. T. A. L. E. Y.,

Printer, Bookseller and Stationer,

4, ANN-STREET.

TERMS.—Fifteen Shillings a-Year, or Twelve Shillings and Six Pence if paid in advance.

The Rev. MARK WILLOUGHBY, (Montreal,

" CHARLES BANCROFT, (do,

" W. THOMPSON, Christville,

BENZ. BURLAND, Esq. St. John's,

WILLIAM LLOYD, Esq., Lamoignonville,

JOHN DURNFORD, Esq., Toronto,

The Rev. H. V. ROGERS, Kingston,

SAMUEL MUCKLESON, Esq., do.

J. P. BARTENBY, Esq. Ancaster, C. W.,

ALEX. DAVIDSON, Esq., P. M., Niagara, C. W., are

so kind as to act for the Berean.

Terms in Great Britain:—Ten Shillings Sterling in

advance. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. JOHN

HENRY JACKSON, Bookseller, Islington Green, Islington,

London.

Terms in the United States, including postage to the

lines:—\$3 Dollars a-year, or \$4 Dollars if paid in

advance.

AGENTS AT

New York at 75 Nassau-street, Mr. F. G. FISK.

Brooklyn at 41 Front-street, do.

Boston: Mr. CHARLES SIMMONS, Washington-St.

Advertisements, delivered in the evening before the

day of publication, inserted according to order, at 2s 6d

per six lines and under; first insertion, and 7d each

subsequent insertion; for ten lines and above six lines

3s 3d first insertion, and 10d each subsequent inser-

tion; above ten lines 4d per line first insertion, and

1d per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertising by the year or for a considerable time

as may be agreed upon.