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## WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.—No. I.

"Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation."—MATTHEW xiv. 23.

We are in an enemy's country, surrounded on every side by danger; and, what is worse, we have within the circle of our own hearts those who are our league with our outward foes, and who ever seek opportunities of betraying us. Hence arises the necessity for watchfulness and prayer. Although silent, our enemies are never at rest. 'Tis then indeed that we have most to fear. So long as the enemy is in sight, and menaces us with violence, we are kept at our post; but when they seem to have abandoned their design, and all around wears the aspect of tranquillity and repose, there is a great likelihood that our vigilance will relax, and that we will be found asleep at our post. But ah! 'tis then, when every thing seems to say "peace, peace," that the greatest danger is at hand. Review the history of David, and we will find a very instructive proof of this. While he was hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and his enemies seemed gaping to devour him, then he was on his watch-tower; it was then that seven times a day the prayer ascended, and his evenings were spent in holy wrestling with his God. He was delivered. But see him at a subsequent period of his history seated on the throne of royalty, and surrounded by all the blessing and comfort that could arise from the favour of Heaven and the confidence of his subjects, when his sun of prosperity seemed to be at its zenith, it was then that the holy, self-denying, watchful, prayerful David became the easy victim of his passions. He fell, and great was his fall, leaving to succeeding generations a sad memento of the frailty of man and of the dangers of prosperity.

The Saviour well knew the dangers to which his followers would be exposed in the world, and knew, too, that their own strength would be quite unequal to stand in the day of trial. He therefore presses frequently and with earnestness upon them this most important injunction, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Yes, dear Christian friends, they are the words to whom we have professedly dedicated ourselves, and to whom our hearts are bound by a thousand ties unspeakably strong, and they are amongst his last. Let us catch them as we would the last utterances of one we love, and manifest our attachment to him by an unreserved obedience. His love to us was most unbounded. In every thing that he did, this disposition of his mind was peculiarly manifested; therefore, it is impossible that he could enjoin any observance upon his people that was unnecessary, and which would not be amply rewarded. No, my friends, although contrary to our flesh and the dispositions of our carnal mind, it must be most important to us, since it is the injunction of Jesus.

But it must appear doubly important when we consider that in him were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. We are accustomed to pay most regard to the words of those who are reputed wise. How much more, then, should we regard the words of him who is the great source and fountain of wisdom! We are exceedingly prone to oppose the declarations of the Word by our own carnal reasoning, thereby calling in question the Divine wisdom; and in reference to this we are not inclined to say, "Where is the necessity for such vigilance—we can be religious and quite secure without it?" Or if we do not say this, does not our neglect of the duties enjoined seem to us as much? We forget the short-sightedness of our nature, and the deceitfulness of our own hearts, which ever exert an unfavourable bias on the operations of the mind in reference to self. We want more faith to credit the divine testimony, more confidence in its infallibility and sufficiency to direct us.

The circumstances under which the exhortation was given likewise prove it to be exceedingly important. It was during his passion in the garden, while in the endurance of suffering that induced the perspiration of great drops of blood falling down to the ground; it was when his soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death, and he prayed in the intensity of his agony, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" it was in such circumstances, when one would have supposed that in the consideration of his own sufferings, and the dread prospect that stretched before him, he would have forgotten the case of the few who attended his fortunes, that he uttered these words; proving that they pressed heavily upon his mind, and that they were of surpassing importance to those to whom they were addressed.

But does not the character of the Christian conflict, and our own experience, prove the exhortation to be an important one? My brethren, we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Eph. vi. 12.

The devil, our great spiritual adversary, goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Perpetually he is engaged in seeking to undermine that kingdom which he cannot overthrow. The great field of his labour is the human heart. A thousand artifices by which he may gain access to it, are at his command, and none of them does he leave untried in the prosecution of his designs. Though he is the prince of darkness, yet in order to effect his purposes he can assume the garb of an angel of light. He is ever spreading abroad his snares to catch the unwary, and ever ready to pounce upon those whom he may have succeeded in entangling. He is well acquainted with the constitution, the tendencies, and weaknesses of our minds, and carefully adapts his procedure as the case may require. His object is to obstruct the work of grace in the heart of man, and to keep him in his original state of darkness. How vigorously does he resist the first movement of the Spirit of God upon the heart of the sinner when his conscience has just been awakened, and the realities of religion begin to crowd upon his attention. By what a process of sophisticated reasoning does he seek to quell his rising fears, and again to draw over them the mantle of oblivion. My friends, recall to your own recollections the time when first the glorious light of the Gospel beamed into your dark souls. You know what were the operations of your minds under its influence, and what the fearful peril to which you were exposed. Too frequently he succeeds, in seducing his unhappy victims back to their death-like slumbers, perhaps never more to awake until far beyond the reach of redemption. How frequently by his suggestions does he succeed in breaking in upon the repose of the Christian, and awakening in his mind the most fearful agitation and doubt; and of such a character as sometimes to lead to his influence being mistaken for that of the Spirit of God. Oh! my friends, can you think of the power and enmity of that fallen spirit without a shuddering lest he should succeed in opposing your entrance into the New Jerusalem. Can you think of it in the full view of your own depraved nature, and your own utter impotence, without feeling in no ordinary degree the importance of the injunction of our Saviour, "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." J. A. N.

## PECULIAR GLORY OF REDEMPTION.

From Dr. Chalmers's Works.

A king might have the whole of his reign crowded with the enterprises of glory; and by the might of his arms, and the wisdom of his counsels, might win the first reputation among the potentates of the world; and be idolized throughout all his provinces, for the wealth and the security that he has spread around them; and still it is conceivable, that by the act of a single day in behalf of a single family, by some soothing visitation of tenderness to a poor and solitary cottage; by some deed of compassion, which conferred enlargement and relief on one despairing sufferer; by some graceful movement of sensibility at a tale of wretchedness; by some noble effort of self-denial, in virtue of which he subdued his every purpose of revenge, and spread the mantle of a generous oblivion over the fault of the man who had insulted and aggrieved him; above all, by an exercise of pardon so skillfully administered, as that, instead of bringing him down to a state of defencelessness against the provocation of future injuries, it threw a deeper sacredness over him, and stamped a more inviolable dignity than ever on his person and character; why, on the strength of one such performance, done in a single hour, and reaching no farther in its immediate effects than to one house, or to one individual, it is a most possible thing, that the highest monarch upon earth might draw such a lustre around him, as would eclipse the renown of all his public achievements—and that such a display of magnanimity, or of worth, beaming from the secrecy of his familiar moments, might awaken a more cordial veneration in every bosom, than all the splendour of his conspicuous history—and that it might pass down to posterity as a more enduring monument of greatness, and raise him farther, by its moral elevation, above the level of ordinary praise; and when he passes in review before the men of distant ages, may this deed of modest, gentle, unobtrusive virtue, be at all times appealed to, as the most sublime and touching memorial of his name.

