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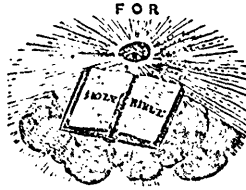
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

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. II.

TORONTO, C. W., AUGUST, 1847.

No. 8.



For the Sunday School Guardian.

IN MEMORY OF MARION F. CHENEY,

A DEAR LITTLE FRIEND DEPARTED, AGED NINE YEARS AND TWO MONTHS.

It is hard to sing, as I fain would sing,
To the holy in heart and ears;
I touch my harp, and a trembling string
Saddens through falling tears.
Oh! each kindly blessing that God bestows,
In his providence day by day;
Too little we deem that from grace it flows,
Until it be taken away!

The voice, so sweet from a gentle heart
Of an early love profound,
That with Mary had chosen the better part,
Headless of all around.

The eye to mine, and the lip to mine,
With the sight in her soft embrace;
And the thought how her Maker's face would
In the day of triumphant grace! [shine,

These all were His—yet I bless the loss
He has given me to sustain.
He has stricken my gourd by a fiery cross,
But from the evil of guilt and pain!
But till he appear with his legions bright,
Of angels and saints restored;
I will still rejoice in that little one's light,
As the candle of the Lord!

A. J. W.

Toronto, July, 1847.

* As a trait of character:—On her mother being about to chastise her one day for some offence which she had committed—"Dear Mother, don't whip," said she, "better come and pray with me." And whether this was spontaneous or suggested from without, it is strongly indicative of right feeling; of that governance indeed, which, while we are tempted, can also make a way for our escape.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Great Father on high!
Look down from the sky
And listen to me
While trying to lift up my heart unto thee.
My sins I confess—
O give me thy grace,
And pardon my guilt,
Thro' Jesus, whose blood for my pardon was spilt.
My nature subdued,
And form it anew;
Thy Spirit impart,
Both now and forever to dwell in my heart.
Thus, Father, shall I
To thee live and die;
And finally be
By angels caught up, to live ever with thee.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"
Zech. iv. 10.

Little things are often very important things. "God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires." "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" James iii. 5.

You take up an acorn. How small is it! You throw it away again as useless. It lies forgotten on the ground. It is trodden in, and nobody regards it. It sleeps 'till ere through the long winter months. In the spring it swells, takes root, and two small leaves open on the top of the ground. It thrives and grows, while men live and die; the storms of a hundred winters beat upon it. For years it is the pride of the forest. Every year it bears acorns enough to raise a thousand oaks. And these again, every year, enough to raise ten thousand more. Thus a whole forest may be shut up in the heart of a small acorn!

A beautiful sight is a fleet of ships! and yet these ships, these "hearts of oak," which do such good service to our country, and carry our flag to every nation in the world, may be traced up to a small acorn!

How small a thing is a tear! Many years ago an anxious mother put her infant into an ark made of brushelashes. The king wanted to destroy that infant. The king's daughter goes down to the stream to bathe—she notices the little babe. Just at that moment a tear trickled down its face; "the babe wept." A nurse is sent for; and is well paid for rearing the child. That nurse was the child's mother. That child is trained up in all the learning of Egypt; and, in after life, becomes the deliverer and lawgiver of Israel. A nation's liberty and glory seemed to hang upon the tears of that infant.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of the last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. He found out that she had no Bible in which to look for the text; and this led him to inquire whether her parents or neighbours had a Bible; and this led him to begin a Bible Society for Wales. Some good people in London said, "Why should not we have a Bible Society for England too?" And others said, "And for France and the nations of Europe?" And then another said, "And why not have a Bible Society for the whole world?" The tears of that little girl led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Scarcely sixty years ago a gentleman passed through the city of Gloucester (England) on a Sabbath-day. He saw many children playing in the streets. He spoke to them about their sin in breaking the Sabbath, found out that they were very ignorant, and could not read, and offered to pay a person to teach them if they would attend a school. This was Robert Raikes's beginning of Sunday Schools.

