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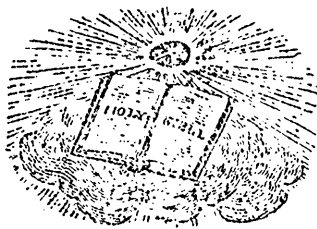
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# SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



"ALL THY CHILDREN SHALL BE TAUGHT OF THE LORD."

VOL. VIII.] TORONTO, C. W., OCTOBER, 1853. [No. 5.

## SAVING THE FRUIT.

Teachers do not know what they lose who are careless in visiting their scholars. The teacher is a sower, and if he be at all in earnest, he will be anxious to know how it fares with the seed he scatters, and will watch with deepest interest the first tokens of life. But where is the field of observation in the Sabbath class? Certainly not there.

While increasing docility, attention, and reverence will mark the birth of grace in the heart, it is in the homes of his scholars that the teacher is to seek for the evidence of success. There hidden principles and dispositions act themselves out, and there any change in the ruling, moving springs of the will must soonest manifest itself.

There is scarcely a number of a teacher's magazine that does not enforce the necessity of visiting; scarcely an address is given on the subject of Sunday Schools, or the report of a Sunday School Society published, that does not ring the changes on the same

subject; but the constant reiteration of the complaint, that teachers are remiss in this duty, made by visitors and superintendents, shows how necessary it is that, by line upon line, precept upon precept, teachers should be reminded that diligence in visiting, besides being a most material element of success, will bring ground of encouragement and consolation, and afford subject for praise. The following little incident, which occurred to myself many years ago, may, perhaps, illustrate what I have said, and place it in a more forcible light than naked argument:—

It is now many years ago, at a time that I was conductor of a large Sunday School, that, rather late on a fine summer evening, I set out in company with an assistant teacher, to visit absentees. In the course of our visitations, we entered a narrow lane in one of the poorer districts of Glasgow. The golden light of a summer's sunset, that flamed from the clouds, scarcely spared it a ray of light, but left it in premature darkness. We reached the door of a humble dwelling, and failing to

obtain admission after repeated knocks, we tried the latch, which yielded to our touch, and we entered a small room, the window of which only admitted so much light as to show us that it bore marks of poverty and wretchedness. At first it seemed as if its inmates had deserted it: but a woman who was in bed, and seemingly under illness, gave a faint reply to our inquiries, when we went to pursue our visitations in the neighborhood. We afterwards obtained some information respecting the family we had just visited. The father, who, although earning respectable wages, spent these at the public house, and not only when intoxicated, but when sober, was the terror of the neighborhood; he was a man of violence; and report laid to his charge the darkest crimes. The woman who took charge of his family was not his lawful wife; she was the child of respectable parents; she had enjoyed the benefit of a good and religious education, and had been a Sunday School teacher herself; but all had been ineffectual barriers in the way of self-will and headstrong passion. In an agony of self-reproach, she had made an attempt upon her life; and it was from the effects of the opium with which she had sought to perpetrate the rash act that she was now suffering.

Some months after this, I had again occasion to visit the same house, in consequence of the absence of the boy, who was one of my Sunday scholars. He was a meek, quiet little boy, of about six years old, perhaps, and, in the midst of a crowd of other children, scarcely noticed. The plants of God's planting are too lowly to rear their heads among the tares, whose ranker growth often overshadows and conceals them. The child had been absent for some Sabbaths; and on calling to enquire the cause of his absence, I found him dying from the effects of measles.

Too weak to sit up, he received me with a faint smile of welcome and recognition as he lay in bed. The woman in attendance gave me some particulars regarding him. Shortly before his illness, he had come home in much concern one Sabbath from the school; the subject of the lesson had been the nature and necessity of regeneration, and the words of the teacher had gone home to his heart; he returned anxiously putting the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" He attended with new interest to the instructions he received at the Sunday School, ere sickness removed him from it; and there is reason to believe that these were not in vain. When I saw him he was too weak for conversation; but the faint and broken replies he gave to my enquiries satisfied me that a work of grace had been done in his soul. I prayed with him; and as he had been accustomed to do in the Sunday School, I heard his lips murmuring the prayer after me. When I called next day, I learned that he had died during the night. Shortly before he breathed his last, he enquired earnestly whether Jesus would receive him; and being assured that he would on no account cast away any that came to him, he expressed his desire to go to him; and on being asked whether he was not sorry to leave his father and friends, he, in his own artless language, replied, "A wee hue." A very little after he expired. I could not help reflecting on the mercy that had snatched this child from the brink of perdition, and removed him from scenes of wickedness that could scarce have failed to contaminate and destroy him. He was indeed a brand plucked out of the fire. The woman who attended him, and who gave me some particulars of his history, said that the boy had been in the habit of telling her, on his return, the substance of what he had heard at the Sunday

