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has been entrusted to our keeping, that when we shall send her forth, we may be sure that she will teach the simple truth of God, and impart to the nations whereto she is sent, not merely herself and her forms, but the spirit of Him who is her head and very life! An awful responsibility rests upon us, the chief shepherds of the flock of Christ, when we contemplate such fields as those in which we are now preparing, through the instrumentality of these our brethren, to make an impression for eternity. It is fearful to calculate the mischief which may be inflicted even for this world—still more fearful to weigh the misery which may ensue in regions of everlasting woe—by the promulgation of error in the stead of truth,—by the corruption, in however slight a degree, of the Gospel of God's grace, at a moment of such intense interest, under circumstances of such solemn grandeur. As the Lord opens the world before us, and we become more prominently the stewards and dispensers of his mysteries of grace, let us strive and pray that we may be permitted to guard with jealousy his Holy Ark, and present her ever to the world under one unchangeable aspect,—CATHOLIC, for every truth of God,—PROTESTANT, against every error of man! —Bishop Elliott at the Consecration of the Missionary Bishops.

The Berean.

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1845.

In our last number we inserted an extract from a recent Charge delivered by Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce, one of the divines who have been strongly suspected of dangerous sympathy with the Tractarian party in our mother Church. The Charge itself is not free from indications of that kind. For instance, we should have liked a Church Dignitary who bears the venerated name of Wilberforce, when he adverts to the notion that "processions with chantings" and the like might be among the remedies to the separation between the Clergy and the poor and the middle classes—we should have liked him straightforwardly to expose the danger of such assimilations to a worship which our Church condemns; and it seems to us far short of what the occasion requires of a supervising Clergyman, to say with a "perhaps" that "none of these will altogether reach the leading want of all." There are, however, several suggestions of the Archdeacon's own, of remedies to the existing evils, the more worthy of consideration as they come from such a quarter, though we wonder at the confusion which appears in his views of what the Church is. He testifies against the notion that the Clergy form the Church, as against a "mischievous delusion." Yet when he says, higher up, that an action of the Church herself by her proper instruments is to supersede the scheme of lay-visitation set on foot by the Bishops of Winchester and London, what can be meant by the Church there? We hardly think that Archdeacon Wilberforce means to have the Laity act jointly with the Bishops in giving ecclesiastical authority to the agents whom he has some distant idea of seeing employed in these services; to us then, the term Church in this place seems confined to mean the Church-rulers alone, not even the Clergy as a body, consequently far short of the meaning to which the Archdeacon is clearly disposed to extend the term.

It is affecting to hear Archdeacon Wilberforce advert to the great work of God in which "our fathers," as he says, "were allowed to rouse the slumbering spiritual life of England." Well might he say "our fathers," for few (none?) were more influential during that remarkable period than his own parent, the author of the *Practical View of Christianity*. May it not be hoped that soon the son of such a father will discover how the modern attempt at "perfecting" those labours of William Wilberforce, with his cloud of coadjutors both of Clergy and Laity, has been a *deadening* of them—and why? because it was not sought to attain this perfecting, as it vainly pretended, by "prophesying" to the bones and sinews "in the word of God," but it was by "chanting and processions," by "varied services and appeals to the eye and ear." Surely the Archdeacon of Surry cannot have been brought to see so clearly as to wonder at the "dull and inattentive eyes" which do not see the "many symptoms of the turning of that mighty tide which had lately set so strongly with our Church,"—he cannot have been moved to speak "even weeping" of those whom "a fearful working of the spirit of falsehood" has beguiled into "sympathy with Rome," without determining, on his part, in good earnest to return to that "home-spun divinity," which is found running through his father's life and writings, and from which it is a pity any should ever have deviated in a direction towards "old superstitions."

We have but little room left to express our thanks to our Correspondent whose second letter upon Female Education we insert this

day—not only for having given us an opportunity of directing the attention of our readers to this deeply important subject, but also for the unexceptionable manner in which he has adverted to that Seminary which he convincingly shows to be such as protestant parents cannot safely avail themselves of, for the education of their daughters. We always rejoice, when we find questions of this nature treated, as in this case, with the calm consciousness of irresistible truth on the writer's side, which keeps him far from the use of language that could be offensive even to the parties the influence of whose principles he must deprecate.

The pertinent questions put by our Correspondent will, we presume, be met with the same profound silence which was observed when the Correspondent of our Contemporary, from whose columns A PROTESTANT makes his quotations, suggested the propriety of some information being given to the public. And that silence will speak with great eloquence to parents who have daughters to be educated and who are anxious both to inculcate upon them the principles of our scriptural faith, and to protect them against the influence of a training adverse to the growth and strengthening of attachment to a reformed communion.

It remains to be seen, whether zeal like that which has for some time been awake to provide for the instruction of male youth, will be roused so as to find the means for training the daughters of protestant parents under guardianship that shall afford to them the blessing of scriptural education, and secure them against the manifold dangers so forcibly pointed out by our Correspondent.

