

Death's Corner.

A LITTLE GIRL, PREACHING TO AN OLD FARMER.

The following letter was found one day, by the pen- opener, on the floor, just inside the door of Tav- lock Chapel, London. The contents speak for themselves. The dear little girl only answered, when asked, with great modesty, as became her; but she effectually preached the Gospel to the old man who put the questions.

May 18th, 1831.

"As a stranger to you I have taken the liberty to send you this. I dropped into your church on Sunday morning last. I noticed a little girl that came into the church and went into a pew, where she sat by herself the whole of the service. My attention was drawn by her solemn attention. When I came out, I saw her going I thought my way. I said, 'pray is this my way to Chelsea?' 'Yes, sir. I am going as far as Charing Cross, and then I will put you in a direct way.' I thanked her, and our conversation was as follows. 'Pray was that the minister of that church?' 'Yes, sir. I think him a very bold man.' 'Do you, Sir?' 'Yes, I do.' 'Ah sir, those that speak for Christ have reason to speak boldly, for they have a good cause, for Christ will speak for them by and by.' 'I thought you were earnest in prayer when you entered your pew: have you lost any of your family?' 'No sir, not of late.' 'What was you praying for?' 'It is Whit-Sunday, I was begging that the Holy Spirit might descend and come into our minister's heart more fully to-day, that he might preach him to us, for it is promised that the Holy Spirit will come to them that ask and believe.' 'Now I did not understand what he meant by the Holy Ghost, did you?' 'Yes, sir, I did, I think, for I felt it. This way, sir, the graces of the Spirit are given to all true believers. Now sir, I am nearly three hundred miles from my native home, and when I have a letter from them it is read to me, and I feel it and believe it to be my mother's words, and from her heart: so it comes to my heart: this is the way I feel it. You must know, if a child asks bread, the father will not, cannot give him a stone.'

"Now, sir, I must confess I never saw or felt so much before as I did this day from this dear little girl. To my shame I have attended my church for upwards of forty years, and yet I am taught by a little child what the Holy Ghost was. Sir, it quite makes an old farmer drop his tears. May God Almighty bless us all, especially this little girl.

"I intend to put this under the church door or leave it at some house, for I do not know your name, or the church's name, and I must leave London this afternoon for Petworth, in Sussex.

W. A.

To the Minister of the Church."

JONAH AND THE GOULD.

Poor Jonah! He is angry at what befalls him, and he frets and murmurs against the Lord. What a sad, peevish spirit he shows; how unlike what becomes a servant of God, who ought to be ready to say at all times, and under all trials, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good."

In this trouble, Jonah seeks shelter under a gourd. But soon his shelter fails. The worm eats at the root of the gourd, and it withers and dies away; and then farewell Jonah's shelter. It would be well if Jonah stood alone. But we are all apt to take shelter where we cannot find it. The world, in some shape or other, if not in its sins, yet in its innocent and allowed blessings, is fondly looked to as our gourd: but how soon it fails. Riches take to themselves wings and flee away.

Friends, children, in how many ways do they fail us! No, there is no safe shelter but Christ. He is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land: the rock of ages, which has stood many a storm, and can never fail. Oh! reader, trust nothing but Christ. If otherwise, depend upon it you will soon find that you lean upon a poor slender reed, which will break, and pierce you through with many sorrows. You cannot expect too little from the creature, or too much from Christ.

"Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart."—Children's Friend.

MOTIVES.

Instruction to Laura Bridgman, a girl Blind, Deaf, and Dumb, from Report to the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind.

"Oct. 24th. At eight o'clock to-day Laura came to me and said, 'Doctor wants you to teach me about motives; what are motives?'