school; and that often the arrow of conviction had reached her heart, as the simple words of the child opened the fountains of memory, and recalled the recollection of better days, when, ere she had been hurried into the downward paths of sin and shame, she had been a teacher of others. I was led to interest myself in her, and made efforts to get her relations again to receive her. Her aged mother would have welcomed her return; but her younger sisters, who, felt that she had brought disgrace on her family, objected to receive her. However, she was induced to abandon her course of sin, and to enter on a course of well-doing. Whether her reformation was permanent, or only temporary, I cannot say, as soon after I entirely lost sight of her. Perhaps mercy employed the humble instrumentality of this child to bring a sinner to repentance. I can only say, that no circumstance that occurred during my career as a teacher ever produced a more powerful effect on my teaching; and from being remiss in visiting, I became diligent and systematic in the performance of the duty; and in the increased efficiency of my teaching, the cordial reception of the parents, and the abounding love of my Sabbath scholars, I received a most abundant reward. I trust that; his simple narrative may induce some careless teachers to begin the regular performance of a duty that will bring its own reward.—*Glasgow S. S. Union Magazine.*

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE ON,  
LITTLE CHILDREN,

One cold winter morning, I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, and well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart-whip, and a lion shag-coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about in his great fist. And what

do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's-down border, white as the frill of rich blond around the edge. By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding, with no small pride, the baby; for evidently it was *the* baby. And one could read the fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and at the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconscious eye, and fat, dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before. "But, really, Mary," said the young man, "is not three dollars very high?" Mary very prudently said nothing, but, taking the hood, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and grinned, and, without another word, down went the three dollars, (all the week's butter came to,) and as they walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain. "Ah!" thought I, "a little child shall lead them." Ah, these children! little witches! pretty even in all their thoughts and absurdities! winning even in their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit! He has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes, the fair brow is bent in a frown, the rose-leaf is pushed up in infinite defiance, and the white shoulder thrust naughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty, even in its naughtiness? Then comes the instant change; flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses. They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen; tumble about his papers; make somersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers; litter the carpets; break, pull, and upset, and then jabber their unintelligible English in self-defence; and

what can you do for yourself? "If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see." He *does* have a child; and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing. He is like everybody else: "a little child shall lead *him*?" Poor little children, they bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of new and higher feeling! How often does the mother repay this by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been! The hardened heart of the worldly man is touched by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it, in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself. Go to the gaol, the penitentiary, and find there the wretched, most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son: such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate; that rough voice was tender and lisping; fond eyes followed as he played; and he was rocked as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unknown, might have been opened to questions of his Maker, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it, and all is over with him for ever. So of the tender, weeping child,—he is made the callous, heartless man, or the sneering sceptic: and the beautiful and modest,—the shameless and abandoned: and this is what the world does for the little. There was a time when the Divine One stood upon the earth, and little children sought to draw near

to Him. But harsh human beings stood between Him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah! has it always been so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feeling, or worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims, stand like a dark screen between our child and its Saviour, and keep, even from the choice bud of our heart, the radiance which might unfold it for paradise." "Suffer children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When, of old, disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of His kingdom, He took a child, and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who would be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. That gentle Teacher still acts the little child in the midst of us. Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that fath which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds, or forms of theology; but draw to thy bosom thy little one, read in that clear and trusting eye the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed: "a little child shall lead thee."

#### THE THOUGHTFUL BOY AND HIS SISTER.

It was a bright summer afternoon, and Thomas was sitting in the porch with his sister Mary. Thomas had been away from home for several weeks, and now he had just come back.—Mary was very glad to see him; so they were sitting together and talking very busily.

"I suppose, Thomas," said Mary, "that you have had a good time. I shall be glad when it comes my turn to go and see grandmamma; wont you tell me all about how it looks there, Tommy, and how you enjoyed yourself?"

