

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

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

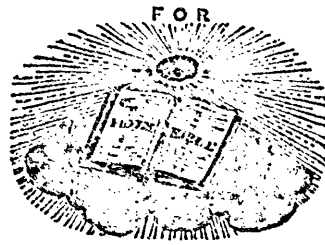
Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: There are some creases in the middle of pages.

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

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

The Province



of Canada.

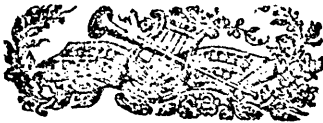
Train up a Child in the way he should go:

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

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W., NOVEMBER, 1848.

No. 11.



From the Sunday School Advocate.

SABBATH MORNING REFLECTIONS.

'Tis sweet at early Sabbath dawn
To wait before the Lord,
To meditate his ways upon,
To read his sacred word.

To thank him for his mercies past,
And former vows renew,
That while our mortal being lasts
Our service is his due.

To know 'twas on this hallowed morn
Our Saviour left the tomb;
And who are of his Spirit born
Exulting view his shame.

'Tis sweet to think that soon will cease
The scenes of mortal strife,
When sorrows shall be lost in peace,
And death in endless life.

O happy hour, when Sabbath's sun
Smiles on rebellious men;
But, ah, how soon their course is run,
Ere scarce it has begun!

Yet happy they to whom 'tis given
To tread the narrow way;
It leads to an eternal heaven,
An endless Sabbath-day.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 1848.

J. B. H.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

"I forgive the offence, but cannot forget,"
How often that language I've heard,
And felt that forgive, in such company set,
Was a vain and meaningless word.

Remember'd offences must canker the heart,
And poison the fountain of love,
They rise like an iceberg to keep us apart
Wherever our footsteps may rove.

At least I confess when my heart is made sore,
And my feelings indignant I find,
The only true method my peace to restore
Is to banish the cause from my mind.

I must seek to forget, or I cannot forgive,
However my reason may strive,
For it whispers, if just, the resentment should live
While I keep the remembrance alive.

And I turn with resolute will from the thought,
Whenever it enters my brain,
Till my spirit should find the tranquillity sought,
And no angry emotions remain.

And I pray that the seal of oblivion thus set
No future remembrance may break.—
'Tis then I forgive, for the fault I forget
No longer resentment can wake.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

"It was very naughty of Joseph's brothers to use him so badly," said Mary to her father. Her mind was full of what she had heard about Joseph, so that she could not soon forget it.

"Yes," replied her father, "they did what was wrong, and this made God angry with them. Do you know what made them do wrong and act so cruelly?"

"It was because Joseph's father loved him the best, was it not?" asked Alfred.

"It was because of this that they first began to dislike him; but this was not the true cause of their bad conduct. I will tell you what it was at the beginning of it all.

"Joseph's brothers had had, naughty hearts. They did not love God, nor care to do what he told them. They had bad thoughts and wishes. Envy and hatred, and all kinds of bad feelings, were in their minds; and they had not prayed to God to take away these bad feelings, and to give them good ones instead. So when they saw that their father loved Joseph better than themselves, they began at once to hate him. There was nothing good in their minds to put a stop to bad feelings and actions.

"Let me tell you another great truth. Joseph's brothers were not worse in their hearts than other men; for all people are born into the world with bad hearts. All the sad and naughty things that are done in the world, are done because all the people who live in the world are born with hearts ready for sin. My little children were born with such hearts. You are sometimes naughty, are you not, Mary?"

"Yes, father, sometimes," the little girl whispered.

"But if your heart were not bad, you would never be naughty; you would never wish to do what you know to be wrong. You would always love to do what you know to be right.

"When we blame others for bad actions, we should not forget that we ourselves often do what we ought not,

and that we as well as they, were born with hearts ready for sin."—*Great Truths in Simple Words.*

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

Nicholas Biddle, Esq., late President of the Bank of the United States, once dismissed a clerk, because the latter refused to write for him on the Sabbath. The young man, with a mother dependent on his exertions, was thus thrown out of employment, by what some would call an over-vice scruple of conscience. But a few days after, Mr. Biddle being requested to nominate a cashier for another bank, recommended this very individual, and mentioned this incident as proof of his trust-worthiness. "You can trust him," said he, "for he wouldn't work for me on the Sabbath."

GOLDEN RULE.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THREE CHILDREN.

The *Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle* mentions the following affecting instance of the sudden death of three little boys, seven or eight years old. They were at play, and not returning home as early as customary, were sought for by their parents, and the hat of one of them was found at the foot of the bluff near the river by their almost distracted mother.

The father returning again to the spot where the hat was found, discovered a little hand and arm extending above a pile of fresh dirt, recently fallen from the bluff, which revealed the awful and heart-rending truth to the agonized parents, that the children were buried alive in the dirt! They were all three immediately taken out, but were dead! They had evidently been at play under the bank, when it suddenly caved in and buried them. They had been missed about four hours when found, and were covered over but slightly with the dirt, their little bodies being not at all bruised.

ANTIQUITIES.

Bertha, daughter of Chaubert, King of the Franks, was married to Ethelbert, King of Kent. She was herself a Christian, and on her marriage it was agreed, that she should be allowed to worship God according to the rites of her own religion. Queen Bertha, accordingly, made use of a church first built by the Romans. This she repaired or rebuilt. It has since undergone many changes, but the building is still preserved. It stands a little way out of the city of Canterbury, retains its ancient name of St. Martin's, and is the oldest of the English Churches, being upwards of twelve hundred years old!