"After giving the meaning of the word, I referred her to a story that I read to her last evening. It was of a benevolent kind-hearted little boy, who expended his money in purchasing little comforts for those who needed them, making it his happiness to do good to the poor and unfortunate. She was very much interested in talking of the character of the boy, and of his sister and mother. 'It was a good motive for George to give nice things to poor people,' 'Doctor has a good motive to give us this nice large room to be so warm and comfortable; he is very benevolent. But Jesus Christ was the most benevolent; we cannot be benevolent as he was.'—'I cannot be benevolent and do kind things to crazy people, and blind and deaf people, and cure them.' 'God is very benevolent; he does so many things to make people happy.' I then tried to show her how she might be truly benevolent in little things, every day. 'I give away many things,' said she. I convinced her that it was not always a proof of benevolence, to give things away. During the whole lesson she was very serious and thoughtful, pressing my fingers closely, so that no letter should escape her.

"Friday, Oct. 25th. Laura seemed to me very rude and boisterous, and not easily restrained as usual. It was very discouraging to me,

and I gave myself up to sad thoughts. Laura soon perceived it, and asked why. I told her she did not try, so much as I wished, to grow still and gentle, though we had talked so much about it. She sat still some time, and then said, 'I love Mrs. Smith best, she is so gentle.' 'This was evidently said to trouble me, and did not relieve me any. This is one of the very few instances when there seemed to be unkindness in the child's heart.

"But she soon repented. After dinner she was up stairs, and was gone for some time; when at last she came down and found me, she said she had a nice present for me to make me more happy, and that she would try more to improve. She said this very sadly. I took her present and exerted myself to appear as cheerful as usual.

"The present she brought was a pincushion, one of her choicest treasures.

"Lessons as usual. Talking with Laura about being kind and benevolent. She began to give me a long account of little kind things that she had done. After a time, I told her that sometimes people did kind things that their friends might praise them and think they were very kind and benevolent.

"We talked of it sometime, Laura's face growing more and more red, yet half smiling. I could see she was applying the remark to herself, as indeed she does every thing that she hears of this kind. 'Why do I like to be praised?' she soon asked. I told her that every one did, and that it was right for us to like to have our friends love us, and praise us too, if we were good. Suppose the case of two little children, one of whom was very kind to his sisters that his mother might call him good, and the other did the same because he was glad to see all happy, &c. Asked her which she thought was the best child. She hesitated a moment, and replied, 'The boy who wanted to see other children happy.'"

There may be better ways of correcting such faults in children, but there are, certainly, many worse ones in frequent use.

INFANT SCHOOLS.—The plan adopted in the infant schools of Geneva is worthy the attention of all the advocates of education. The most valuable parts of those establishments are justly described to be spacious and beautiful gardens, of which the children have the use. These are regarded by the instructors as absolutely indispensable. In these gardens they take diversions, perform gymnastic exercises, labour with their little rakes, wooden shovels, and wheel-barrow. A roof is erected over part of the garden for exercise in wet weather. It has often been said by those who oppose the education of the poor, that the profitable employment of their hands is better for them than the intellectual employment of their heads. If schooling made idle men, there would be some force in the argument. Our forefathers were of opinion that schooling is not an evil in itself, and if it can be shown that profitable labour and habits of industry may be acquired at the very time when learning is being gained, the cause of learning, combined with industry, must triumph.

SCHOOL FOR CONVICTS' CHILDREN.

When I was in Berlin, I went into the public prison, and visited every part of the establishment. At last I was introduced to a very large hall, which was full of children, with their books and teachers, and having the appearance of a Prussian school room. 'What!' said I, 'is it possible that all these children are imprisoned here for crime?' 'Oh no,' said my conductor, smiling at my simplicity, 'but if a parent is imprisoned for crime, and on that account his children are left destitute of the means of education, and are likely to grow up in ignorance and crime, the government places them here, and maintains and educates them for useful employment.' This was a new idea to me. I know not that it has ever been suggested in the United States; but surely it is the duty of the government, as well as its highest interest, when a man is paying the penalties of his crimes in a public prison, to see that his offending children are not left to suffer and inherit their father's vices. Surely it would be better for the child, and cheaper as well as better for the state. Let it not be supposed that a man will go to prison for the sake of leaving his children to be taken care of—for those who go to prison usually have little regard for their children. If they had, the discipline of the Berlin prison would soon sicken them of such a bargain.—Prof. Stone's Report.

