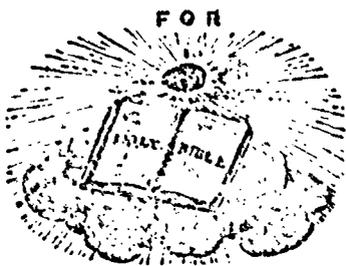


SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

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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WHERE IS MAMMA ?

Where is mamma ? oh, tell me where !
She used to come and hear my prayer ;
To see me warmly laid in bed,
And draw the curtains round my head.

Morning is come, but no mamma ;
Breakfast seems very dull, papa ;
Her smile, her words of love, I miss,
But most of all, her morning kiss.

Where is mamma ? Where can she be ?
She does not come to walk with me ;
The garden looks all bright and gay—
She used to love a sunny day.

This rose I've gather'd off my tree,
The very one she plant'd me ;
I want to give it to mamma—
Where is she gone ? Tell me, papa.

Mamma is gone from earth away ;
No evening visits will she pay,
To see you safely laid in bed,
And draw the curtains round your head.

No more, my love, mamma will share
Your morning walk, your evening prayer,
The flowers will bloom for her in vain,
Mamma will not come back again.

God took her to her home above—
A happy home, where all is love,
Where Jesus is, and where no sin,
Nor pain, nor death, can enter in.

She loved the Saviour ; this is why
Mamma was not afraid to die ;
Then love him, too, and, in your prayer,
Ask God that you may meet her there.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say ;
O God ! preserve my mother dear,
In strength and health for many a year ;
And O ! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due ;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy ;
And O ! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother ;
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep, I may
Awake to thine eternal day ! Amen.

COLERIDGE.

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

About eighteen hundred years ago, a little ship was seen, with sails outspread, lying at Troas, a small seaport town of Asia. As the sailors were busy preparing to depart, they little thought that the account of the voyage they were about to make would be written in a book, and read by people of far-distant lands, when hundreds of years had passed away.

In this little ship were four passengers ; they were missionaries, and were going to cross the sea, that they might preach the Gospel to the heathen who lived in Europe. Their names were Paul, Silas, Timothy, and Luke. God had given a dream or vision to Paul, in which he saw a man of the country of Macedonia, who earnestly prayed that he would come over the sea, and preach the Gospel in that land of idols. He knew that this was a dream sent from God, and at once he obeyed the heavenly vision.

The ship now went on its first missionary voyage. At night they arrived at a little island, where they stopped until the morning, and then again set sail ; and as God gave them a prosperous voyage, they had landed in safety at a small seaport town, called Neapolis ; it was now a little village. Of its former size or history we know nothing. It is only known as the spot where the first Christian missionaries set foot on the continent of Europe. They made no stay there, but hastened on to a city called Philippi. This city is famous in history for its beautiful palaces, and for a great battle which was fought near its walls ; but the Christian looks to it as the place where the Gospel was first preached to the heathen, in this part of the world. At that time the people worshipped false gods, named Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, and a great many other idols.

When the Sabbath arrived, the Apostle went out of the city to the side of a river, to pray in secret ; and soon he came to a spot where others had also met for prayer ; and sitting down, he began to preach to the women who were present. We are not told what he said ; but no doubt he told them of Jesus, who was crucified to take away the sins of the world. Nor do we know in what language he spoke : as a Jew, among his own people, he spoke the language then in use in Palestine ; as he travelled

through Asia he spoke Greek ; and now in Europe, most likely he spoke in the Latin and other tongues. The first preachers of the Gospel could "speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Act ii, 4. Now missionaries have to study, sometimes for years, to learn a language, so as to be able to address the people to whom they are sent.

Did he preach with success ? Yes ; for the Lord opened the heart of one of the females, so "that she attended unto the things which were spoken." The name of the first missionary convert in Europe was Lydia. From Philippi the Gospel spread to other lands, and, at last, came to Britain ; and there it is still to be found ; and there may it continue, and every heart be opened to receive its truths.

It would have been sinful if the first Christians had kept the Gospel to themselves ; for their Lord had told them to preach it to all the world. It is also sinful for us to withhold it. The lands from which we received it are now in spiritual darkness, and they seem to return the cry, "Come over and help us. Send us that Gospel which you first received from our shores. Let us share with you in its blessings." Five hundred millions of heathen join in the same cry, "Send us the Gospel !" Oh how shall we withhold that which alone can make them happy in this world, and prepare them for the happiness of heaven ! Such conduct would be cruel, ungrateful, and highly sinful. Let us send the Bibles, Missionaries and Tracts ; for, it we love Jesus, and believe in him as the only Saviour, we shall wish that all the world knew and loved him too.

PRAY AND GIVE.

True prayer ought to be, and ever will be, coupled with exertion. A converted native in one of the South Sea Islands once said, at a missionary meeting, "The Gospel cannot be conveyed to distant lands without means. This is the way : pray with the mouth, and give with the hand. To pray without working is a lying prayer."—(*London*) *Children's Mis. Mag.*

He that is proud of virtue or grace, may reasonably question whether he has any at all, seeing he wanteth humility, which is the mother of all graces.