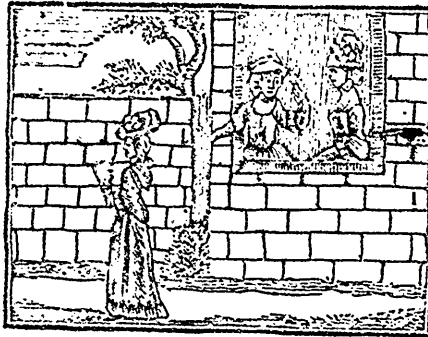
The oldest deed now preserved in England, is one by which the same King Ethelbert conveyed a portion of land to the church of Rochester. Ethelbert died in the year 616. Of course the deed must be over twelve hundred years old!

The oldest English written laws, were those written laws or decrees in the old language, the old English or Saxon tongue, put forth by the authority of Ethelbert with the advice of his wise men. They were afterwards in part taken by King Alfred into the collection of laws which he made for the English people. And some of them are doubtless in operation in every one of the United States this very day!

PERSONAL PIETY.

My son, if thou lookest for sound comfort on earth, and salvation in heaven, unglue thyself from the world, and the vanities of it; put thyself upon thy Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; leave not till thou findest thyself firmly united to him, so as thou art become a limb of that body whereof he is head, a spouse of that husband, a branch of that stem, a stone laid upon that foundation. Look not, therefore, for any blessing out of him; and in, and by, and from him look for all blessings. Let him be thy life; and wish not to live longer, than thou art quickened by him; find him, thy wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption, thy riches, thy strength, thy glory. Apply unto thyself all that thy Saviour is, or hath done. Wouldst thou have the graces of God's Spirit? fetch them from his anointing. Wouldst thou have power against spiritual enemies? fetch it from his sovereignty. Wouldst thou have redemption? fetch it from his passion.— Wouldst thou have absolution? fetch it from his perfect innocence. Freedom from the curse? fetch it from his cross. Satisfaction? fetch it from his sacrifice. Cleansing from sin? fetch it from his blood. Mortification? fetch it from his grave. Newness of life? fetch it from his resurrection. Right to heaven? fetch it from his purchase. Audience in all thy suit? fetch it from his intercession.— Wouldst thou have salvation? fetch it from his session [sitting down] at the right hand of Majesty. Wouldst thou

have all? fetch it from him who is "one Lord, one God and Father of all, who is above all, through all, and in all." Eph. iv. 5, 6. And as thy faith shall thus interest thee in Christ, thy Head, so let thy charity unite thee to this body, the church, both in earth and heaven. Hold ever an inviolable communion with that holy and blessed fraternity. Sever not thyself from it, either in judgment or affection. Make account there is not one of God's saints upon earth but hath a property in thee and thou mayest challenge the same in each of them; so that thou canst not be sensible of their passions; and be freely communicative of all thy graces, and all serviceable offices, by example, admonition, exhortation, consolation, prayer, beneficence, for the good of that sacred community. And when thou raisest up thine eyes to heaven, think of that glorious society of blessed saints who are gone before thee, and are there triumphing, and reigning in eternal and incomprehensible glory; bless God for them, and wish thyself with them; tread in the holy steps, and be ambitious of that crown of glory and immortality which thou seest shining on their heads.—*Bishop Hall.*



THE LITTLE SCHOOL GIRLS.

"I would not have made up with Susan Gray, if I had been you, Ella," said Alice Jones to her companion, as they walked along together from school one evening.

Ella Roberts and Susan Gray went to the same school, and had always been good friends until recently, when Susan had done or said something at which Ella took offence, and they had not spoken for several days.

Alice continued, "You know she offended you, Ella, and ever since your quarrel, she has been talking to the other girls about you."

An expression of anger rested for a moment on Ella's countenance, as Alice made this last remark, but it passed away as she replied,

"I am sorry Susan had talked about me, but indeed, I have not felt happy since I have been angry with Susan, yet I was determined not to speak first, when last night, as I knelt down and was repenting, "Our Father," just as I came to that part, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against

us," something seemed to whisper, *Do you do so, Ella?* if not you ought not to say *that*. After I lay down in bed, I tried to think about everything else, but Susan would come into my mind; and I thought all over our quarrel, and found I was to blame some too. I wished we were only friends again: and at last I resolved I would go to Susan to-day, and tell her how sorry I was we got angry with each other. This morning when I awoke I did not feel quite so willing to speak to Susan, but then I remembered mother always tells me when I don't feel like doing right, I ought to kneel down and ask God to help me to do so. When I had done *this*, I was quite anxious for school time to arrive. Just as I came to the school door I met Susan, and I held out my hand to her, saying, Let's be good friends again, Susan. She appeared unwilling at first, but soon gave me her hand, and said she hoped we would never quarrel again.

"And now, Alice, don't you think I acted *just right* to speak to Susan?"

And who of my young friends will say that Ella did not act just right? Have any of you quarrelled with your school-mates? If so, do as Ella did. You will feel much happier than to indulge in bitter feelings against them. I will give you a text, which I wish all little school girls to remember. It is, "*Be kindly affectioned one to another.*"—*Christian Observer.*

THE LITTLE RAGGED BOY.

It was some time ago stated by a gentleman at a public meeting, that a friend of his being in Utrecht, formed an intimacy with a magistrate of that city; but he had never heard anything of his origin till one day, being at the magistrate's house, surrounded by elegance and comfort of every kind, the magistrate, said to him: "You see me now, Sir, surrounded by everything that can promote happiness and comfort in my old age; but perhaps you never heard what I was once."

"No," said my friend, "I never did."