TIMELY ADVICE.—The following anecdote is related of the late Rev. John Fletcher, by one of his parishioners, as characteristic of the man: "When a young man, he was married by Mr. Fletcher, who said to him as soon as the service was concluded, and he was about to make the accustomed entry, 'Well, William, you have had your name entered in our register once before this.' 'Yes, sir, at my baptism.' 'And now your name will be entered a second time. You have, no doubt, thought much about your present step, and made proper preparations for it in many different ways.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Recollect that a third entry of your name—the register of your burial, will, sooner or later, take place. Think, then, about death; and make proper preparations for that also, lest it overtake you as a thief in the night.'—This person is now walking in the ways of the Lord, and states that he often adverts to this and other things which his serious and affectionate pastor found frequent occasion to say to him."

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.—Mr. Brewer, a valuable minister of the Gospel, while a student, was always known to be punctual in attending the lectures at the tutor's house. The students boarded in neighbouring families, and at stated hours met for recitation. One morning at the

clock struck seven, and all rose up for prayer according to custom. The tutor, looking round and observing that Mr. Brewer was absent, paused awhile. Seeing him now enter the room, he thus addressed him: "Sir, the clock has struck, and we were ready to begin; but, as you were absent, we supposed it was too fast, and therefore waited." The clock was actually too fast by some minutes.—Prot. Churchman.

A HINDOO THE INSTRUMENT OF CONVERSION.—The Rev. Dr. Steinkopf once visited a man in Marylebone workhouse, who gave the following account of his conversion fifty years before. He said, that being in an English vessel off Calcutta, he had gone one Sunday on shore to perform some work. While he was engaged in it, a Hindoo observing him, said to him, Do you call yourself a Christian? To which he replied, that he did. Why, said the Hindoo, does your God require you to work on the Sabbath day? To which he did not attempt to make an answer; but on returning to the vessel he found these questions incessantly recur to his mind, till they brought him on his knees to acknowledge his ignorance and sin; and from that moment he dated his conversion to God.

LYNCH-LAW LADIES IN MICHIGAN.—On Friday morning, the 10th of July, between the hours of 1 and 2, about 40 ladies, from the village of Utica, Michigan, secretly assembled, proceeded to a bowling-alley, armed with axes, hatchets, hammers, &c., and completely demolished it. They had viewed this insidious foe to their domestic peace for some time with an anxious and jealous eye; and, having waited in vain for some legal proceedings against it, determined for once to take the law into their own hands. They went at it with much spirit and energy, hacked the bed of the alley, tore down the walls, razed the roof to the ground, and finished with trampling upon and breaking the roof to pieces. The building was 80 feet long, and this work of destruction was accomplished in a little less than an hour.—Detroit Daily Advertiser.

AN UNEXPLORED TORRENT.—We halted at noon at the upper end of a large bottom, near some old houses, which had been a trading post, in latitude 41 deg. 46 44 min. At this place the elevation of the river above the sea is 6,230 feet. That of Lewis's fork of the Columbia, at Fork-hall, is, according to our subsequent observation, 4,500 feet. The descent of each stream is rapid, but that of the Colorado is but little known, and that little, derived from vague report. Three hundred miles of its lower part, as it approaches the gulf of California, is reported to be smooth and tranquil; but its upper part is manifestly broken into many falls and rapids. From many descriptions of trappers it is probable that in its foaming course amongst its lofty precipices it presents many scenes of wild grandeur; and, though offering many temptations, and often discussed, no trappers have been found bold enough to undertake a voyage which has so certain a prospect of a fatal termination. The Indians have strange stories of beautiful valleys, abounding with beavers, shut up among inaccessible walls of rock in the lower course of the river, and to which the neighbouring Indians, in their occasional wars with the Spaniards and among themselves, drive their herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, leaving them to pasture in perfect security.—Fremont's Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

THE FRIAR AND THE NIGHT WHISPER.