In like manner did the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, surrounded as He is with the splendour of a wide and everlasting monarchy, turn Him to our humble habitation; and the footsteps of God manifest in the flesh, have been on the narrow spot of ground we occupy; and small though our mansion be, amid the myriads and the systems of immensity, hither hath the King of glory bent his mysterious way, and entered the tabernacle of men, and in the disguise of a servant did he sojourn for years under the roof which canopies our obscure and solitary world. Yes, it is but a twinkling atom in the peopled infinity of worlds that are around it—but look to the moral grandeur of the transaction, and not to the material extent of the field upon which it was executed—and from the retirement of our dwelling-place, there may issue forth such a display of the God-head, as will circulate the glories of his name amongst all his worshippers. Here sin entered. Here was the kind and unwearied beneficence of a Father, repaid by the ingratitude of a whole family. Here the law of God was dishonoured, and that too in the face of its proclaimed and unalterable sanctions. Here the mighty contest of the attributes was ended—and when justice put forth its demands, and truth called for the fulfilment of its warnings, and the immutability of God would not be rebuffed by a single iota from any one of its positions, and all the severities he ever uttered against the children of iniquity, seemed to gather into one

cloud of threatening vengeance on the transgressors, that held us—did the visit of the only begotten Son chase away all these obstacles to the triumph of mercy—and humble as the sinner may be, deeply clad in the obscurity of insignificance as it is, among the stately mansions which are on every side of it—yet will the recall of his exiled family never be forgotten, and the illustration that has been given here of the mingled grace and Majesty of God, will never lose its place among the themes and the acclamations of eternity.

And here it may be remarked, that as the earthly king who throws a moral grandeur around him by the act of a single day, finds, that after its performance he may have the space of many years for gathering to himself the triumphs of an extended reign—so the King who sits on high, and with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, will find, that after the period of that special administration is ended, by which this strayed world is again brought back within the limits of His favoured creation, there is room enough along the mighty track of eternity, for accumulating upon Himself a glory as wide and as universal as the extent of his dominions. You will allow the most illustrious of this world's potentates, to give some hour of his private history to a deed of courage or of domestic tenderness; and every time you think of the interesting story, you will feel how sweetly and how gracefully the remembrance of it blends itself with the fame of his public achievements. But still you think that there would not have been room enough for these achievements of his, had much of his time been spent, either amongst the habitations of the poor, or in the retirement of his own family; and you conceive, that it is because a single day bears so small a proportion to the time of his whole history, that he has been able to combine an interesting display of private worth, with all that brilliancy of exhibition, which has brought him down to posterity in the character of an august and a mighty sovereign.

Now apply this to the matter before us. Had the history of our redemption been confined within the limits of a single day, the argument that Infidelity has drawn from the multitude of other worlds would never have been offered. It is true, that ours is but an insignificant portion of the territory of God—but if the attentions by which he has signified it, had only taken up a single day, this would never have occurred to us as forming any sensible withdrawal of the mind of the Deity from the concerns of his vast and universal government. It is the time which the plan of our salvation requires, that startles all those on whom this argument has any impression. It is the time taken up about this paltry world, which they feel to be out of proportion to the number of other worlds, and to the immensity of the surrounding creation. Now, to meet this impression, we do not insist at present on what we have already brought forward, that God, whose ways are not as our ways, can have his eye at the same instant on every place, and can divide and diversify his attention into any number of distinct exercises. What we have now to remark is, that the Infidel who urges the astronomical objection to the truth of Christianity, is only looking with half an eye to the principle on which it rests. Carry out the principle, and the objection vanishes. He looks abroad on the immensity of space, and tells us how impossible it is that this narrow corner of it can be so distinguished by the attentions of the Deity. Why does he not look abroad on the magnificence of eternity; and perceive how the whole period of these peculiar attentions, how the whole time which elapses between the fall of man and the consummation of the scheme of his recovery, is but the twinkling of a moment to the mighty roll of immeasurable ages! The whole interval between the time of Jesus Christ's leaving His Father's abode to sojourn amongst us, to that time when he shall have put all his enemies under his feet, and delivered up the Kingdom to God even His Father, that God may be all in all; the whole of this interval bears as small a proportion to the whole of the Almighty's reign, as this solitary world does to the universe around it; and an infinitely smaller proportion than any time, however short, which an earthly monarch spends on some enterprise of private benevolence, does to the whole walk of his public and recorded history.

Why then does not the man, who can shoot his conceptions so sublimely abroad over the field of immensity that knows no limits—why does he not also shoot them forward through the vista of a succession, that ever flows without stop and without termination? He has stepped across the confines of this world's habitation in space, and out of the field which lies on the other side of it he has gathered an argument against the truth of revelation. We feel that we have nothing to do but to step across the confines of this world's history in time, and out of the futurity which lies beyond it can we gather that which will blow the argument to pieces, or stamp upon it all the narrowness of a partial and mistaken calculation. The day is coming when the whole of this wondrous history shall be looked back upon by the eye of remembrance, and be regarded as one incident in the extended annals of creation; and, with all the illustration and all the glory it has thrown on the character of the Deity, it will be seen as a single day in the history of his designs; and long as the time may appear, from the first act of his redemption to its final accomplishment, and close and exclusive as we may think the attentions of God upon it, it will be found that it has left him room enough for all His concerns; and that, on the high scale of eternity, it is but one of those passing and ephemeral transactions which crowd the history of a never-ending administration.

## FROM THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

### A MISSIONARY FALLEN.

BROTHERS ELLIOTT AND HAMLIN.—On my return to this place, after an absence of near two months to the southern parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, collecting Missionary funds, I found a large package of letters awaiting my arrival, most of them from my Missionary district. And while my heart was cheered at hearing of the work of grace, and the conversion of souls, at the Sioux Mission, I was called upon to mingle sighs of sorrow and mourning at hearing from the brethren from the Chippewa Mission. Our beloved brother and fellow-labourer, the Rev. ALLEN HULLSTON, is gone to his reward. He died on the 30th December, at twenty minutes past 10 o'clock in the evening, after a painful illness of fourteen days, which he bore with great patience, Christian fortitude, and resignation, in the 35th year of his age.

Brother Hullstons was a most interesting young man, of fair and useful talents, and a most devoted and faithful Missionary. He was one who was selected by a committee of the Illinois Conference to enter the school at Ebenezer, Ill., under the care of the Rev. Dr. Akers of that Conference, in company with Samuel Spates, and the three Indian young men who were brought from the Indian country, all educated by the Missionary Society, expressly for fields of labour they now occupy. They were together at school, and have been together in the distant wilderness since the fall of 1839. It was in the midst of this circle of united friends and brethren that brother Hullstons breathed his last. Yes, they all saw him die.

Brother George Copway (one of the Indian brethren) thus speaks of his death in a letter now before me.

"Upper Mississippi, Jan. 5, 1841.

"MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED BROTHER,—I have painful news to send you from our Mission. The Lord has taken one of our number. Brother A. Hullstons is no more! He left this world on the evening of the 30th December, (brother Spates writes the 30th), after having been ill two weeks with a disorder in his bowels, which defied everything we could do for him. The Indians also gave him medicine, but all to no purpose; and he died happy! happy! But, thanks be to God, we have a good story to tell. To the very last, he told us he was going to Jesus. The very day he was taken, he expressed himself, that he was not going to get well; and all along he told us he was to leave us, and that he was prepared for the change. I have seen many persons die, but this is the first time I have seen a Missionary die. Oh! what a blessed scene! The end of brother Hullstons has been peace. He would talk to us, and tell us to go on a little longer, and soon we should follow. Peace was in and around him. I have often wished to be present on the occasion of the departure of our fellow Missionaries. I have heard of the death of brother Ruter in Texas, and sister Lee over the Rocky Mountains, and the late sister Kidder of the South, and those who have departed from Africa and other parts of the world, (if I could but see their last smiling countenances, as they sweetly breathe out their last in the arms of their Saviour, who is the captain of their salvation, I used to think I would be more devoted to the work of God through the remainder of my days. But now I have been the witness of the glorious end of the race of our esteemed brother, who lived and died happy in the fear of our God. All of us, who have seen him in his death, resolved, in the fear of God, to live all the days of our lives in the fear of God, and to end our days in the Indian country, as co-workers with each other as poor Missionaries. If the Conference suspends the Mission, (for want of funds,) let them do it, we can live on venison and bear meat; as the Indians are very kind in giving us what they have." I will also take the liberty here to copy a letter upon the same subject from brother Copway to brother Chase, his cousin, who is here with me, and who has favoured me with the privilege of doing so. And as there is very little irrelevant matter in it, and as it contains a very interesting speech from the great head Chief of the Chippewa nation, I give the letter entire, and in his own words, as is done above:

"Eli Ruter Mission, Jan. 4, 1840.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I will now give you a paper talk, as I promised to do when we got to this Mission. But I have had no opportunity to do so since we arrived till the present, and now I have painful news to tell. Brother Hullstons is dead! He died on the 30th of December, after being ill two weeks. But he died very happy. His last end was peace, calm as the evening sky. Brother Hullstons was more devoted to his fall than he was before, since I have known him, for these three years. He was constant at his books, and engaged in secret prayer through the day, most of his time, for one month; and when he was taken sick, he expressed himself of not getting well of his sickness. It happened that we were all at home together, when he died, to witness his last. He talked to us to the last minute, and calmly

died. The Chief was here, and all the Indians. They say they never knew any body die so quietly—they believe he has gone to the good world. He talked to the Indians once, just before his death, after I had preached to them. He had just enough strength to talk to them a few words. And now the Indians say, they will not forget what he had said to them before his death. The Indians are getting in the good way; they are beginning, more than ever, to listen to the word of truth. I have tried every opportunity to preach to them. I pray that God may increase our zeal and faith, and make us useful while we are here. I will give you what the Chief said to me and the company, when I asked him where we were to bury our brother? He rose up and said:

"My Brothers,—You have always known my heart. It has always been open before you. There is something in my heart very heavy this morning; to see our fellow Indians' hearts full of sorrow, and this, our friend, who is deprived of his brother, (referring to brother Spates, the only white man present.) He has left them here, and is gone to the good place. The good Spirit has taken him away from us, and from our children. Let us, brothers, sympathize with our friends, this company of Missionaries—open our ears and hear for the future. Sometimes water comes from our eyes when we think of our relations dying; so the friends of this our friend will be when they hear he is gone, and left his body among us. If he had not come here, he would have been at home with his friends, and these Indians' hearts would not have been full of sorrow, if all these (the other Missionaries) had been at home too. Whenever we met them, they used to shake hands with us with a smiling face; but their faces tell us they are in sorrow of heart. What will we do, that will we say to them? Shall we, as it were, throw the body away on the night, by pointing to them, away from the river, where they may bury the black-coat; or where the land is not our own on the other side of the river? (where the land is owned by Government.) One of our brothers has asked us where we may keep the body of our friend, as it were, in our hands and oversight, while the land is ours? Brothers, we shall bury our friend near the bank of the river; on a good place, where we shall see the grave as we go up and down the river, and teach our children to love the spot where our friend lies. We shall dig around it, weed out the grass from growing too thick; and if we keep the body or grave, the good Spirit will be propitious to us and to our children, and the good people will love us. This is all I have to say."

I then went with the Chief to the spot, and he took the snow off, and said, 'this is the place to make the grave;' and then had the Indians to dig it. We then had a meeting before we buried him. I had the Indians to kneel down for the first time since there has been a Mission here. My dear cousin, pray for me, that I may be useful here. I must now close.

Your Cousin, G. COPWAY, alias, KAH-KA-KA-BOW."

Brother Spates, in a letter to me, says, "The body of brother Hullstons was placed in a box, and conveyed to the grave by three Indians and a white man," (which must have been himself,) where it was interred as decently as was in their power. Thus the scene closed.

The loss of this brother will be most severely felt next spring, when we intend, by Divine permission, to visit all parts of that field of great and growing importance. Beside keeping up a school, and preaching at Rice Lake and Sandy Lake, where we now have Missions in operation, it is expected by the Indians that we shall, in the coming season, establish Missions at White-fish Lake, and at Fond-du-Lac, (head of Lake Superior,) two most important points. At Fond-du-Lac, houses are offered us, free of cost, by the traders; and we need two men there, or one man and a family, capable of keeping up a school. The Kentucky Conference has placed \$200 in my hands for the salary of two young men, one for Lake St. Croix, (which is now supplied,) and the other for White-fish Lake. I have, during the whole fall and winter past, been looking out for some suitable young man for White-fish Lake, and have not met with one. And now we have brother Hullstons's place to supply also. We are now compelled to leave here for St. Louis, to be ready for the first boat that may ascend the great river. And now, while we announce the loss of our dear brother, we ask for some cross-bearing, faithful soldier of Jesus Christ to step forward and fill up his place in our feeble ranks. Who will go?

The death of this valiant young Missionary has seemed to fire the hearts of our brethren in the field with new and conquering zeal, and has most powerfully affected the hearts of the Chiefs and Indians. Now then is the time for victory! We will rally around our brother's grave, and, in the true spirit of our cause, claim these heathen as the inheritance of our Lord. Yes, the time for victory has arrived. We have buried a Missionary in the bosom of their country, and his ashes shall never be abandoned by those who stood by his side in the holy conflict.

Brother Hullstons was a most interesting young man, of fair and useful talents, and a most devoted and faithful Missionary. He was one who was selected by a committee of the Illinois Conference to enter the school at Ebenezer, Ill., under the care of the Rev. Dr. Akers of that Conference, in company with Samuel Spates, and the three Indian young men who were brought from the Indian country, all educated by the Missionary Society, expressly for fields of labour they now occupy. They were together at school, and have been together in the distant wilderness since the fall of 1839. It was in the midst of this circle of united friends and brethren that brother Hullstons breathed his last. Yes, they all saw him die.

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\* A word used by all the Northern Indians to signify Minister.

From Southgate's Travels in Turkey.

## THE MUSSULMAN'S PASCHAL ORISON.

The grand procession of the paschal orison took place this morning within the time prescribed by the Mohammedan law, which permits its celebration at any hour, before noon on the tenth of the month Zilhicchi. It issued from the palace of the Sultan, and proceeded to the Seraglio, soon after sunrise, and appeared in the following order: First came the inferior officers of the court on horse, followed by the janissaries and principal functionaries of state mounted on beautiful steeds, whose furniture was richly decked with precious stones. After these came a band of young men on foot, gaily dressed in lively colours, and distinguished by their beauty and knightly bearing. They bore in their hands long waving plumes of the most brilliant hues, which they held high over their heads, as if to secure the royal person whom they surrounded from the vulgar gaze. In the midst of this bright band, his face just discernible through the forest of bending plumes, rode the Sultan, on a noble Arabian charger, which, from his proud and graceful step, seemed conscious that he was bearing the weight of majesty. His saddle-cloth and reins were richly studded with diamonds set in flowers, the stirrups were of solid gold, and his gorgeous head-piece bore a frontlet, in the centre of which was a magnificent emerald surrounded with diamonds. The Sultan himself appeared, as he always does on horse, with his most regal look and bearing. His face wore that grave and mild aspect that commonly sits upon it in public. After him followed a band of musicians, who closed the procession. The whole body moved slowly towards the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, in the vicinity of the Seraglio, between double ranks of artillery-men and musketeers. A shout ran along their lines as the Sultan passed. They all wore European military caps, and their entire dress was conformable. The habilliments of the janissaries were red jackets and white pantaloons, which, with the caps, were embroidered. The latter, indeed, were now introduced into the army for the first time, the old head-gear of the soldiers being the thick woollen felt with a huge blue silk tassel pendant behind—the same as is worn by the Sultan and the greater part of those in civil employ, but which, with the unshorn heads that are coming into vogue, are (in this my own experience afterwards taught me) insupportable on a summer march.