"Then," said he, "I will inform you to what I owe all my present comforts. I was once a ragged, bare-footed boy, running about on errands in the streets of this city, of which I am now a magistrate, until one day a gentleman, who it seems had noticed me before, said to me: "My boy, I have often seen you thus wandering about the streets; I wonder you like it; why don't you try to get some situation?" I replied, "Sir, I don't know how." "Can you read?" "No, Sir." "Would you wish to learn? if you will, I'll teach you."

"He took the boy home, and taught him his letters; the boy seemed very grateful to his kind teacher, and continued to come till he was able to read."

"Now," said the gentleman, "I'll teach you the commandments of God, and I hope you will endeavour to keep them."

"Yes," said he, "that I will." "I hope

you will," said the gentleman, "but I am afraid you are very blind."

The boy, thinking he meant this literally, put his fingers to his eyes, "No Sir," said he, "I can see very well, and I will learn the commandments, and keep them-too."

"Don't be too confident," said the gentleman. However he taught him the commandments, and told him, he must make them the rule of his life. Every evening the boy examined his conduct by the commandments, and every evening he found himself uneasy. The more he compared himself with the commandments of God, the more he found of his own deficiency in keeping them, till he prayed to God to have mercy on him, and give him grace to keep his commandments; and having adopted these principles his conduct was reformed, his practices were honest, he was placed in a situation of trust, and gradually rose from one thing to another, till, from the degrading situation in which he had been, he was raised to be a magistrate of the city.—*London Teacher's Offering.*

TRIFLES.

"Think nought a trifle, though small it appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,

And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learned to live."

HAIL-STORMS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

We were told a fact, which I would not have credited, if I had not had partly ocular proof of it; namely, that during the previous night, hail as large as small apples, and extremely hard, had fallen with such violence as to kill the greater number of the wild animals. One of the men had already found thirteen deer lying dead, and I saw their fresh hides. Another of the party, a few minutes after my arrival, brought in seven more. Now I well know that one man without dogs could hardly have killed seven deer in a week. The men believed they had seen about fifteen dead ostriches (part of one of which we had for dinner,) and they said that several were running about evidently blind in one eye. Numbers of smaller birds, as ducks, hawks, and partridges, were killed. I saw one of the latter with a black mark on its back, as if it had been struck with a paving-stone. A fence of thisile stalks round the hovel was nearly broken down, and my informer, putting his head out to see what was the matter received a severe cut, and now wore a bandage. The storm was said to have been of limited extent; we certainly saw from our last night's bivouac a dense cloud and lightning in this direction. It is marvellous how such strong animals as deer could thus have been killed; but I have no doubt, from the evidence I have given, that the story is not in the least exaggerated.*

*Darwin's Journal of a Voyage Round the World.



MEMORY AND GRATITUDE OF THE HORSE.

A curious circumstance came under the personal notice of Colonel Hamilton Smith, at once proving both the memory and attachment of the horse. The colonel had a charger in his possession for two years, which he left with the army, but which was brought back and sold in London. About three years afterwards the colonel chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, on getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted his attention; on going near to examine it with more care he found the animal recognizing him, and testifying its satisfaction by rubbing his head against him, and making every moment a little stamp with his forefeet, to the surprise of the coachman, who asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. It was,—it was his own old charger!

A lady remarkable for benevolence to the brute creation, observed from her garden gate one day a miserable horse, with the shoulder raw and bleeding, attempting to graze on an open spot adjacent. Having, by means of some bread, coaxed the poor animal to the gate, she then managed, with some assistance, to cover the wound with adhesive plaster spread on a piece of soft leather. The man to whom the animal belonged (one of those ignorant and careless beings who are indifferent to the sufferings of any but themselves) shortly afterwards led the horse away. The next day, however, the horse made his appearance again at the gate, over which he put his head and gently neighed. On looking at him it was found that the plaster was removed, either by the animal's master or by the rubbing of the ill-made collar in which he worked. The plaster was renewed. The third day he appeared again, requiring the same attention, which he solicited in a similar manner. After this the plaster was allowed to remain, and the horse recovered; but ever after, whenever it saw its benefactress, it would immediately approach her, and by voice and action testify its sense of her kindness and notice. This anecdote, for the truth of which we can personally testify, proves how sensible the horse is of human treatment, and how grateful for benefits bestowed. Considerate treatment and every care are due to an animal from whose services man derives such important benefits; but too often does man forget that he has a duty to perform, not only towards his fellow-man, but towards those domestic animals which Providence has intrusted to him for his welfare.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Why should we differ by the way?
Why should dissensions come?
We hope to spend an endless day
In one eternal home.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A traveller, who was crossing over the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate into his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were quite benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep, which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked up again in this world.

Just at that moment, he saw another poor traveller coming up along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself. For he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and all appeared to be just on that point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor too was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend,—the exertion of rubbing made the blood to circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off; he no longer wished to sleep; his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards God and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm and restore and gladden your own.—*Missionary Magazine.*

SIMPLE FAITH.

A story is told of a child in Missouri who was lost in the woods. In giving an account of his wanderings he simply says, "it grew very dark, and I asked God to take care of little Johnny, and then I went to sleep."

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

TUNE—*Christmas Day.*

To the Sunday School were going,
And God's love our hearts following,
And to whom all favor's owing
In the blest Sabbath school.

CHORUS.—We're a band of children,
We're a band of children,
We're a band of children,
Of the Sabbath school.

Here the truths of inspiration
Being read with admiration,
And with souls of adoration,
In the blest Sabbath school.

CHORUS.—We're a band of children, &c.

Here the words of life are learning,
And our youthful hearts are burning
With Christ's love, to whom we're turning
In the blest Sabbath school.

CHORUS.—We're a band of children, &c.

