

PETERBORO' UNION SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor of the Sunday School Guardian.

DEAR SIR,—May I beg the insertion in your columns of the following notice of our first Union Sabbath School Anniversary in this town.

The Sabbath Schools connected with our two Societies here have, like the members, been happily and cordially united; like them too they have, at a social Tea Meeting, reciprocated their expressions of peace and good will.

The progress of the scholars during the past year, owing to the blessing of God upon the efficient and salutary control, and the untiring, zealous efforts of the officers of the school, has been very satisfactory. Large portions of the Scriptures have been learned; two of the girls have committed to memory 2070 verses each, and the general conduct and behaviour is such as to show that the Sacred Truths have not been disregarded. We are becoming daily more convinced that nothing but a thorough and familiar acquaintance with the Word of God will enable the rising generation to combat the errors of the age. In the present conflict of principles—in the struggle between truth and error, when Evangelical religion is brought into collision with the mummeries and dogmas of an apostate Church and the speculations of a false philosophy, the sword of the Spirit is the only weapon to be depended upon. Only let our infant battalions be trained to the use of that sword—“the Bible alone is the Religion of Protestants,” and the contest cannot be doubtful—success is certain.

Our Anniversary was held on Thursday the 22nd July. The children, bearing banners inscribed with loyal and pious mottoes, headed by the Colborne District Band, and accompanied by four Circuit Preachers, the Teachers, and a number of our respected friends, walked in procession from the church through the principal streets, to a most delightful spot on the banks of the river Otonabee. The former rendezvous of the Missisaguas and Chocatawas was now occupied by a social meeting of Christian people, provoking one another to love and good works, and the warwhoop of the savage was exchanged for the high praises of God. A comfortable Tea was provided out of doors for the scholars and friends of the Institution; after which they listened to an address from Rev. R. Brooken, tending to place the advantages of Sabbath School instruction and Christianity in general in a most favorable contrast with the darkness, the ignorance, and the depravity of the Africans, among whom he had laboured.

After a short address also from Rev. W. McCullough, and the Secretary's report, followed up by some pointed and sensible remarks from Bro. Tasker (the Superintendent of the school) the meeting was concluded by singing the doxology.

The children were then marched back to the church in excellent order, when

they were dismissed, giving cheers for the Officers of the School, for the “Union,” and the Queen. The day being remarkably fine, and the procession and out-of-door tea meeting being the first of the kind, a general interest was excited. and the whole affair went off remarkably well. We think the arrangement gave universal satisfaction, and afforded to all, whether friends or foes, a sufficient demonstration that the Union of our two Bodies, so far from injuring Methodism and breaking up the Church, has tended to increase efficiency for every good word and work.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

JAMES C. SLATER.

Peterboro', July 23rd, 1847.

For the Sunday School Guardian.

A WARNING TO THE THOUGHTLESS SABBATH SCHOLAR, AND OTHERS.

In the Township of Caistor, near the banks of the Chippawa, on the 6th June, 1847, (being the Holy Sabbath), the following disaster occurred:—

Joseph D., son of Mr. David Merritt, on the morning of the 6th ult., cheerfully, with other youthful society, repaired to the Sabbath School-room. Seriousness had frequently been evinced by this youth of 14 years and 7 days. This Sabbath employment met the wish of his mind. He was contemplating, with growing interest, by his fond parents. The duties of the Sunday School being closed, Joseph, with other young society, retired to an adjoining mill-pond, and went in a swimming. Soon one of the thoughtless company was seen in a perilous situation. Joseph, with a promptness that evinced the touching sympathy of his heart, flew to the rescue of the sufferer. He was so intent upon the object of his solicitude, upon saving his life, that he lost sight of his own safety; and, as strange as it may appear, however hazardous the venture, with some slight aid from the shore, he saved the youth from a watery grave; but, in this moving struggle, his own physical strength became so uninged, and unconsciously thrown into a deeper channel, he sunk, and when his body was raised by Mr. Michael Lymburner, (in whose mill-pond this occurred,) he was seen a lifeless Sunday School Boy!

David Merritt (long a member of the Methodist Church, and a Class-Leader for many years) reached his own home from his western tour the next day, and finding his son Joseph “no more,” it proved to him, as well as to the afflicted mother, a most painful calamity. Only in his long and deep experience in the things of God could he feel with composure to bend to this heavy blow, while years in his pilgrimage have already accumulated upon him! When the interment of his remains took place, in connexion with the solemn discourse and services by our faithful and talented local brother, Abisha Morse, it was most affecting to the children of the Sunday School, and the attendants in general.

THOMAS DEMOREST.

Caistor, July 1st, 1847.

THE HIGHLAND FISHERMAN.

Two fishermen, a few years ago, were mending their nets on board their vessel on one of the lakes in the interior of Argyleshire, Scotland, at a considerable distance from the shore, when a sudden squall upset their boat. One of them could not swim, and the only oar which floated was caught by him that could swim. His sinking companion cried, “Ah! my poor wife and children! they must starve now.” “Save yourself; I will risk my life for their sakes!” said the other, thrusting the oar beneath the arms of the drowning man. He committed himself to the deep, in danger of perishing, for the safety of his companion. That moment the boat struck the bottom, and started the oar by their side, and thus both were enabled to keep afloat till they were picked up.

Surely this anecdote will tend to impress on the minds of Christians the much-neglected duty of “brotherly kindness.”

WHAT'S THE HARM.

We often notice boys in the act of throwing small pebbles, or snow balls, or bits of ice, at horses, as they pass along the public ways. The practice is very dangerous, and of course very consurable. Some horses are ready to run at the slightest touch. And is the fun of throwing something so great, that the lives of others should be put in danger, that we may enjoy it? But there is much other danger in it, as the following case, which happened a few days ago in Baltimore, will show:—

“A little boy, about ten years of age, named John D. Hartman, was in the street, near a point where one of the omnibuses and a cart loaded with corn were passing each other—he threw something at the omnibus, and immediately started to run, but he fell under the wheel of the cart, which passed across his breast, crushing it, rupturing his right lung, and breaking his left arm. He scarcely gasped after being picked up.”—*Penny Magazine*.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

All seek to be happy: there does not live a little child who does not wish to be so; but, “true happiness is so blessed a thing, that God will not let it be found where he himself is not.” To be at peace with God through faith in the blood of the Lamb, to be led by his good Spirit in those holy ways which are taught in the word of God—these are the things which can make us happy now, and most blessed for ever. And so plainly are these holy ways pointed out in the word of God, that every little child who is led by the Spirit of God may walk in them.

TRUTH, like the morning light, shines with increasing lustre: but falsehood, like the momentary meteor, will not bear examination. That shines to endure; this blazes but to die.