

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous

10x	14x	18x	22x	26x	30x
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12x	16x	20x	24x	28x	32x

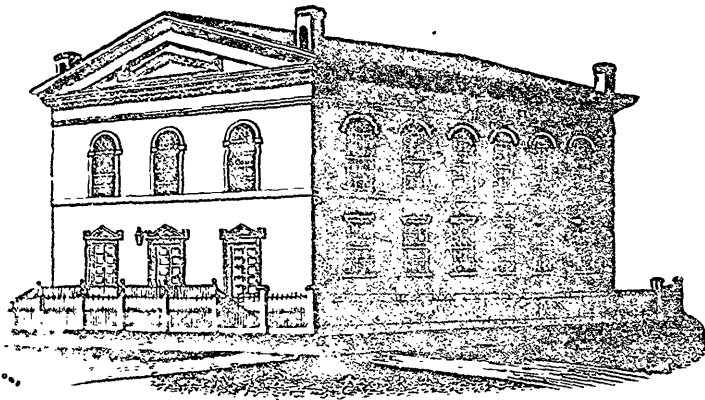
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

For the Province of Canada.

Vol. V.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1851.

No. 11.



WESLEYAN CHURCH, ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

TERMS.

From 1 to 4 copies, to one address,	£0 2 6
4 to 10 do. do.	0 1 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
10 to 40 do. do.	0 1 6
40 to 100 do. do.	0 1 3
100 and upwards do.	0 1 0

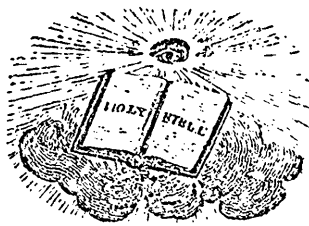
The cash must in all cases be sent with the order; without which no attention will be paid to it. No subscription taken for less than one year.

. Orders sent to Rev. ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan-Methodist Book Room, No. 9, Wellington Buildings, Toronto, will be immediately executed.

TORONTO:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE CONFERENCE
OF THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CHURCH IN CANADA,
AT NO. 9 WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM, KING ST.

T. H. BENTLEY, PRINTER.



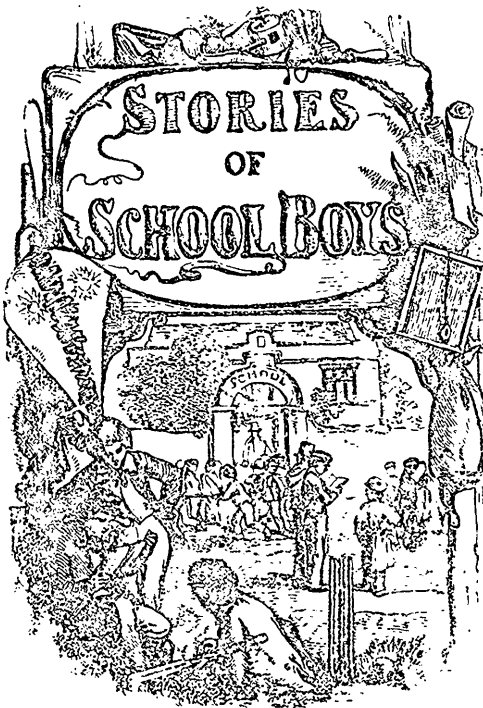
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

"ALL THY CHILDREN SHALL BE TAUGHT OF THE LORD."

VOL. V.

TORONTO, C. W., MARCH, 1851.

No. 11.



POOR JACK.

The following account was related by a minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible So-

ciety. A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father conscious of his poverty and the criminal cause of it, in a fit of rage, occasioned by intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war passing by, discovered the plank and the child; and a sailor, at the risk of his life, plunged into the sea and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack.

He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men.— He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but he could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed the kind officer: "For the great attentions you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of, (presenting him a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a lady—has been the means of my conversion, and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before his reception of the Bible, and among other enormities, how he cast his little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needful food.

The young officer enquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge, if you can, of his feelings—to recognize in the dying old man, his father! a dying penitent, under his care! And judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that the young stranger was his son!—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished! The old man soon perished in the arms of his son. The latter left the service and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this history, the minister, in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman, and said, "Sir, *I am Poor Jack.*"

THE DYING CHILD AND HER FATHER.