Here the plan of true salvation
Is enjoyed with admiration,
And with souls of adoration,
In the blest Sabbath school.

CHORUS.—We're a band of children, &c.

Yea, the prospect is most cheering,
And the children most endearing,
When we see them heavenward steering
In the blest Sabbath school.

With our band of teachers,
With our band of teachers,
With our band of teachers,
And with parents at their side.

When our days on earth are ended,
May our hearts by love cemented,
And in Christ be all contented
In the same Sabbath school.

With our band of teachers,
With our band of teachers,
With our band of teachers,
And our parents there the same.—*Maryle.*



For the Sunday School Guardian.

UNCLE HENRY'S TALES

AT
MY GRANDMAMMA'S FIRESIDE.

No. 1.

HENRY MUSGROVE.
CHAP. I.

Mr. Musgrove was an Irish gentleman, the only son of a wealthy and influential member of society; he also had many opportunities himself of becoming an eminent man; but he had early imbibed an unfortunate habit of drinking spiritous liquors, from the extravagant manner in which he had been brought up, which proved itself a sure preventive in him to his success in after life. Nevertheless, in every other respect he was a gentleman, and to all appearance a

Christian. In travelling through the western part of Ireland he became acquainted with Miss Davis, the eldest daughter of a wealthy farmer, who resided in that part of the country. During his stay at her father's residence they became very much attached to each other; and her father perceiving this, and having a knowledge of the wealth and influence of Mr. Musgrove's father, made no objection to their union, and they were in consequence married very shortly after. About a year after this took place little Harry, the hero of our present narrative, was born, while his parents still resided in Ireland. We will pass over the first nine years of Harry's existence, as nothing of importance occurred during this period, except the natural decline of his mother's fortune and of his father's prospects, which together ended in their leaving Ireland to seek subsistence in a foreign country, all in consequence of that grievous habit which I have before mentioned; and this is the epoch at which my story commences. All Mr. M.'s property, which had long before been mortgaged, was now disposed of on account of their inability to liquidate the debts for which it was thus mortgaged; but not only was their land squandered away, but Mrs. M.'s fortune, amounting to about one thousand pounds, was also well nigh exhausted; and in this state of their affairs, almost amounting to penury, they thought of embarking for America. It caused them many a deep drawn sigh before they decided on leaving their home, which proved to be for ever. But Mr. M. thought by this means he would finally avert the many slights and jeers which he received from his friends, who feared that, in consequence of his addiction to liquor he would be a perpetual burden upon them. Poor Mrs. M. saw that there was no alternative for her—she must either go to America or be for ever separated from her husband. At length they embarked from Dublin, in the early part of the year, for Quebec, in the Province of Lower Canada. On the day of their departure from home, the poorer classes of the town in which they resided flocked round the door as though some kind benefactress had embarked on eternity; and they were now present to accompany her remains to the grave: every heart seemed full, and many a deep drawn sigh was heard, accompanied with the expression, "Och, and we'll feel the want of her, poor body, when she's gone; when we're lying sick and feeble, and not able to rise from our beds, we'll not have her to comfort us from the blessed word of God;" and finishing the sentence with sobs their hearts seemed to dissolve into tears, which rolled heavily down their cheeks. And truly they were justified in grieving for the departure of Mrs. M., for she had been their greatest solace in the time of trouble. She had been early instructed by her Pastor, (who was a most worthy character,) in her duty to-

wards God, and in her duty towards her neighbour, and she profited greatly by his instruction. She therefore took a great pleasure in soothing the bitter pangs of affliction with words of comfort from that blessed book, and at the same time she found it a most favourable opportunity of imparting all instruction in her power to the poor and needy. Many a hearty wish was uttered for their safety; and as the poor old women watched them until their eyes grew dim, they fell upon their knees, and there invoked the blessing of God Almighty upon the sorrowing wayfarers, thus illustrating the gratefulness of an Irish heart. They had not gone far on their voyage when Mrs. M., being unaccustomed to the giddy motions of a ship, took very ill and was in consequence confined to her berth, and Mr. M. being obliged to devote all his attention to her care little Harry was left more to himself than he would otherwise have been. But Mr. Jones, the second mate of the ship, seemed from their arrival on board to have taken a great liking for Harry. Mr. Jones was an Irishman in the prime of life, possessed of a heart abounding with benevolence, and he was one who had the fear of God continually before his eyes. Harry was now nearly nine years old, and his mother who had been very particular with regard to his education and morals was very cautious in regard to the company he kept, therefore, when she heard that Harry had taken a fancy to Mr. Jones she was much grieved, for she had always been led to form so bad an opinion of sailors in general that she at once gave it as her opinion that Mr. Jones would corrupt her only son's morals, and requested her husband to check the intimacy between them at once; but Harry soon removed that impression from her mind by coming up to her bed-side and giving her a description of Mr. Jones, and told her Mr. Jones' kindness to him in explaining everything which he asked him about. "And mamma," said Harry, "he asked me if I said my prayers every night and every morning," and when I told him I did and that you taught me to say them, he patted me on the head and said I was a good little gentleman and that I ought to love such a good mamma very much." Although Mrs. M. expressed surprise at what seemed to her such an extraordinary occurrence, still might her eyes be seen to fill with tears of gratitude when she felt her own prostrate condition and her inability to reward Mr. Jones, should he have felt disposed to accept any reward for his kindness, and she uttered a silent prayer that the blessing of heaven might be poured down abundantly on them both. In the meantime Harry asked his mamma's permission who readily consented that he should go on deck, as it was a beautiful day, to hear a story which Mr. Jones promised to relate to him; and it is one which I have no doubt will interest you all, as it is Mr. Jones' own history.

