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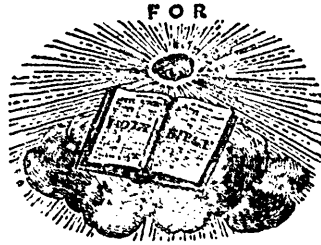
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

The Province



of Canada.

Train up a Child in the way he should go:

and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

Vol. III.

TORONTO, C. W., MARCH, 1848.

No. 3.



From the Christian Intelligencer.

FLOWERS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

How bright the beautiful flowers are
In red, and green, and gold—
There's one that looks just like a star,
And this looks proud and bold.

Here's one, the violet, that seems
So humble in its bed,
It scarce looks up to catch the beams,
Or raise its little head.

This lovely one, the lily, shows
Where in the valley lies
The sweetest grace that virtue knows,
Imparted from the skies.

This lovely rose, so fresh and sweet,
And giving such perfume,
May show where grace and virtue meet,
To make the spirit bloom.

Come, take a walk, and look around
On things of lovely hue;
Our Maker kindly decks the ground
With splendours ever new.

Here softest velvet we may tread,
Here brightest things behold,
Beneath our feet and o'er our head
In rich profusion rolled.

May we, just like these beautiful flowers,
In holy, sweet perfume
Of pious deeds and prayerful hours,
Our fleeting lives consume!

New-York, Feb., 1848.

RELIGION IN YOUTH.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.

If thou dost truly seek to live,
With all the joys that earth can give;
If thy young feet would gladly press
The ways of peace and happiness;
Go thou with pure and fervent love
To Him who dwells in light above,
Who sees ten thousand suns obey,
Yet listens when the lowly pray.

Cling thou to Jesus faithfully,
As vines embrace their guardian tree;
Nor shame thy pure and lofty creed:
Be His in thought, and word, and deed;
And thou shalt breathe in this low world,
An eagle chain'd, with wings unfurl'd,
Prepar'd, when once thy bonds are risen,
To soar away, and flee to Heaven.

A WISH, AND A WORD OF INSTRUCTION.

Dear young readers, we wish you much happiness—sound sweetly harmonious! Angels catch the echo. Heaven's arches ring! Happiness, what is it? Who are the happy? Was Cain happy, when the voice of his brother's blood cried for vengeance from the ground? Was the incorrigible Pharaoh a happy man! Were proud Korah and his troops happy? Was Achan happy, "the troubler of Israel," who hid the golden wedge of fifty shekels' weight? Was the wicked Ahab happy, the lewd Jezebel, the bloody Manasseh? Was Belshazzar happy, when he saw the handwriting on the wall, "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*?" when, thunderstruck, his eyes rolled horribly!—

"Thrice he essayed to speak;
And thrice his tongue refused?"

When he cried, in bitter anguish—

"Ye mystic words!

Thou semblance of an hand! illusive forms!
Ye wild fantastic images, what are ye?
Dread shadows, SPEAK! explain your dark intent!

What power have I? . . .

Oh, soul-distracting sight! but is it real?
Again, 'tis there! 'tis written on the wall!
I see the writing, but the viewless writer,
Who? what is he! Oh, horror! horror!
horror!!"

Little friends, was this man happy, think you? Were those children happy who mocked good old Elisha, saying: "Go up, thou baldhead, go up," meanwhile God sent two she-bears from the wood, and destroyed forty and two of them? Fearful! Was the Witch of Endor happy? Simon Magus, Herod, who gave not God the glory, and was eaten of worms? In a word, is the devil happy? Is hell a happy place? But who are the happy? "Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord." "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy." Enoch was happy, he walked with God, and God took him. Noah was happy, Atraham was happy, Joseph was happy in the prison, Moses, the meekest, was happy, Joshua and Caleb were happy, they "followed the Lord wholly." The three men in the fiery furnace were

happy; Daniel in the lions' den was happy, very happy. The Prophets of the Lord were happy; David, the sweet singer of Israel, was happy; the Apostles were happy; the Martyrs were happy, ("of whom the world was not worthy,") though they wandered in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth; were sawn asunder, tempted, slain—being destitute, afflicted, tormented! Yes, these were happy, very happy. What shall we say more? Time would fail us to tell of Baxter, Bunyan, Fletcher, Fenelon, Taylor, Payson; all who fought the good fight, laid hold on eternal life, were happy, *inexpressibly* happy. Heaven is a happy place, God is happy, angels, spirits glorified—all holy beings. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Holiness is happiness—and happiness is holiness. This, young friends, and nothing short of this, is the happiness we wish you. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."—*Golden Rule.*

CHILDREN OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Do you know, my dear young friends, how many children there are in almost all our villages, who never go to the house of God, and have none of the privileges of Sabbath-schools? While your parents devote the Sabbath morning to reading the scriptures, prayer and preparation for meeting, many parents spend it in profaning the name of God, or in preparation for idle amusements. While you are clad in neat and tasteful clothing, and ride in carriages, or walk beside your friends to the place of worship, they, with uncombed hair and unwashed hands, stroll about the streets and lanes, robbing every tree and bush they find, of fruit and flowers.