The Sultan and his cortege dismounted in the Atmeidan, a public square on which the spacious court of the mosque of Ahmed opens, and entered the sacred temple. The morning service immediately began, while another assemblage was formed in the Atmeidan, of the soldiers from the adjacent barracks; for the companies that had served in the pageant of the morning, contrary to many a precept of the Koran, stood by their arms. The service without the mosque was the same as that within. A temporary platform was erected for the Imam, and straw mats were spread for the assembly to kneel upon. I could not, at the moment, discover any thing in the various prostrations, genuflexions, and divers other postures of the worshippers different from the common devotions of the mosque, nor indeed is there any thing peculiar in this distinguished service of the Mussulman liturgy more than some slight deviations of form from the great prayer of Friday.

So much of the temple space of the Atmeidan as was not occupied by the worshippers was filled with throngs of Turkish maids and matrons, on foot and on arabas, idle spectators of a ceremony of their religion in which they could not participate.

The service, which was but little longer than the ordinary service of the morning, being ended, the procession returned in the order in which it came, and moved within the walls of the Seraglio. What transpired there I will not pretend to say, excepting that an order soon came out for the janissaries to enter, and the rumor was circulated among the multitude that the Sultan had sent for them to inspect them in their new dress. They entered, preceded by the band playing a Greek air. Presently a line of cavalry issued from the gate, well mounted and wearing the new cap. As I was crossing the harbour on my return home, I observed that the ships of war were deco-

rated with flags, and their yards manned with marines, who saluted the Sultan as the royal barge shut out from the quay of the Seraglio, and swept by them on its way to the palace of Deshikdash.

Such was the pageant which accompanied the sacrificial prayer of Bairam. But the festivity which followed was not confined to the court. It extended to every class and condition of society. On the first day the Call to Prayer at the five canonical hours was followed by a salute from the fleet. During the whole of the first feast and the first three days of the second, shops were shut and all labour suspended. The entire Mussulman population was poured into the streets. The cafes were thronged. Every man, woman, and child, appeared in a new dress. The white turbans were never so clean and neatly plaited. Turkish females, in groups of five or six, with their children, in the gayest and richest dresses, strolled through the streets. Friends visited friends, and wished them a happy Bairam, or embraced them as they met without, kissing each other on both cheeks. The inferior paid the same deference to the hand of his patron or superior. Effendi on horseback and ladies in arabas covered the bridge between Stamboul and Galatta. Strolling players performed with impunity in the highways. The sellers of sweetmeats proclaimed their delicacies, and the beggars again plied their importunities in the name of Bairam. There seemed in the very word an incentive to mirth and light-heartedness. Yet all was quiet. There was no boisterousness, no indecorum, no extravagant merriment, no loud laughter, much less those contentions, and babbings, and wounds without cause, which are the invariable accompaniments of our more civilized festivities. The reason of the difference is to be found in the habitual moderation and self-command of Turks, and in the absence among them of the grand source of the woe and sorrow which generally follow our own seasons of hilarity. Special care is exercised by the Turkish authorities during Bairam to keep Mussulmans from the grig-shops, which, I am sorry to add, are chiefly tenanted by Christians. The only part of the population which give free vent to their mirth are the boys. You may see them riding double on donkeys, racing on horses, or turning on swings, of which there are at least four kinds in use at Constantinople. You may see them playing and tumbling in the courts of the mosques, firing crackers and eating sweetmeats, as New England boys do on the fourth of July. By some, certain hours of the festival, are devoted to more serious purposes. The bereaved visit the graves of friends, and sit by them and turn up the sod throughout, as if the sight of the new earth brought into fresh recollection the hour when the loved ones that repose beneath were shut from their eyes.

## A POPISH PRIEST REFUTED.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S CURIOUS METHOD OF REFUTING A POPISH PRIEST.

King James the II. hearing that the Duke of Buckingham was somewhat out of order, thought that it was a proper season for working upon his credulity, and making a convert of him to Popery; and accordingly sent Fitzgerald, an Irish Priest, to him, to use his utmost endeavours for that purpose. The Duke who had been apprized of the intended visit, as also of the motive to it, and was constantly prepared for the reception of the Priest, was no sooner informed of his arrival, than he gave orders for his introduction, with great ceremony, which the father thought a happy omen; and the usual compliments having been passed, he desired him to sit down. An inquiry into the Duke's health followed then of course; and he owning himself greatly concerned about his future welfare, declared the design of his coming, and by whose order he came. His Grace pretended great willingness to be better instructed if he was in any error; but he desired that they might drink a glass of wine together previous to their entering into a conference, to which the Priest agreeing, a bottle was called for, and brought. But, guess the poor father's surprise when, after having drunk a glass or two of the wine, the Duke (a man of incomparable sense, and a celebrated wit), taking the cork out of the bottle, and stroking it several times with great gravity, asked him very seriously how he liked that horse. He was confounded to the last degree at such a question; and yet more so when his Grace finding him continue silent, repeated it again without changing his countenance in the least; but persisting, on the contrary, in stroking the cork, in calling it a horse, and launching into the most extravagant encomiums on its goodness and beauty; he at last, however, answered, "he found his Grace had a mind to be merry, and that he had chosen an unreasonable time, would therefore come again when his Grace was better disposed to hear what he had to offer."

Merry! cries the Duke, in a seeming surprise—I assure your reverence I was never more serious in all my days. What fault can you find with it?

I beg you would compose yourself a little, and consider, says the priest. Consider what? answered the Duke, what objection have you against him? Ah! my lord, replied the father, do you not see that it is but a cork! and do you not know that you took it but a few minutes ago out of that bottle? A very pretty story indeed, says the Duke. What! would you persuade me that this fine courser, whom I have been so long commending, and stroking, is but a mere cork, and that I am under a delusion? Nothing more certain, my lord, answers the father.

I would not be too positive about any thing, replied the Duke, calmly—perhaps my illness may have discomposed me more than I am aware; but I wish you could convince me that I am mistaken. I say this is a horse; you affirm it is a cork; how do you prove it to me so? Very easily, my lord; if I look at it, I see it is a cork; if I take it in my hand, I feel it is a cork; and if I smell it, I find it is but cork; and if I bite it with my teeth, I am assured it is but the same; so that I am every way convinced thereof, by the evidences of all my senses.

I believe your reverence may be in the right, says the Duke, (as just recovering from a dream,) but I am subject to whims; and let us talk no more of it, but proceed to the business that brought you hither.

This was just what the father wanted, and of course entered upon the most controverted points between the papists and us; when the Duke, cutting him short, told him what was more difficult of digestion with him was their doctrine of transubstantiation, and if he could but prove this single article, all the rest would soon be got over. Hereupon, the priest, not doubting but that he could make the Duke a proselyte, enters upon the common topics used by all those of his persuasion on such occasions, insisting, above all, greatly upon the words of consecration. "This is my body," and "This is my blood," &c. To all which the Duke replied, that these were but figurative expressions, and no more to be understood literally, than those others, "I am the vine," and "I am the door;" besides which, continued he, the bread and wine still remain unchanged as before, after the words of consecration.

No, my lord, cries the father, with humble submission, there is only the form or appearance of these elements; for they are actually changed into the very real body and blood.

Nay, says the Duke, I will convince you to the contrary, father, by your own argument—I look upon it, and see it is but bread; I touch it, and feel it is bread; and I taste it, and find it is but bread; here bread still! REMEMBER THE CORK, father—remember the cork! This silenced the father.