Toronto, October 16th, 1848.



SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1848.

FALSE GODS OF THE HEATHEN.

Our youthful readers have heard a great deal about the idols of the heathen, their nature and number. But it will perhaps surprise them to hear of a temple containing not less than eighty thousand deities. Mr. INGALLS, on his return from the Kemmee Mountains, visited the old city where the Kings of Arracan have reigned for several hundred years. Having visited this ancient abode of royalty, he says,—“Among the ruins of this ancient city, one stands pre-eminent, the temple of eighty thousand gods. Before I visited it, I questioned whether so many idols could be collected in one building. Athens, in the proudest days of her idolatry, boasted only half as many. I entered the court fronting this idol house, and was soon convinced that the estimate of eighty thousand idols had not been exaggerated. This court was twenty-five paces square; of hewn stone and brick. Here were idols piled on idols, row above row; but broken and scattered in every direction, though as large as life and of the hardest stone. The spoiler had been there and done his work. This court fronts the strange idol temple. Here were arched halls of hewn stone, on three sides lined with idols; but attempt a description I cannot. I walked through some of these dark, desolate halls, and found that the bat had made it its home; and the noise and scent of this filthy inhabitant could but remind us of the doom of idols in the book of inspiration.”

DO SOMETHING FOR THE MISSION CAUSE.

It is really surprising how much little folks, as well as big ones; and poor folks as well as rich ones, can do, when they set themselves about it, for the holy cause of Missions. There is not a little boy or girl that reads this paper but can do something. Only set about it, and you will be able to give something at the approaching Missionary Meetings. Let me tell you what a poor old woman did in England. She was well known to be very needy indeed; and

could hardly get a living at all; but she offered to subscribe a penny a-week to the missionary fund. “Surely you,” said one, “are too poor for to do this.” She replied, “I spin so many hanks of yarn for a maintenance; I will spin one more, and that will be a penny for the society.” Well might the Rev. R. Watson, who related the circumstance, say, “I would rather see that hank suspended in the poor woman’s cottage, a token of her zeal for the triumph of the Gospel, than military trophies in the halls of heroes, the proud memorials of victories obtained over the physical strength of men.”

A LITTLE BOY PRAYING FOR HIS MOTHER.

We find in an exchange, the following touching and expressive illustration of the utility of Sabbath Schools. A little boy, taught in a Sabbath School, praying for his dying mother! O, how many little boys and girls have reason to thank God for Sabbath Schools! A Gentleman was not long since called upon to visit a dying female. On entering the humble cottage where she resided, he heard, in the adjoining room, an infant voice. He listened, and found it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer.

“O Lord, bless my poor mother,” said the little boy, “and prepare her to die. O God, I thank thee that I have been sent to a Sabbath School, and there have been taught to read my Bible, and there learned that when my father and mother forsake me, thou wilt take me up. This comforts me, now that my poor mother is going to leave me: may it comfort her, and may she go to heaven, and may I go there too, and pity my poor dear mother, and help me to say, Thy will be done.”

He ceased and the visitor opening the door, approached the bedside of this poor woman,

“Your child has been praying with you?”

“Yes,” said she, making an effort to rise, “he is a dear child. Thank God he has been sent to a Sunday School. I cannot read myself, but he has read that blessed book, the Bible, to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have heard from him that I am a sinner; I have heard from him of Jesus Christ; and I do, as a poor sinner, put my trust in him; I hope he has forgiven me. I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear child has been the means of saving my soul. O, how thankful I am that he was sent to a Sunday School!”

SECOND ANNUAL EXAMINATION OF THE ORO SABBATH SCHOOL.

Oro, Nov. 3, 1848.

To the Editor of the Sunday School Guardian.

REV. SIR,—Knowing that you are always gratified at every success attending Sabbath School labours, and hoping it may prove interesting to the readers of your excellent Sabbath School periodical, we again lay at your disposal, a short account of the state and progress of the Oro W. M. Sabbath School, during the past year.

Through the help of our Heavenly Father, we have been enabled to continue the School during the whole of another year; and such was the attachment of the children to their Sabbath School, that even a considerable fall of snow would not prevent their attendance, some of the elder ones having been known to convey their younger brothers and sisters a distance of about half a mile through the snow in a hand-sled, on the Sabbath morning.

It gives us great pleasure to be again able to state, that although their number is not great, yet for good conduct they cannot be surpassed by any; and their diligence and attention to their lessons and the rules of the School, continue unabated; and several of them are also, what all Sabbath scholars should be, members of the Temperance Society.

The second annual examination was held on Sabbath, 29th October, by the Rev. Horace Dean, of Rama, when the children, after having recited a number of hymns, &c., were examined in the Catechism and Scriptural knowledge, in which they displayed great ability; after which an excellent discourse, suitable to the occasion, from 2 Tim., iii., 15, was delivered by Brother Dean, who also expressed great satisfaction at the manner in which they answered the various questions put to them. The following is a summary of the progress made during the year:

COMMITTED TO MEMORY.

Verses of Hymns	3,454
Verses of Scripture	13,196
Questions of Catechism with Proofs	4,559
Questions of Bible Biography	216

Number of Names 20.

Eight of the leading doctrines of Christianity having been given to the children to be proved from Scripture, 112 well-selected texts were produced by one scholar; 110 by a second, and 73 by a third.