The following interesting fact has been sent to us by a friend from whom we shall hope to hear soon again:—

"A lovely little girl in my Bible class," says this lady, "was taken suddenly ill, which illness terminated in her death. Before that solemn event took place, she gave delightful evidence that her hopes were well founded, and that the Saviour she loved was exceedingly precious. Calling her father to her bedside, a man occasionally overtaken by the sin of intemperance, she, with tearful eye, began to warn him of his danger. After stating how very happy she felt in the prospect of meeting her Saviour and being for ever with him in heaven, she said, '*But, father, there are no drunkards in heaven!*' This expression, falling from the lips of his dying child, made so deep and lasting an impression on his mind as led to the entire abandonment of his former practices, and he is now a professed and consistent follower of the son of God."—*Mothers' Friend.*

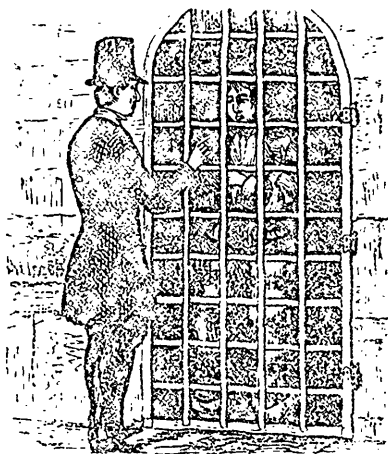
—

A gentleman, who has been conversant with prisoners for more than thirty years, states that he found in all his experience, both with regard to those who had been capitally convicted and those who had not, that they referred to the violation of the Sabbath as the chief cause of their crimes; and that this has been confirmed by all the opportunities he has had of examining prisoners. Not that this has been the only cause of crime; but, like the use of intoxicating liquors, it has greatly increased public and private immorality, and been the means, in a multitude of cases, of premature death.

Another gentleman, who has had the charge of more than one hundred thousand prisoners, and has taken special pains to ascertain the cause of their crimes, says that he does not recollect a single case of capital offence where the party had not been a Sabbath-breaker. And in many cases they assured him that Sabbath-breaking was the first step in their downward course. Indeed he says, with reference to prisoners of all classes, *nineteen out of twenty have neglected the Sabbath and other ordinances of religion.*

And he has often met with prisoners about to expiate their crimes by an ignominious death, who earnestly enforced upon survivors the necessity of an observance of the Sabbath, and ascribed their own course of iniquity to a non-observance of that day.

Says the keeper of one of the largest prisons, "*Nine-tenths of our inmates are those who did not value the Sabbath, and were not in the habit of attending public worship.*" *Sabbath Manual.*



WHY THAT MAN DIED IN JAIL.

"I DID NOT OBEY MY PARENTS."

The jail was a large gloomy looking stone building. The windows were made strong by great iron bars fastened across them. But the inside was most gloomy. It was divided into very small rooms, only five feet wide, and eight long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door, with strong bolts and locks, and when the jailer opened or shut the door, the hinges grated frightfully on the ear.

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the judges said he must go to the State Prison and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow! once he could play on the green fields, down by the cool spring or under the shady trees around his father's house; or when he was tired, he could go home and

lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But now how different! shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. O, he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the State Prison, I am so sick. O, if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much!"

"And are you not ready to die?"

"O no," said he, "I am afraid to die."

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation; but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die."

I talked to him sometime about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lips trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek.

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O yes, sir; and a good woman she was. Many and many a time has she warned me of this."

"Then you have had good religious instruction, and kind Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?"

"O yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

Said the dying man, "I can answer you all in one word—I did not obey my parents!"

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him, I came away,

reflecting upon his awful condition, and the reason he gave me for being in that dark and gloomy jail. "I did not obey my parents."—*Sunday School Advocate.*

— — —

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for himself or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

— — —

THE HAPPY GIRL.

Ay, she is a happy girl—we know by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of her work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we always love and respect, wherever we find them, in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind; they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these?—Good for nothing but to look at: and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.



WELL PAID.

On one occasion, my class being all detained from school by inclement weather, I felt somewhat discouraged, and wished I had stayed at home myself. The school being thin, I spent my time in instructing one little girl; as I spoke to her of the Saviour, she said with tears in her eyes: "I should love to be a Christian, if I had any one to tell me how." I need not say how fully I then felt repaid for my long walk through rain and mud.

SABBATH ANECDOTES.

