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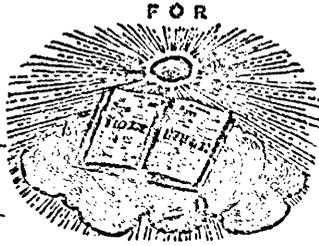
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

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. I.

TORONTO, C. W., APRIL, 1846.

No. 4.



A CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A free and happy child.

I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done!

I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed;
A gypsy tribe, might steal my bread,
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank Thee, who hath planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
And where I hear of Thee.

Selected for the Sunday School Guardian.

THOUGHTS FOR A SABBATH EVENING.

What have I heard to-day?

The word of God my soul to guide,
In which I ever may confide;
The Gospel of a Saviour's love,
To raise my heart and thoughts above;
To teach me how my God to serve,
And how his precepts to observe;
How all my sins may be forgiven,
And how my soul made meet for Heaven!
How did I hear to-day,
Did I with reverence attend
The message which my God did send?
Did it delight and hope afford,
To listen to His Holy Word?
And did I offer up my prayer,
That he my spirit would prepare,
With faith and meekness, to receive
Those blessings which he waits to give!
O write thy truth, with power Divine,
Upon this treacherous heart of mine;
And may each Sabbath lead my way
To God and to eternal day!

Scripture Illustrations.

ANGRY SUNSET.

"Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath."—Ephes. iv. 26.

Alluding to this command of St. Paul, Bishop Horneck relates, from ecclesiastical history, that two Bishops, having quarrelled in a most intemperate manner, one of them sent to the other the following message:—"Brother, the sun is going down." Upon receiving this message, the offended Bishop forgot his anger, ran to the house of his Episcopal brother, fell upon his neck, and kissed him.

SPRINKLING THE NATIONS.

"So shall he sprinkle many nations."—Isa. lii. 15.

In the East, when a prince or great man gives a grand entertainment, there are servants, who sprinkle with perfumed liquids, (rosewater, &c.,) the several guests as they enter. This sprinkling is understood to fit them for the presence of their entertainer, to declare them his guests, and, as such, to place them under his favour and protection. So, dear reader, shall the Lord Jesus "sprinkle many nations." They are invited to the feast of the Gospel, Luke xiv. 16-24. But in order that they may be acceptable guests, they must be sprinkled with the purifying grace, the "clean water" of his Holy Spirit. Ezek. xxxvi. 25. May you be thus sprinkled by the blessed Saviour; may you be a partaker of his mercy here, and of his glory hereafter!

WOMEN DRAWING WATER.

"At the time that women go out to draw water."—Gen. xxiv. 11.

It is the work of females, in the East, to draw water both morning and evening; and they may be seen going in groups to the wells, with their vessels on the hip or shoulder. In the morning they talk about the events of the past night, and in the evening about those of the day. Many a time would the story of Abraham's servant and Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, be repeated by the women of Mesopotamia, in their visits to the well.—*Roberts's Oriental Illustrations.*

INQUIRING OF THE MOUTH.

"We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth."—Gen. xxiv. 57.

Do people wish to know the truth of any thing which has been reported of another? they say, "Let us go and inquire of his mouth." "Let us hear the birth of his mouth." Do servants ask a favour of their mistress? she will say, "I know not the birth of the master's mouth; I will inquire at his mouth." So the mother and brother of Rebekah inquired at the mouth of the damsel whether she felt willing to go with the man. "And she said, I will go."

ALWAYS A LITTLE TOO LATE.

John Sheldon used to be a very good boy, but he was forever too late. Something or other always kept him from being in his place in Sabbath School, until after the school had commenced. Many a time he came in during prayer. Then he was famous for being late to school on week-days. By and by I found out why he was so tardy. I got my mother's consent to stay one night at Mr. Sheldon's, and I saw how he managed. He was the last one up in the morning, to begin with. It was a long while after he was called, before he could muster resolution enough to jump out of bed. Then of course he had to dress himself hastily, in order to be down in season for breakfast. After prayers it was nearly time to go to school, but John had neglected to get his lesson. So he had to study a quarter of an hour, when he ought to have been on his way to school. When John grew up, he was always late to Church; and if anybody made an engagement with John Sheldon, at a particular hour, they never expected he would come until the time had passed. Something seems to go wrong with his machinery all the time. He is like a poor watch I had once. It would go too slow, in spite of all I could do. I moved the regulator, but it did no good. It didn't affect the hair-spring any. So it is with John Sheldon; and so I am afraid it always will be. He loses time, and you can't regulate him. Indeed, I don't believe such men have got any hair-spring at all; but whether they have or not, nobody can regulate them, so as to make them go any faster. Young reader! take care you do not form such a habit as John Sheldon has. Be in season. Better too early than too late.—*The Monitor.*