Every Sabbath I can see from my window, groups of ill-dressed, dirty girls, engaged in rude and boisterous play, and boys, still more ragged and filthy, whose every word is an oath, and who spend God's holy day in every species of wickedness. No affectionate mother reproves them, or father seeks to reclaim them, for parents and children are alike without the fear of God.—*Utica Register.*

COUNSEL TO THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Permit one who feels deeply interested in the all-important subject—the welfare of the immortal soul—to address you. Have you ever thought for one moment that you have a soul, and that that soul must live for ever? All that so interests you here shall be taken away—the heavens rolled together as a scroll, and all that is bright and beautiful, even the earth itself, shall be burned up. You may urge the common excuses—“Time enough yet,” or you “have not had time.” My dear young friends, pause and reflect upon the many instances of mortality that are daily taking place around you. You cannot with safety delay seeking an immediate interest in the salvation offered in the gospel.

Have you not had time to prepare for the ball-room and the dance? Have you not had time, and sought with eager avidity, to read the light and trifling novels and publications of the day? Have you not found time for foolish and vain conversation; and have you not found time to engage in the sinful practice of playing cards, or other amusements equally sinful? My object is not to condemn, however, but to urge you, with affectionate solicitude, to pause and consider the worth of your immortal soul. Your soul must exist for ever; aye, for ever, either to ascribe anthems of praise to redeeming love, at the right hand of God, or sink lower and lower in the awful depths of eternal ruin. Think how awful the condition is of a condemned criminal, shut up in an earthly prison. But what is this, compared to an allotment in the prison-house of everlasting despair? Here there is some hope of pardon to the guilty, but in the latter hope shall never enter. From that dread sentence there is no appeal. Let me, my dear young friends, persuade you now in the morn of life to seek an interest in the pardoning love of God, so that when you are summoned away from earth, you may be prepared to have a joyful entrance into mansions of everlasting rest.

Oh, think, my young friends, of the mercy displayed

On Calvary's summit—then be not dismay'd;
In the morn of thy life the Saviour will bless,
And guide thee secure to the “haven of rest.”

EARLY PIETY.

There was a young man well known to the writer, who had very great talents. He could speak on almost every subject but one. He read many books, knew many languages, and thought a great deal on all he heard and saw. Yet strange to say, he never or seldom spoke of God. He never loved, nor sought Him. He had finished his education, he had travelled to distant lands, and had gathered great stores of learning, when consumption came. It pleased God, in his mercy, to grant him a long period of ill-

ness, and in the early stage of his disease, God taught him the uselessness of all the learning which he had spent his life in gaining, compared with the knowledge revealed in scripture—the knowledge of the one true God, and of Jesus Christ, his Son, the only Saviour of sinners. Now, his high intellect and proud heart were subdued. He bowed humbly before God, and in the meek disposition of a little child, prayed for the teachings of God's Spirit, and God heard and answered his prayers. One day just before his death, a friend was reading to him the twenty-third Psalm. The dying young man listened as he read these words, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.” Ps. xxiii. 4. “Stay,” said the invalid, “stay; yes, God is with me; but I think the valley would not have been so dark, had I sought him earlier!”



FILIPPO NERI AND THE STUDENT.

A story is told of a very good and pious man, whom the church of Rome has enrolled among her saints on account of his great holiness. He was living at one of the Italian Universities; when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that what he had been long wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study the law; and that thereupon he had come to the law school at this University on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pains or labour in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on a long time; and when at last he came to stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said, “Well! and when you have got through your course of studies what do you mean to do then?” “Then I shall take my doctor's degree,” answered the young man.

“And then?” asked Filippo Neri.

“And then,” continued the youth, “I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation.”

“And then?” repeated the holy man.

“And then,” replied the youth,

“why then, there can't be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides, I shall make money and grow rich.”

“And then?” repeated Filippo.

“And then,” pursued the young lawyer, “and then I shall live comfortably and honorably, in health and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age.”

“And then?” asked the holy man.

“And then,” said the youth, “and then—and then—then I shall die.”

Here Filippo lifted up his voice, and again asked,

“And then?” Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head, and went away. This last *And then?* had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get quit of it. Soon after he forsook the study of the law, and gave himself up to the ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

The question which St. Filippo Neri put to the young lawyer, is one which we should put frequently to ourselves. When we have done all that we are doing, all that we aim at doing, all that we dream of doing, even supposing that all our dreams are accomplished, that every wish of our heart is fulfilled, still we may ask, What will we do, what will be, then? Whenever we cast our thoughts forward, never let them stop short out his side of the grave; let them not stop short at the grave itself: but when we have followed ourselves thither, and have seen ourselves laid therein, still ask ourselves the same question, *And then?*

A SKETCH OF FANCY.

Cast your thoughts forward, in imagination, to the judgment, and behold a mother at the right hand of God. With anxious solicitude she gazes upon each one receiving sentence from the righteous Judge. Imagine a mother's love permitted to enter heaven. Her soul expands with new delight; her crown of rejoicing becomes more radiant, and her palm of victory is waved with renewed delight before the throne of God, as she beholds her dear children, whom she had left behind to combat the ills of this mortal life, without her maternal care and pious example to lead them in the paths of rectitude, virtue and religion, arraigned before the bar of God, to receive the plaudit of “Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord.” Imagination fails—language cannot portray the ecstatic joy that shall thrill her soul, as she welcomes them within the portals of the New Jerusalem, there to unite their voices everlastingly in ascribing anthems of praise to redeeming love.