Selected for the Christian Guardian, by a friend.

## THE HERALD.

"Light to the world!" and a herald went forth, Commissioned by Heaven, to compass the earth; He sped over the mountains, he traversed the seas, Unchanged as the rock, untried as the breeze; The sand-wind whirled in safety he passed, Nor trembled at robber nor shrunk from the blast, But where rose man's dwelling and sunshine or snows, On his mission of mercy unfaltering he goes.

The slave hears his tidings and smiles in his chains: The lost son he sends to his father again— No cell is too narrow for him to find room, He seeks the pale felon are borne to his doom, Like the angel of hope, by his side will he stay, And soothe his deep anguish and teach him to pray; The worn and the weary on him may repose, And he brings to the mother a babe for her woes.

All ages, all stations, to him are the same, He flatters no party, he bows to no name, But truth to the highest or humblest he brings, In the tent of the warrior, the palace of kings, This Herald will enter, unswayed and alone, And sit in the hovel, or sit on the throne, Will feel the rebuke of his heart-searching eye; Blasting guilt's pleasures like fire from the sky.

On, in his course, like a heaven-kindled star! And his light is diffused o'er the islands afar: All climates he'll visit, all languages speak, All minds he'll enlighten, all fetters he'll break: His sceptre of wisdom the nations shall sway, As ocean's vast waters the moonbeams obey.

And by him attracted, man's nature shall rise, Till the anthem of earth joins the song of the skies. Ask ye his name, to remember a prayer; Go, go to your BIBLE and ponder it there: The Bible! the Bible! that herald so pure— With precepts so holy, and promises so true, Jehovah's own servant, commissioned to bring, By the blood of the Saviour, transgressors from sin; Thou wonder! thou treasure! oh who that has heard Thy voice can forget thee, thou life-giving word!







TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"R. L." received.—We are glad to hear of "an old blue" which has "sent forth its swarms at different times; and that it *may* swarm in season and out of season, we would advise our Wesleyan-hearted correspondent to tell the persons concerned of its present unproductive state; for we fear it would hardly be prudent for us to do it in the way he points out. We thank him for his high opinion of the Old Wesleyan Ship, and for his suitable poetry:—

"Heart of oak her timbers, And hearts of oak her crew."

**ANNUAL EXAMINATION OF THE U. C. ACADEMY.**  
The Annual Examination of the Classes in the Upper Canada Academy will be held on the 19th, 20th and 21st of April, and will close with a **PUBLIC EXERCISES** on the evening of the 21st. The members of the Visiting Committee are respectfully reminded that they are expected to be present.  
A Vacation of five weeks is to follow the Examination. The Summer Session will commence on the 27th of May.  
**J. HURDICK, Principal.**  
**Visiting Committee.**—The Rev. Messrs. A. McNab, H. Wilkinson, C. R. Allison, R. Jones, J. Ryerson, A. Green, Egerton Ryerson, and J. Beatty.

the last hours of the great and beloved man now no more, will be read with profound and absorbing interest—

*President's House, Washington.*

*Sgt. V. J. 1* o'clock, P. M.—Dr. Alexander, of Baltimore, has just visited the President's chamber, and pronounces him better, giving all his friends reason to indulge in hope. The good news spreads all over the city with joyful alacrity.

*2* o'clock.—The favorable symptoms continue.

*3* o'clock.—The symptoms are becoming alarming; a diarrhœa is threatened.

*3 1/2* o'clock.—The alarm of Gen. H.'s friends is very great; the symptoms

of the Commander of the Forces in India.  
At Carrick Hills, near Woodstock, on Wednesday the 25th ult., in the faith and hope of the glorious gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, William C. Yielding, Esq. aged 27 years, second son of J. Royse Yielding, Esq. late of the County Kerry, Ireland.

*Letters received at the Guardian Office during the week ending April 13*  
H. Eigger, T. Demorest, R. Jones, A. Adams, H. Dean, L. Warner, C. R. Allison, S. Brownell, J. Mosgrove and T. Costford, T. Bevil, G. Brouse, C. Ferguson.

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## Agriculturist's Directory.

## FARMING.

If one half the zeal, energy, and expense which have been exhibited for electing purposes were bestowed upon agriculture—if the people were half as anxious to improve and beautify their fields, and half as angry with their thistles, thorns, and bad fences, as they are with their political opponents, we should have more productive fields, less complaint of poverty, more ability for charity, and abundantly more good feeling. The real benefactor of mankind is he who causes two blades of wheat to grow where one grew before; his fields are his morning and evening temple, and to fertilize and improve his farm is his prime temporal object. All national grandeur, power, and wealth may be traced to agriculture as its ultimate source—commerce and manufactures are only subordinate results of this main spring. We consider agriculture as every way subsidiary not only to abundance, industry, comfort, and health, but to good morals and ultimately even to religion. We regard the farmer, stripped to his employment and cultivating his lands, as belonging to the first order of nobility; we wish him bountiful harvests, and invoke upon him the blessings of God in all his undertakings; may peace be within his walls.

From the Complete Farmer, by T. G. Fessenden, Esq., of "The New-England Farmer," SOILS. No. 1.

A farmer should be well informed of the nature of soils, and of the various plants adapted to them. Some useful plants flourish best in what is called poor land; and, if cultivated, were perfectly acquainted with the art of adapting plants to soils, much manure might be saved, which is wasted by injudicious and improper application.

It is supposed by geologists that the whole of this earth originally consisted of rocks, of various sorts or combinations. These rocks, by the lapse of ages and exposure to air and water, became disintegrated or worn in part or altogether to fine particles, which compose what are called earths or soils. These soils are chiefly silica [sand or earth of flints], lime [or calcareous earth], alumina [clay], and magnesia [a mineral substance]. With these are blended animal and vegetable matters in a decomposed or decomposing state, and saline, acid, or alkaline combinations.

Plants are the most certain indicators of the nature of a soil, for, while no practical cultivator would buy or undertake to till land, which he knew only the results of a different quality, they would rather know the nature of the soil, and plant a soil spontaneously produced, would at once be able to decide on its value for cultivation.

It was a maxim of Kiliyog, a famous philosophical farmer of Switzerland, "that every species of earth may be instrumental to the improvement of another of opposite qualities." All sands are hot and dry—all clays, cold and wet; and, therefore, the manuring sandy land with clay, or clay lands with sand, is best for grain and pulse. But it is not the natural soil only that the farmer ought to consider, but the depth of it, and what lies immediately underneath it. For if the richest soil is only seven or eight inches deep, and lies on a cold, wet clay or stone, it will not be so fruitful as leaner soils, that lie on a better under stratum. Gravel, perhaps, the best under stratum to make the land prolific.

The best loams and natural earths are of a bright brown, or hazel colour. Hence, they are called hazel loams. They cut smooth and tolerably easy, without clinging to the spade or ploughshare; are light, friable, and fall into small clods without chapping or cracking in dry weather, or turning into mortar when wet. Dark grey and russet moulds are accounted the next best. The worst of all, are the light and dark ash coloured. The goodness of land may also be very well judged of by the smell and touch. The best emits a fresh, pleasant scent on being dug or ploughed up, especially after rain; and, being a just proportion of sand and clay intimately blended, will not stick much to the fingers on handling. But all soils, however good, may be impoverished, and even worn out, by successive crops without rest, especially if the ploughings are not very frequently repeated before the seed is sown.