RELIGIOUS QUARTERLIES.—Among the various circumstances which tend to show that "religion," in its popular and extensive sense, occupies a much larger space in the public mind than formerly, we may name the change which has taken place, within the last sixteen or eighteen years, in our periodical literature.

Up to about that period, two great quarterly journals, representing the two leading opinions, the "Liberal" and the "Conservative," entirely monopolized the public attention. They enjoyed a sale of about 10,000 or 11,000 each, while various attempts to establish a similar work, of a theological character, successively failed.

But what do we now behold? The 1st of January, 1845, will witness six quarterly journals, all, more or less, of a theological cast, each representing, too, some distinct party in the church, and each obtaining moderate sale;—while the old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* have fallen to a circulation of some 7,000 or 8,000 each.

1. We have the *Church of England Quarterly*, whose character is not so easy to describe, inasmuch as Lord John Manners and Mr. Hartwell Horne have written in the same number.
2. There is Dr. Worthington's *Quarterly*, to which Mr. Gladstone is supposed to lend his aid.
3. The *British Critic* being suppressed, Mr. Palmer commenced the *English Review* in its room, which of course speaks the sentiments of the moderate Tractarians.
4. But the Oakley and Ward party being dissatisfied with this, have turned the *Remembrancer* into a quarterly, which of course gives us Tractarianism in full blossom.
5. The Congregationalists are about to start their own *Quarterly* in January, to be edited by Dr. Vaughan; and,
6. The *North British* is already in its second volume, under the guidance of Dr. Welsh and Dr. Chalmers.

Besides which, we have the *Dublin Review*, the *Foreign Quarterly*, and others, for smaller sections of the public not included in the above view.

But the chief point to which we are adverting, is this:—The increased interest shown, by the public, in theological discussion. Each quarter-day we have a mass of printed investigation, amounting, in all, to above fifteen hundred pages, thrown upon the public, and all taken up and devoured.

This, however, is not an unmixed good, or anything approaching to it. The amount of solid and wholesome nutriment so provided is but small. All we can speak of, is a change, a large and important change. But in too many cases it is only like a metamorphose from a Gallio, who "cared for none of these things," into a Saul, who "verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth." Or just like many colleges in Oxford, where formerly nothing but Aristotle was named, and where now the favourite topic has become, "the necessity of unity in the Church Catholic," or, "the ancient rights of the Apostolic See."

And if the increased attention paid to these matters is worthy of notice, so also is another point—the spirit of division and separation which prevails on every side.

Even among the Tractarians, we observe an organ of the moderate section, and another organ of the extreme section. And we believe that the bitterness of spirit sometimes exhibited between these two divisions, is very great. Meanwhile, some of the old High Church party condemn and oppose both. We were told, recently, that one of the most noted clerical opponents of the Bible, Missionary, and Jews' Societies, in times past, now assails "the Puseyites," by name, from the pulpit, almost every Sunday.

But these divisions are not confined to any one portion of the visible Church. The new journal of the Congregational body, alluded to above, is declaredly established as a rival to the *Eclectic*, of the line taken by which the moderate Dissenters disapprove. In like manner, the *North British* is the organ of the Free Church of Scotland,—reminding us that in that kingdom what was formerly one, is now two. Nor is division confined to Pres-

byterians. Even so small a body as the Episcopal Church or Churches in Scotland are now ranged under two banners;—part siding with the bishops and the Communion Service, and part with Mr. Drummond, Sir W. Dunbar, and Mr. Miles.—*London Record*.

LOOCHOO MISSION FUND.—Great interest has been excited in the mother country on behalf of the inhabitants of the Loochoo Islands, who are endeared to the British public by the uncommon kindness shown by them to distressed seamen on various occasions, while the Christian feels on their behalf the additional interest that, with all the engaging features which have become manifest in their characters, they are still wholly given to idolatry. They have no day set apart for worship like our sabbath: each person, as inclination prompts him, goes to the Temple or Groves and there addresses the Good or the Evil Spirit, as the case may be—imploping protection from God, or entreating Satan not to molest. The best return to make to these idolaters for their services of kindness to strangers cast upon their shores, has seemed, to some naval officers of Christian zeal and activity, to send missionaries to make known to them the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour.

The islands are a group consisting of twenty-six or more, situated in the Japan Sea, at a distance of about five hundred miles from the coast of China, and equi-distant from Corea and Japan. The principal island is about 50 miles in length, and from 12 to 15 in breadth. It is represented as very beautiful, fertile, and possessing a fine climate. The inhabitants are of so peaceable a disposition that when Captain Basil Hall conversed upon them with the great Conqueror Napoleon at St. Helena, he could not tell him of an instrument of warfare in use among them; which made the martial captive address to his visitor the impatient question, "What then do they fight with?"