Methinks I see her raptured stand,
With open arms and outstretched hand,
To receive her fainting child.
No more by doubt or fear distressed,
I see them now amid the blest,
A family in heaven.



THE AFFLICTED'S REST.

Can you tell a weary pilgrim
Where to find a quiet rest;
A home for one afflicted,
And with grief and care oppress?

This world is very spacious,
And I've search'd it o'er and o'er,
But I fear I cannot find it,
Though I search for overmore.

I had a little brother
That I loved with all my soul;
And indeed I cannot find him,
Though I've search'd from pole to pole.

They say he has departed
To a land of peace and rest,
And that he is an angel,
And dwells amid the blest.

Then, stranger, can you tell me
Where to find that quiet shore,
Where all is peace and happiness,
Where my cares will all be o'er?

"Come hither, thou afflicted one,
With grief and care oppress,
And I will tell you truly,
Where to find this quiet rest.

"Did you never hear them telling
Of a home for mortals given,
Where all their grief is over?—
That home is up in heaven.

"Then, when your journey's over,
With a smile of peace and love,
Leave all your care behind you,
And fly to God above."

Evan. Repository.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS MOTHER.

Of the power of his memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance was told in his presence at Litchfield, in 1776, by his step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her, by his mother:—

When he was a child in petticoats, and had learnt to read, Mr. Johnson put the Common Prayer-Book into his hands, and said, "Sam, you must get this prayer by heart." She went up-stairs, leaving him to study it; but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him follow her. "What is the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice.

It is related of the mother of this distinguished man, that when he was a child, of three or four years old, she often used to tell him some religious truth, or moral maxim, and she required of him that he should go and tell the servant-maid what he had heard. By this simple but admirable plan his memory was exercised and strengthened, and a yet more valua-

ble faculty was called into use; namely, a faculty of communicating, in language of his own, the truths he had just been taught; not only so, by this means truth travelled, and was further known.

The Doctor, when advanced in life, speaking of his boyhood, said, "When I was a grown youth, and used to argue with my mother on various points, I used to take the wrong side of an argument, because it was that on which the most ingenious things could be said." Only a mother, and that a kind one, would have borne with the waywardness and perversity of a boy acting on such a plan; instead, however, of cutting him short with a reproof, she entered into his humour, argued the matter out with him, and thus gave him an opportunity of exercising his ingenuity as a disputant.

In 1780, in the month of January, his mother died, at the great age of ninety, an event which deeply affected the Doctor; not that his mind had acquired no firmness by the contemplation of mortality, but that his reverential affection for her was not abated by years, as indeed he retained all his tender feelings, even to the latest period of his life. Soon after this event, he wrote his "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." He composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and never read it after. He wrote it that he might with the profits defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and pay some small debts which she had left. A celebrated publisher of the day purchased it for one hundred pounds, but afterwards paid him twenty-five pounds more when it came to a second edition.



ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the peculiarities of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Bulletin. We have not seen it published before:

"Mr. G. had a favourite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, when at the age of twenty-one years, expected Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose," said the clerk, "I am now

free; and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, I know you are free," said Mr. G., and my advice to you is, that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track, but recovering his equilibrium, he said, if Mr. G. was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest," said Mr. G., and the clerk, rather hesitatingly, sought one of the best coopers, agreed upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in earnest. "In process of time," the young cooper became master of his trade, and could make as good a barrel as any other cooper. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honours of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed much gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could get up. The young cooper selected the choicest materials, and soon put in shape and finished his three barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer; "make out your bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a check for \$20,000, and handing it to the clerk-cooper, closed with these words:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon which will afford you a good living at all times."

INSTINCT OF THE DOG.

"One of my followers," says Bishop Heber, "a poor parish dog, who had come with us all the way from Bareilly for the sake of the scraps which I had ordered the cook to give him, and by the sort of instinct which most dogs possess, always attached himself to me as the head of the party, was so alarmed at the blackness and roaring of the water, that he sat down on the brink, and howled piteously when he saw me going over. When he found it was a hopeless case, however, he mustered courage, and followed; but, on reaching the other side, a new distress awaited him. One of my faithful sepoys had lagged behind, as well as himself; and when he found the usual number of my party not complete, he ran back to the brow of the hill and howled; then hurried after me, as if afraid of being himself left behind, then back again to summon the loiterer, till the man came up, and he apprehended that all was going on in its usual routine. It struck me forcibly to find the same dog-like and amicable qualities in these neglected animals as in their more fortunate brethren of Europe."—*Knight's Weekly Volume for all Readers.*



JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.