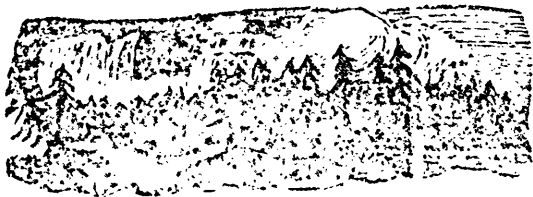
We humbly hope and pray that the truths thus implanted in their tender minds may not be lost, but may yet be seen to bring forth fruit to the glory of God. Fearing we have already encroached on the limits of your excellent paper,

We remain, Rev. Sir,

Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

T. A. FERGUSON.



A CHILD OVER THE FALLS.

Two or three weeks since, a party of little children were playing by the brink of the Niagara River. There was a boat partly drawn up on the shore, and the children in their play were jumping in and out of it, when it suddenly slipped out into the waves, bearing one little boy with it toward the foaming rapids.

It was the sabbath, and the Churches were just coming out, when the alarm was given that a child was going over the Falls. The poor mother of the little boy reached the shore among the first, and saw her darling child drifting out in the rapids. A good swimmer might then have saved him, but the only man near her could not swim, and before others came, he was beyond the reach of aid. The little fellow stood up in the boat, and stretched out his arms toward his mother, calling, "Mamma, mamma, take me; I want to come to you, mamma;" while the poor frantic mother ran screaming and shrieking along the shore, beseeching those near to save her child.

But nothing could be done; it was a hopeless case. A thrill of horror ran through the crowd, as the boat struck a rock, and was upset, and the little fellow was seen no more till his body was picked up some miles below the Falls.

After hearing an account of this sad event, which came from one who witnessed it, I saw, in my mind's eye, another scene far more sad and terrible, and which should cause in our hearts a deeper and more intense interest than did this scene at Niagara.

I see hundreds of immortal beings drifting down the rapids of time toward the fearful precipice over which they will plunge into eternity. Heedless of approaching danger, they are hurried on, till suddenly they strike an unseen rock, disappear, and are seen no more. There is a time when they might be saved, if friends are to put forth all their efforts; but those who stand by seem not to see the danger, and raise not the warning voice. O how strange! how unaccountable is this apathy? If their danger was to be seen as plainly as was that of the child drifting towards the cataract, what efforts would be made, what shrieks, what prayers, what warnings to them, what cries to God for deliverance!

If, my young friend, you have not given your heart to the Saviour, if you are not in reality a Christian; even though all may seem smooth and pleasant around you, you are surely and certainly drifting on, and will soon be in the fearful rapids. But, remember, that you are not yet beyond the reach of safety.

There is a strong Arm stretched out, upon which you may seize, and be drawn from those waves, and your feet placed firmly upon the "Rock of Ages." There, and there alone, you will be safe; the billows may dash and foam around you, but they can never disturb that "firm foundation," or harm him who rests his hopes thereon. O seek that Rock in time, for the dreadful precipice is just before you, and you know not at what moment you may strike an unseen rock, and disappear from human sight for ever!—*American Messenger.*

I HAVE LOST IT.

"I have lost it;" said Charles, as he came into the house, with a very sad countenance. "What have you lost?" asked his father.

"My knife—that beautiful knife that uncle Philip gave me. I have looked every where for it, and I can't find it, and I shall never see it again."

"Didn't you see it under the barn?" said his father.

"Under the barn! Is it likely that my knife is under the barn?"

"No I don't think it is; but as you said you had looked every where for it, you must have looked under the barn."

"I didn't mean every where."

"I knew you did not; but you said so. Boys should always say what they mean. Have you looked in your pockets?"

"No, sir, but I have felt in them."

"I knew a boy once, who made a great outcry about losing his pencil, and when he was made to unload his pockets he found it."

Charles well knew who that boy was, and proceeded to imitate his example. He had a foolish habit, which some contract, of stuffing his pockets with a great variety of useless or unnecessary things. He began to unload one pocket. He first took out some birch-bark, then a leather string, then a ball of twine, then a piece of Indian rubber, then a crooked stick, then a small gimblet, then a quantity of tow, then two or three knife-handles without blades, then a fish line, then some parched corn and beach-nuts mingled together. It was pretty plain that it was not there; so he proceeded to unload another pocket, which was filled with a similar variety of articles. In the course of this process he came upon the lost knife.

"I have found it," he cried out, and proceeded to refill his pockets.

"Stop," said his father; "go to the corn-house, and get a corn-basket."

Charles went for the basket, wondering what his father wanted with it, but asked no questions. He was accustomed to obey his father without questionings and gainsayings. He brought the basket and set it down.

"There, now unload all your pockets into the basket, if it will hold their contents."

"I guess it will pretty nearly," said Charles, proceeding to deposit one thing after another in the basket, till his pockets were empty.

"There," said his father, "don't you feel lighter now?"

"I think I do some, sir."

"Well, keep lighter, then, and do not make yourself a walking curiosity-shop. You have a basket to keep your things in."

"I'm glad I haven't lost my knife."

"I am afraid you have lost something more valuable."

"Whon, sir?"

"This morning?"

"This morning, sir. Have I lost any thing this morning, sir?"

"I am afraid you have. Indeed I know you have."

"What is it, sir?"

"Try if you can't find it out yourself."

Charles could not think of anything that he had lost that morning. He concluded his father must mean time, and yet he had been quite busy all the morning.

I will tell you some things which happened that morning, and perhaps you will understand that was the loss to which Mr. Neal alluded. Two boys were passing on their way to the village, and fell into some dispute which ended in their coming to blows just in front of Mr. Neal's house. He saw them and called to them to desist, unless they both wished to test the strength of his arm. They stopped; one of them went on, and the other sat down on a large stone by the wayside, and wept. Mr. Neal went out to him, and asked if he was hurt, and he said he was not.