The following details are taken from a Prospectus published by the Committee who have associated themselves for the purpose of raising the means for establishing a mission in Loochoo, having found that none of the Societies to which application was made was able to incur the expenditure called for to effect this object:

On two special occasions, that of the shipwreck of Captain Broughton, in H. M. S. *Providence*, in 1797; and that of a Transport, the *Indian Oak*, Lieutenant Bowman, Indian Navy, during the late War with China, in August, 1810, the Natives evinced every kindness—relative to which, the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, Missionary in China, writes in July last, from Chusan, "that the behaviour of the amiable Loochoosans, towards the mariners of the *Indian Oak*, was such as is highly deserving the praises of the British Government, which no doubt will be rewarded as soon as H. M. S. *Samarang* comes up;" and a more recent communication from Mr. Frederick Siddall, then Purser of H. M. S. *Nimrod*, Capt. C. A. Barlow, R. N. which vessel was sent to Loochoo from Chusan, to bring away the shipwrecked Officers and Crew of the *Indian Oak*, states:—

"I found the people well provided for, having an Encampment or Barrack close to a small Temple or Joss House: on my left stood the house appropriated to the officers, the next for the whole crew, then a separate building for the lascars, a cook-house, a place for a bath for the officers, with plenty of fresh water always ready; a house for fowls, vegetables, and such articles as were daily supplied them gratis, before day break, together with faggots of wood for cooking, water for the same purpose; and every thing they thought would conduce to their comfort. They were freed from the insult of prying curiosity, by a regular set of watchmen being stationed outside. They had also a storehouse for whatever was saved from the wreck, in which every article was safely housed, including a fine Brahmin cow and calf, which were finally left with the king, after repeated entreaties that he would accept them. Preparations were now made to visit the vessel built by these kind people, for the purpose of sending the crew of the *Indian Oak* to Bombay. They brought several entire horses, about thirteen hands high, for us. Captain Barlow, Dr. Campbell, of H. M. S. *Nimrod*, and myself, with Lieut. Bowman, I. N. of the *Indian Oak*, and some of the officers of that vessel, set out, escorted by fifteen or twenty of the natives. After traversing the country for twelve or fifteen miles, we arrived at the place, where lay the Junk quite ready for sea—a remarkably fine, well built vessel, about one hundred and fifty tons—masts, sails, anchors, and cables all complete. Having partaken of tea, the universal beverage, we expressed our gratitude through our Interpreter, Essemooodee, for their noble exertions in having so soon built so fine a vessel.

"On our return it became dark at a distance of about three miles from the encampment, when we were completely surprised by suddenly observing the road lighted in one simultaneous blaze, commencing close to us, and spreading as we proceeded, by hosts of people, with flambeaus of a kind of grass twisted, and each about six feet long, and thus we returned in perfect safety."

Again, in 1816, on the visit of H. M. Ships *Alceste* and *Lyra*, the account of which is amply detailed in the "Voyage of the *Alceste*," by Mr. McLeod, Surgeon; and to Loochoo, by Capt. Basil Hall, R. N., the king, chiefs, and natives evinced every disposition of kindness to our people; and the most unbounded kindness and generosity were experienced by the officers and crews of both ships, in gifts of provisions, for which no payment would be received, the King of Loochoo always maintaining that he must supply the King of England's ships.

On another occasion, the visit of H. M. S. *Blossom*, Capt. Beechey; and again, when visited by the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, and Dr. Parker, an American Baptist, to inquire into their state, they are described as a mild, inoffensive, kind people—amongst whom it was the opinion of the Missionary Gutzlaff, that a Mission might readily be established. Mr. Gutzlaff writes in July last, after speaking very encouragingly of this people—"now let us be cheerful in our God, look up to Him for directions, for the time draws near for the salvation of those distant nations. May He himself, with his own powerful arm, direct you. You ought, however, not to wait till matters

are all smoothed, but look out at once for some hardy devoted men."

Recent events, particularly the termination of "the War with China," appear, in the good providence of God, to have opened a vast field for Missionary labour in that hitherto sealed country; while, at the same time, it would seem a favourable opportunity for planting the Standard of the Cross in Loochoo—an event, long and ardently desired by some of those Naval men who have felt the friendly hand of those poor heathen extended to them in the hour of need; and this has suggested the present special call on Naval men to establish a Mission to Loochoo, where it is proposed that two devoted, self-denying men of God (of the Established Church) as Missionaries should be sent, the one a Clergyman, and the other a pious Medical Gentleman, who will "spend and be spent" in the service of their Lord and Master, even Jesus Christ.—An encouraging list of Subscribers is appended to the Prospectus.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.—In the *New Orleans Picayune* newspaper of 12th of August, 1841, the following case was reported:—

CHAUNCEY B. BLACK.—The charge made on Monday last against this individual by Wm. Avery, was yesterday investigated before Recorder Baldwin. The accused was charged with tampering with the slaves of the complainant, a course of conduct which was calculated to lead to insubordination among them."

Such was the charge, and it was founded on the fact, that Black, as the agent of a Bible Society, had asked some of Avery's slaves whether they would accept a Bible. That a slaveholder should take means for preventing the sacred volume from being distributed among his bond-men we can imagine, bad as such conduct is; but that those who were engaged in such a work should actually make it a principle and rule of their Association, to pass by all slaves, as if they had no part or lot in his religion who preached liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, almost surpasses belief.