*Thomas.*—In the first place, Mary

you know how much I thought of going. I never can tell you how many times I dreamed of my journey, or how much I wanted to be off. Three weeks seemed a great while in passing away; but they *did* pass away at last, and I went on board the steamboat with uncle Henry. It was a beautiful morning when we left the wharf, you know, and I never felt so glad in all my life; but after you and papa went away, and the boat was but a little way from the wharf, a man came running with a little boy, and seemed greatly disappointed when he found himself too late. He called loudly for them to put back; but the boat kept on her way, which made him very angry. He shook his umbrella at the boat, and the boat puffed smoke at him. Some of the passengers laughed, and others felt sorry for the poor man.—For my own part, I felt worse for the little boy than for the man. He looked so disappointed, and seemed just ready to cry; and no wonder, for the cook told aunt Addy that the little boy's mother was very ill in the ladies' cabin. Aunt went below to see her, and I talked with uncle about the man and the little boy. Uncle said that in almost all cases when people were too late, the fault was their own. I told uncle that sometimes people had no time for doing what they had to do; but he said that everybody had time enough to do all that was given them to do, but that the great fault with some was, that they did nothing at the right time. I thought that uncle was right, Mary, for I remembered that day when I lost a ride to see the Plaster Mills.

*Mary.*—I never really knew how you came to be too late, Tommy.

*Thomas.*—Why it was the most foolish reason in the world. I had two beds to weed in the garden, and they should have been done before breakfast; but I was unaccountably

sleepy that morning. It is true that I had but little sleep after it was time for me to get up, but I lay and dozed, though I couldn't sleep. I was thinking all the while of my beds in the garden, while I was lying lazily upon my bed in the chamber. I dreamed that I was up and doing, that the weeds came up by the roots almost before I touched them, and my task was done; then I would start and open my eyes, and think, "I ought to get up and go to work, but I am so sleepy;" so I would sink away and dream the same over again. At last the bell rang, and it seemed to me louder than thunder. I sprang to the floor, and dressed myself without opening my eyes, and then tumbled down stairs, you know, when I came into the breakfast room.

*Mary.*—I remember that, and was afraid that you had broken your neck.

*Thomas.*—I told father, after breakfast, I had been invited to go with a party to the Plaster Mills, and I was to meet them at the turn of the road.—Father said, "Very well, my son, I hope you will be in time; this morning has been as long as other mornings, and all the time belonged to you."—Sure enough; but what had I done with it? I went to work now, but the weeds didn't come up of themselves, as they had done in my sleep. I worked hard, though, and in a great hurry, and after a time my task was done.—Then I washed myself and ran every step of the way to the turn. There I found Joe Saunders, who told me that the carriage had been gone about ten minutes; that they had waited a quarter of an hour, but went off at last, saying that I was always behind the time.

*Mary.*—How provoking!—but it taught you something, Tommy.

*Thomas.*—Yes, and it was a good lesson; the man who ran after the steamboat told the lesson to me over again, and I mean to look out for be-

ing too late. Our boat-ride was very pleasant, and we came to the landing very soon after dark. Then we took the ferry-boat, and crossed a portion of Passamaquoddy Bay. Away off to the left, as we were crossing, I saw a beautiful green island, with the moonbeams upon its tall trees. Uncle told me that it was "Campo Bella," and belonged to her Majesty the Queen of England's dominions. Aunt Addy then pointed to the grove where the moonbeams were resting so brightly, and told me, that nestled away in its very bosom was a little church, where we would go some pleasant Sabbath and attend service. I was quite tired of the steam-boat before we left it, but it was delightful to be upon the bay in that ferry-boat: there was such a soft light upon the waters, and the islands looked so beautiful. I told uncle that it made me think of what poor old Mr. Jason said just before he died.

*Mary.*—And what was that, Tommy?

*Thomas.*—Father and I went to see him, you know. He had suffered so much, that father thought he might be impatient to be gone, but Mr. Jason said, "O no, I have had a rough time upon life's sea. My bark has been tempest-tossed, and well nigh wrecked; but now I have entered a calm, deep river, there is not a ripple upon the smooth waters; now I am going steadily along to the beautiful land that lies in full view. Why should I be impatient?"

For the rest of the conversation between Thomas and his sister, we must refer to the volume in the Methodist S. S. Library entitled, "Thomas, the Thoughtful Boy," Library B, No. 147.