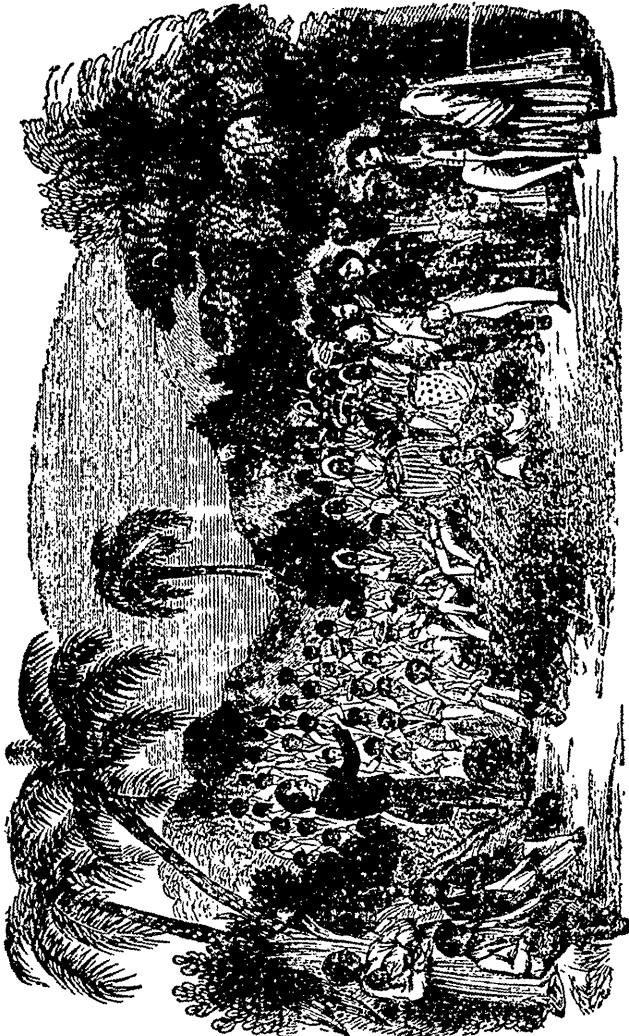
A father, whose son was addicted to riding out for pleasure on the Sabbath, was told that if he did not stop it his son would be ruined. He did not stop it, but sometimes set an example of riding out for pleasure himself. His son became a man, was placed in a responsible situation, and intrusted with a large amount of property. Soon he was a defaulter, and absconded. In a different

part of the country he obtained another responsible situation and was again intrusted with a large amount of property. Of that he defrauded the owner, and fled again. He was apprehended, tried, convicted, and sent to the state prison. After years, spent in solitude and labour, he wrote a letter to his father, and recounting his course of crime, he added, "*That was the effect of breaking the Sabbath when I was a boy.*" — *Sabbath Manual.*

RELIGION AND YOUTH.

There is great advantage in the Divine authority of the rules which religion prescribes for the conduct of life. Its announcements are so many of the decrees of Jehovah, of which it is not in human folly to question the wisdom, and to which nothing short of absolute madness could hope to offer successful resistance. Obedience, therefore, becomes the dictate of reason as well as of conscience.

MISSIONARY.



THE BEST MISSIONARY.

The best Missionary was remarkable from his birth; and it is reported that strange sights were beheld, and sounds heard at that time.

It is also certain that old and wise men had, spoken of him long before his nativity. When only twelve years old he showed a mind well informed and inquisitive, and

astonished some of the most learned men of his nation. Yet, so anxious was he to be a good Missionary, that he spent thirty years in preparing for his work. There never was a missionary so well qualified as he; he knew not only all languages, but all thoughts. There was not a false religion in the world which he had not studied, nor a wicked man whom he had not observed. Every text in the Old Testament was perfectly understood by him, and he was intent on explaining it better than it ever had been explained, and to *all* the people in the world. He was as pious and good as he was wise and learned, and loved and did the will of God perfectly. He had a noble heart, far above all meanness, and yet the sweetest temper and the most ardent love to all mankind. Never did any other missionary love men as he did, or take such affectionate interest in children.

