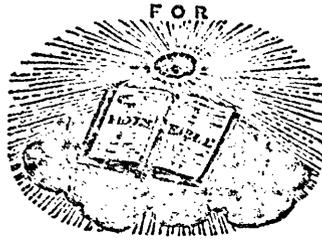


SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

The Province

of Canada.



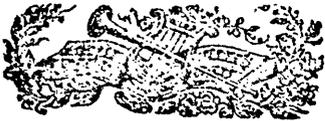
Train up a Child in the way he should go:

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

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W., NOVEMBER, 1848.

No. 11.



From the Sunday School Advocate.

SABBATH MORNING REFLECTIONS.

'Tis sweet at early Sabbath dawn
To wait before the Lord,
To meditate his ways upon,
To read his sacred word.

To thank him for his mercies past,
And former vows renew,
That while our mortal being lasts
Our service is his due.

To know 'twas on this hallowed morn
Our Saviour left the tomb;
And who are of his Spirit born
Exulting view his shame.

'Tis sweet to think that soon will cease
The scenes of mortal strife,
When sorrows shall be lost in peace,
And death in endless life.

O happy hour, when Sabbath's sun
Smiles on rebellious men;
But, ah, how soon their course is run,
Ere scarce it has begun!

Yet happy they to whom 'tis given
To tread the narrow way;
It leads to an eternal heaven,
An endless Sabbath-day.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 1848.

J. B. H.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

"I forgive the offence, but cannot forget,"
How often that language I've heard,
And felt that forgive, in such company set,
Was a vain and meaningless word.

Remember'd offences must canker the heart,
And poison the fountain of love,
They rise like an iceberg to keep us apart
Wherever our footsteps may rove.

At least I confess when my heart is made sore,
And my feelings indignant I find,
The only true method my peace to restore
Is to banish the cause from my mind.

I must seek to forget, or I cannot forgive,
However my reason may strive,
For it whispers, if just, the resentment should live
While I keep the remembrance alive.

And I turn with resolute will from the thought,
Whenever it enters my brain,
Till my spirit should find the tranquillity sought,
And no angry emotions remain.

And I pray that the seal of oblivion thus set
No future remembrance may break.—
'Tis then I forgive, for the fault I forget
No longer resentment can wake.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

"It was very naughty of Joseph's
brothers to use him so badly," said Mary
to her father. Her mind was full of
what she had heard about Joseph, so that
she could not soon forget it.

"Yes," replied her father, "they did
what was wrong, and this made God
angry with them. Do you know what
made them do wrong and act so cruelly?"

"It was because Joseph's father loved
him the best, was it not?" asked Alfred.

"It was because of this that they first
began to dislike him; but this was not
his true cause of their bad conduct. I
will tell you what it was at the beginning
of it all.

"Joseph's brothers had had, naughty
hearts. They did not love God, nor
care to do what he told them. They
had bad thoughts and wishes. Envy and
hatred, and all kinds of bad feelings,
were in their minds; and they had not
prayed to God to take away these bad
feelings, and to give them good ones
instead. So when they saw that their
father loved Joseph better than them-
selves, they began at once to hate him.
There was nothing good in their minds
to put a stop to bad feelings and actions.

"Let me tell you another great truth.
Joseph's brothers were not worse in their
hearts than other men; for all people
are born into the world with bad hearts.
All the sad and naughty things that are
done in the world, are done because all
the people who live in the world are born
with hearts ready for sin. My little
children were born with such hearts.
You are sometimes naughty, are you
not, Mary?"

"Yes, father, sometimes," the little
girl whispered.

"But if your heart were not bad, you
would never be naughty; you would
never wish to do what you know to be
wrong. You would always love to do
what you know to be right.

"When we blame others for bad
actions, we should not forget that we
ourselves often do what we ought not,

and that we as well as they, were born
with hearts ready for sin."—*Great
Truths in Simple Words.*

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

Nicholas Biddle, Esq., late President
of the Bank of the United States, once
dismissed a clerk, because the latter re-
fused to write for him on the Sabbath.
The young man, with a mother depend-
ent on his exertions, was thus thrown
out of employment, by what some would
call an over-vice scruple of conscience.
But a few days after, Mr. Biddle being
requested to nominate a cashier for
another bank, recommended this very
individual, and mentioned this incident
as proof of his trust-worthiness. "*You
can trust him,*" said he, "*for he wouldn't
work for me on the Sabbath.*"

GOLDEN RULE.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THREE CHILDREN.

The *Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle* men-
tions the following affecting instance of
the sudden death of three little boys,
seven or eight years old. They were at
play, and not returning home as early
as customary, were sought for by their
parents, and the hat of one of them was
found at the foot of the bluff near the
river by their almost distracted mother.

The father returning again to the
spot where the hat was found, discovered
a little hand and arm extending above a
pile of fresh dirt, recently fallen from
the bluff, which revealed the awful and
heart-rending truth to the agonized
parents, that the children were buried
alive in the dirt! They were all three
immediately taken out, but were dead!
They had evidently been at play under
the bank, when it suddenly caved in
and buried them. They had been missed
about four hours when found, and were
covered over but slightly with the dirt,
their little bodies being not at all bruised.