Mr. Maybin, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Gooderich, the Rev. Mr. Wheaton, and several other prominent members of the Society in question were called. From their testimony it appeared, that they and many other respectable citizens of different Protestant denominations, met in February last, raised a fund of about 1,000 dollars, and sent an order for a lot of Bibles equal in value to that amount, directing that some of them be printed in English, some in French, some in Spanish, and some in the German language. They received them in June, and appointed agents from among their members to have them placed in proper hands; but it never for a moment entered into the minds of the Society to present a single Bible to a slave.

The strongest and most satisfactory proof was given that the accused bore an excellent character, and that in speaking to the slaves at all, he acted from a misconception of Mr. Lowndes's instructions, and an ignorance of his duty as a sub-agent of the Bible Society.

After the testimony was heard, the Counsel for the accused, Mr. Micon, said, he trusted the Recorder, having heard the evidence, would see the propriety of at once discharging his client, and would not send him before the Criminal Court, &c.

The Recorder addressed the prisoner, and told him that he highly approved the laudable work of distributing the Bible, in which he was engaged; but while executing the duty he must be cautious that he does not infringe on other rights which are as dear to this community as religion itself. Believing that in speaking to the slaves he was actuated by no evil intentions, he would discharge him, bidding him God speed in his religious career, and cautioning him against bringing himself in contact with our institutions."

No narrative that I ever read of slave auctions, or bonds, or stripes, or imprisonment, so deeply impressed me with the conviction that slavery is an utterly accursed thing, as this trial, considering the nature of the charge, the evidence of the exculpatory witnesses, the defence of the accused by his Counsel, and the opinion of the Judge. What contamination produced by a vicious principle! How unlike the Divine Author of our religion, to turn away from the poor bondman, to keep back the charter of salvation, from those for whom the Saviour purchased spiritual freedom.—*From Aiken's Comparative view of the British and American Constitutions.*

[For many years, a resolution of the American House of Representatives has been in operation, to the effect that all petitions, memorials, and papers touching the abolition of slavery or subjects tending that way should be "laid upon the table without being debated, printed, read, or referred, and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon." This is what is commonly called *nulling the petition to the table*, and has been deeply resented by Northerners, quite irrespectively of the abolition-question, as an infringement upon the people's right to petition. The Hon. J. Quincy Adams, year after year acting the ill-requited task of contending for this right, has recently succeeded in preventing the re-establishment of the resolution. At this, the people in the Southern States have taken great alarm; they treat it as "a flagrant outrage upon their rights, and a decided step towards the subversion of their institutions, and the dissolution of the Union." Some difficulties have arisen between South Carolina and Massachusetts. The legislature of the former has prohibited free coloured persons from coming into the State. But Massachusetts demands the right for her citizens, whether white or coloured, to go to South Carolina in the course of business, for instance as mariners belonging to Massachusetts shipping; and she has appointed an agent to reside at Charleston for their protection—whom the South Carolina authorities are said to have expelled. Strong feelings have been excited on both sides, and little disposition to give way exists on either.]

THE WORD OF GOD IS NOT BOUND.

The Abbé Mairette, who has renounced the errors of the Church of Rome, and has fallen under the condemnation of the French law for a printed attack upon Romanism, lately wrote a letter to Colonel Tronchin of

Geneva, from which the following is an extract:

"I am a prisoner; and God grant I may be able to say, in all the meaning of the term, with St. Paul in the Ephesians, 'I am a prisoner for Jesus Christ.' But though I am in prison, I have not seen, like Paul, the tribune commanding them to beat me, nor have I seen Paul's chains. And though they should come to me with them, though they should visit me with the saw and the sword, would God refuse to me that which he has granted to so many others, namely, the grace, the power, the privilege of changing this poor life for a better in the resurrection? Oh no! I am full of confidence in Him.

"Up to the present time I have doubted if I were of the number of those, who live with piety in Jesus Christ. But St. Augustine tells me that 'when you begin to please him, you begin to suffer persecution; you enter into the wine-press; prepare yourself to be trampled upon.' Up to the present time I have doubted of my faith, because it had not been strongly tried. But the prisons are the crucible, where it is purified. Wherefore St. James advertises us not to let ourselves be cast down by the afflictions which come to us, but rather to rejoice, knowing that the trial of our faith worketh patience, and patience conducts us to the perfection of all the graces. Up to the present time I have been ignorant of the place to be assigned me here below. But God seems to show me that I may have a place among those who have been persecuted on the earth, deprived of liberty, and compelled to lead a strange and wandering life. But is not this, for the sake of the truth, the happiness and glory of the Christian? The prisoners themselves tell me so.