A great scholar invented this device for his coat of arms; it will be instructive to you dear young friends. He drew the picture of a man, stripped of his coat and hat, labouring hard at the foot of a mountain, to level it with a pickaxe; and underneath he wrote these words, "Little by little."

Yes, "Little by little." Let this be your motto. Do not despise "the day of small things." Do not be discouraged because you have only a little given to Jesus Christ. Praise God if he has given you a little desire to love and serve him. Try, through his grace, to love and serve him every day more and more. Watch against the smallest beginnings of evil within you. Improve every opportunity for good around you. Live in prayer to God above you; and you shall live holily, usefully, happily. Your path shall be like "the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

(London) Children's Mis. Mag.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

Walking through my field on a winter's morning, I met with a lamb, as I thought dead, but on taking it up I found it just alive. The cruel mother had almost starved it to death. I put it into my bosom, and brought it into my house, where I rubbed its starved limbs, warmed it by the fire-side, and fed it with warm milk from the cow. Soon the lamb revived: first it feared me, but afterwards it thoroughly loved me.

Jesus is a Shepherd, the Shepherd of souls; and of him it is said, he carries the lambs in His bosom, and gently leads those that are with young. If you desire to love Jesus, read that blessed book, the Bible; there you hear such things of the love of Christ to poor ruined sinners, as I hope will melt your eyes to tears, and your hearts into love.

PETERBORO' UNION SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor of the Sunday School Guardian.

DEAR SIR,—May I beg the insertion in your columns of the following notice of our first Union Sabbath School Anniversary in this town.

The Sabbath Schools connected with our two Societies here have, like the members, been happily and cordially united; like them too they have, at a social Tea Meeting, reciprocated their expressions of peace and good will.

The progress of the scholars during the past year, owing to the blessing of God upon the efficient and salutary control, and the untiring, zealous efforts of the officers of the school, has been very satisfactory. Large portions of the Scriptures have been learned; two of the girls have committed to memory 2070 verses each, and the general conduct and behaviour is such as to show that the Sacred Truths have not been disregarded. We are becoming daily more convinced that nothing but a thorough and familiar acquaintance with the Word of God will enable the rising generation to combat the errors of the age. In the present conflict of principles—in the struggle between truth and error, when Evangelical religion is brought into collision with the mummeries and dogmas of an apostate Church and the speculations of a false philosophy, the sword of the Spirit is the only weapon to be depended upon. Only let our infant battalions be trained to the use of that sword—“the Bible alone is the Religion of Protestants,” and the contest cannot be doubtful—success is certain.

Our Anniversary was held on Thursday the 22nd July. The children, bearing banners inscribed with loyal and pious mottoes, headed by the Colborne District Band, and accompanied by four Circuit Preachers, the Teachers, and a number of our respected friends, walked in procession from the church through the principal streets, to a most delightful spot on the banks of the river Otonabee. The former rendezvous of the Missisagaus and Chocatawas was now occupied by a social meeting of Christian people, provoking one another to love and good works, and the warwhoop of the savage was exchanged for the high praises of God. A comfortable Tea was provided out of doors for the scholars and friends of the Institution; after which they listened to an address from Rev. R. Brooken, tending to place the advantages of Sabbath School instruction and Christianity in general in a most favorable contrast with the darkness, the ignorance, and the depravity of the Africans, among whom he had laboured.

After a short address also from Rev. W. McCullough, and the Secretary's report, followed up by some pointed and sensible remarks from Bro. Tasker (the Superintendent of the school) the meeting was concluded by singing the doxology.

The children were then marched back to the church in excellent order, when

they were dismissed, giving cheers for the Officers of the School, for the “Union,” and the Queen. The day being remarkably fine, and the procession and out-of-door tea meeting being the first of the kind, a general interest was excited. and the whole affair went off remarkably well. We think the arrangement gave universal satisfaction, and afforded to all, whether friends or foes, a sufficient demonstration that the Union of our two Bodies, so far from injuring Methodism and breaking up the Church, has tended to increase efficiency for every good word and work.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

JAMES C. SLATER.