John O'Groat's house, a memorable place in the parish of Cannisbay, in this county, perhaps owes its fame less to the circumstance of its local situation at the northern extremity of the island, than to an event which inculcates a useful lesson of morality. In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John O'Groat (supposed to have been originally from Holland,) arrived in Caithness with a letter from that Prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in Caithness. These brothers bought some land near Duncansby Head, and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands in equal divisions. These eight families lived peaceably for a number of years, and established an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of their festivity, on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and such points of precedency, each contending for the seniority and chieftainship, which increased to such a degree as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John O'Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comfort they had hitherto enjoyed, owing to the harmony which existed among them; he assured them that as soon as they appeared to quarrel amongst themselves, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them and expel them from the country; he, therefore, conjured them by the ties of blood and mutual safety to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedency, and prevent the possibility of such disputes in future at their anniversary meetings. They all acquiesced, and departed in peace. In due time, John O'Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses, in an octagonal figure, with eight doors, and placed a table of oak of the same shape in the middle. The next meeting took place; he desired each of them to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of the table, he himself

occupying the last. By this ingenious contrivance the harmony and good humour of the company was restored. The building was then named John O'Groat's House, and, though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered for the good intention and sound judgment which gave it origin.—*Caithness Chronicle.*

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

The following legend will bear to be frequently reprinted:—

“One morning, during Bruce's sojourn in the Castle of Raghery, he was lying in bed, musing on his bad fortunes and frequent defeats, when his attention was arrested by a spider endeavouring to fasten his web to a particular point. The insect made three attempts in vain; yet nothing daunted, he made a fourth, in doing which he seemed nearly to have exhausted his strength, but he was successful. This little incident struck the Bruce very forcibly; for he, too, had made three attempts to gain the Scottish throne, and was beaten in three battles. The spider's persevering example and consequent success encouraged him to muster his scattered forces and make one trial more. He did so, and gained the battle of Bannockburn. In grateful commemoration of this event, it is said that no one of the name of Bruce will ever kill a spider.”



CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS CHRIST.

When the Saviour had grown up to manhood, he began to do a great deal of good in the world. He healed the sick, the lame, and the blind, and raised the dead to life. He also told the Jews of all their wickedness; and for this reason they hated him and resolved to kill him.

Christ had twelve disciples, and one of them, named Judas, was hired by the Jews to betray him. When Jesus sat down to eat the Feast of the Passover with his disciples, he told them that one of their number would betray him. This, said he, is the last supper that we shall eat together. He then went out to the Mount of Olives to pray. While he was there, some armed men came to take him. Then Judas went up and kissed him. This was the sign by which he was to let them know which was Jesus.

The soldiers then seized Jesus and took him before Pontius Pilate, then governor

of Judea. But Pilate could find no wrong in him. However, the Jews insisted that he should be put to death; and they mocked and scoffed him and spit upon him.

Finally, Pilate yielded to their wishes and the Saviour was led out to be crucified. When nailed upon the cross, he prayed for all his enemies, and then died. Two thieves were also crucified with him; one on his right hand, the other on his left.



Thus died our divine Saviour. He died to save us from punishment for our sins, and to secure our eternal happiness. Thanks be to thee, gracious Redeemer, forever and ever!

AN INDIAN'S THEOLOGY.

A white man and an Indian were both brought under conviction for sin about the same time. The Indian, whose conviction was pungent, soon found joy and peace in believing, while the white man continued in darkness and distress for a long time. Seeing the Indian one day, who enjoyed the sweet consolations of religion, “Why,” says the white man, “should there be such a difference?—Why has God forgiven yours sins while I go mourning? I have done all that I can do, but find no comfort.” “Suppose,” says the Indian, “there come along a great prince. He holds out to you a suit of clothes, and says, ‘Here, take these, and welcome!’ You look around, feel ashamed, and say, ‘No, my clothes pretty good yet; they do little longer, thank you, sir.’ Then the prince, rather angry, say, ‘Here, Sam, take the suit.’ I look; my old blanket all rags, cold, and dirty; ‘thank you, thank you, kind sir! Poor Indian now be warm and happy.’”—*Wes. Meth. Mag.*

TIME LOST.

One of the sands in the hour-glass of time is, beyond comparison, more precious than gold. In nothing is waste more ruinous, or more sure to bring unavailing regrets. Better to throw away money than moments; for time is much more than money. As we lose our days, we incur an increasing risk of losing our souls. “The life-blood of the soul runs out in wasted time.” The years which have winged their flight have gone to be recording angels; and what is the “report they have borne to heaven?” Will the record testify for us or against us, when the throne of the Son of Man shall be set, and THE BOOKS SHALL BE OPENED?



SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1848.

There is hardly any sin of which young people are more guilty than that of Sabbath-breaking; nor is there any one sin, the commission of which has been more signally and more frequently disapproved of by the Great Lawgiver in heaven.

At the present season, children are frequently solicited to spend a part of God's holy day upon the ice, either in skating or sliding thereon. Too many yield to the wicked suggestion and are induced, in defiance of the law of God, the command of their parents, and the instruction of their teachers, to sport upon the ice on the holy Sabbath. Does the youthful transgressor know that scores of young persons are drowned upon the Sabbath—that more are drowned and killed on that day than on any other two days in the week? And why is this, but that God marks with the strongest disapprobation the conduct of those wicked persons who dishonour his holy day. Where, we ask, are we to expect the souls of those persons will be found who perish sinning against God? They die violating the law of God—manifesting disobedience to their parents—and setting at nought the counsel of their teachers? Will any of our youthful readers venture the assertion that those who die under such circumstances are “carried by angels into Abraham's bosom?” We are persuaded they are too well taught concerning sin and its eternal consequences not to know that they who die in an act of open transgression must “be banished from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power.”