#### THE BETTER LAND.

A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island in the midst of the ocean, on

which they had been shipwrecked.—Roots and vegetables served them for food; a spring supplied them with water, and a cavern in the rock with a dwelling. Storm and tempest often raged fearfully on the island.

The children could not remember how they had reached the island; they knew nothing of the vast continent; bread, milk, fruit, and whatever other luxury is yielded there, were things unknown to them.

There landed one day upon the island, four Moors in a small boat. The parents felt great joy, and hoped now to be rescued from their troubles; but the boat was too small to take them all over together to the adjoining land, so the father determined to risk the passage first.

Mother and children wept when he embarked in the boat with its frail planks, and the four black men were about to take him away. But he said, "Weep not! It is better yonder; and you will all soon follow."

When the little boat returned and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said, "Weep not! In the better land we shall all meet again."

At last came the boat to take away the two children. They were frightened at the black men, and shuddered at the fearful sea over which they had to pass. With fear and trembling they drew near the land. But how rejoiced they were when their parents appeared upon the shore, offered them their hands, led them into the shade of lofty palm-trees, and regaled them upon the flowery turf with milk, honey, and delicious fruits. "O! how groundless was our fear!" said the children; "we ought not to have feared, but to have rejoiced, when the black men came to take us away to the better land."

"Dear children," said their father, "our voyage from the desert island to this beautiful country, conveys to us a

still higher meaning. There is appointed for us a still longer voyage to a much more beautiful country. The whole earth, on which we dwell, is like an island. The land here is, indeed, a noble one in our eyes, although only a faint shadow of heaven. The passage hither over the stormy sea is—death; that little boat resembles the bier, upon which men in black apparel shall at some time carry us forth.—But when that hour strikes, then we, myself, your mother, or you, must leave this world. So fear not. Death is for pious men who have loved God, and have done his will, nothing else but a voyage to the better land.”

“Expectant of eternal peace,  
The Christian feels Death's terrors cease;  
And, led by God's paternal hand,  
Mounts upward to the better land.”

#### MY FIRST LIE.

I shall never forget my first lie, although it happened when I was a very little girl. My younger sister had a farthing, with which she wished to buy a fig; and, being too ill to go down to the shop herself, she engaged me to go. Accordingly I went. As I was returning, with the fig nicely done up in a small paper, suddenly the thought occurred to me, that I should like to look at the fig. So I very carefully opened the paper, when the fig looked so very tempting, I thought I could not help tasting it a little at one end. I had scarcely despatched that bit, before I wanted it all; and, without much more thought, I ate up the whole fig! Then, when the fig was all gone, and I had nothing to do but to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable: I stood disgraced before myself. I thought of running away off somewhere, I did not exactly know where, but from whence I should never come back. It was long before I reached home; and I went as quickly as I could, and told my sister that I had lost the farthing.

I remember she cried sadly; but I went directly out into the garden, and tried to think of something else,—but in vain. My own guilt stared me steadily in the face, and I was wretched.

Although it wanted a few minutes to our dinner-hour, yet it seemed very long to me. I was anxious some event might intervene between me and the lie I had told. I wandered about the garden with a very heavy spirit. I thought I would give worlds if it had not happened. When the dinner-hour came, I was seated in my high chair, at my father's side, when my sister made her appearance, crying, and looking very much grieved. My father immediately inquired what the matter was. Then my mother stated the story; the conclusion of which was, that I had “lost the farthing.” I can never forget the look of kind, perfectly unsuspecting confidence with which my father turned to me, and, with his large blue eyes full in my face, said, “Whereabouts did you lose the farthing? Perhaps we can find it again.” Not for a single instant could I brave that tone and that look; but, bursting into tears, I screamed out, “O! I did not lose the farthing: I ate up the fig!” A silence, as of the grave, ensued. No one spoke. In an instant I seemed to be separated at an immense distance from all the rest of the family. A great gulf yawned between us. A sense of loneliness and desolation came over me, the impression of which, I presume, will go with me forever. I left the table; and all that afternoon, the next day, and during the week, my feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But, as time wore away, and my father and mother, brother and sisters, received me back to their love and favour, my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The whole event left an indelible impression on my mind and heart. It convinced me that “the way of the transgressor is hard.”