4 THE BOY WITH THE SHORT MEMORY.

Returning from meeting one Sabbath afternoon, Deacon Todd was accosted by a man. "Sir, did you see a boy on the road driving a cart with a bag of cotton in it?" "I think I did," said the deacon, musingly, "A boy with a short memory, was'nt he?" The man looked confused, and said, "Why do you think he had a short memory, sir?" The Deacon seemed to enjoy his confusion, and even determined to increase it. "I think so; and I think, moreover, that he must belong to a family that have short memories." "What in the world makes you say that?" said the man, more than ever perplexed. "Why, simply this," said the old gentleman, assuming all of a sudden a very grave and solemn manner, "because God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, in a most solemn manner, among other things, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;' and that boy has forgotten all about it. His memory must be *very short indeed, very.*" We rode off as the deacon pronounced the last word; and left the man to his own thoughts. He had evidently not been to church that day, but surely he had heard a sermon.—*Ch. Index.*

WE HAVE BUT ONE SUNDAY IN A WEEK.

A person being pressed to join a friend in an excursion of pleasure on the Sabbath-day, replied "No; much as I should like the excursion, I have but one Sunday in the week, and I can't spare that." Such will be our language also, if we feel the worth of our souls, and the necessity of salvation, either for ourselves, or for our fellow-creatures.

A TURKEY STORY.

An old lady, resident of a neighbouring place, kept a large family of turkeys, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a great deal of her turkeys; consequently valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a "West India goods store." The man who kept it one day emptied his casks of cherries, intending to replace them with new. This old lady, being economical, thought it a great pity to have all these cherries wasted, and, in order to have them saved, she would just drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look after them, and see they were in no mischief. She approached the yard, and lo! in one corner lay her turkeys, in one large pile, dead. Yes, they were "stone dead!" What was to be done? Surely the old matron could not lose the feathers! She must pick them! She called her daughter and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came, and behold there were her turkeys stalking about the yard featherless enough, (as may be supposed,) crying out "Quit, Quit!" feeling no doubt mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats. Poor things! if they had said "quit" before they had begun, they would not have been in this "bad fix." We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking, to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not, let every young lady say "Quit."—*Youth's Cabinet.*

A DIFFERENCE IN YOUTHFUL TRAINING.

The following conversation, which took place not a great while ago, may be thought worthy of insertion as showing the effect of different kinds of training.

"My father tells me," said a little urchin, smartly, to one who was endeavouring to settle a childish dispute, peaceably, "that if a boy strikes me, I must step up and show him that I have as much spirit as he has." "Ah! and how, my dear?" asked their friend. "Why, he says I must turn my back on no boy, till I have given him as much as he gave me," said the little champion. "Does this agree with what the Bible teaches?" asked their friend, to half-a-dozen youthful listeners. "No," said one who had been differently taught, "Jesus bade us resist not evil; and when the soldiers struck him, he answered not a word." "Did he make no return for their indignities?" "He said, Father, forgive them."—*N. E. Puritan.*

CHRISTIAN DILIGENCE.

Man has but one state of probation, and that of an exceeding short continuance; and therefore, since he cannot serve God long, he should serve him *much*; employ every minute of his life to the best advantage; thicken his devotions; hallow every day in his calendar by religious exercises, and every action in his life by holy reference and designments; for let him make what haste he can to be wise, time will outrun him.—*J. Norris.*

AN ADMONITION.

A little boy was sick, and about to die. He was solemn, for he considered death very near. Shall we send for your Sabbath School Teacher? inquired his friends. "O no," said the dying boy; "he is always laughing, trifling, and I can't see him."

NOBLE REVENGE.

When I was a small boy, there was a black boy in the neighborhood, by the name of "Jim Dick." Myself and a number of my play-fellows were one evening collected together at our usual sports, and began tormenting the poor colored boy, by calling him "blackamoor," "nigger," and other degrading epithets; the poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go a-skating in the neighborhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing a pair of Jim Dick. I went to him and asked him for them. "O yes, John, you may have them and welcome," was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes said to me, "John, don't never call me blackamoor again," and immediately left the room. Those words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black in future.—*Southey.*

THE SECRET.

'Mother,' said a girl of ten years of age, 'I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning.' 'Why my dear?' 'Because it must be to see some one you love very much.' 'And what leads you to think so?' 'Because I have always noticed that, when you come back, you appear to be more happy than usual.' 'Well, suppose I go to see a friend I love very much, and that after seeing him and conversing with him I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know anything about it?' 'Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also.' 'Well my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening, it is to commune with the Saviour. I go to pray to him—I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against him—and above all, I ask him to have mercy on you and save you from the misery of those who sin against him.' 'O, that is the secret,' said the child, 'then I must go with you.'—*Watchtower.*

BRAVE AND GENEROUS.