But some young persons are guilty of Sabbath-breaking who do not venture on the ice for sport on the Lord's-day. They love to have a sleigh-ride upon the snow; and too many young persons are to be seen with their hand-sleighs running down the steep hill on the Sabbath. Some again break the Sabbath, even in a place of worship, by talking about their sports and plays during divine service; and a far greater number are guilty of the same sin by thinking of their skaits, and sleighs, and tops, and marbles in the Sabbath-school, and in the place of worship,

We will just ask the reader two simple questions, by way of conclusion. Do you break the Sabbath? If God were to strike you dead while sinning against him, as he smote with death both Ananias and Sapphira, what would become of your deathless soul? Answer these questions to your own hearts; and when you are tempted to break the Sabbath, think of the consequences. Think of the worm that dies not, and of the fire that is not quenched. Think of the hundreds who have died breaking the law and the day of God; and then lift your heart up in prayer to your heavenly Father, that he may give you grace to resist the temptation, and to enable you to keep the seventh day holy unto the Lord your God.

Several interesting revivals are in progress among the scholars of the Wesleyan Sabbath-schools. A letter in another column will inform your reader of a pleasing work that is going on in Niagara. We thank our correspondent for the communication of the good news; and invite other superintendents who can furnish us with similar intelligence to do so without delay.

We need several hundred more subscribers to the *Sunday School Guardian*; and, we are confident, if our friends would exert themselves in the matter, they could be obtained without much difficulty. Two ladies have sent us in, since our last issue, quite a large number of subscribers, and which was obtained by their personal application. Let others go and do likewise; and thus prevent the failure of our enterprise.

NATURAL RESULTS.

The Presbyterian Advocate gives a case of a Protestant parent who had for some time been sending his daughter to a nunnery; and who, in order to arm his child against any evil influence, placed in her hands “Kirwin's Letters.” She immediately told her father they were not true. Thus this poor girl had already been taught one of the first lessons of Popery, which requires her to regard Protestant ministers as wilful deceivers, and her own father as their voluntary dupe?

The Presbyterian of the West gives a case of recent occurrence in Cincinnati, of a mother who sent her daughter to a nunnery, and she has become a bigoted Papist, and insists on taking the veil. Her parents, deeply grieved, refuse to consent; and she confines herself to her room reading Romish books of devotion. Recently, her mother, on entering her room unexpectedly, found a letter from one of the nuns to her daughter, informing her, that by the laws of Ohio, she could, at the age of eighteen, enter the nunnery, whether her parents consent or not.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NIAGARA SABBATH SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the *S. S. Guardian.*

MY ESTEEMED BROTHER,—Feeling deeply interested in the welfare of Sabbath-schools, I have taken the liberty, for their encouragement, to communicate the success we have of late been favoured with. And while in the act of doing so, my heart glows with gratitude to God for his unmerited goodness in favouring our school with the reviving influences of his Holy Spirit. For some time we have perceived a gradual change in the conduct of many of the scholars which led us to believe, that shortly a more important one would take place; and, blessed be God, we have not been disappointed, for the results have been glorious. Some 20 have already professed to have experienced the power of God in the forgiveness of their sins. Previous to this time our beloved pastor, Br. Harper, had addressed the children from the pulpit; and this appeared to have had a very good effect. Many of them were induced to attend our prayer-meetings, at which seasons the Spirit of the Lord visited us in a peculiar manner. O, sir, it does my heart good, and I am sure it would yours, to witness the work that is going on, and to hear these dear lambs, amidst the volumes of prayers that ascend in their behalf, burst forth with a shout, “I am happy, happy! God is love!” and others taking one by the hand, with a countenance expressing their sorrow for sin, soliciting an interest in our prayers. O, sir, this is just as it should be. And glory to God, though our esteemed minister is absent from us for a season, the work is still going on, and the numbers of the adopted ones continue to increase; and it is now extending its happy influences to the Teachers, for some of them have been made to taste the sweets of a Saviour's pardoning love. O that God may carry it on till all our Schools shall have experienced its benefits, and extend it to parents and neighbours, so that we may have a mighty ingathering of souls, such as shall be eternally saved.

R. WARREN.

Niagara, Feb. 25, 1848.

PORT HOPE SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Anniversary of the Port Hope Wesleyan Sabbath-school Society, took place on Monday evening last. A large and respectable company sat down to tea, prepared by the committee of management, in the Wesleyan Chapel; and great credit is due to them for the excellence of their arrangement. The choir attached to the chapel acquitted themselves in a highly satisfactory manner, delighting the assembly by the performance of several select pieces of music. The Rev. Charles Lavell in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Lavell, Nelles and Beard, and Mr. Cameron and Mr. Chesnut of Victoria College.

THE DYING DREAM.