While Mr. Welch was minister in one of the French villages, one evening a Popish friar, travelling through the country, because he could find no lodging in the whole village, addressed himself to Mr. Welch's house, and begged the favour of a lodging for that night. The servants informed Mr. Welch, who readily consented; but as he had supper, and family worship was over, he did not see the friar, but retired to his room. After the friar had supper, the servant showed him to his chamber, between which and Mr. Welch's there was but a thin deal partition. After the friar's first sleep, he was surprised with hearing a constant whispering kind of noise, at which he was exceedingly frightened.

The next morning, as he walked into the fields, a countryman met him, and because of his habit, saluted him, asking him where he had lodged that night. The friar answered, "With the Huguenot minister." The countryman asked what entertainment he had met with. The friar answered, "Very bad; for," said he, "I always imagined there were devils haunting these ministers' houses; and I am persuaded there was one with me this night: for I heard a continual whisper all the night, which I believe was nothing else than the minister and the devil conversing together." The countryman told him he was much mistaken, and that it was only the minister at his night prayers. "O," says the friar, "does the minister pray any?" "Yes," said the countryman, "more than any man in France; and if you stay with him another night you may be satisfied." The friar returned to Mr. Welch's house, and feigning indisposition, begged another night's lodging, which was granted him.

After a while Mr. Welch came down, assembled the family, and according to custom, first sang a psalm, then read a portion of the Scriptures, which he briefly expounded, and then prayed in his usual fervent manner; to all which the friar was an astonished witness. At dinner the friar was very civilly entertained, Mr. Welch thinking best to forbear all questions and disputes for the present. In the evening Mr. Welch had family worship as in the morning, which occasioned still more wonder in the friar. After supper they all retired, the friar longing to know what this night whisper was. He lay awake till Mr. Welch's usual

time of night for rising to pray, when, hearing the same whispering noise, he crept softly to Mr. Welch's door, and there heard not only the sound but the words distinctly, and such communications between God and man as he knew not had been in the world. Upon this the friar waited for Mr. Welch to come out of his chamber, when he told him that he had lived in darkness and ignorance till this time, but was now resolved to give himself up entirely to Mr. Welch's teaching, and declared himself a Protestant. Mr. Welch congratulated him upon his better understanding, and exceedingly encouraged him: and it is said that he lived and died a true Protestant. This is a striking illustration of the spirit of the men of other days, showing how the flames of devotion have always been strong in proportion to those of persecution.—Southern Churchman.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—The great Condé, having been observed to read Cardinal de Retz's memoirs with great eagerness, one of his attendants presumed to express some surprise at his doing so; since the Cardinal had not mentioned him very favourably. 'For that very reason,' returned the Prince, 'I read him. De Retz acquaints me with many follies, of which none of my friends have thought proper to inform me? O si sic omnia!

Know thyself! How can we know ourselves, if we know not our faults and vices? How can we know ourselves, if we are equally ignorant of our virtues? To feel the value of our virtues is to be half converted from our faults and vices. Know thyself! This is indeed a comprehensive sentence. For it is not only to know our relative situation in society, our manners, our wants, our superfluities, our desires, and our capacities; the force of our passions, our probable and real opportunities; but our duties in their separate parts; and what is, perhaps, still more difficult, our relative situation in the universe. The greatest volume, in fact, to every man,—with one exception—is the volume of himself. [And the one exception, the volume of God's revelation to man.]