Before he became a missionary he was with his Father, who is King of the most honourable empire in the universe. He himself possessed riches, and honour, and power, and all the distinguished servants of the palace were commanded to worship him. He knew, too, that the people of the country to which he was going as a missionary, so far from desiring his services, would dislike, and abuse, and murder him. Yet, notwithstanding his knowledge of all this, he so pitied, so loved these ignorant and naughty people, that he determined to live and die among them, and try to do them the greatest good. They differed from each other in colour, language, custom, pretended religion, district, and politics; but they all agreed to despise this holy Missionary, and to take away his life.

When he came among the people, it is said the most distinguished

of his servants, in liveries of pure white,—so pure and bright that the people could not see them,—brought him with their splendid chariots.—So that his coming to the scene of his labours was far more remarkable than if he had sailed in the vessel “whose sign was Castor and Pollux,” or in the ship “Duff,” or in “The Camden,” or “John Williams.” These shining beings attended him through all his labours and trials. He spoke as never man spoke; and his whole appearance was so dignified and humble, so kind and faithful, so full of grace and truth, and he performed so many wonderful cures on the diseased, and conferred such benefits on the poor and miserable, that it is strange that the most barbarous, and, still more strange, that the most civilized people to whom he went did not honour and love him. His manner of teaching was admirable. At one time he reproved the people severely for their wickedness, and then sat down and wept. Often, after reproaching the rich and great for their hypocrisy, would he turn with all tenderness to the poor and distressed, and say, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.” Sometimes he taught on a mountain, at others, in a boat; then, by the wayside; again, in a stately temple. He made things so plain, that he would teach the way to heaven by pointing to a door; or to a poor ragged youth returning to his father. He made a little child, and even a sheep, show what a real Christian is, and a large house what are heavenly mansions.

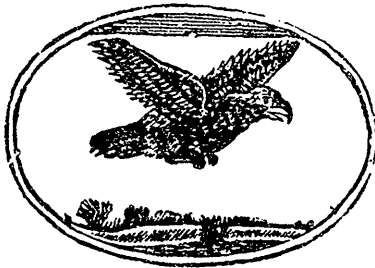
Then, how he prayed! You might have seen him lift up his eyes to heaven, while he fervently uttered prayers for those who stood around him; you might have followed him into his favourite garden,

or up a lofty hill, and behold him all night long in earnest prayer. He once prayed in such agony of mind, that he was covered with drops of blood. Even when he died he prayed for his murderers.

He was the founder of all good missions. He commanded his attendants to preach the Gospel to

every creature; and though unseen, his spirit is believed to be present with all who obey his command; and this secret, yet powerful presence, causes the exertions of missionaries to be so destructive to idolatry, and so effective in the conversion of the heathen.

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

The golden eagle is the noblest species of his family; and he was at one time abundant in all the mountainous districts of England, and may still be frequently seen in some parts of the Highlands, and of the western mountains of Ireland. He has a dull brown plumage, a horn coloured beak, a bright golden red crown, and firm and massive wings of about eight feet in expanse. The female's nest or eyry is usually built on some inaccessible crag or pinnacle of a lofty mountain, and consists of twigs, heath, rushes, and other similar materials; and her brood are usually two, or at most three, and are commonly fed on the warm blood of lambs, kids, ducks, or smaller and less domestic animals, which she has just seized on the

plains, and carried swimmingly aloft to her eyry. She excels the male in size and courage, and at least equals him in power of flight and vision; and she is far superior to most birds in the tenderness and the sagacity of her natural affection. The inspired writings compare the shortness of life to the fell sweep of her flight; the moral energy of lively Christians to her vigour and longevity, and the care of God for his people to her wise and untiring solicitude for her young. "When an eagle sees her young ones so well grown as to venture upon flying, she hovers over their nest, flutters with her wings, and excites them to imitate her, and to take their flight, and when she sees them weary or fearful, she takes them upon her back, and carries them in such away that the fowlers cannot hurt them without piercing her own body." Now "as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead Israel, and there was no strange God with him, he made him ride on the high places of the earth, that they might eat the increase of the fields."—*British Mother's Magazine.*



THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

The grizzly bear is the most formidable, and ferocious animal in California, and yet, with all his ferocity of disposition, rarely attacks a man unless surprised or molested. He never lies in wait for his victim. If the hunter invades his retreat or disputes his path he will fight, otherwise contents himself, with the immunity which he finds in the wilderness of his home and the savage grandeur of his nature. It is never safe to attack him with one rifle; for, if you fail to hit him in the vital part, he is on you in the twinkling of an eye. Your only possibility of escape is up a near tree, too slender for his giant grasp: and then there is something extremely awkward in being on the top of a tree with such a savage monster at the roof. How long he will remain there you cannot tell; it may be a day, and it may be a week. Your antagonist is too shrewd to hand you up your rifle or let you come down to get it. You are his prisoner, more safely lodged than in a dungeon, and he will set you at liberty when it suits him. He sleeps not himself at his post; day and night his great flashing eyes are fastened upon you. The lyre of Orpheus may have lulled to sleep the sentinel of Hades, but its magic tones have never charmed to slumber the sentinel of the California forest. The full grown California bear measures from eight to ten feet in length, and four or five in girth. His strength is tremendous,

his embrace death. Had the priest of Apollo fallen into his folds, he would have perished without any of those protracted agonies which the sympathetic muse has wailed round the world. Nature has thrown over him a coat of mail, soft indeed, but impervious to the storm and the arrow of the Indian. The fur, which is of a dark brown colour, is nearly a span long, and when the animal is enraged, each particular hair stands on an end. His food in the summer is chiefly berries, but he will now and then, on some of his feast days, slaughter a bullock. In winter he lives on acorns, which abound in these forests. He is an excellent climber, and will ascend a large oak with the rapidity of a tar up the shrouds of his ship. In procuring his acorns, when on the tree, he does not manifest his usual cunning. Instead of thrashing them down like the Indian, he selects a well-stocked limb, throws himself upon its extremity, and there hangs swinging and jerking till the limb gives way and down they come, branch, acorns, and bear together. On these acorns he becomes extremely fat, yielding ten or fifteen gallons of oil, which is said to be sufficiently pungent, nutritive as a tonic to tuff a statue's marble head. The she bear has one peculiarity that must puzzle even the philosophical inquirer. As soon as she discovers herself with young, she ceases to roam the forest, and modestly retires from the presence of others to some secluded grotto. There she remains, while her male companion, with a consideration that does honour to his sex, brings her food. She reappears at length with her two cubs, and woe to the luckless wight who should attempt to injure or molest them. They are guarded by an affection and fero-

city with which it would be madness to trifle. For them she hunts the berries and dislodges the acorns. Her maternal cure is a beautiful

trait in her savage nature, and

"Shines like good deeds in a naughty world."

—Collins' California.

A N E C D O T E S .

LEARN WHILE YOU MAY.

A Romish priest in Ireland one day met a little boy coming across the field from the parish school with a Bible in his hand.

"Do you go to that place?" said the priest, pointing to the Protestant school?" "Yes, your reverence," said the boy. "I thought so," said the priest, "by the book that you have in your hand. It is a bad book; give it to me."

"That book is God's word," said the boy, "and it teaches us the way to love God, to be good, and to get to heaven when we die."

"Come home with me," said the priest. The boy did so; and on entering his study, the priest took the poor boy's Bible and threw it on the fire.

"You shall never read that book again," said the priest; "it is a bad book, and mind, I shall not suffer you to go to that school again."

The Bible was soon in flames, but the poor boy at first looked very sad; but as the priest grew more angry, and told him there was an end of it all now, the boy began to smile.

"Why do you laugh?" said the priest.

"I can't help it," said the boy.

"I insist upon your telling me why you laugh," said the priest.

"I can't help laughing," replied the boy, "for I was thinking your reverence could not burn those ten chapters I have got by heart."

Happy little boy, he could say with good King David, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." And though that word may now be as a grain of mustard seed in his young heart, yet shall it not return unto the Lord void; it shall accomplish that unto which God hath sent it; and in spite of wicked men's designs, it may spring up and bear fruit unto eternal life.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

In a time of war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out in a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on perceiving it, he went up and knocked at the door; out came an ancient Hernouten, (a name which designated a sect of Quakers in Germany,) with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide, "you shall be satisfied."

They went on, and at the distance of quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troops immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer upon this said to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

ANECDOTE OF DR. BLAIR.

The eloquent Blair, when concluding a public discourse, in which he had descanted with his usual ability on the amiableness of virtue, gave utterance to the following apostrophe: "*O Virtue, if thou wert embodied, all men would love thee!*" His colleague, R. Walker, attended the same pulpit in the afternoon of the same day, and addressing the congregation, said,— "My reverend brother observed in

the morning, that if Virtue were embodied, all men would love her. Virtue, my brethren, has been embodied; but how was she treated? Did all men love her? No; she was despised and rejected of men, defamed, insulted, scourged, led to Calvary, and crucified between two thieves!"

