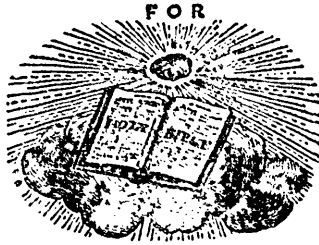


SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

The Province

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Train up a Child in the way he should go:

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

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FLOWERS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

New-York, Feb., 1848.

RELIGION IN YOUTH.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.

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

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

A WISH, AND A WORD OF INSTRUCTION.

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

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

When he cried, in bitter anguish—

"Ye mystic words!

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

What power have I? . . .

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

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

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

CHILDREN OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

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

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