If we examine traces of land which have not been cultivated, we find nature has adapted different kinds of plants to most of the distinguishable varieties of soils; and though some belonging to one may be found on some other, or even on lands of a different quality, they seldom thrive, or perfect their seeds as well as to become general. The great care of the farmer ought, therefore, to be, by proper mixtures, to reduce his land to that state and temperance, in which the extremes of hot and cold, wet and dry, are best corrected by each other; to give them every possible advantage flowing from the benign influences of sun and air; and to adopt such kinds of plants as they afford in this state the greatest nourishment; and to renew their fertility by a judicious allowance of the most proper manures. Where these things are done, there are few spots so unfriendly to cultivation as not to repay his expenses and labour with a plentiful increase. But without these, the best tracts of land will in time become a barren waste, or produce little but weeds.

The colour of soils is important. "The Farmer's Journal" observes, clays, and some of the lightest soils, are of a brown, or hazel colour, and on these the plants invariably appeared above ground two or three days earlier, obviously on account of the increased warmth; it being a well-known fact, that dark-coloured bodies absorb caloric more readily, and in larger proportions than those of a lighter hue.

## FOR APRIL.

**Ploughing.** Light sandy soils had better be ploughed in the spring, and not late in autumn, lest they become too porous, and are washed away by the rains and floods of fall and winter. It is best to sow spring-wheat as soon as it can well be got into the ground. The soil and preparation should be the same as for winter wheat. Sow barley as soon as the ground is sufficiently dry. Sow oats. Spring-rye is cultivated in the same manner as winter-rye. Field peas as well as garden peas are excellent crops. Beans are also highly worth the judicious cultivator's particular attention. Plant some potatoes of an early sort on early ground, to be used in July and August, as food for your boys, that you may commence fattening them early in the season. Potatoes in small quantities at a time are good food for horses and oxen, as well as for most animals, especially in spring. They will go further if steamed or boiled, but when given raw, they are useful as well for physic as for food, being of a laxative and cooling quality. It is now about the time to sow flax and hemp. Every tool, and cart, &c., which will be wanted for the season of the season, should now (if not before) be critically inspected, thoroughly repaired, and such new ones of the best quality added as will probably be needed.—*The Complete Farmer.*

## The Gleaner's Chapter.

**Bible for the Blind.**—The Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury have just awarded the sum of £400 towards printing a Bible for the blind, under the superintendence of a Committee at Glasgow, and which was to be finally completed this month. It will be contained in fifteen volumes, large super royal quarto, and in all there will be 3,300 volumes printed. There will be in each 2,470 pages, each containing 37 lines, and will consist of 1,100 reams of paper, weighing 9,850 pounds. The New Testament has been already completed in four volumes, and contains 42 lines in each page. No fewer than 10,850 volumes have already been published by the Glasgow Society for the Instruction of the Blind.

**Martyrs.**—According to the calculation of some, about 200,000 Christian Protestants suffered death, in seven years, under Pope Julian; no less than 100,000 were massacred by the French, in the space of three months; Waldenses, who perished, amounted to 1,000,000; within thirty years, the Jesuits destroyed 900,000; under the Duke of Alva, 30,000 were executed by the hangman; 150,000 by the Irish massacre, besides the vast multitude of whom the world could never be particularly informed, who were proscribed, starved, burned, assassinated, chained to the galleys for life, or immured within the walls of the Bastille, or others of their Church or State prisons. According to some, the whole number of persons massacred since the rise of Popery, including the space of 1400 years, amounts to 60,000,000.—*Back's Expositor.*

**The Death Dealer.**—Concerning the "new projectile" of which we gave some account the other day, the Times of February 15th has the following.

An experiment was tried on Saturday afternoon of one of the inventions to which we alluded last autumn. The trial took place in the grounds of Mr. Boyd, in the county of Essex, a few miles from town, in the presence of Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Murray, Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir Francis Baring, Lord Ingestre, Colonel Gurwood, Captain Britten, Captain Webster, and some other gentlemen, who all appeared very much astonished at what they saw. A boat 25 feet long and 7 broad was placed in a large sheet of water; the boat had been the day before filled with solid timber, 44 feet in depth, crossed in every direction, and clamped together with 8 inch spike nails. Several of the gentlemen were on Saturday rowed in a punt to the vessel, and examined for themselves, so that every doubt might be removed as the cause of destruction being external, and not from the springing of any mine. When the different parties had taken up their positions, on a signal from the inventor, the boat was set in motion, and struck just about her starboard bow, and instantaneously scattered in a thousand fragments. At the moment of collision the water parted, and presented to the eye of our informant the appearance of a huge bowl, while upon its troubled surface he noticed a coruscation precisely resembling forked lightning. A column of water was lifted up in the air like a huge fountain, from which were projected, upward of many hundred feet, the shattered fragments of the vessel, which fell many of them several hundred yards distance in the adjacent fields. Our informant examined many pieces, and found the huge nails snapped like carrots; the mast looked like a tree riven by lightning.

How this mighty effect was produced was of course not disclosed to so numerous a party, but two naval officers present were perfectly aware of the mode of operation, and the inventor offered to go into details confidentially with one or two of the distinguished officers present. In answer to a question from Sir Henry Hardinge, the inventor stated that without a battering train he could transport on a mule's back the means of destroying the strongest fortress in Europe. The existence of these tremendous powers is placed beyond a doubt, and the inventor asserts them to be completely under his control, which, from what our informant has had an opportunity of observing, he believes to be really the case. The instrument that wrought so terrible an effect on Saturday, lifting into the air a boat weighing two and a half tons, and filled with five and a half tons of solid timber, and displacing at least 14 or 15 tons of water, was only 15 lbs weight. Our informant has handled it and kicked it round a room when charged with its deadly contents, so portable and at the same time so safe is it—a point of vast importance, when we remember the daily accidents that are occurring from the detonating shells now used in our service.

**Haggling in Shops.**—The practice of haggling and beating down shop-keepers in the prices of their goods is an insult to the trader, because it presupposes he means to perpetrate a kind of fraud by endeavouring to obtain more than he is willing to take, and of course, more than he considers the article actually worth to him at the time. On the other hand, to reduce the price, except for special reasons, is a sort of confession of fraud on the part of the seller, as if he should say, "I thought you were ignorant of what my goods would be sold for, and meant to get as much as I possibly could." The custom of the day takes away the dishonourable character of the transaction; but it does not abate the evil, nor does it improve the practice.—*Dorset Times.*

**A Hint to Females.**—We have always considered it an unerring sign of inmate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress us with the idea of ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing lace or weaving nets to cover their delicate hands. Ladies, by some curious kind of bocus pocus, have got it in their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort.—Frightening a piano into fits, or murdering the King's French, may be a good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that kind usually found in shallow water. The surest way to ensure a good husband, is to cultivate those accomplishments which will make a good wife.

**Reprieve of a Young Prince.**—Hunting one day with his governor, he complained he was cold. "Give me," said he, "my cloak." "My prince," replied the governor, "persons of your rank must not express themselves in the first person, like the inferior class of people, but in the plural, when it is relative to themselves; for this reason, you should have said, give us our cloak." Some time after, the prince was seized with a violent toothache, of which he complained, but remembering well his lesson, he cried out, "Ah! our teeth! our teeth!" To which the governor observed, he did not in the least alter. "So I perceive," replied the prince, much out of humour, "that the cloak is for us both, but the pain for me alone."

**India Rubber Pavements.**—The London Morning Chronicle says, that amongst the marvels of the times, a patent has been actually taken out for paving the streets of London with India Rubber, and many scientific persons are sanguine as to its success. There is to be a substitution of wood, on which is to be put a coating of caoutchouc, mixed with some other material, saw dust to a depth of several inches. This, it is calculated, will resist the influence of all weathers, and make the most delightful and durable pavement.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Rates of Advertising in the Guardian.**  
First insertion, in Brevier or Minion type, six pence per line.  
Every subsequent insertion of the same length, five pence per line.  
Advertisements in Nonpareil type to be reckoned at the rate of six pence for four.  
Advertisements without written directions will be inserted six months, unless previously ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
Note.—The Guardian containing only four columns on the page, six pence a line is equal to four pence of the common measure.