The last Charlestown (Kanawha) *Republican* records the following:—"An interesting little boy, who could not swim, while skating on our river, on New Year's day, ran into a large air-hole; he kept himself for some time above the water; the little boys all gathered around the opening, tried to hand him poles, but the ice continued breaking and he was still floating out of reach; despair at length seized his heart and was visible in every face around. At this critical moment when, exhausted, the poor little fellow was about to sink, a brave and generous-hearted boy exclaimed, 'I cannot stand it, boys'—he wheeled round, made a run and dashed in at the risk of his own life, seized the little boy and swam to the edge of the ice, and breaking his way to the more solid ice, he handed him out to his companions, who then assisted him out. In Rome this act of heroism would have insured this brave youth a civic crown. His name is Albert Hershberger."

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his friends or connections. A minister with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him, and when conducted into his room, he said: "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you?" said the Bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said he did not know him. Another friend came, who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner, "Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?" "Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bed-side, and asked if he knew her? "Who are you?" said he. Being told that it was his wife, he said that he did not know her. "Well," said one of them, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ," said he, reviving, as if the name had produced in him the influence of a charm, "Oh, yes, I have known him these forty years, precious Saviour, he is my only hope."

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

There still exists a plant in Palestine, known among Botanists by the name of the "Thorn of Christ," supposed to be the shrub which afforded the crown worn by the Saviour at his crucifixion. It has many sharp prickles well adapted to give pain; and as the leaves greatly resemble those of ivy, it is not improbable that the enemies of the Messiah chose it from its similarity to a plant with which emperors and generals were accustomed to be crowned; and thence, that there might be calumny, insult, and derision meditated in the very act of punishment.—*Dr. Russell.*

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

Of the few instances in which men become pious in advanced life very many of them are effected through the direct or indirect influence of their children, who have found the Pearl of Price abroad, and brought it home to their parents.

A little daughter, whose parents were unfriendly to religion, providentially attended a religious meeting, and became interested. The father was displeased. She was desirous of attending the meeting again, but he forbade her. She waited anxiously for the next, and renewed her request. Again she was forbidden. She begged with tears. Excited by that hostility to religion which sometimes overcomes parental love, and renders the parent "without natural affection," the father said to her, "If ever you go to that meeting again, I will turn you out of doors." The daughter, moved with that peculiar emotion in which the soul is at once overwhelmed and aroused to unwonted energy, lifted a meek, glistening eye to her parent, and replied, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." It went to the father's heart—it was irresistible. Parental affection was awakened, a conviction of his unnatural conduct rushed upon him, and with a full and bursting heart he replied, "Go, my daughter; I will never throw another straw in the way of your religion." The consequence was, that the parents soon followed their daughter. Thus did this child become an angel of light and salvation to her parents.—*S. S. Advocate.*

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.
A CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY.

On Christmas day, 1845, the following persons dined together at my house, viz: One great grandfather, one great grandmother, two grandfathers, two grandmothers, three fathers, three mothers, seven sons, five daughters, five brothers, four sisters, four brothers-in-law, two sisters-in-law, four uncles, three aunts, one son-in-law, one daughter-in-law, seven grand-sons, four grand-daughters, three nephews, one niece, eleven cousins, two great grand-sons, one great grand-daughter, and a friend. Yet in the whole there were only sixteen persons.

W. K., Junior.

Albion, March 26th, 1846.

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SPLENDID VICTORY.

I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town, (in the Tyrol, I think.) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they *will* take it, they must."

Soldiers soon came riding in, with flying colors, and fifes piping their shrill defiance: they looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked.

"We have none," was the brief reply.

"But we have come to take the town."

"Well, friends, it lies before you."

"But is there nobody here to fight?"

"No, we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.—*L. M. Child.*

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THE TURNING POINT.

Not very long ago, there was a class of boys in one of our Sunday Schools, who, having arrived at ages varying from twelve to fifteen years, began to think that it was rather beneath them to go to Sunday School any longer. They accordingly were on the point of leaving in a body, so as to "have their liberty on Sundays," and to go, like many other boys, where they pleased.

The officers of the school very wisely proposed to change their relation, by constituting them a Bible class. They consented to this, and were much pleased as well as profited by the arrangement.

In a short time from that period they all, eight in number, were happily converted to God. They still remain together, a united, studious, and happy class.—*S. S. Advocate.*



Sunday School Guardian.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1846.

A female Teacher in the Toronto Wesleyan Sunday School, an interesting young woman, called Clarinda Willoughby, has lately been called into the unseen and eternal world. She was a Teacher of a class of girls for about three years. She also assisted with her fine voice in the devotional singing of the Wesleyan congregation. Latterly her attention was more devoted to the care of her soul; she met in class, and there is hope in her death. A funeral discourse was delivered by the Rev. G. Young, March 29th, by which, and the suitable and plaintive music, a very serious impression was made on the large congregation. May the young "remember their Creator in the days" of their youth! A friend has sent the following verses:—

ON THE DEATH OF MISS CLARINDA WILLOUGHBY.