### POPISH SUPERSTITION.

One day this week, a poor boy came seeking work at the door of a spinning-factory.

When he was speaking to the man stationed there, a string was seen round his neck, and he was asked what that was for. The boy pulled out from under his waistcoat a little piece of leather sewed up and attached to a string, saying it had been blest by the priest. On being asked what it was for, he replied it was to keep him from having the worms, and that he had paid sixpence for it.

The poor little fellow had also got a small medal suspended in like manner, which he said was given him by one of the holy fathers to keep him from sinning.

The youthful readers of this statement will easily guess that the poor boy had just come from a Popish district, and will, I hope, be led to pity and pray for those who are beguiled and blinded by such deplorable trickeries; and, if they have been favoured with an education in a Protestant Sunday school, while they smile at such imposition, will be heartily thankful that they have been better taught.

May I not hope too, that they will not delay to seek for better safe guard from sin than a trumpety medal blest by a Romish priest?—*Early Days.*

### THE GEOLOGIST AND THE FARMER.

There lived in the west of England, a few years since, an enthusiastic geologist, a Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. A farmer, who had seen him presiding on the Bench, overtook him shortly afterwards, while seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a moment, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, and then exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise, "What, Sir! be you come to this a'ready?" That there could be philosophy in stones, had never crossed the mind of the farmer in his most contemplative mood.—They were constantly in his thoughts, but always under the aspect of hard materials admirably adapted to employ paupers and mend roads. He would sooner have expected briars and thistles to yield him corn, than that quarries should supply instruction to a Magistrate.

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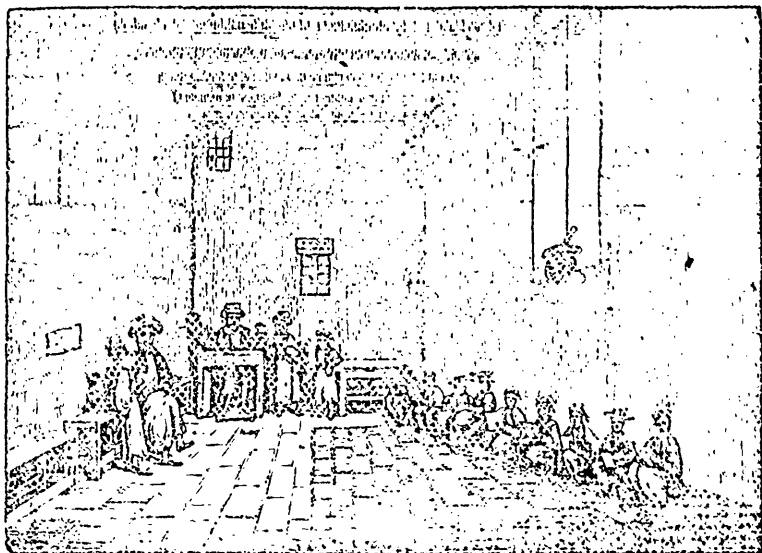
“THERE IS MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.”

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This warns us not to place too sanguine a dependence on projects yet to be completed, and is equivalent to the well-known admonition of “Do not

count your chickens before they are hatched." This was the moral attached to that tale of the unfortunate dairy maid, who let fall her basket of eggs, while practicing an air to be put on with the new dress that was to be

bought with the money produced by the chickens. This also puts down castle-building, in all its varieties, and despises those men who never made a fortune anywhere else but on paper.



### WISE CHILDREN.

The following is from one of the letters of Bryant the poet, who has been travelling in Greece the past winter.—Dr. Hill, of whom he speaks, is an American missionary :—

"While at Athens, we visited the school in Dr. Hill's house, of which his lady was the founder, and had the principal management. The number of pupils is about three hundred. We were conducted through the different rooms by a Greek lady, educated at the school, who spoke English with great neatness as well as fluency, and with just enough of a foreign accent to remind us that it was not her native language. The first department, or

infant school, as it is called, contained, I should think, fifty or sixty children, of remarkably intelligent physiognomy. 'These little creatures,' said the Greek lady, 'sometimes neglect their work, but never their lessons.' 'Offer a Greek child,' said Dr. Hill, 'a toy or a book, and he invariably chooses the book.—He prefers the book to anything else you could give him, sweetmeats or coins, no matter what the value of the coin you offer may be.'"