## TO OWNERS AND MASTERS OF SCHOONERS.

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Office, until Friday, the 30th instant, at 12 o'clock precisely, (after which hour no tender will be admitted) from all Persons willing to Charter, to the Commissariat, A SCHOONER for the performance of the undermentioned Services, viz:—

The Vessel, (which is not to be under 140 Tons measurement) is to be in readiness at Toronto to receive on board a full cargo (if required) on or before the 1st of July next; she is to touch at Amherstburgh on her way up, and there to embark such Stores, Passengers, &c., as she may be required by the Commissariat Department to take on board for Pontchartraine or Manitoulin Island; she will then proceed direct to Pontchartraine to complete her cargo, and receive on board all such Passengers, with their Baggage, &c., as may be directed to proceed to the Island, for which place she is to be in readiness to proceed, (wind and weather permitting), on the 25th day of July, and make good her passage with all convenient despatch, so as to arrive on or before the 1st day of August. The Vessel is to remain at the Manitoulin Island, subject to orders, until the 10th day of August, if required to do so, without being entitled to demurrage, but to be entitled to demurrage for every day that she may be detained after that period. The Vessel is to take on board, when required to do so, the supplies, Goods, and all such Passengers as may be required to return to Pontchartraine; she is to proceed to that place with all reasonable despatch, and, after landing her cargo and passengers, to be no longer considered as employed by Government.

During the period of the Agreement, the Officers, and other Passengers embarked, are to have the free use of the Cabin and furniture, and of the apparatus for Cooking; and no person is to be allowed to embark without a written authority from the Senior Commissariat Officer in charge of the Stores, or the Senior Officer of the Indian Department.

The Tenders must state, in words at length, the Sum in Halifax Currency at which the Vessel will be placed at the disposal of the Commissariat, for the performance of all the Services above specified, and the daily rate of charge for remaining at Manitoulin.

Payment will be made at this Office upon the production of a Certificate from the Commissariat Officer employed on the occasion, that the Contract has been duly and faithfully performed.

Two good and sufficient Sureties will be required for the due performance of the Agreement. 596

## LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the THORNHILL Post Office, April 14, 1841.

Arnold Abner	Flatt William	McNagurn Rev. P. 3
Arnold Charlotte	Fleming Donald	McMurphy Rev. Julia
Armstrong Thos. Todd	Ferguson William	McMaster James
Armstrong Thomas	Farrier Joseph	McGivray Neil
Allan Joseph	Feather John	McArthur Colin
Buchan Francis	Farrier Jonathan	McArthur John
Butler John	Fadden Patrick	Nelson Mrs.
Burns Mrs.	Gibbings G. W.	Owen James
Bowers Isaac	Gambel David	O'Connor Patrick
Bowers Joseph	Hutchinson Richard 4	Paff Adam
Cameron Mrs.	Hewson John	Powers James
Cruikshank William	Humberstone Priscilla C.	Patterson Allan
Cunningham Thomas 2	Hutchinson William 2	Shoults George
Crosby John	Heron Adam	Smith Joseph
Craig Joseph	Hoover David	Smead Miss
Clegg William	Isgraham James	Thompson Jane
Cameron Henry	Jackson James	Thompson George
Cole John	Kain Michael	Thompson George
Collier J. H.	Kennedy John	Velle John
Copier Miss	Lattimer William	Wright John 4
Cameron Donald	Leamon Samuel	Whitmore Samuel
Dyer Charles	Lemo John	Wong George
Dickey John	Marwood William	Wilson John
Duffy Peter	Mook Thomas	Wilson Henry
Elder Donald	Milburn Joseph	Wilber George

WM. PARSONS, P. M.

**W. G. WILSON, PORTRAIT PAINTER,** has REMOVED to *Chester's Buildings*, King Street. Toronto, April 2, 1841. 96

**FURTHER enlargement of the MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT.**  
Notice is hereby given that this paper, which has now established a circulation requiring an additional press, will, on the 1st May, be enlarged to the size of the Montreal Herald and Courier. The price will not be advanced. The Proprietor has long regretted the impossibility of giving his readers all the information and literary matter that he desired, and had generally prepared for them more than his present sheet would hold. It is by their generous support that he is at once compelled and empowered to make the alteration now contemplated, and to supply the number of copies required.

**TO BE DISPOSED OF.—A GENERAL DRY GOOD** and GROCERY BUSINESS, in the Town of London. The Stock is small, say about £200. The present is a good opening for a member of the Methodist Church. To such a person the business will be made easy. For particulars apply to the Subscriber, who is declining business, if by letter, post paid. JOHN SMITH, London, 30th March, 1841. 96 Dundas Street.

**HENRY E. NICOLLS, LAND AGENT, NOTARY PUBLIC, and CONVEYANCER** next door to the Post Office, *King Street*. The Office is established for the accommodation of persons desirous of Purchasing, Selling, Exchanging, Mortgaging, Letting, or Renting Real Property. Persons desirous of disposing of their property, by either of the above modes, are requested to furnish Mr. N. with a written description, and if possible a map thereof. Every person entering his name for any of the above purposes will be charged the sum of 25 cts. currency, for each entry and at the time. In all cases the vendor will be charged two and a half per cent on the purchase money; all sums below £100 at the rate of five per cent. In cases of an exchange each party will be charged at the above rate. In cases of a mortgage, the mortgage will be charged at the above rate. Applications made to the Government for persons entitled to Grants of Land, and to the Council, under the Hereditary Act, for persons entitled to claims of Injustices, Injustices and Land paid to the Government, for persons entitled to claims of Injustices, Bank Stock bought and sold, Debts and Rents collected, Loans of Real Estate procured, Every description of Commission business attended to with punctuality and despatch. Several cultivated Farms now for sale, and wild Land in most Townships in Canada. Agents for the Literary and Commercial Messenger. All communications to be post paid. Toronto, March 12, 1841.

**FOUND**, on Friday last, on York Street, in this City, a LADY'S VEIL. The owner can have it by proving property and paying for this advertisement. Apply at this office. Toronto, April 5, 1841. 96 3

**ANDREW MALCOM, Land Surveying Instrument Maker, &c.** No. 236, King Street, Toronto. 593

**NOTICE.—A MEETING of the STOCKHOLDERS of the CREDIT HARBOUR COMPANY** will take place at *Port Credit*, the first Monday in May, for the purpose of Electing Directors for the ensuing year. By order of the Board. W. R. RAINES, Secretary & Treasurer. March 25th, 1841. 95 5

**LOST.**—In the Township of Scarborough, THREE PROMISORY NOTES, drawn by Wm. ANKES, in favour of LEVI ANKES, for the sum of £25 each, all written on one piece of paper. Whoever may find and will return them to the undersigned, shall be handsomely rewarded. LEVI ANKES. Scarborough, March 30th, 1841. 95 3

**JUST PUBLISHED—THIRD EDITION CORRECTED, SACRED HARMONY.** consisting of a variety of Tunes, adapted to the different Metres in the Wesleyan Methodist Hymn Book, and a few Anthems and Favourite Pieces; selected from the most approved Authors, ancient and modern, under the direction of the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. By ALEXANDER DAVIDSON, Esq., "They sing the Lamb in Hymns above, And we in Hymns below."

