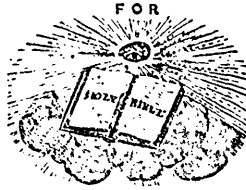


SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

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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For the Sunday School Guardian.

IN MEMORY OF MARION F. CHENEY,

A DEAR LITTLE FRIEND DEPARTED, AGED
NINE YEARS AND TWO MONTHS.

It is hard to sing, as I fain would sing,
To the holy in heart and ears;
I touch my harp, and a trembling string
Saddens through falling tears.
Oh! each kindly blessing that God bestows,
In his providence day by day;
Too little we deem that from grace it flows,
Until it be taken away!

The voice, so sweet from a gentle heart
Of an early love profound,
That with Mary had chosen the better part,
Headless of all around.

The eye to mine, and the lip to mine,
With the sight in her soft embrace;
And the thought how her Maker's face would
In the day of triumphant grace! [shine,

These all were His—yet I bless the loss
He has given me to sustain.
He has stricken my gourd by a fiery cross,
But from the evil of guilt and pain!
But till he appear with his legions bright,
Of angels and saints restored;
I will still rejoice in that little one's light,
As the candle of the Lord!

A. J. W.

Toronto, July, 1847.

* As a trait of character:—On her mother being about to chastise her one day for some offence which she had committed—"Dear Mother, don't whip," said she, "better come and pray with me." And whether this was spontaneous or suggested from without, it is strongly indicative of right feeling; of that governance indeed, which, while we are tempted, can also make a way for our escape.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Great Father on high!
Look down from the sky
And listen to me
While trying to lift up my heart unto thee.
My sins I confess—
O give me thy grace,
And pardon my guilt,
Thro' Jesus, whose blood for my pardon was spilt.
My nature subdued,
And form it anew;
Thy Spirit impart,
Both now and forever to dwell in my heart.
Thus, Father, shall I
To thee live and die;
And finally be
By angels caught up, to live ever with thee.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"
Zech. iv. 10.

Little things are often very important things. "God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires." "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" James iii. 5.

You take up an acorn. How small is it! You throw it away again as useless. It lies forgotten on the ground. It is trodden in, and nobody regards it. It sleeps 'till ere through the long winter months. In the spring it swells, takes root, and two small leaves open on the top of the ground. It thrives and grows, while men live and die; the storms of a hundred winters beat upon it. For years it is the pride of the forest. Every year it bears acorns enough to raise a thousand oaks. And these again, every year, enough to raise ten thousand more. Thus a whole forest may be shut up in the heart of a single acorn.

A beautiful sight is a fleet of ships! and yet these ships, these "hearts of oak," which do such good service to our country, and carry our flag to every nation in the world, may be traced up to a small acorn!

How small a thing is a tear! Many years ago an anxious mother put her infant into an ark made of brushelashes. The king wanted to destroy that infant. The king's daughter goes down to the stream to bathe—she notices the little babe. Just at that moment a tear trickled down its face; "the babe wept." A nurse is sent for; and is well paid for rearing the child. That nurse was the child's mother. That child is trained up in all the learning of Egypt; and, in after life, becomes the deliverer and lawgiver of Israel. A nation's liberty and glory seemed to hang upon the tears of that infant.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of the last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. He found out that she had no Bible in which to look for the text; and this led him to inquire whether her parents or neighbours had a Bible; and this led him to begin a Bible Society for Wales. Some good people in London said, "Why should not we have a Bible Society for England too?" And others said, "And for France and the nations of Europe?" And then another said, "And why not have a Bible Society for the whole world?" The tears of that little girl led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Scarcely sixty years ago a gentleman passed through the city of Gloucester (England) on a Sabbath-day. He saw many children playing in the streets. He spoke to them about their sin in breaking the Sabbath, found out that they were very ignorant, and could not read, and offered to pay a person to teach them if they would attend a school. This was Robert Raikes's beginning of Sunday Schools.

A great scholar invented this device for his coat of arms; it will be instructive to you dear young friends. He drew the picture of a man, stripped of his coat and hat, labouring hard at the foot of a mountain, to level it with a pickaxe; and underneath he wrote these words, "Little by little."

Yes, "Little by little." Let this be your motto. Do not despise "the day of small things." Do not be discouraged because you have only a little given to you. Jesus Christ. Praise God if he has given you a little desire to love and serve him. Try, through his grace, to love and serve him every day more and more. Watch against the smallest beginnings of evil within you. Improve every opportunity for good around you. Live in prayer to God above you; and you shall live holily, usefully, happily. Your path shall be like "the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

(London) Children's Mis. Mag.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

Walking through my field on a winter's morning, I met with a lamb, as I thought dead, but on taking it up I found it just alive. The cruel mother had almost starved it to death. I put it into my bosom, and brought it into my house, where I rubbed its starved limbs, warmed it by the fire-side, and fed it with warm milk from the cow. Soon the lamb revived: first it feared me, but afterwards it thoroughly loved me.

Jesus is a Shepherd, the Shepherd of souls; and of him it is said, he carries the lambs in His bosom, and gently leads those that are with young. If you desire to love Jesus, read that blessed book, the Bible; there you hear such things of the love of Christ to poor ruined sinners, as I hope will melt your eyes to tears, and your hearts into love.