By a Teacher.

She's gone to realms of purest delight, where spirits dwell,
Where her clear notes in sweetest harmony will swell;
Touch'd with a bold hand, she'll sweep the immortal lyre,
'Till peal on peal shall through the heav'nly arches ring,
While moves her happy soul on never-tiring wing;
Awak'd by Omnipotent's celestial fire.

Freed from the bonds of earth her spirit wings its flight
To paradise, the blest abode of seraphs bright,
Where songs of Jesus' love will all her powers unfold
In that glorious mansion beyond the starry skies,
Where friendship has no end, and "pleasure never dies,"
She'll meet with saints and all the true martyrs of old.

Then 'till eternal Sabbath dawns o'er all the world,
And 'till the rolling spheres down from their seats are hur'd,
Rest to her dust—immortal triumph to her soul;
As though heav'n's vast profound, marking its ceaseless flight—
It scans the boundless regions of eternal light;
Soft will be her voice, loud her notes beyond controul.

April 6, 1846.

METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Under the care of the English Wesleyan Conference, there are 3,840 Schools in England and 35 in Scotland. Scholars in England 403,061, Teachers 78,350; of whom 53,246 are Church members. Annual cost of those Sunday Schools £22,600.

The Sunday Schools under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States number about 5323, Scholars 278,429, and Teachers 48,665. Eight Conferences, however, are not included.

There are 212 Sunday Schools in operation in connection with the Wesleyan Church in Canada, according to the last Minutes of Conference; but the number of Teachers and Scholars is not mentioned. We hope that the work of Sabbath School instruction will greatly increase among all Evangelical denominations in Canada.

THE number of subscribers to this Sunday School paper is steadily increasing. Some Circuits have much encouraged us in our new work. The number of copies taken by the Toronto (City) Circuit is 200; London, 100; Hamilton, 100; Sidney, 125; Darlington, 100; Cobourg, 100; Yonge Street, 120; Belleville, 60. Other Circuits also assist; but these are our best friends at present. On some of the Missions the people are too poor to purchase. Perhaps the Missionary Committee will appropriate a little money, to send the paper to some of the Missionary Sunday Schools. We hope to have orders soon from all the Circuits.

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

Having promised the readers of the *Guardian* an account of a remarkable deliverance of two Missionaries and several Esquimaux who were travelling in sledges, I proceed to redeem my promise by narrating, as briefly as possible, the leading incidents of the perilous adventure and remarkable deliverance.

Two Missionaries set out from Nain, in Labrador, one morning in March, in a sledge drawn by dogs, accompanied by another sledge containing two Esquimaux men, a woman and a child, in order to visit another mission station called Okkak. As the weather was fine, and the track over the frozen sea in excellent order, they travelled easily six miles an hour, and reasonably expected to accomplish their journey in two or three days. In order to avoid a rocky promontory, as well as to gain the smoothest part of the ice, they kept at a distance from the shore. A party of Esquimaux, driving their sledges towards the land, met the Missionaries and advised their immediate return; but seeing no cause of alarm, the Missionaries proceeded on their way. Soon, however, they perceived that there was a swell under the ice, which caused it to undulate like the waves of the sea during a high wind. The sky was clear, although the wind was increasing; and the party thought it most prudent to draw nearer the shore. Many cracks and chasms appeared in the ice more than a foot wide, but the dogs easily leaped over, drawing the sledges safely after them. In the afternoon, as the sun declined, the sky was overspread with clouds, the wind howled frightfully, and the snow, blown about by partial whirlwinds, filled the air. The heaving of the ice became terrific, and, although twelve feet thick and many miles square, yet it rose and fell according to the swell beneath, in such a manner that one moment the sledges seemed to be ascending an immense mountain, and the next they rushed down with a velocity that threatened destruction to the dogs and their drivers.

Alarming noises were heard in different directions similar to the discharge of large cannon. Those noises were caused by the bursting of the ice around them. The Missionaries now perceiving their danger increasing every moment, drove rapidly towards the shore; but as they approached nearer the land, the scene became more appalling, and their situation almost hopeless. Immense masses of ice, that had been detached from the rocks, were tossed about by the storm like playthings, and then dashed to atoms against the sides of the precipices with a noise louder than thunder. The noise of these gigantic masses as they dashed against the sides of the rocks, the howling of the wind, the roaring of the waves, the bursting of the ice, and the drifting of the snow, were enough to bewilder the Missionaries, and to deprive them of the senses of hearing and of seeing. The dogs were completely terrified; and with the greatest difficulty the drivers urged them forward. They had now got near to land, but the danger was not past; for if they did not happen to effect a landing the precise moment that the rising and the falling body of ice came to a level, they must be lost. The attempt was hazardous in the extreme; but Jesus had said, "Lo, I am with you alway," and the Missionaries were not discouraged. They looked to Him, made the attempt, and reached the shore in safety. By great exertion the sledges were drawn up on the beach. Scarcely was this effected

before the ice they had just left, separated, and the water rushing up from beneath, precipitated it into the sea; and in a few seconds, the whole frozen mass, extending for miles along the coast, began to break and to disappear in large fragments amidst the foaming waters. The party looked on in speechless amazement; but soon recovered themselves sufficiently to fall down before the Lord and thank Him for His gracious interposition in their behalf.