"I doubt not you will desire to know how I find myself. I passed the days of the 18th, 19th and 20th, without communion or sympathy with any living creature. But on the Sabbath, at 9 in the morning, God offered me a favourable occasion to become acquainted with the prisoners who are in the same corner of the establishment with myself. The bell sounded for mass. The cry *a la messe, a la messe!* to mass! to mass! echoed around me. All the world of the prison crowded to the chapel. Just as I was preparing to elevate my soul to God, one of the keepers who found me in my room, said to me, 'They have rung for mass, Monsieur.' 'Well,' said I, 'I shall not go, young man.' 'But why not?' 'Because I do not understand what it is that the priest does at the altar; and you, yourself, do not comprehend it at all.' 'Not at all,' said he to me. 'Why do you go, then?'

"Upon this, an amicable and religious conversation took place between us, at the end of which I told him who I was, and why I was there. The young man was greatly astonished, and told me that if I would permit him, he would come often to see me. It appeared that he spoke of this to the other prisoners, for about two o'clock I was visited by an officer, accompanied by another prisoner. The officer requested of me the loan of my book, which I gave him most willingly, and he went to his room to read it. Soon after, there came three other persons, who demanded of me my motive for breaking with Rome. Our conversation was altogether religious. The bell rung for vespers at 3 o'clock. I told them to go and perform their duty to the Roman Catholic Church. They replied that they had no desire to go there. I then invited them to read with me; so we entered into this duty and separated about five o'clock. From that day I have had other young men, who have come to converse with me concerning the things of the kingdom of heaven. All this has made my time pass very agreeably, so much so, that I have to ask myself repeatedly if I am really in prison."

ECCLESIASTICAL.

CHURCH SOCIETY OF THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.—The next quarterly meeting of the Central Board of this Society is to be held, the Lord willing, on Wednesday the 22nd instant, at the National School House, Montreal, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

DISTRICT VISITING SOCIETY.—Notice has been given, that the parochial Clergy intend to establish immediately, within the limits of the parish of Quebec, a District Visiting Society, chiefly for the purpose of seeking out and benefiting the poor, bodily and spiritually; and persons disposed to aid the object by becoming Visitors of districts are invited to intimate their intention to the parochial Clergy.

TRINITY CHURCH DISTRICT VISITING SOCIETY, MONTREAL.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the second Report of this useful institution, which has gone through another year of its benevolent labours, the importance of which it would not be easy to overvalue. It appears that during the year upwards of eleven hundred cases were brought under the immediate cognizance of the Clergyman whose pastoral labours are considered to extend to the poorer classes of the District under visitation by the voluntary agents of the Society; to all of which either temporary relief or spiritual instruction was afforded. An afternoon service on Sundays at the Jail, and a lecture and visit for spiritual instruction at the same place on Tuesdays—also similar duties at the Magdalen Institution on the afternoon of Thursdays belong to the efforts arising out of the labours of this Society. The number of

Youth's Corner.

THE DARK; OR, TRUST IN GOD.

One cold frosty winter's evening, when the stars were shining out most beautifully, but there was no moon visible, I heard a sweet boy, of four years old, say to his little sister, who was fifteen months younger than himself, "Come, sister, with me into our play room, and I will show you such beautiful stars, you know when I said, 'Twinkle, twinkle little star, to mother the other day, you asked me, what a star was, and now, when I went to get my box of bricks, I saw, out of the window, nothing but stars.'" "No, no, *boiler*, said his lispng companion, "me not like you in playroom now, all dark, dark, and baby not like dark. Baby see stars when playroom light." "But you can't see stars when there is light, baby, mother says they only come at night; besides," added this dear child, "why should you mind the dark? Do not you know God is there just the same as if it was light, and the room is full of good, bright Angels to take care of us? if we could see them, it would be quite light." He prevailed, and the little girl allowed herself to be led into the playroom, where in her admiration of the stars, she soon lost all her fear of the dark, at least for the time. Now, my young friends, this is quite true, for I heard it myself, and what was it, think you, that made this dear boy so fearless? His faith, his trust in God; oh, dear children, if you will but believe with all your hearts, that your God, your Saviour is ever near you, that blessed assurance while it stops you from committing many a sin, will fill you also with peace and confidence, for no place can be dark to those who feel they have a dear Friend and Saviour always at their side. What is it that enables our good Missionaries to go through so much, to endure such fatigues, to face such dangers, and cheerfully even to hazard their lives? It is that they know Jesus is with them, and that "He gives his angels charge over them," either to carry them safely through all trials and temptations here, or happier far for them, to transport their souls to Him in Paradise! The little boy of whom I have spoken above, is now a big boy, nearly fourteen instead of four years old, and his sister is, of course, a great girl also, and no longer afraid of a dark playroom; but they have another little sister just five, and she shewed her faith in Jesus in so touching a manner the other day, that I am tempted to tell it to you, my young readers, and thus end my story. She said to her mother, "I have been thinking a great deal about the judgment day, and what God will say to every one: will he not say to me, mother—Have you been good, little girl?" "And what will you reply, my child?" said her mother. She did not answer, and her mother continued, "will you not be obliged to say, you have often been very naughty?" A deep sigh, and a faint "Yes," were heard. "Well, but what will God do then; for not one that is naughty can enter heaven?" "Ah, but mother," said the child, with the greatest quickness, "I love the Lord Jesus, and he will say, This is my lamb, she loves me, and I love her, forgive her sins for my sake, and God will let me in!" —*Children's Miss. Magazine.*

"HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."