These young Greeks seem to think as did Solomon, that "wisdom is better than rubies."

Would that all American children thought so too!



### KNUD IVERSON.

Who is Knud Iverson? Hitherto he has been altogether unknown to fame, but his name will henceforth be enrolled among those whose memory we love to cherish.

On the 10th of August last, a company of boys in Chicago endeavoured to force Knud Iverson to go with them into the garden of Mr. Elston, of that city, to steal fruit. He persisted in his refusal to go with them. They threatened to duck him in the river unless he consented, but he remained firm. His tormentors then forced him into the water, and fiendishly drowned him, because he would not steal.— There was the true hero, and the genuine spirit of a martyr. The *Democratic Press* of Chicago furnishes the

following paragraph in relation to him:—

“His father is one of our most worthy and estimable Norwegian citizens. He is a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, of which Rev. Paul Anderson is pastor. This little son, though but ten years of age, had given such true evidences of piety, he was so intelligent and consistent in every respect, that he had also been admitted as a member of the same Church.— His seat in the Sabbath school was never vacant, and his lessons were always learned. Such was this noble boy.”

It is proposed to erect a monument to his memory. Mr. Nathan C. Ely, of New York, has contributed ten

dollars toward the object, and it will doubtless go up. Who will say that children are too young to love and

obey the truth! Honour to the name of Knud Iverson! He was willing to die rather than sin against God.



### MAKE READY! TAKE AIM! FIRE!

Such were the rousing orders which, in my boyhood, I used to hear at the "musters" in Massachusetts. O those military parades! What nonsense! Such affairs were necessary to provide for the defense of the country, were they? Those general trainings did more to demoralize and to deteriorate the country than—Well, I did not take up my pen to write an article against the militia system, so let that matter pass. But some good can be gleaned, if we are determined upon it, from things that are evil.

*Make ready!* Yes, if we would accomplish anything of importance, we must make ready. Thus we are instructed in Proverbs. "Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterward build thy house."

*Take aim!* Every youth must have some definite object in view constantly if he would do good. To work without aim is to waste strength.—Random efforts are often worse than no efforts.

*Fire!* After making ready and taking deliberate and right aim, one may so "fire" as to do great execution in the ranks of the enemy of all righteousness. Young man, seek not the marshal field, but enlist as a soldier of the Prince of Peace—the Captain of our salvation. In the bloodless conflict in which he wishes you to engage, you must be subject to salutary discipline; you must act systematically—you must then keep up a well-directed fire with the arrows of truth, against every system of evil.—*Fouth's Cab.*

### NEGRO WIT.

There is a tradition that one of the old Esquires in Malden, Massachusetts, had a slave who had been in the family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving that there was not much work left for the old man, the Esquire took him one day, and made a somewhat pompous address, to the following effect:—"You have been a faithful servant to me, and my father before

me. I have long been thinking what I should do to reward you for your services. I give you your freedom. You are your own master; you are your own man." Upon this the old Negro

shook his grisly head, and with a sly glance, showing that he saw through his master's intentions, quickly replied, "No, no, Massa; you eat de meat, and now you must eat de bone."



### WHO WILL PUT FLOWERS ON MY GRAVE?

During the past year a sweet little fair-haired boy, named Arthur, when less than three years old, lost his dear father by a long and most painful illness. He was the darling of his father's heart, and almost his constant companion. For some weeks before his departure, confident that the world was fast fading away, and that his darling children would soon be bereft of his love and protecting care, he bequeathed the little (a precious legacy) to his mother—the child's grandmother—with a request that she would discipline his young mind, and bring him up for usefulness and happiness. And to the Lord's keeping he commended them, praying that they might meet in heaven to part no more.

Bending beneath the chastening rod, the afflicted friends laid the remains of the the departed in our Greenwood Cemetery.

Arthur often asked if his dear father was an angel now—if he was in heaven; and expressed a wish to be taken to him. In a little time he was permitted to accompany his grandmother to see where his father was laid. The beautiful child tripped lightly on beside her, carrying in his hand a little basket of bright flowers and myrtle for a heart-offering there. "Flowers for dear papa's grave," said he to one he met. Both knelt beside the newly-made; and the boy, clasping his little hands, repeated after his companion, "O, Lord! bless my dear papa in heaven, and keep me a good child, that I may be an angel with him there forever! Amen." But he was too young to understand why his father should be buried there, and still be in heaven.