O mother dear, bend down your ear—my voice
grows faint and low,
And fast the chilly damps of death is gathering on
my brow ;
But, mother, as I laid asleep, there came a dream
to me,
And I cannot, must not say, Farewell, till I have
told it thee.

It was a pleasant sleep—I dreamed of worlds so
bright and fair,
So wondrous beautiful, I long to fly and enter
there ;
And yet not all— one mournful scene was vision-
ed to my eye,
And but that one thought alone, O 't would be
sweet to die.

Methought I left this mortal frame—that dust to
dust was given,
And then I spread my angel wings, and soared
away to Heaven ;
But, mother, as I mounted high, my thoughts
still clung to thee,
And once I stayed my flight, and turned, once
more thy face to see.

Mother, till then no shade of care had dimmed
my spirit glad—
But I beheld thee weeping—lone, and then I first
felt sad ;
I thought how oft you'd told me that the soul
would never die,
But that 't would ever dwell with God in bliss
beyond the sky.

Methought 'twas strange, that when you knew
that death's last quiet sleep
Was but the dawn of happiness and Heaven, that
you should weep ;
And when I turned and gazed again upon the
radiant throng
That beckoned at the golden gate, and heard the
seraph song—

Mother, dear mother, even then I could not tear
from thee—

I longed to come again to earth, and stay thine
agency ;
And so I woke—and even now I cannot make it
seem
That all that mingled joy and pain was but an
empty dream.

But, mother dear, 'tis growing dark—a film
comes o'er my eye—
Hark ! hark ! what heavenly music ! Oh, what
bliss it is to die !
And see ! Bright seraphs wave me on, and I
must haste to flee—
I come ! Farewell, my mother dear—O never
weep for me !

EXCHANGING PEARLS.

A little orphan boy, about twelve years
of age, while fishing on the banks of the
Tennessee river, picked up a large pearl
among the muscle-shells. Returning
home, he accidentally exhibited it while
rummaging in his pockets, filled with
fish-lines, corks, shells, coppers, bait,
&c. A gentleman who was standing by,
observing the costly treasure, asked the
little fellow how much he should give
him for it. "O," said the boy, "a bit
or two, just as you please." "No," re-
plied the other, "you must not sell it
for a trifle, it is worth a great sum. I
will send it to Nashville, to be sold, and
the proceeds of it shall be applied to your

education." The pearl was sent to a
lapidary in Nashville who estimated it
to be worth \$500 ! Let it glitter in the
diadem of a crowned head, and that boy's
mind be enriched with jewels whose lus-
tre shall outshine and outlive the lustre
of diamonds, and he will have parted
with it for a pearl of greater price.



THE HORSE-SHOE NAIL.

A farmer once went to market, and,
meeting with good luck, he sold all his
corn and lined his purse with silver and
gold. Then he thought it time to return
in order to reach home before night-fall ;
so he packed his money-bags upon his
horse's back, and set out on his journey.
At noon he stopped in a village to rest ;
and when he was starting again, the
hostler, as he led out the horse, said,
"Please you, sir, the left shoe behind
has lost a nail." "Let it go," answered
the farmer ; "the shoe will hold fast
enough for the twenty miles that I have
still to travel. I'm in haste." So say-
ing, he journeyed on.

In the afternoon, the farmer stopped
again to bait his horse ; and as he was
sitting in the inn, the stable-boy came,
and said, "Sir, your horse has lost a nail
in his left shoe behind ; shall I take him
to the smithy ?" "Let him alone," an-
swered the farmer ; "I've only six miles
further to go, and the horse will travel
well enough that distance. I've no time
to lose."

Away rode the farmer ; but he had not
gone far, before the horse began to limp ;
it had not limped far, ere it began to
stumble ; and it had not stumbled long,
before it fell down and broke a leg.—
Then the farmer was obliged to leave
the horse lying in the road, to unstrap
his bags, throw them over his shoulder,
and make his way home on foot as well
as he could, where he did not arrive till
late at night. "All my ill-luck," said
the farmer to himself, "comes from
neglect of a horse-shoe nail!"—*Playmate.*

"I DON'T WANT TO."

Charley Wheaton was a very good
little boy. But Charley had one fault—
most little boys have more. Perhaps
some of the little boys who read the *Ca-
binet* have the same fault ; and if they
knew it to be a fault, would try to mend.
Charley's fault was this : When very
busy at play, or not in a mood to do a fa-
vour, he was in the habit of saying, "I
don't want to." Now Charley had a very
tender mother, who loved him very much,
and spared no pains to make him good
and happy. She saw this fault in her