MIS-APPLIED TALENTS.—Some men—like the camel, the camelopard, the bear, the badger, the ant-eater, and the sloth, in the kingdom of quadrupeds,—form classes of themselves. They are unlike all others. Don Diego de Mendoza was an instance, and a very remarkable one; for he was a successful warrior, and a man of gallantry and intrigue, an historian, a translator of and commentator on Aristotle, the possessor of a large library, a lover of Greek MSS, a courtier, a negotiator, an ambassador, a cruel administrator, a base minister, the author of romances, a poet, and a villain of the first and darkest order. He stands in the midst of mankind, solitary. [But, unless a change was wrought in him of which his biographer tells us nothing, he will be found one of an awfully numerous company in the day of reckoning—consigned to endless woe and misery, where misapplied talents and accomplishments afford no relief.]

Edward Wortley Montague, was a personage exceedingly difficult to estimate. Son of a man of fortune, he became a chimney-sweeper; a fisher-boy in the streets; a cabin-boy in a vessel; a muleteer in Spain; a labourer in Switzerland and Holland; a horse-jockey in Germany; and in England a member of the House of Commons. He lived afterwards in Italy, wrote Reflections on the Rise and Fall of ancient Republics, and turned Roman Catholic. After this he embraced the Mahomedan faith, and kept a harem. [Why, one would suppose he was very easy to estimate: an un-principled, worthless man.]

From the Gleanings of a Wanderer.

THE WAY GREAT MEN ARE MADE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Two gentlemen, who met in Westfield, at the late dedication of the State Normal Schoolhouse, were recalling, in conversation, the occasion of their first visits to that village. One of them was the son of a blacksmith, and was bred to the trade of a hatter; but manifesting a strong inclination for study, he subsequently entered a law office, and stated that he first came to Westfield about that time to take some depositions in a pauper case. The other gentleman said, pleasantly, that his first visit to Westfield had some relation to a pauper case also. He, being a poor boy, had come down from Sandisfield, about twenty-five miles, on foot, to see if he could get some work in Westfield, so that he could pay for his board and attend the academy. The chief interest of this statement is the fact that this gentleman, (Professor Sears,) is now at the head of a flourishing theological seminary, at Newton, in the eastern part of the State, and the blacksmith's son and hatter's apprentice is the Governor of the Commonwealth.—Com. Sch. Journal.

SUNDAY IN FRANCE.—A protestant journal remarks on the impropriety of causing the late elections throughout France to take place on a Sunday. Making all allowance as to the different manner in which the Catholics view the sanctity of the Sabbath, compared with the way in which we regard it, still it is impossible not to be shocked at the gross profanity of the holy day which takes place in this country. The feasting, the drinking, the money making, the debauchery, the play-going, the dancing, and the shopping, are all bad enough on the part of the people, without the government stepping in to cause a further prostitution of the Lord's-day, by fixing the general elections throughout the whole kingdom upon it. But it is the way in France. Whatever is to be done out of the common, takes place on the Sunday; Fairs and village feasts are always held on the Sunday; if a railway is to be opened it is opened on the Sunday; if horse-races have to take place, they take place on a Sunday; if general elections have to be held, Sunday is chosen. In the time of the Restoration, under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., the Sabbath was religiously respected; all the

government employes, from the highest to the lowest, were expected to attend church; and on no account would any public act, capable of postponement, be transacted on that day. At present, however, the government seems to take little light in leading the people on to the desecration of the Sabbath. I admit it would not be prudent to attempt to re-establish the rigorous observance of the sacred day of the time of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; but there is a wide difference between that and the flagrant violation of that day which now takes place. There is a wide difference between a Jew-like observance of the Sabbath and the choosing it for general elections, fairs, and all important matters of business and amusement.—Edinburgh Weekly Register.

By faith, we enjoy God; by love, we enjoy our neighbours; by patience, we enjoy our selves.

SIGHT RESTORED. NERVOUS HEADACHE AND DEAFNESS CURED, BY THE USE OF GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF. Patronized by the ROYAL FAMILY or Great Britain. Recommended by THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS. For its efficacy in removing Disorders incident to the EYES AND HEAD.

THE FOUNDER, 17th Dec., 1811. 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 Zealous. 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, NAVA SCOTIA, &c. &c. THE Undersigned, having purchased the above 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 support. 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.

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