Peterboro', July 23rd, 1847.

For the Sunday School Guardian.

A WARNING TO THE THOUGHTLESS SABBATH SCHOLAR, AND OTHERS.

In the Township of Caistor, near the banks of the Chippawa, on the 6th June, 1847, (being the Holy Sabbath), the following disaster occurred:—

Joseph D., son of Mr. David Merritt, on the morning of the 6th ult., cheerfully, with other youthful society, repaired to the Sabbath School-room. Seriousness had frequently been evinced by this youth of 14 years and 7 days. This Sabbath employment met the wish of his mind. He was contemplated with growing interest, by his fond parents. The duties of the Sunday School being closed, Joseph, with other young society, retired to an adjoining mill-pond, and went in a swimming. Soon one of the thoughtless company was seen in a perilous situation. Joseph, with a promptness that evinced the touching sympathy of his heart, flew to the rescue of the sufferer. He was so intent upon the object of his solicitude, upon saving his life, that he lost sight of his own safety; and, as strange as it may appear, however hazardous the venture, with some slight aid from the shore, he saved the youth from a watery grave; but, in this moving struggle, his own physical strength became so unheing, and unconsciously thrown into a deeper channel, he sunk, and when his body was raised by Mr. Michael Lymburner, (in whose mill-pond this occurred,) he was seen a lifeless Sunday School Boy!

David Merritt (long a member of the Methodist Church, and a Class-Leader for many years) reached his own home from his western tour the next day, and finding his son Joseph “no more,” it proved to him, as well as to the afflicted mother, a most painful calamity. Only in his long and deep experience in the things of God could he feel with composure to bend to this heavy blow, while years in his pilgrimage have already accumulated upon him! When the interment of his remains took place, in connexion with the solemn discourse and services by our faithful and talented local brother, Abisha Morse, it was most affecting to the children of the Sunday School, and the attendants in general.

THOMAS DEMOREST.

Caistor, July 1st, 1847.

THE HIGHLAND FISHERMAN.

Two fishermen, a few years ago, were mending their nets on board their vessel on one of the lakes in the interior of Argyleshire, Scotland, at a considerable distance from the shore, when a sudden squall upset their boat. One of them could not swim, and the only oar which floated was caught by him that could swim. His sinking companion cried, “Ah! my poor wife and children! they must starve now.” “Save yourself; I will risk my life for their sakes!” said the other, thrusting the oar beneath the arms of the drowning man. He committed himself to the deep, in danger of perishing, for the safety of his companion. That moment the boat struck the bottom, and started the oar by their side, and thus both were enabled to keep afloat till they were picked up.

Surely this anecdote will tend to impress on the minds of Christians the much-neglected duty of “brotherly kindness.”

WHAT'S THE HARM.

We often notice boys in the act of throwing small pebbles, or snow balls, or bits of ice, at horses, as they pass along the public ways. The practice is very dangerous, and of course very consurable. Some horses are ready to run at the slightest touch. And is the fun of throwing something so great, that the lives of others should be put in danger, that we may enjoy it? But there is much other danger in it, as the following case, which happened a few days ago in Baltimore, will show:—

“A little boy, about ten years of age, named John D. Hartman, was in the street, near a point where one of the omnibuses and a cart loaded with corn were passing each other—he threw something at the omnibus, and immediately started to run, but he fell under the wheel of the cart, which passed across his breast, crushing it, rupturing his right lung, and breaking his left arm. He scarcely gasped after being picked up.”—Penny Magazine.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

All seek to be happy: there does not live a little child who does not wish to be so; but, “true happiness is so blessed a thing, that God will not let it be found where he himself is not.” To be at peace with God through faith in the blood of the Lamb, to be led by his good Spirit in those holy ways which are taught in the word of God—these are the things which can make us happy now, and most blessed for ever. And so plainly are these holy ways pointed out in the word of God, that every little child who is led by the Spirit of God may walk in them.