little son, and resolved to nip it in the
bud ; for she knew that to be happy, he
must be obliging and helpful to all around
him. One day, when she had taken the
last stitch in a pair of new pantaloons
that Charley was very desirous of having
finished in time for New Year, she asked
him to bring her a handful of wood from
the out-house. "I don't want to," said
Charley, not lifting his eyes from his
beautiful new "Book of Gems." His
mother reflected a moment, then called
him to her side and tenderly inquired if
he felt unwell. "O no, mother ; but
why do you ask ?" "Because, my son,
I was thinking you should have some
very good reason for declining to give
your mother any aid in your power. It
is very little that you can do in return
for all the care and tenderness I have be-
stowed on you, since—a little helpless
infant—God gave you to my arms. I
do not want to labour when I am ill and
tired, but my dear little son must be fed
and clothed, and I love so much to gra-
tify him that, ill and tired as I am, I have
finished this garment that he might be
'smart' to greet the New Year. I do
not want to wake and watch when I am
in need of sleep to refresh my weary
frame and fit me for daily labour, but I
love my little boy ; I rise and soothe his
pain in all the long night, and never
think of saying, 'I don't want to.' O
Charley, what would become of such
helpless little boys as you, if those who
have the care of them were so selfish
they did not want to leave their books
and rest to provide for their wants?"—
Charley had stolen his arm around his
mother's neck, and, dropping his head on
her bosom, begged her to forgive him.
He never forgot this lesson of his mo-
ther ; and now that he has grown to be a
man, he always reproves the little boys,
if they say, "I don't want to," and tells
them the story that I have been telling
you. He tells them, too, that his mother's
words have taught him to "do unto
others as he would have others to do unto
him."—*Youth's Cabinet.*

PRESSURE OF THE SEA.

If a piece of wood which floats on the
water, be forced down to a great depth
in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding
liquid will force it into the pores of the
wood, and so increase its weight that it
will no longer be capable of floating or
rising to the surface. Hence the timber
of ships which have foundered in the deep
part of the ocean, never rises again to
the surface, like those which have sunk
near the shore. A diver may, with im-
punity, plunge to a certain depth of the
sea ; but there is a limit beyond which he
cannot live under the pressure to which
he is subject. For the same reason, it is
probable that there is a depth beyond
which fishes cannot live. They, accord-
ing to Joslin, have been caught in a depth
at which they must have sustained a
pressure of eighty tons to each square
foot of the surface of their bodies.



INDUSTRY REWARDED.

I remember meeting with the following interesting case in Sligo. A very respectable inhabitant of that town, named Francis Barber, now an extensive farmer and contractor for public works, thus began, as a boy, to improve his mother's farm. He tranced it in the winter; and his neighbours laughed and giped at him, working up to the knees in water, whilst his mother, poor soul! thought he was going to ruin the farm, which it was not in the power of man to make in a worse condition than his father left it to him. His industry was rewarded: his farm yielded fourfold, and he persevered with field after field, till his landlord, seeing his desert, gave him more land. He grew well to do; and he now employs as his servants some scores of the very men who formerly giped and laughed at him with their hands in their pockets, for "working his sowl out" in the winter, when they (and every one in that country who has the annual privilege of being half-starved, and abusing the "Sassenach" for preventing their being starved outright) never did anything but prop up a doorpost, and smoke a short "dudheen," or, as a variety, ornament a "wake," or carry a "shillelah" to a fair.

THE DYING KISS.

I was but five years old when my mother died; but her imago is as distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me, and when I erred, (for I was a wild, thoughtless child,) there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow because of my childish waywardness; and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so!" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely that I thought she must be well. But when she sometimes spoke of dying, pressed me to her bosom and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love. I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her

for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and lying my lips close to hers, whispered, "Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were cold; and when she put her arm around

me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared that my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as my little sister's did when she died and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it—it was just as I feared.—Her eyes were closed; her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested on her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be if she would remain with me. She was buried, but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct—I only retain the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition without fanning I saw her mild, tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions and weakening my propensity to do evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection. I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that, even on the threshold of eternity, her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instruction of my excellent mother.—*Parent's Mag.*

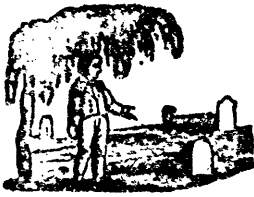
GEORGE III. AND JOS. LANCASTER.

On entering his royal presence, the king said: "Lancaster I have sent for you to give me an account of your System of Education, which I hear has met with opposition. One master teach five hun-

dred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?" Lancaster replied, "Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command." His majesty said, "Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it." Lancaster observed, that in his schools, the teaching branch was performed by youths who acted as young monitors. The king assented, and said, "Good." Lancaster then described his system; and he informed me, that they all paid great attention, and were highly delighted, and as soon as he had finished his majesty said:—"Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the bible; I will do any thing you wish to promote this object." "Please thy majesty," said Lancaster; "if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system, and have no doubt, but in a few months, I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them. His majesty immediately replied: "Lancaster, I will subscribe £100 annually; and," addressing the queen, "you shall subscribe £50 Charlotte; and the princess £25 each; and then added, "Lancaster, you may have the money directly." Lancaster observed—"Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example." The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the Queen observed to his majesty, "How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to hinder his progress in so good a work." To which the king replied—"Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew.—*Corston's Brief Sketch of the Life of Joseph Lancaster.*

LYING PUNISHED.

One day there occurred a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder, as Archbishop Loighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane.—He was seen at a distance by two men of bad characters, but they had such a reverence for the clergymen, they had not courage to rob him yet they wished to fall on some method of extorting money from him. One of them said "I will lie down by the wayside, as if I was dead, and you shall inform the Archbishop I was killed by lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the Archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told him the story; he sympathized with the survivor gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion he found him really dead. Immediately he began to exclaim aloud; "O sir, he is dead!" On this the Archbishop discovered the fraud, left the man with this important reflection: "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgment of God."