What has your mother done for you? Why, when you were quite small, and could do nothing for yourself, your dear mother did every thing for you. She washed and dressed you, and took care of you. When you were hungry, she gave you food. When you cried, she put you in the cradle, and rocked you to sleep. When you were in pain, she took you in her arms, and hushed you, and smiled upon you, and played with you, and did all she could to make you forget your pain. When you fell down, she ran and picked you up. When you hurt yourself, she kissed the place you had bruised. When she put you to bed at night, she watched over you, and if she heard you cry, she ran to see what made you cry. And when your little limbs grew strong, she took you by the hands and held you up, and taught you to walk. Oh, my child, what did not your dear mother do for you? And what has your father done for you? Perhaps he has worked hard for you, and perhaps he is still working for you. He goes out early in the morning, no matter what the weather is. If it rains, he gets wet to the skin. If it snows, he is almost frozen with cold. But does he come home and say, it is so wet and cold he cannot keep out of doors, but must come and sit by the fire all day? No, he stays out, and goes on with his work, that he may get some food for his little children. And then, again, in the summer, when it is very hot, your father goes out and works hard. If he is mowing the grass, or reaping the corn, that makes him weary; or if he is ploughing, his legs get very tired with walking up and down the field so often. But, you do not hear your father complain. He need not work so hard, if he had not his children to feed. But he works willingly and gladly, because he will not see his children want. And so, if he is a merchant, or lawyer, or doctor, he has a very hard work to do, and often comes home very weary. And now I am going to ask you all a

question. Are you not very fond of your dear father and mother, who have done so much for you when you could do nothing for yourselves? O you must be! Then how do you think you should behave to them for all the kindness and love they have shown you? The Bible says,—"Honour thy father and thy mother." That is, mind what they say to you—do what you can to help them, and always try to please them.—*Youth's Penny Magazine.*

MAN'S EXTREMITY, GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

"Last summer I was in Mesopotamia, the land in which Abraham lived, and was crossing a desert in the midst of summer where every thing was burnt up by the sun. Every little shrub was yellow as if it had been before a scorching fire. There was no water. There were no houses. Several days we travelled and did not meet a single person. We rode on horseback, and our horses became very faint as well as we, and as we rode along, we held down our heads like withered leaves, the sun was so hot upon us. One day we travelled many hours and found no water. We could not stop, until we reached water, for we were parched with thirst, and our horses could not travel unless we gave them water. It is very dangerous to ride over such a desert in the day time in summer. Men are often killed by it, the sun is so hot. Those who are obliged to go over the desert in summer, travel in the night, and stop by day under a tent. But we could not do so, because in the morning we did not come to any water. We travelled till noon, and still we found no water—not a drop. We sent our men down into every hollow and up every little hill, to see if they could find any water. But they found none. What was still worse, we lost our way, for there are no roads in the desert, and our guide, though an Arab who had always been accustomed to the deserts, did not know where he was. I told him the night before, that we were going wrong, because I knew by the stars. But he would not listen to me, and hardly spoke a word all the journey, but rode on before us and we were obliged to follow. When noon came, we began to be afraid that we should find no water that day. Some wanted to stop and lie down on the ground, they were so weary and faint. But I would not listen to it, although I was as weary and faint as any of them, because I was afraid that if our horses stopped, they would not be able to go on again, and we should be all left to perish in the desert. When I saw they wished to stop, I would not, but ordered the guide to ride on, and when I followed, all the rest were obliged to come too. I asked the guide which way we should go to find our course again, and he pointed to a high mountain a great many miles off on the border of the desert. Then I rode on with one or two others towards that mountain, and the rest of the party came on more slowly. We thought we saw a little green down in a low place, and we went down to it, hoping to find some water, but there was none there; it seemed as if it were just dried up. I then rode up on a mound and looked about, but there was nothing all around me, but a great plain as far as I could see and all covered with dry, yellow, prickly herbs such as the camels love to live upon. That same day we saw a young camel and caught him, and we caught a young gazelle too that seemed to have been left there by its mother and was too young to run away from us. About two o'clock in the afternoon I heard one of the men call out in a very joyful voice, and on going to him I saw that he had found some water in a little ditch. The ditch was full of rushes and reeds, so that the sun could not get at the water and dry it up so quick as in other places. There was but a very little of it left. In a day or two it would have been all gone, and if we had not come as we did, I know not what we should have done. It was only rain water and was very warm and muddy and full of insects. But we were very glad to get it, and when the rest of the party came and saw that we had found water, they cried out with great joy and ran to it all in a crowd and the poor horses were so thirsty that they got down upon their knees to drink of it. We stopped there all that day, and when night came, we mounted our horses and rode away over the desert. Now if we had not found that water, we should have been in a miserable condition, and perhaps some of our horses would have died, and how difficult it would have been to get out of the desert without horses. But God provided for us as he provided for the children of Israel in the wilderness. The water did not come there by a miracle as it came to them when it poured out of the rock, but it was very remarkable that we should find it in such a great desert, and I have always thought that God guided us to it as much as he guided them, although we had no pillar and cloud to lead us as they had. Now what I wish to say is this—that this little water was a very great blessing, and God made it so by guiding us to it. It was as great a blessing as if it were a mighty river, for it was enough for us all, and it was no worse than the rivers in that country, which are always muddy and warm in summer. So it may be with the money that you gave for Missions and with the prayers that you offer: God can make them as great a blessing to thousands that are perishing for want of the gospel, as he made that little water in the desert to us. No, it will be a much greater blessing, for how much more pre-