G. R. S.

Toronto, April, 1846.



THE COTTAGE.

Where is there a lovelier sight to be seen,
Than a cottage imbosomed in covert of green;
Where the rose and the woodbine imbower the gate,
And health, and contentment, and lowliness wait?

And if in this house of the poor there be found
That goodness and love which shed blessings around,
The beauty without, though so lovely, has been
Less fair than the beauty of spirit within.

If sickness or poverty enter, the peace
Which Jesus bequeathed will in sorrow increase;
And new strength to the faith, and new grace to the heart,
The sweet from the bitter, will sorrow impart.

More than halls of high splendour, a cottage like this
Is endowed with a portion of heavenly bliss;
Though the low, humble dwelling in secrecy lies,
Their spirits of Christians grow ripe for the skies!

(London) Cottager's Friend.

SINGING IN THE FAMILY.

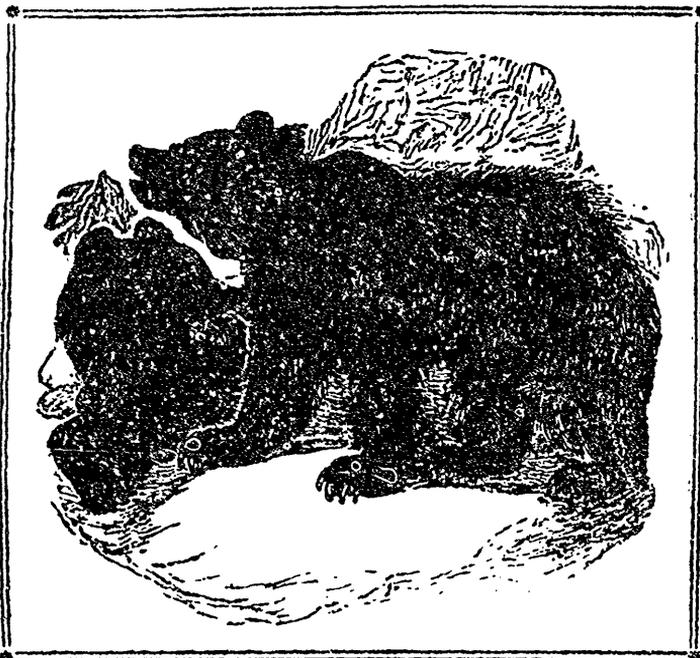
We visited at the house of a friend, not long ago, where the members of the family all sing regularly at worship, and we could not help wishing that the practice was more general. It adds greatly to the interest of devotional exercises, especially among children. It makes the family altar a pleasant place, even to those who have not learned to render to God the service of the heart. Show us the family where music, good music, is cultivated as it ought to be—where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in song—and we will show you one in almost every such instance, where peace, and harmony, and love prevail, and where the grosser vices have no dwelling-place. Indeed we have often noticed that a decline in the taste for music, especially sacred music, where it had been cultivated, and a decline in purity and morality, went hand in hand; and that, before the poor victim of vice falls into the lowest abyss, he is compelled to make war with the genius of melody. This, indeed, is just what we might anticipate.

☞ A late Book Committee agreed to send a copy of this paper to each Preacher of the Conference, and requests that he will have the goodness to act as its agent in procuring subscribers and forwarding money.

THE BEAR

Natural History.

"Consider the wondrous works of God."—Job xxxvii. 14.



Is an animal generally known, and yet various differences and contradictions exist among the writers of natural history concerning this subject, which can have originated only from the circumstance of not rightly distinguishing the different species. The three principal varieties of the bear kind, are the brown, the black, and the white, or great polar bear: the first is an inhabitant of almost every climate; the black bear is chiefly found in the extensive forests with which the northern regions of Europe and America abound. The bear is a solitary, savage, and ferocious animal; he chooses his residence in most unfrequented deserts, and makes his den in the most dangerous and inaccessible precipices of mountains, where silence and solitude reign. For this purpose, he commonly searches out some natural cavern, or some hollow tree of an enormous size, which it is not very difficult to find in the immense forests of the hyperborean regions. About the end of autumn, at which time the bear is exceedingly fat, he retires to this asylum, and remains, during some weeks, in a state of total inactivity and abstinence from food. This animal is not, however, like some others, totally deprived of sensation during that interval, but retains the former exuberance of his flesh, without feeling the calls of hunger, until the superabundant fat which he had acquired in the summer season begins to be considerably wasted.