TRUTH, like the morning light, shines with increasing lustre: but falsehood, like the momentary meteor, will not bear examination. That shines to endure; this blazes but to die.

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For Teachers.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARIE ROSKAU

Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a trustful, loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee
Speak not the cold and careless thoughts
Which time has taught thee well,
Nor breathe one word, whose bitter tone
Distrust might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He has a friend in thee.
And do not send him from thy side
Till on his face shall rest
The joyous look and sunny smile
That mark a happy breast.

Oh! teach him, *this* should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive, where thickest darkness reigns
Some radiance to impart.
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm
Where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good and blessing all
To spend the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep
All creatures, great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him, who made them all.
Remember, 'tis no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The habitant of heaven.

ART OF DISCIPLINE A CLASS.

Rule at all times with resolute kindness. If you are anxious to obtain the affections of your scholars, it will be manifest in your conduct; and, if they know that you love them, and also desire their love, they will strive to please, and feel a delight in the fulfilment of your wishes. Even the most depraved children feel a pleasure in being loved, and will often make great sacrifices in order to secure affection; but, even then, the demand must not be made too difficult, or be too frequently imposed. Let the laws by which you govern be few and simple; and let their enforcement be always characterized by the strictest impartiality and uniformity. Require nothing but what ought to be done, what can be done, and what you are determined shall be done. Depend upon prevention rather than remedy; and upon silent influence, more than the open exercise of authority. "GIVE EVERY SCHOLAR SOMETHING TO DO, AND A MOTIVE FOR DOING IT;" then, whatever be the ages of the scholars whom you are called to control, the results of bodily and mental training will be seen in the production of order; and mild, but energetic and respectful behaviour, will be manifested by your scholars; and also that cheerful recognition of authority, which has been declared to be one of the results of efficient discipline.

BREAKING THE STICK.

A good man, the superintendent of a Sabbath School in the East, was one day annoyed by a scholar. It was said, "There is a lad striking us with a stick." He looked around, and could see no stick. Again there was a cry, "There is a lad striking us with a stick." He slowly turned around, and saw that an overgrown lad had a stick, and that after he had done with it he pushed it up his coat sleeve. My friend stopped till the lad pulled it out again, and the instant he did so, the superintendent put his foot upon it, and broke it. This wicked fellow came to my friend, and said, "I shall catch you some night, as you are going home, and I will break your head, for breaking that stick." "What!" said the superintendent, "what do you say?" "I will break your head some night, as you are going home. You had no right to break my stick." The teacher went up to the lad, and said, "John, give me your hand; I have prayed for you many a time, but I will pray for you more than ever." The lad wept, and the teacher also.

The lad left the school about a fortnight afterwards; and when, some two or three years subsequently, my friend was at a watering place, at a little distance off, he saw a tall young man making his way toward him. He soon came up and said, "How do you do?" "I do not know you." "Have you forgotten me?" "Oh no, I recollect the stick;" and he started. "Ah! you need not run away; but what are you doing now?" "I am a member of a Wesleyan Society. After I had left, when I was wandering at a distance, I began to think of what had passed, and that led me to Christ. The first impression I had of a saving character, I received when you broke my stick and afterwards took me by the hand and said you would pray for me."

Go on, then, you who are sowing immortal truth in these young minds; you cannot tell what may be the result.—*London Reporter.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ABOUT THE LESSON.

You should know the lessons of the class that your manner may not be fettered by the mechanical attention which will otherwise be required. Your eye should continually rest upon the scholars, reading in each countenance the effects which your instructions are producing. The eye if, rightly used, has an amazing power in education—it engages and secures attention, and speaks a language of its own which is as touching as it is powerful—the eye will be eloquent, and the manner will be both pleasing and impressive, if the heart be full of love, and the mind be well furnished with a correct knowledge of the subject that is being taught. A little action is desirable, because it gives character to manner, and adds a peculiar force to instruction; but, if the movements are not natural and appropriate, they will be both ridiculous and hurtful.—*Collins.*

BE KINDLY AFFECTIONATE.