REMOVE THE EXTINGUISHER.

Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, said to John Newton: "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of atonement, which you hold, is there, and I have not found it." "I am not surprised at this," said Newton; "I once went to light my candle with an extinguisher on. Now, prejudice, from education, learning, &c., often forms an extinguisher. It is not enough to bring the candle; you must remove the extinguisher."

THE MISCELLANY.

TRAVEL TALK.

The various forms of salutation are amusing. The Englishman says, How do you do? The Arab, God grant thee his favours! The Persian, May your shadow never be less! The Greek, Rejoice! The Roman, Vale! The Scotch, Hoo's a' wi' ye? The Irish, Long life to your honour! The German, Wie geht's? The Frenchman, Comment vous portez vous?—how do you carry yourself? The Spaniard, Como esta usted? The Italian, Come sta? The Chinese, How do you eat your rice? The Egyptian, How do you sweat? The Russian, Rab vash!—your slave! In England, in old times, Save you, sir, &c.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

A traveller in Asia Minor, at a period of distressing drought, found a vase of water under a little shed by the road-side for the refreshment of the weary traveller. A man in the neighbourhood was in the habit of bringing the water from a considerable distance, and filling the vase every morning, and then going to his work. He could have had no motive to do this, but a kind regard for the weary travellers; for he was never there to receive their thanks, much less their money. This was an example of disinterested benevolence.



POETRY.

ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY J. E.

Father of all, whose blest abode
 In heaven's high throne, thou reignest
 Lord
 Throughout eternity the same,
 All hallowed be thy glorious name.
 Oh, may thy peaceful kingdom come !
 Let the last wanderer be brought home ;
 Thy will be done, thou God of love,
 In earth, as 'tis in heaven above ;
 This day our daily bread supply,
 Our real wants do not deny ;
 Forgive our sins, as we do those,
 Who would our path to heaven oppose :
 May we have strength from thee each hour
 To guard against temptation's power ;
 And may we from all evil be
 Delivered and preserved by thee ;
 For power and majesty are thine,
 And glory, too, thou King divine !

Simcoe, Jan. 25, 1851.

SPARE THE INSECT.

O, turn that little foot aside,
 Nor crush beneath its tread
 The smallest insect of the earth,
 That looks to God for bread.
 If he, who made the universe,
 Looks down in kindest love,
 To shape an humble thing like this,
 From his high throne above—
 Why shouldst thou then, in wantonness,
 That creature's life destroy ;
 Or give a pang to any thing
 That he has made for joy ?
 My child, begin in little things
 To act the gentle part,
 For God will turn his love away
 From every cruel heart.

ANAGRAM.

If you transpose what ladies wear—**VEIL.**
 'Twill plainly show what bad folks are—
VILE.
 Again, if you transpose the same,
 You'll see an ancient Hebrew name—**LEVI.**
 Change it again, and it will show
 What all on earth desire to do—**LIVE.**
 Transpose the letters yet once more,
 What bad men do you'll then explore—
EVIL.

HYMN.

TUNE—*Fondly thine own.*

Rise—rise—free from thy mourning,
 Light—light—breaks from the sky,
 See—see—bright the day dawning,
 Jesus is risen on high.
 Rise—rise—rise—rise—Jesus is risen, &c
 Come—come—sing to the Saviour,
 Love—love—beams from his eye,
 Haste—haste—share in his favour,
 Worship the Saviour on high.
 Come—come—come—come—Worship.
 &c.
 Praise—praise—yield him with gladness,
 Earth—earth—banish thy gloom ;
 Where—death—where is thy sadness ?
 Jesus returns from the 'omb.
 Praise—praise—praise—praise—Jesus,
 &c.
 Hail—hail—children adore thee,
 Here—here—anthems we give.
 There—there—dwelling in glory,
 Love in thy life we'll receive.
 Hail—hail—all hail—Love in, &c.

MARCH.

BY HORACE SMITH.