During the time of this apathy, to which the male bear resigns himself, the female brings forth, and suckles her young. For this purpose she chooses her retreat in the most sequestered places, and apart from the male, lest he should devour them. She makes a warm bed for her cubs, and nurses them with unremitting assiduity for the space of about four months; during which time she scarcely allows herself any support. The bear produces only two, or at the most three, at a time. The cubs are at first not above eight inches long, and remain blind during the first month. The time of this animal's gestation is six months, and the beginning of January is their time of parturition. Although the male bear, whenever it finds an opportunity, destroys the little ones, the females are fond of them to a ferocious distraction; and as soon as they have brought forth, their fierceness is more violent and dangerous than that of the males.

In the spring, the old bears come out from their retreats, lean, and almost famished with confinement and abstinence. They then ransack every place for food, climb trees, and devour the fruit. They ascend the

highest trees, with surprising agility; with one paw they hold themselves fast to the branches, and with the other they gather the fruit. They are remarkably fond of honey, for which they seek with great avidity and cunning, and will encounter any difficulties to obtain it.

The bear is easily irritated, and his resentment is always furious, and often capricious. When tamed, he appears mild and obedient, but never ought to be too far trusted. He may be taught to walk upright, to dance, and play many curious pranks; and the multitude are highly entertained with the clumsy motions of this rugged and unwieldy creature. The young bears show

a very considerable degree of docility in acquiring these accomplishments; the old ones, however, will not submit to this kind of education, but manifest the most ferocious resentment against any attempt to subject them to discipline.

The bears of America are of a small size, and quite black; and, although ferocious, are not carnivorous. Even when pressed with hunger, they will not eat animal food, but live on vegetables, and are particularly fond of potatoes, honey, and milk. They lodge in the hollow trunks of large trees, which they climb and descend with great agility. The hunters generally take them by setting fire to their habitation. The old ones then come out first, and are slain, and the cubs follow, and are taken alive. The flesh of the young bear is reckoned a great delicacy; and the paws of the old ones are esteemed an excellent dish. The fat is very sweet, and of great efficacy in curing sprains and various kinds of swellings.

A SENSIBLE DOG.

The *Boston Temperance Standard* tells the following story of a Newfoundland dog:—

"A gentleman residing at Brighton has a Newfoundland Dog remarkable for its sagacity. The other day he attempted to catch a couple of mice, which evaded his efforts by creeping into the hay. After repeated disappointments, he was observed to run with great haste into the house, and presently return with the cat in his mouth. He laid her down by the hay, and holding her between his paws, kept her safe until the mice again made their appearance. Their fate was sealed; and the dog seemed greatly satisfied with the success of his scheme."

The *Standard* adds that the statement can be verified if any doubt it.

Teachers.

INFLUENCE OF SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHING.

Are you a Sabbath School Teacher? You occupy a station of fearful responsibility. If you possess the confidence and affection of your pupils, your relation to them probably gives you a more intimate access to their minds, and greater power to do them good than any other, except their parental relation. Even the stated minister of the Gospel, amidst his numerous public duties, has few opportunities for that near approach to the infant mind, which is your weekly privilege. It is your work to instruct them in the knowledge of God and the way of salvation; and by every wise and persuasive method to seek to win them to that heavenly Friend who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." In one only hallowed spot—the closet, should you ever attempt to gird yourself for your sacred duties; depend upon it, little good is ever accomplished that is not began there. The effect of truth upon their consciences will bear an exact proportion to the solemnity and depth of its impression upon your heart.

But the instructions of the School-room are not the only medium through which your influence will be exerted upon your scholars; neither will your power over them cease with the Sabbath. You will be at all times an object of interest to them; your words they will believe; your feelings and opinions they will adopt; your deportment they will approve; your manners they will imitate. When Isaac Bacon, the sculptor, was making the statue of the Earl of Chatham, a stranger said to him, "Take care, Bacon, you work for eternity." Can language furnish a monitory sentence more appropriate to a Sabbath School Teacher? The lines which you trace are indelible. The impressions which you make are for eternity. What manner of persons ought you to be in all holy conversations and Godliness! Take care, Teacher, that you work for eternity, for your works will God judge.

ONLY THINK OF IT.