The third and corrected edition of this excellent work is printed on thick English paper, made and imported expressly for that purpose, and is neatly bound. For sale at the Wesleyan Book Room, No. 5, Wellington Buildings, King Street, Toronto, and may be had of the Wesleyan Methodist Teachers in their several circuits throughout the Province. Price 5s.

**THE CANADA SPELLING BOOK.**—An Introduction to the English Language; consisting of a variety of Lessons progressively arranged; in three parts. With an Appendix, containing several useful Tables; the outlines of Geography; a comprehensive sketch of Grammar; with Morning and Evening Prayers for every Day in the Week; the words divided into classes, and arranged in a systematic manner. By ALEXANDER DAVIDSON, Esq., Niagara, Compiler of the Wesleyan Methodist "Sacred Harmony." Printed and published for the author by Mr. H. D. Howell, and sold at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, Toronto. Price 1s. 3d.

**Extracts from Editorial Notices.**  
For the following reasons Mr. Davidson's Spelling Book may be preferred to any other: 1. It contains a greater diversity of subjects and lessons. 2. There is more simplicity and correctness in it. 3. It is better adapted to our provincial circumstances, being thoroughly Canadian. 4. It is more religious than any other. 5. It contains about fifty more pages, and more matter. 6. Its typography and execution is superior. 7. It is founded on a broad anti-sectarian basis, being designed and suited for children of every religious denomination.—*C. Guardian.*

This book, unlike the School Books which have hitherto Canada from the United States, is adapted to our own situation, our own institutions, our own feelings, and our own interests. It is as complete as a common Spelling Book can be, containing lessons in Reading, Spelling, Geography, Grammar, &c. &c. Commercial Herald.

We had much gratification in the perusal of what we consider a most useful and valuable work for the common schools throughout the Province—the "Canada Spelling Book," compiled by Alexander Davidson, Esq. of Niagara. We are glad to hear that it is in our power to say that the Government had recommended the adoption of Mr. Davidson's "Canada Spelling Book" in all the common schools in Upper Canada.—*Patriot.*

"Every school teacher ought to procure a copy, and after a careful perusal of it, we feel bound to recommend it to his school, as the best and most complete of the American editions now in use.—*Morning Star & Transcript.*"  
We have received from the compiler, Alexander Davidson, Esq. of Niagara, a copy of the "Canada Spelling Book," which appears well calculated for use in the common schools of the Province. We call the attention of the public, with much satisfaction, to the "Canada Spelling Book," just published by Mr. A. Davidson of Niagara. It is a comprehensive work, containing, besides the Spelling Book, outlines of Geography, a sketch of Grammar, and Morning and Evening Prayers for every day in the week.—*British Colonist.*

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the "Canada Spelling Book," compiled by Alexander Davidson, Esq. of Niagara. We call it a valuable acquisition, and we much needed in the schools of this Province.—*Upper Canada Herald.*

We have to acknowledge the receipt of this useful gift with feelings of no common gratitude. It is a work which we have long been desirous to have in our hands, and we are much gratified to find that it is the best production which has been issued, and it is particularly adapted to Canadian youth.—*The News.*

We have examined it, (the Canada Spelling Book) and without hesitation pronounce it superior to any Spelling Book generally used in the Province. We are glad to hear that it is in our power to say that the Government had recommended the adoption of Mr. Davidson's "Canada Spelling Book" in all the common schools in Upper Canada.—*Patriot.*

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## BONNET WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 153, King Street, Toronto.

ROBERT WIGHTMAN & Co. beg to intimate to their friends and the public, that they have now for inspection a large and extensive variety of STRAIP BONNETS, of every description, consisting of Tulle, Patent, Durable, and Dress. Also, a large stock of Hosiery, of the latest fashion, which, for cheapness and variety, cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade. Toronto, March 31st, 1841.

R. W. & Co. have constantly in their employment a number of experienced Bonnet makers; also, a large supply of every description of Straw and Tulle Hats, by which arrangements they are enabled to execute any order which they may be intrusted, with promptitude and exactness. 95 1

**THE following articles FOR SALE at No. 5, City Buildings:**  
1000 gallons Coal Oil, 15 cases Vanities Red, 200 " Oil, 10 " Lampblack, 200 " Pala Seal Oil, 6 tons Whiting, 1000 Kegs Plug Tobacco, 4 " Epsom Salts, 1000 lbs. Macaboy Snuff, 2 " Copperas, 200 Bags of Pepper and Spice, 1 " Alum, 500 lbs. Ground Ginger, 1 " Sulphur.  
With a complete and extensive assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dyestuffs, &c. &c. LYMAN, FARR & Co.

**GRAND RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S OFFICE,** Seneca, March 19th, 1841.

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that the ELECTION of DIRECTORS, to serve for the ensuing year in the GRAND RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY, will take place at the Company's Office, Seneca, at Twelve o'clock Noon, on the FIRST MONDAY IN MAY NEXT.

JOHN JACKSON, Secretary G. R. N. Co. 94

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY, by R. WIGHTMAN & Co.,** THREE JOURNEYMEN AND TWO APPRENTICES to the Straw Bonnet Making Business. Toronto, March 2nd, 1841. 591 1

**I. ROBINSON, MERCHANT TAILOR,** has removed to his new place, No. 4, Wellington Buildings, where, by diligent attention to his customers, he hopes to receive a continuance of the trade. It is kept constantly on hand a large Stock of Ready-Made CLOTHING.

Mrs. ROBINSON has lately received a large assortment of STRAW and TULLE BONNETS, of the latest fashion. Toronto, December 22nd, 1840. 81 1

**GEORGE WALKER'S FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, No. 3, Wellington Buildings, King St.** C. W. has constantly on hand a variety of Superior Cloths, Cassimeres, Buckskins, Tweeds, Vestings, &c. Trimmings of all kinds; also a quantity of READY MADE CLOTHING to suit Country Customers; all which he will sell cheap for Cash or approved credit. Toronto, July 14, 1840. 58 1

**REMOVAL.—JAMES SANDERSON** has removed his FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT to No. 4, City Buildings, King Street, next door East to Messrs. LYMAN, FARR, & Co.'s. He has now opened, and will be constantly supplied with, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Fancy Dress-Stuffs, a variety of Vestings, &c. of the latest fashions, which he will make up to order in a superior manner, on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. A choice and extensive assortment of Ready-made Clothing always on hand. Toronto, October 29, 1840. 75 1

**MR. JOHN DUGGAN, Solicitor in Chancery,** Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. &c. In the Office formerly occupied by Messrs. SHAW, WARD, and CO. 300 West of Messrs. J. E. Armstrong & Co.'s Store, No. 181, King Street, Toronto. 57 2

**J. E. PELL, (from London, England) Carver, Glider, Looking-Glass and Picture-Framing Maker, Painter, and Glazier,** Yonge Street, first door north of Mr. Ketchum's. J. E. P. respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Toronto, and the surrounding country, that he has commenced Business in the above line, and trusts, from the experience he has had, and strict attention to business, he shall be enabled to give satisfaction to those who may favour him with their Orders. Dressing Glasses, Window Cornices, and Room Bordering, of every description, made to order. A liberal allowance made to Cabinet Makers, Painters, &c. Toronto, December 3, 1840. 79 1

**CASH paid for CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEED** by LYMAN, FARR, & Co., No. 5, City Buildings. Toronto, 7th Dec. 1840. 59 1

**CLOVER SEED.—250 Bushels Fresh Clover Seed for Sale** by LYMAN, FARR, & Co., No. 5, City Buildings. Toronto, 7th Dec. 1840. 59 1