cious is the soul than the body, and the Gospel than water. The Gospel, you know, is good news. Now I suppose it has been better news to many thousands, who would never have heard of it if Missionaries had not gone to them, than it was for us, when we were faint and weary in the desert, to hear that water had been found. If any of you could have come to us then and given each of us a cup of cold water, how gladly you would have done it. How glad then will you be to give, and do what you can to send the Gospel to the thousands and millions, who have never received it, that they may learn the will of God, as you are learning it in the Church, and the Sunday School, that they may be taught concerning Jesus Christ as you are taught, and abandon their idols, and believe in him and be baptized that they may be saved. I did not think, when I began, to tell you this long story, but it came into my mind while I was writing, and I told it, so that if you should ever say, How little good we can do? you might remember how much good a little water did in the desert, and never say so again.—*Bishop Southgate.*

THE TWO MEN WITHIN.—An Indian being among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now; the good man say that's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say no, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

A CHILD AND AN INFIDEL.

The celebrated Hume was dining at the house of an intimate friend. After dinner the ladies withdrew; and, in the course of conversation, Mr. Hume made some assertion, which caused a gentleman present to observe to him, "If you can advance such sentiments as those, you certainly are, what the world gives you credit for being, an infidel." A little girl whom the philosopher had often noticed, and with whom he had become a favourite, by bringing her little presents of toys and sweet-meats, happened to be playing about the room unnoticed. She, however, listened to the conversation, and on hearing the above expression left the room, went to her mother, and asked her, "Mamma, what is an infidel?" "An infidel, my dear," replied her mother, "why should you ask such a question? An infidel is so awful a character that I scarcely know how to answer you." "O, do tell me, mamma," answered the child; "I must know what an infidel is." Struck with her eagerness, her mother at length replied, "An infidel is one who believes that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." Some days afterwards, Hume again visited the house of his friend. On being introduced to the parlour, he found no one there but his favourite little girl; he went to her, and attempted to take her up in his arms and kiss her, as he had been used to do; but the child shrunk with horror from his touch. "My dear," said he, "what is the matter; do I hurt you?" "No," she replied, "you do not hurt me, but I cannot kiss you, I cannot play with you." "Why not, my dear?" "Because you are an infidel." "An infidel! what is that?" "One who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." "And are you not sorry for me, my dear?" asked the philosopher. "Yes, indeed, I am sorry," returned the child, with solemnity; "and I pray to God for you." "Do you, indeed; and what do you say?" "I say, O God, teach this man that thou art."

A striking illustration of the words of sacred Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

GENUINE GREATNESS.

How many peaceful and quiet people, in the comparatively obscure and sequestered vales of life, who for years had faithfully performed their narrow round of duties, and put to the usance of good the one or the two talents wherewith they had been intrusted; how many of these, twelve months ago, hailed the New Year, and joyously greeted their friends upon its return, for the last time. The secluded cottage is often the abode of the purest virtues. There, duties are performed without any of that stimulus or eclat which sustains and urges forward the world-observed, world-applauded dignitary. There, trials are endured, and temptations scorned, without any auxiliary aids, borrowed from the lower motives and passions, but for conscience' sake, for duty's sake alone. It is a lofty, a sublime eminence, in a crisis of human affairs, to be selected from among thousands, and to be invested with the honours and the perils of authority; to be deemed worthy to marshal and lead on the forces of truth,

and to stand for the right where the battle is hottest; to feel the inspiration and uplifting power of the crisis; to gather from the applauds of spectators, and the rapture of the contest, an almost superhuman energy, and to expend it in almost superhuman deeds;—this is indeed a glorious spectacle. But there is a consummation of virtue, a reach of moral intrepidity, more glorious, more covetable than this. It is, to feel the same devotion, without the same allurements of honours. It is, to practise the same self-sacrifice, to achieve the same heroic deeds under a sense of private responsibility, which dignitaries and officials practise and achieve under a sense of public responsibility. It is, to do as much at the secret bidding of conscience, as others do when the voice of acclamation and praise ascends from every hill-top, to inspire them. There is one thing at which the most celebrated among the greatest and the best of men,—of men whose names will go round the world and down the ages,—there is one thing at which such men must forever retrace,—that they could not have done the same things for the love of man and the love of God, alone, unalloyed by motives less pure and divine. Must we not then believe that the removal of the comparatively obscure and secluded who have done their whole duty, without any outward reward or stimulus, without any hope of posthumous renown,—is among the most deplorable losses which the closing year has inflicted upon the world? They gave proofs of genuine greatness and nobleness of soul; and must we not believe that when the great Searcher of hearts shall make up his jewels, the most precious and lustrous that shall be set in the diadem of heaven, will be selected from the lowlier walks of life?