"Is he hurt?" said Charles as his father came in.

"He says he is not."

"What is he crying for, then, if he isn't hurt?"

"Perhaps he feels bad because he gave way to his passion so far as to come to blows with his companion. Perhaps you had better go and talk with him about it."

"I don't like to talk with boys that fight."

Mr. Neal was called away at that moment, and said no more to his son about the matter till evening. He then had it in his thoughts, when he said, "I am afraid you have lost something far more valuable." What was it! It was an opportunity of doing good. To loose a valuable knife is a misfortune, but to loose an opportunity of doing good is a far greater one. If Charles had gone and talked kindly to the boy, he might have exerted a strong influence for good over his mind. Charles should have been willing to talk with a boy who fought, provided there was an opportunity of doing him good. Whatever you may loose never loose an opportunity of doing good.

From the Sunday School Advocate.

THE TREE AND ITS FRUIT.

SAM AND JOHN.

Sam.

Down in the garden, close by the wall,
There stands a tree, it is very tall—
And its leaves are green—it seems to be
In every respect a goodly tree.

But I tasted its fruit, and O! dear me,
I thought no more of that beautiful tree—
The face that I made would have raised a laugh,
For wormwood was never so bitter by half.

John.

The tree, you will find, is known by its fruit.
And not by its leaves, its branches, or root;
For often we see that trees outwardly fair
The very quintessence of bitterness bear.

And thus we may judge by the actions of men,
Of the heart that lies hidden so deeply within,
By the actions, my friend, and not by the face,
Or the beautiful language of sweetness and grace.

Sam.

Well, I think it is true; but I never should dream
That a tree could so much like a hypocrite seem,
Stretching out its green arms to the glorious sky,
As though it were asking for wings to fly.

And all the while, on its dark green boughs,
Such crabbed, and bitter, and sour fruit grows—
I shudder to think of the taste that I took,
And henceforth shall judge of the tree by its fruit.

THE LAST FIVE DOLLARS.

A five dollar note was recently shown us, (says the editor of the Sunday School Advocate,) with the following sentences written on the back of it:—

"This is the last of three thousand and seventy-five dollars, left to me by my mother at her death, on the 27th day of August, 1840.

"Would to God she had never left it to me, but that I had been taught to work to earn my living! I would not have been what I now am, in degradation!

"New-York, July 1, 1845."

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO.

Near Combaconum, in India, there lives a Hindoo, who once seemed truly sorry for his sins, and cast away his idols, and was baptized. After a time this man went back into the ways of sin. He left the chapel and left the missionaries; and they mourned over him with great sorrow. But one day he came back to Mr. Nimmo, the missionary, and said, "I have been very wicked, and I can find no rest. I wish to be a Christian. Will you receive me again, and take my children; for I wish to have them brought up in the fear of God." His wife too joined in the request.— "What is it," said Mr. Nimmo, "that has brought you back again? How have you been taught to see the evil of your way?" "It is through our youngest boy," a little fellow of about six years of age. "My son is my teacher," said the father; "he serves God, and whenever I look at him I am ashamed

of myself." "My boy is always persuading me to throw away my idols," said the mother, "and I can no longer delay."

This little boy was a scholar in the missionary school. Mr. Nimmo asked him what it was that had led him to serve God; and he said it was the questions that were put to him at the school. Sunday school teachers, you that have little children, six years old in your classes, mark this; and Sunday school scholars, you little children, who are just six years old, mark this. Think what a little boy may do.—Miss. Rep.



THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

I resided in Philadelphia, in the vicinity of a market. One evening, as I was quietly sitting with my family, I heard a loud rap at my front door. Immediately went to the door, and was surprised, on opening it, to find no one there. I shut the door, and turned to go to the parlor. I had hardly proceeded a yard, before rap, rap, went the knocker again. I hastily opened the door, but no one was to be seen. I concluded that some mischievous boy was disposed to have a little sport at my expense, but as I was not willing to be annoyed with mischief, I shut the door and kept hold of it. Very soon the raps were repeated. I suddenly opened the door; but nobody was to be seen. The evening was dark, and I stood in the door; the raps were renewed for a few seconds. I stood in astonishment; but upon putting my hand upon the knocker the mystery was unravelled. I found a string tied to it, and my little persecuter was standing behind one of the pillars of the market, with one end in his hand, operating upon my knocker at his pleasure. I closed the door, and went out a back way, passed down the street on the footway, till I got some distance below the lad, when I turned and came up behind him, and took hold of his arm. He was very much alarmed, and began to entreat me to let him go, when the following dialogue took place:—

"Well, my lad, thou art amusing thyself at my expense. I want thee to go home with me."

"O, you are going to whip me; please let me go, and I will never do so again."

"I will not whip thee; but thou must go home with me."

After repeating assurances that I

would not whip him, at length the poor fellow consented; but he had no faith in my promise not to whip him, and went in with the full expectation that he was to be punished. I seated him in the parlor, and took a seat by his side. He was a fine bright-looking little fellow, about thirteen or fourteen years of age.

I asked him if he went to school.

He replied that he did.

"Canst thou read?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, let us read a few chapters in the Bible."

I opened the Bible, read a chapter, and then gave it to him; and I was much pleased to discover that he could read so well.

We spent about an hour in that manner, when I remarked that we had spent the evening very pleasantly together; but I now thought it was about time for him to go home.

"If thy father or mother inquire where thou hast been," I said, "tell them thou hast been spending the evening with me; and when thou feelest an inclination to be a little mischievous, call upon me. I shall always be pleased to see thee."

He left my house rejoicing, and never troubled me afterward.

LITTLE THINGS.