Now there are so many attractions in Sunday Schools that children want but little encouragement to get them to attend, at least as long as the Teachers manifest any interest, and indeed longer, an instance may be here related. A gentleman passing by a School-house in the country, which had some time before been given up by the Teachers, and seeing the smoke issuing from the chimney, had the curiosity to look in to see what was going on there, and was surprised to see a number of little children; some of whom had travelled several miles on that cold morning to meet in school. They had made a fire with a few chips, and were standing around with their books, endeavouring to learn themselves. As they had no instructors in the School, they were at some loss to understand the sentence, "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

The Teachers of the School had one after another quit the work: some supposed that they had more important duties to perform; some felt the weather too cold; and others could not rise early enough in the morning. If Teachers want excuses, such as they are, they can find them in abundance.—*S. S. Magazine.*

"Be instant in season, out of season."—*Timothy.*

VACCINATION.

Dr. Fahnestock, of Bordentown, in an article on the small-pox and vaccination, comes to the following positions as the result of his observation and experience:

1. That vaccination is the best protection for small-pox. It modifies the disease and preserves life, although it does not in all cases exempt entirely from an attack of variolous disease.
2. That re-vaccination becomes necessary to test the protection of the system.
3. That after re-vaccination, an individual may have a reasonable certainty of exemption from an attack of varioloid.
4. That re-vaccination should be resorted to by persons upon whom it has not been repeated, whenever the small-pox assumes an epidemic form; as the change constantly taking place in the human system renders an individual liable to infection at another time, and particularly as that liability is greatly increased by the existence of the varied constitution of the atmosphere, which fans otherwise sporadic cases to epidemic prevalence.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TEETH.

Nobody need have an offensive breath. A careful removing of the substance between the teeth, rinsing the mouth after the meals, and a bit of charcoal held in the mouth two or three times a-week, and slowly chewed, has a wonderful power to preserve the teeth and purify the breath. The action is purely chemical. It counteracts the acid arising from a disordered stomach, or food from decaying about the gums; and it is the acid which destroys the teeth.

A dear friend of ours had, when about twenty years of age, a front tooth turned black gradually, and so broke off piece-meal. By frequently chewing charcoal, the progress of decay was not only arrested, but nature set vigorously to work to restore the breach, and the crumbled portion grew again, till the whole tooth was as sound as before. This I know to be a fact.

There is no danger of swallowing it: it would not be wise to swallow that, or any other gritty substance in large quantities, or very frequently; but once or twice a-week a little would be salutary rather than otherwise. A bit of charcoal as big as a cherry, merely held in the mouth a few hours without chewing, has a good effect. It is peculiarly important to cleanse and rinse the teeth thoroughly before going to bed, otherwise a great deal of the destructive acid will form during the night. I am continually pained to see young people losing their teeth merely for the want of a few simple precautions.—*Mrs. Child.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

CONSTANTLY on hand, and for sale at the WESLEYAN BOOK STORE in TORONTO, a supply of Books used in Sunday Schools, which will be sold at the following low prices for CASH ONLY, viz:—

Hymn Books, per doz.	£0 6 6
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CHILDREN'S OBITUARY.

JOHN CRAIG, Junior, of Oxford.*

"In the midst of life we are in death"

DIED in Oxford, at the residence of his father, John Craig, Esq., on Sunday morning, the 1st instant, John Craig, Junior, aged thirteen years, ten months and fourteen days. Few young persons (that "have gone the way of all the earth.") are more deeply regretted by a large number of friends and relations, than the departed youth. He was admired and beloved by all who were in anywise acquainted with him. He was of a mild and heavenly disposition, and well may it be said of him, that

"His mind was tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks were seen."

The deceased suffered a very painful and afflicting disease, during twenty days, which ended his earthly career; and during the time of his illness, he was never heard to complain; he received his afflictions as "the well intended chastisements of a merciful Saviour." The departed youth was born of pious parents; parents that trained up their infant offspring "in the way that he should go," trusting, that as he would grow up, he would never depart from the instruction they imparted to him. He was early taught to read "the pure and undebled Word of God;" and what he read he remembered, and while he was on earth, he showed that he was profited by what he had read. He was taught that he was a sinner, and that nothing could make him happy, either in this world, or that which is to come, but only by giving his heart to God. And during his affliction, he was frequently asked by his pious parents, if he was willing to die? and he always replied that "he was willing to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." Hopes were entertained until a few moments before his death, that he would recover, but these hopes were blasted; and while a few were sitting around the bedside of the departed youth, death came, and his immortal spirit took its everlasting flight. Thus terminated the life of one who promised fair to be a blessing, not only to his parents whom he always obeyed, but to the whole of his associates; and while his pious parents are left to mourn his loss, they are not called to mourn "the ghosts that have no hope." He was a constant attendant of the Sabbath School, and no one ever found his seat vacant. He loved to read the Word of God, and wherever the Word of God was preached (in its purity), there he was found to worship his Heavenly Father.