THE INFANT IN YOUR ARMS.

It is now well-formed, full of muscular powers, compacted of elastic fibres. Its body is like a close-woven tissue of well-tempered steel springs. What a magazine of energies is a little child; what strength, what robustness, what celerity, are in him! How many journeys across continents, if need be, on errands of mercy and love, may be snugly packed away in those little feet. Look at those little hands, now seeming so empty and impotent. Yet what mechanical contrivances may come from them; what new steam engines, power-presses, telescopes; what treasures of goods and garments and gold, for alms-giving, for charitable distributions, for founding hospitals, schools, universities; for sending boon and blessing to other lands and climes! From between that little right thumb and finger, what volumes may flow out,—poetry, history, philosophy, ethics! In those yet inarticulating lips, what tones and speeches of kindness and love, sweeter than ever came from lyre or lute; sounding ten thousand times farther than any that ever pealed from organ or orchestra; penetrating through all the recesses of the heart, and carrying benediction and joy into all its depths; what orations, what sermons, what advocacy of right that shall ransom the wronged, what thunders against the oppressor, that shall break the captives' chains! May not all these stand behind that vocal apparatus, as behind a curtain, ready, when the occasions come, to leap into performance and consummation? Now what shall be done with all these exquisitely wrought instruments, with these marvellous powers and capabilities? Shall they be mutilated, destroyed, like orient pearl or gem in the hands of a false lapidary? Or shall they be cultivated, trained, evolved into the fulness of life, changed from the possible into the actual, from the capacity into the reality? Shall they be rescued from all doubt and fear, and pass beyond hope, and be securely advanced into blessed, immortal, indestructible truth and history?

AMUSING STORIES.

Many of the arts of the knavish are exceedingly adroit and ingenious, and fraud is often attended with ludicrous accompaniments. The basest cheats are often practised, by using a joke as a decoy. A declaration or promise bearing an obvious meaning upon its face, may have an occult one most incongruous to the real. This constitutes wit, for wit often consists in the mere juxtaposition of incongruous ideas. A startling collocation of thoughts arrests the attention and opens the mind; and then the malice, or the baseness, or the trickery is insinuated into the soul, as poisoned medicines are swallowed because of their sweetened surface. If the company or the table is set in a roar by a story of dishonest craft, what other idea can a child get but that the wit is worth more than the honesty? What is the archetype furnished to a child's mind, when an account of practical falsehood is related with zest and greeted with applause; and when the company of those is most sought who excel in relating the stratagems of crime? What idea of the relative value of deception and of sincerity must a child receive when the recital of successful knavery excites a shout of laughter that drowns its immorality? In all such cases, immorality is expressly inculcated under the stimulus of merriment. Delight gilds the poison. Pleasure is teacher, and her lessons are lies. The unsophisticated conscience of a child would revolt at this wrong, if it were presented in its own natural deformity; but its ac-

companions conceal the hideousness of its features.

Boston Common School Journal.

OUR SOVEREIGN, A CHILD OF PRAYER.

His royal highness, the late Duke of Kent, during his last illness, asked his physician, if he was accustomed to pray? "Please your royal highness, I hope I say my prayers; but shall I bring a prayer book?" "No," was the reply, "what I mean is, that if you are accustomed to pray for yourself, you could pray for me in my present situation." The doctor then asked if he should call the duchess? "Do," said the Prince. The duchess came and offered up a most affecting prayer in behalf of her beloved husband.

On another occasion, when the duke expressed some concern about the state of his soul in the prospect of death, his physician endeavoured to soothe his mind by referring to his high respectability and honourable conduct in the distinguished situation in which Providence had placed him; when he stopped him short, saying, "No, remember, if I am to be saved, it is not as a prince, but as a sinner."

When his royal highness felt that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career, he desired the infant princess to be placed before him while he sat up in bed. In this position he offered up a most affecting prayer over her, the last part of which was to the effect, if not in the very language, that "if ever his child be Queen of England, she might rule in the fear of God." Having uttered these words, he said, "Take the child away," and this was the last time he ever beheld her. Who is not prepared to join in prayer, that this last petition of a dying parent may be found graciously and eminently answered.

These particulars I received from the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, chaplain to his royal highness, and he had them from the medical gentleman himself (now, I believe, he is also dead,) when they were travelling together to attend the funeral. They appeared too interesting to be left unrecorded, especially when we recollect the relation his royal highness bore to the beloved sovereign of these realms.—*Lon. B. Magazine.*

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THOMAS COWAN, Quebec, June 27, 1844.

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HENRY W. WELCH, Assignee, No. 38, St. Peter-St. Quebec, 13th Sept. 1844.

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