Many and frequent were the visits of these bereaved ones to that hallowed spot. They seemed to enjoy a melan-

choly pleasure in placing myrtle and flowering shrubs to beautify the last resting-place of the departed. The tiny hands were busy in that labour of love. O, what a useful lesson may be learned by communing with our own souls in a burying-ground! The uncertainty of life—the certainty of death—the necessity of preparation for a never-ending eternity. Truly “it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.”

One day, while engaged with his playthings at home, little Arthur inquired: “Grandma, who will put flowers on my grave?” How touching the question! how solemn the thought! “Who will put flowers on my grave?” How soon may we be called to eternity! What kind friend may witness our departure, and when we shall be known no more upon earth, and shall be forgotten by the busy world, may cherish love for our memory, and put flowers on our grave? The young, the beautiful, the light-hearted are in our midst; but they are not too young, nor too beautiful, nor too joyous to be summoned to the presence of the Most High, and their bodies to rest in the quiet grave. Who shall scatter fresh flowers over the little sleepers?

Let us all, whether aged, middle-aged, or young, seek, by prayer to our heavenly Father, and faith in his holy word, so to live that we may welcome the messenger that calls us hence; for we know not who shall be called first—we know not “who shall put flowers on our grave.”—*Well-Spring.*

#### NEDDY NAYLOR AND JOHNNY JOHNSON.

Poor Johnny Johnson, who had found it to be no *fun* to sit on the dunce's seat at school, tried hard to study his lesson well. But old habits are like thistles, strongly rooted and difficult to pull up. Hence Johnny

found it sore work to apply himself to his book. No sooner did he get his primer open and begin to spell out words, than his mind darted off to the sledding parties on Tom Noddle's hill, or to the skaters on old Nobbs' pond. Then, forgetting his lesson, he sat and gazed upon the air, thinking, thinking, thinking—no, not thinking, but dreaming day-dreams—about everything except his lessons. Presently he started up and found his primer on the floor. It had dropped out of his hand without his knowing it. The sight of the little dog-eared book put him in mind of his purpose to be a student, and he once more bent over his task.

But his mind would no more stay on the primer than a balloon will stay untied on the ground; it would go off on another flight. And once more the poor primer found its way to the little dreamer's feet.

“It's no use, I can't study;” he cried, when he again came to himself.—“But,” he added thoughtfully, “Neddie Naylor can; and I don't know why I can't. I'll go and ask him how he does it.”

Upon this he ran off to see his friend Neddie. He found him in what he called his study. It was a corner of his mother's sitting-room, which had a secretary standing in it, containing the family library. As John entered the room, the servant said:

“Neddie! here is a little boy who wishes to see you.”

Neddie turned round, and after seeing who his visitor was, leaped from his chair and said:

“Johnny! I'm glad to see you; I've just finished my lesson for to-morrow; and I'm ready for play, my boy!”

“I am not come to play with you, Neddie; I want to *talk* with you.”

“To *talk* with me, eh! Well, sit down, and tell me what you want to talk about.”

"About my lessons."

"What about your lessons?"

"I can't get them."

"Can't get them, indeed! I know better than that. Why, Johnny, you are as smart as any boy in our school of your age. You can beat many of the larger boys at play; and I am sure it is in you to study, if you only choose to try."

"But I have been trying, and I can't. As soon as I take up my book I begin to think of everything, and so forget to study."

"That's because your mind is not used to study. Now, Johnny, if you are only determined, you'll soon get over that trouble; and until you do, suppose you stand up while you study, and keep repeating your lesson over aloud."

"I never thought of that. I'll try it. But now I will go with you and play awhile."

"Hadn't you better get your lesson for to-morrow first, Johnny?" asked Neddy.

"Why—yes—perhaps I had—but—I'll let it go this once," replied John drawlingly.

"No, Johnny, don't! you must try now, until you succeed; or you will never make any improvement. Now do, Johnny, try to-day."

Johnny consented, after a little more resistance, and then ran home. As for Neddy, he felt he had done a good deed, and his heart was full of light and joy. A few minutes afterwards he was seen gliding in his skates over the smooth surface of old Nobbs' pond. And there was no voice among the scores of boys congregated there, that rang out louder or more merrily than his. Neddie played with all his heart, as he did everything else.