For the Sunday School Guardian.

TO WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH TYRRELL,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR SON ADAM,

Who was born on the 17th of June, 1846, and died on the 31st December, 1847.

Adam was a beautiful and healthy child, but was suddenly seized with a fit, and only lingered 23 hours. Just before he was taken, he said, pointing to a seat beside the cradle in which he was lying, "Down, down, Mamma." She assured him she would presently, when he immediately repeated his request, which was his last. His remains were borne by twelve little boys (members of the Sunday School) to the Wesleyan-Methodist burying-ground in Weston. The hymn beginning—

"The morning flowers display their sweets," was sung at his funeral.

There grew a choice and lovely flower
Of soft and beautiful hue;
And with its fragrance ev'ry hour
The air it did imbue.

Scarcely from the noonbeams scorching ray,
And from the midnight air,
Rudely no foot might near it stray,
Its comeliness to mar.

But a rough and withering blast
Came sweeping rudely by,
And no sooner was it over-past
Than the flower did lowly lie.

Thus bloomed and faded, Adam, dear;
To him your hopes did cling;
You thought to keep your darling here,
Joy to your hearts to bring.

But God, who is infinitely wise,
And kind, and gracious too,
Transplanted him to Paradise,
Where he blooms in beauty new.

And would you wish or call again
Your lov'd one from the skies;
Or bid him cease the heavenly strain,
To wipe your weeping eyes?

Ah no! but gird your armour on,
And trace by faith his flight;
So shall you meet your darling son,
Where comes no with'ring blight.

And though like a frail fragrant flower,
He bloom'd and faded here;
Not so in that approaching hour
When Christ shall re-appear.

Arrayed in robes of glorious light
His dust shall then arise,
To join his blood-washed spirit bright,
To dwell with Christ in Paradise.

A FRIEND.

THE LATE MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

We recently chronicled the death of John A. Miles, Esq., Mayor of Montreal. Thirty years ago he started from Tolland, Conn., as a tinpedlar, seated on his box, which contained all his earthly possessions, except a good character. He arrived at Montreal the same fall, and through the winter bartered his Yankee notions

for any article he thought he could turn to good profit in Connecticut. He continued to go and return for two years.— Having made some five or six hundred dollars in the traffic, he located himself as a small merchant. From this small beginning he rose, and in a few years found himself an opulent trader. He left his mercantile house with a brother, and opened an office of discount and deposit, dealing largely in exchange, in which business he continued until his death. Fortune seemed to favour him. His losses are said to have been but little, comparatively, for one so extensively engaged in trade, with the exception of 1836, when he unfortunately went to New York, and invested some \$200,000 in the United States Bank Stock, which proved almost a total failure.

During his whole life he maintained a character of strict unimpeachable integrity. He has held various offices of trust in the moneyed institutions of the lower Province, and was President of the first rail-road built in Canada, which was prosecuted mostly by his exertions. Possessed of means that yielded an income more than sufficient for his support, he was liberal to all the charities of the city. He was truly a Samaritan to the needy, and his death was caused by fever contracted in the emigrant sheds where he spent most of the summer. He entered Montreal in the humble capacity of a Yankee pedlar, and died as the Lord Mayor of the first city of Her Majesty's British American Possessions.—*American paper.*

SUBMISSIVE TEMPER.

Girls should be lead to distrust their own judgment; they should learn not to murmur at expostulation; they should be accustomed to expect and endure opposition. It is a lesson with which the world will not fail to furnish them; and they will not practice it the worse for having learned it the sooner. It is of the last importance to their happiness, even in this life, that they should early acquire a submissive temper and a forbearing spirit. They must endure to be thought wrong sometimes, when they cannot but feel they are right. And while they should be anxiously aspiring to do well, they must not expect always to obtain the praise of having done so.

A PUZZLE.

2 N E 1. Cold winter is at \mathcal{L} .—Vegetation has D Kd, 'e beauties of the landscape have faded, and the earth now appears in sad R A. Old Boreas comes and sings a mournful L E G over the graves of the flowers, and the **** seem to glisten from a frosty firmament. The freezing blast pierces, as with a \dagger , the half-clad bosom of want, while tears of P T are congealed at their respective circumstains. All you who are in E Z circumstances, and are not afflicted with M T pockets ought now to X M N into the condition of those around U, and go

forward with N R G 2 mitigate the distresses of the needy, without waiting for any certain X P D N C, and thereby merit the honour which the X L N C of such an act B stows. The poor R 2 B found in every \mathcal{S} of our C T, and for multitudes of miserable beggars who N V the scanty comforts of the hovelley, old Gotham is certainly without a \mathcal{H} . M— then the earliest opportunity of paying that debt of charity which U O to your fellow creatures in distress, B 4 the \mathcal{L} of death puts an end to your existence.

TIMELY REBUKE.

One Sunday a lady called to her little boy who was tossing marbles on the sidewalk, to come into the house. "Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday." "Well, yes. But ain't it Sunday in the back yard, motner?"

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