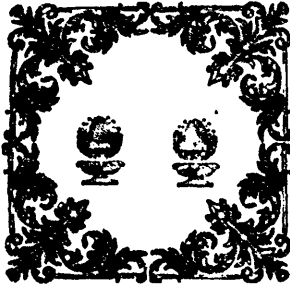
Let no discouragements deter you from an early and diligent cultivation of the kindly affections—regard the employment as a part of your duty—meet your class with the smile of pleasure—not only be happy in your work, but let your scholars see and feel that you are so. Children can understand; and they do appreciate, untiring, disinterested love. Train the affections, therefore, by persevering kindness; and your engaging manner will attract the careless; and your gentle conduct will curb the unruly. Train the affections, and then your kind determination will soften, if it does not subdue, the obstinate; and your suitable instructions will restrain, if they do not reform, the vicious. To train a little child to be happy on the Lord's-day, and thus to associate throughout life, religious instructions with happiness and peace, is an obvious fulfilment of the will of your Lord and Saviour.

THE BOY AND THE OLD BOOKS.

A boy once entered a bookstore with some old books, which he attempted to sell. He recommended them as being good books, and the bookseller offered him three cents apiece for them; but being unwilling to part with them for so small a sum, he concluded to take them to an auctioneer. This plan failed also, for the auctioneer could get only two cents a piece. After two or three weeks, the boy in want of the money which the books might bring, carried them again to the bookseller, and sold them for the same price he had been offered before—in all, twenty-four cents.

Six months had passed since the books were purchased, when one day, as the bookseller was cleaning his shop, the old volumes caught his eye. Taking up one of them, he found it contained sermons, printed about a century before; and as he carelessly turned the leaves, he discovered a ten-dollar bill, which proved to be genuine, though twenty-five years old. He examined the book and found fifty such bills, amounting to \$500; and having previously learned the boy's name and place of residence, he immediately addressed a letter to him, saying that he had something of importance to communicate, and desired that he would come and see him. After two weeks, having received no answer, he took the first opportunity to ride out and make inquiries concerning the youth. He learned that he had changed his residence, and afterward removed again, stating his intention to study.

Year after year passed away, and still the bookseller obtained no definite information concerning the boy, when one day he was in the city of Boston, and was introduced to a clergyman, whose name he immediately observed, was the same for which he had so long sought. He informed him to his great surprise of the discovery of the money, and when he returned home, remitted to him the whole sum, with interest, amounting to \$500.—*Amer. Mes.*



ADDRESS TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee !
When abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting place,
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy bee !
When the crowd in their sleep were dead,
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower.
Man will not learn to leave us lifeless bed,
And be wise and copy thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee !
After the fall of the cistus flower,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first,
When the primrose blossom was ready to burst
In the coolness of the evening hour,
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee !
Late and early at employ ;
On thy golden stores intent,
Thy youth in hoarding and heaping was spent,
What thy age will never enjoy,
I will not copy thee, thou miserly bee !

Thou are a fool, thou busy, busy bee !
Thou for another to toil !
Thy master waits till thy work is done,
Till the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And then he will seize the spoil,
And will murder thee, thou poor little bee !

"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD."

'Tis pleasant to look on the broad whelming sea—
How grand, how majestic its deep waters be !
Over sounding, now ebbing, then flowing again.

'Till over the wide-spreading channel again,
In truth's sacred volume 'tis clearly revealed,
Forth yet with the knowledge of God shall be fill'd,
Like as the proud waters which cover the sea—
Deep, foming, and heaving, and swelling, and free.

—instead of gross darkness, 'tis cheering to know,
Salvation's glad tidings o'er earth shall yet flow:

'Tis the Gospel shall triumph, and thousands shall sing
Hosanna to Jesus, Messiah, our King !
Even you, my dear children, may hasten the time

When the glorious Gospel shall bless every clime.
Now I cease not to pray, then, till Gentile and Jew
In joyance in the light which has long beam'd on you ;
Tend, lead ye your aid where truth's banner's
unfurled !
Celeb not, dear children—'The field is the world' !