The bud is in the bough,
 And the leaf is in the bud,
 And earth's beginning now
 In her veins to feel the blood,
 Which, warm'd by summer's sun
 In th' alembic of the vine,
 From her founts shall overrun
 In a ruddy gush of wine.
 The juices that shall feed
 Trees, vegetables, fruits,
 Unerringly proceed
 To their pre-appointed roots ;
 And if this azure arch
 Fills the poet's song with glee,
 O thou genial month of March,
 Be it dedicate to thee !

“Men's books with heaps of chaff are stored ;
 “God's Book doth golden grains afford ;
 “Then leave the chaff, and spend thy pains
 “In gathering up the golden grains.”

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES, &c.,

*On Sale at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room,
No. 9, Wellington Buildings,*

King Street East, Toronto.

COMPRISING,

No. 1.—**THE YOUTH'S LIBRARY.**—Consisting of upwards of 400 volumes, carefully selected from the best libraries in Europe and America: firmly half bound in Morocco, numbered and lettered; sold in quantities to suit purchasers.

For a list of prices of the above, see the Catalogue in the Sunday School Guardian for September, from which a discount of *one-twelfth* will be made to those who purchase *twenty-five* shillings worth at one time.

The following will be sold only in Libraries, at the annexed prices nett:

	s.	d.
No. containing the first 50 vols. of the Youth's Library, cloth backs.....	23	9
No. 3. containing the second 50 vols.....	28	9
No. 4, Children's Library—series A, 100 vols., 32mo, bound with red morocco backs and corners, lettered and numbered.....	38	9
No. 5, Child's Library, 100 vols. 18 mo.....	41	
No. 6, being 100 vols. (American Sunday School Union) No. 1.....	50	0
No. 7, 100 vols. do. No. 2, both cloth backs.....	50	0
No. 8, Child's Cabinet Library, 50 vols.....	12	6
—		
Sunday School Hymn Books, per dozen.....	5	6
Do. do. London edition, roan.....	10	0
Wesleyan Catechism, No. 1, per dozen.....	1	0
Do. do. No. 2, ".....	3	0
Do. do. No. 3, ".....	5	0
Spelling Books, Nos. 1, 2, & 3, ".....	1	8
Reading Books, per dozen.....	2	6
Alphabets on Cards, ".....	0	6
Lonking's Questions on the Gospels.....	0	7½
Barne's do. on the Acts.....	0	7½
Pierce's do. on the Acts.....	0	9

—

Also, a great variety of *Tickets, Reward books, and Books for Teachers' Libraries.*

ON SALE

AT THE WESLEYAN BOOK-ROOM,
A WELL-SELECTED STOCK OF
GENERAL STATIONERY

WRITING PAPER,
Foolscap, Post, and Note, fine
and extra, a good assortment.

BLOTTING PAPER.

MUSIC PAPER.
Square and oblong.

QUILLS,
2s. 6d. to 8s. per hundred.

STEEL PENS,
In boxes or on cards.

GOLD PENS.

PENKNIVES.

SLATES,
Hardwood frames, var. sizes.

WRITING INK,
Red, blue, and black, in bottles
of various sizes, as low as 1½d.

INKSTANDS,
Glass and Pewter.

LEAD PENCILS,
Drawing and common.

WAFERS,
Plain and fancy.

SEALING WAX,
Plain and fancy.

EBONY RULERS.

SILVER PENCIL CASES.

PAPER FOLDERS,

Ivory and Bone.

WAFER STAMPS.

WATER COLOURS,
Best description, in single
cakes, or complete boxes.

INDIAN INK,
Superior quality.

VIRGIN INDIA RUBBER.
PENCILS,

Camel's hair and sable.

BLANK MUSIC BOOKS.

MEMORANDUM BOOKS.

BLANK BOOKS.

BLANK DEEDS and
MEMORIALS.

MAPS FOR SCHOOLS.

FORMS OF WILLS.

DISTRICT MAPS.

COLOURED PICTURES.

ENGRAVINGS.

ENVELOPES
&c. &c.

Prints, Portraits, &c.

A Large Print of the Rev. John Wesley, and Four Hundred and Forty-six of the Preachers in his Connexion, represented as assembled in City-Road Chapel; with a Key to the Portraits it contains—£1.

Portraits of J. Wesley, Dr. Clarke, J. Fletcher, E. Ryerson M. Richey, T. Whitehead, Peter Jones, Mrs. Fleicher, J. Dixon, E. Evans, J. Stinson, &c.

Marriage Certificates, plain, per doz. 1. . ; do. fancy, 2s. 6d.