There are some boys as well as men, who are in the habit of calling some things *little things*.

There are some with whom I have been acquainted, that would go into a neighbour's orchard without leave, and partake of the fruit, or carry it away, and when reproved for it, would endeavour to excuse themselves by calling it a *little thing*.

Others would make a fishing or hunting excursion on the Sabbath, that *holy day!* and could make no other excuse than to call it a *little thing*.

And still others would take the name of their God *in vain*, and call down his displeasure upon themselves and fellows, with no other apology than the one mentioned.

Now if any of the children who may read this are guilty of such things, let me say to you, I am afraid you are not aware how soon these little things, as you call them, lead to great ones. Look at that brook that goes murmuring beside your dwelling! You call it a *little brook*; you can dam it up or turn it at pleasure; but follow it on, and you will find others all the way flowing into it, until in a few miles it becomes a mighty, majestic river. So what you call little sins, if indulged in, will soon lead to great ones, which will stamp your character with infamy and everlasting disgrace.

Those whose crimes have carried them to the prison and gallows first indulged in *little sins*. Be careful then, children, of little things, for "the little foxes spoil the vines."



THE OPEN ARK.

Come to the ark!—come to the ark!
To Jesus come away,
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

Come to the ark!—The waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

Come to the ark!—All, all that weep,
Beneath the sense of sin;
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

Come to the ark—ere yet the flood,
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood,
Is now about to close.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS, AND NIGHTS WITHOUT DAYS.

Dr. Baird, in his lectures at Hartford, Conn., gave some interesting facts. There is nothing that strikes the stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of it before his arrival. He arrived from Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—had not taken notes of time—and returned at midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly! But all was quiet in the streets. It seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away or were dead. No signs of life—stores closed. The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little before 10 o'clock. There is great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the North Pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. B. read a letter in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go up there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape 72 deg., the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June, it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. The way the people there know that it is midnight, they see the sun rise. The changes in those high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great, that we can have no

conception of them at all. In the winter time, the sun disappears, and is not seen for five or six weeks. Then it come and shows its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends, and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the Heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day? He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hour. The doctor did not know how they learn the time, but they had, and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about 7 o'clock, P. M., and stay their until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get into this habit of late rising too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it only 3 o'clock; and the next time he awoke it was 5 o'clock, but there was no person in the streets. The people are not in the habit of rising so soon. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing, probably, to the climate.



A GOOD RESOLUTION.

To do as I'm bid, I'll certainly try,
For my parents are older and wiser than I.

This was a good resolution of a little boy whose name was Thomas, and who had been quite sullen and unhappy, because his mother wished him to do something which he would rather not do. He had often made such a resolution before, but when the time came to keep it, the same sullen and disobedient spirit would rise and his resolution would prove as weak as ever.

Now he has begun on a new plan. He asks help from one who is stronger than the strongest. He prays to God for grace to enable him to obey. He asks for an *obedient heart*. If he gets this, as he surely will if he asks properly, he gets good tempers with it, for it is out of the heart that evil tempers come. If the fountain is sweet, the waters that flow from it cannot be bitter.—*Youth's Penny Gazette*.

CLEANLINESS.

Though I am not seen,
I still will be clean.

The habit of cleanliness is very important to our health, as well as very pleasant to those with whom we have anything to do.

A slovenly child is sometimes washed and dressed up, to go to a public meeting, and those who see him then hardly know him, because he has been so changed by pure water and clean clothes.

But a neat child does not want to be washed or dressed up every time he is to be seen. He may have on old clothes, or patched clothes, or clothes that do not fit him; but they are clean and tidy, and no one is afraid to touch him, or to let him take anything into his hand.

Now what we want to impress upon the minds of our young readers is, that the only way to be neat when we want to appear so, is to have the *habit of neatness*.—*Youth's Penny Gazette*.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

CONSTANTLY on hand, and for sale at the **WESLEYAN BOOK STORE** in Toronto, a supply of Books used in Sunday Schools, which will be sold at the following low prices for CASH ONLY, viz:—

Hymn Books, per doz.	£0 6 6
Spelling Books, Nos. II and III, each, per dozen.....	0 1 8
Reading Books, per doz.	0 2 9
Library Books, from No. 1 to 338, 18mo. half-bound, many of them illustrated with engravings, contain- ing from 20 to 350 pages; average price per vol.....	0 1 1 1/2
Wesleyan Catechism, No. I., per 100,	0 7 6
do. No. II., do.	1 5 0
do. No. III., do.	2 2 0

Also, a great variety of smaller Library Books, and Reward Books in paper covers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY.

One Hundred Vols. for Three Pounds

FOR the accommodation of those who desire a very cheap quality of **SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS**, we have obtained a supply somewhat inferior to those in our published Catalogue, 100 Volumes of which we offer for £3—*Cash, only*.—They are all 18mo., with Muslin backs, and contain from 72 to 352 pages each.

Persons ordering Libraries, should be careful to specify the particular kind of books they wish sent.

ANSON GREEN.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,
No. 9, Wellington Buildings,

WESLEYAN CATECHISMS,

NOS. I, II, and III, always on hand and for Sale at the Wesleyan-Methodist Book Room, 9, Wellington-Buildings, King-Street.

Sunday School Guardian,

Published once a-month, at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, No. 9, Wellington Buildings, King Street, Toronto.

TERMS.

From 1 to 4 copies, to one address,	0 2 6
4 to 10 do. do.	0 1 10 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, W. M. Book Room, No. 9, Wellington Buildings, Toronto, will be immediately executed.

Previous numbers can be obtained.

J. H. LAWRENCE, PRINTER.