

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.