(London) Children's Misc. Recol.

For the Sunday School Guardian.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 9.

Quadrinomial—is the name of an algebraic quantity.

Godliness—is a blessing in time and eternity.
Hannibal—was a great general.
Enos—was an antediluvian.
Diodorus Siculus—was a Heathen historian.
Scquiquiter—is once and a-half.
Plotk—is a town in Russia.

*Aycaron—is the name given to every solid terminated by planes.

Fermanagh—is a county in Ireland.
Pehinter—is a city in China.
Argyle—is a county in Scotland.
Devon—is a shire in England.
Dich—is do it as you please.

The whole is—"Behold I have longed after thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness."—Psalm cxix, 49.

ALFRED B.

Hamilton, July 12, 1847.

ENIGMA, No. 10.

I am composed of forty-one letters.
My 6, 33, 24, 26, 16, was the name of an Old Testament saint before it was changed

My 19, 20, 33, 26, 21, was Jacob's father-in-law.
My 16, 10, 37, 4, 33, 1, 9, was a place where the Israelites murmured.

My 16, 4, 37, 4, 13, 16, was the name of a prophes.

My 2, 6, 13, 16, 30, 31, was the name of a person cured of leprosy.

My 29, 4, 13, 23, 20, 19, was a place where the Israelites encamped.

My 16, 2, 2, 20, 23, 15, 39, 9, was a king of Israel who began his reign at the age of 12 years.

My 6, 33, 21, 25, 24, was a king that died as the fool dieth.

My 17, 33, 4, 13, 8, 9, 30, 37, was a priest in David's time.

My 12, 13, 23, 8, 9, 16, 5, 9, 30, 7, 33, 37, &c., 17, 41, is what David did in the days of said priest.

My 30, 18, 20, 26, 16, was a prophet, but of blemished character.

My 5, 6, 16, 23, 40, 21, was one of the Judges of Israel.

My 1, 33, 10, 11, 31, 30, 39, 40, was one of the children of the captivity.

My 37, 30, 33, 16, 20, 23, was one of the princes of the king of Babylon.

My 4, 5, 9, 16, 17, 34, 18, was the son of Nethaniah.

My 8, 9, 10, 27, 7, 36, 23, 30, 33, 19, 25, 29, 36, 35, 5, 29, 40, 21, 33, was what was kept in the ark of the covenant.

My whole is what the Revelator in vision saw.

ALFRED B.

Hamilton, July 12, 1847.

WHAT EVERY CHILD OUGHT NOT TO BE.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| A Angry. | N Negligent. |
| B Boisterous. | O Obstinate. |
| C Covetous. | P Passionate. |
| D Deceitful. | Q Quarrelsome. |
| E Envious. | R Revengeful. |
| F Fretful. | S Sulky. |
| G Greedy. | T Thoughtless. |
| H Hard-hearted. | U Undutiful. |
| I Indolent. | V Vicious. |
| J Jealous. | W Weary in well doing. |
| K Knavish. | Y Yielding to bad counsel. |
| L Lazy. | Z Zealous in a bad cause. |

Avoid these my dear children, and you will become, if you live, through God's grace, among the happiest, wisest, and holiest men and women that ever trod this earth.



Dich,

At Napanee, on Thursday, 1st inst., in the fourth year of his age, Egerton Ryerson, youngest son of George H. Deitor, Esq., an interesting and amiable child—the bereavement of which is most afflicting to the sorrowing parents, who are nevertheless supported by Divine grace under the trial.

"The grave is but a casket, for
A season to retain
The precious germ, thy cherub boy !
Then give him forth again."

See, see, a little seraph stands
Amid the happy choir,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling white,
And strikes his golden lyre :
Hark ! hark ! he bids thee hasten through :
This world of woe and pain,
To meet him in that peaceful home,
And never part again."

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