His clay tenement was removed to the place of interment in the village of Kemprville, and a very appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. James Elliot, Superintendent of the Circuit, from the 2nd chapter of Lamentations, and part of the 39th verse, "Wherefore should a living man complain." At half-past four o'clock, P. M., his mortal remains was laid in the silent tomb, there to mix with its kindred dust, and to slumber "till the morn- of the resurrection." May his friends, and all his young associates be prepared to meet him in the skies, and rejoice with him for ever!

Kemprville, March 6th, 1846.

JOHN HURTON.

* This obituary was written for another journal, but we think it more suitable for the present place.—EDITOR.

For the S. S. Guardian.

JOHN LANDER, of Belleville.

John Lander, the son of Mrs. James Whiteford, of Belleville, was born January 30th, 1846.* From his infancy, he was of a feeble constitution, and the subject of much bodily affliction, and was consequently very small for his age. In early life, he was favoured with that best of earthly blessings,—a praying mother. And her pious counsels and fervent intercession were not in vain; at the tender age of 13 years, he was found with others at the altar of prayer, seeking the Pearl of Great Price. He sought and found, the Lord set his soul at liberty, and he was enabled to rejoice in his pardoning love. During the last six months of his life, his afflictions assumed a more serious aspect, and he was constantly and severely troubled with palpitation and enlargement of the heart; so that several times he was thought to be on the verge of the grave. In the first part of his illness, although he had an evidence of his acceptance with God, he frequently expressed a desire to get well; but as he drew nearer to the promised land, and ob-

tained clearer views of his heavenly inheritance, he was not only willing, but anxious to depart and be with Christ.

For the last twelve weeks he was confined to his bed, his sufferings being constant and severe. Yet, during these days and nights of extreme affliction, not a murmur or complaint was heard to escape him; but he constantly manifested a happy composure of mind, which astonished those who knew not the source from which the child of God obtains support. His physician at first thought it prudent not to acquaint him with his danger, fearing that it might, by agitating his mind, hasten his death; which he suspected, said to him one day, "Doctor, I am not afraid to die." His step-mother (who loved him as his own son,) asked him if he did not wish to recover? He replied, "I hardly know what to answer you; I know that if it were the will of the Lord to raise me up, I ought not to despise life; but I think it would be better for me to go now."

The writer of this notice visited him frequently during his illness, and always found him composed and happy, even when suffering excruciating bodily pain; when speaking to him one day of his protracted affliction, he replied, "Oh, I am far happier here, with all my bodily pain, with the love of God in my heart, than those who have health and every worldly comfort, and are yet sinning against their Saviour; I could not exchange conditions with them." At another time, when he appeared very much exhausted, on being asked if he was worse? "Oh no," said he, "I am better to-day, my mother has just been reading to me from the Testament, and I got so very happy that I could scarcely contain my feelings,—Oh, that is a good book!" One day when very weak, he said to his mother, "I fear I had wrong thoughts last week when I was better; I felt as if I should be glad to get well, and I fear that was wrong." His mother replied, "But surely you did not think that you would forget the mercy of God, should you recover?" "Oh no," said he, "I thought I would preach the Gospel."

His last day on earth (Sabbath, February 15th, 1846,) was a good day to his soul. He seemed to have a sweet foretaste of that eternal Sabbath, upon which his happy spirit was about to enter. During the whole of the day heavenly radiance lighted up his countenance; and frequently when spoken to, a smile of joy would accompany his reply. He talked with great composure of his death, as being near at hand, and then calling over the names of his near relatives, he said, "I hope I shall meet you all in heaven." Observing his mother in tears, he put his arms around her neck, and kissing her affectionately, said, "My dear mother, I do love you, but I am the Lord's child, and I am going to Him." When she spoke of his sufferings, he replied with emphasis, "Oh, mother, my dying pillow is very soft; the Lord is good to me, very good." About 11 o'clock, P. M., his breathing became difficult, and the coldness of death seemed stealing upon him. A female friend who was near him, then asked, if he was going happy? He raised his languid eye once more, and with all his remaining strength repeated,—"Happy! happy!" These were his last words; and just as he closed his last Sabbath with his weeping friends, he entered, we trust, upon that Sabbath of rest, where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying," but where all these things are forever done away. I need scarcely add, that John was a Sabbath School scholar, and his cold remains were followed to "the dark and narrow house," by nearly all the boys of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School in this town.

How important a thing is religion! How important to seek it when young! A learned man, without religion, when dying, said with horror, "I am taking a leap in the dark." Our dear young friend said with confidence and joy, "Mother, I am the Lord's child, I am going to Him." Another wicked man shrieked in the agonies of death, "Oh, I cannot die! I cannot die!" John Lander's last words were, "Happy! happy!" My young readers, how do you wish to die? How are you living?
I. E. H.

Belleville, March 18th, 1846.

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TERMS:

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* The copy has been, and we are unable to correct it.—EDITOR.