"Mother!" asked Neddie, that evening, as he sat down before the cheerful grate, glowing with health and enjoyment, "Mother, who was it that ac-

quired so many languages, and whose statue is in St. Paul's Cathedral, among the images of England's mighty dead?"

"Do you mean *Sir William Jones*, my son?"

"Yes, mother, that's the name."

"But what made you think of him so suddenly, Neddie?"

"I was thinking that perhaps, Johnny Johnson might become as great a man as *Sir William*."

"What makes you think so? I thought Johnny was the dunce of your school."

"Well, he has been; but, you know, when young Jones first went to school at Harrow, he was called dull. But he set to work over his studies, and soon beat all his fellow students. I persuaded Johnny to give up his play to-night and get his lesson. It may be his life will take such a turn from to-night as will result in his becoming a great scholar. Who can tell?"

"It may be so, my son. But if not, you, at least have done your duty."

Neddie now began to read, which he continued to do until bed time.—The next day, to his great gratification, little Johnny said his lesson without a single blunder. The master was as pleased as he was surprised. He patted Johnny on the head, and said:

"Well done, Johnny! You will be a scholar yet, if you keep trying."

This remark made Johnny's eyes sparkle, and he said in his heart, "Yes, I will be a scholar if trying will do it."

That afternoon, after Neddie had prepared his lesson for the following day, he ran down to Johnny's home. He found him surrounded with playthings, a jumping, merry Andrew in his hands, and wearing a face so jolly and cheerful, that he looked like an image of happiness and good nature. Richard Whittington was not happier

when he became Lord Mayor of London, than was Master Johnny in the midst of his playthings. Seeing Neddie approach, he said:

"Neddie, I can enjoy *fun* now, because I've found out that I can get my lessons. It's no fun to be a dunce; but it is *fun* to get your studies, and then play without fear of the dunce's seat before your eyes."

Of course, this doctrine suited Neddie's ideas. He joined the joyful

Johnny in his play, and they spent a right happy hour in each other's company. Whether Johnny ever became equal to Sir William Jones, is a question I am not fully able to solve; though I am inclined to think he did not. At any rate he has no statue erected to his memory, either in St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere. Perhaps the world has not dealt justly towards him. But that is of little consequence—he has his reward.

## POETRY.

From the Sunday School Advocate.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY N. J. BAILEY.

How pleasant is the Sabbath school!  
With joy we enter there,  
Where little children learn to sing  
The hymn of praise and prayer.

There sacred songs remind us of  
The days when we were young;  
When we, like them, at Sabbath school,  
The praise of Jesus sung.

The old school-house has pass'd away,  
Where we, in early days,  
First learn'd to lisp with stammering tongue  
Our great Creator's praise.

Yet mem'ry often travels back,  
And lingers round that spot;  
For there our hearts experienced joys  
We never have forgot.

Ah! who can tell how many souls  
From sin have found release,  
By having learn'd in Sunday school  
The ways of perfect peace.

We'll ever love the Sabbath school,  
It's toil we'll freely share;  
That God will give it great increase  
Shall be our latest prayer.

And when our labours here shall end,  
We hope in nobler strains  
To sing again our Sabbath songs  
Where endless Sabbath reigns.

CAMPBORN, N. J., Aug., 1833.

### THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

I am a little child you see,  
My strength is little too,  
And yet I fain would saved be;  
Lord, teach me what to do.

My Saviour, hear; thou, for my good,  
Wert pleased a child to be;  
And thou didst shed thy precious blood  
Upon the cross for me.

My dearest Saviour tell me how  
My thankfulness to show,  
For all thy love before and now,  
Else I shall never know.

I think, since I so often hear  
That thou dost want my heart,  
As thy reward and purchase dear,  
That thou in earnest art.

Come, then, and take this heart of mine—  
Come, take me as I am;  
I know that I by right am thine,  
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

But I am weak, and nothing can  
Without thy Spirit do;  
Help me, O thou Almighty One,  
Help my companions too.

Preserve our little hearts secure  
From ev'ry hurt and stain;  
First make them, and then keep them pure,  
And shut out all that's vain.

### TO-DAY.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;  
Give me the man who'll say  
That when a good deed's to be done,  
Let's do the deed to-day!  
We have command the present,  
If we act and never wait;  
But repentance is the phantom  
Of the past, that comes too late!



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