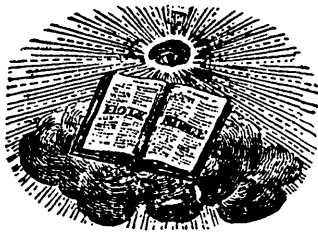


SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

Vol. VII.

TORONTO, C. W., JULY, 1852.

No. 2.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY IN TORONTO.

The Anniversary of the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools in the East Circuit, took place during the week commencing July 11th. Sermons were preached on Sabbath in both the churches of the circuit, Adelaide Street, and Yorkville. The meeting was held in Adelaide Street Church on Tuesday evening. From some cause the congregation was not so large as expected, or as it has usually been on such occasions. The Secretary read a very interesting Report, embracing an account of the two schools in the city, the Adelaide Street, and the Terauley Street Schools. We give some extracts from the Report.

"During the past twelve months

the average number of Teachers in Adelaide Street School has been 15, and the average attendance of children, until the last quarter, had been 71; and the number of verses recited, 17,561. Our friends are aware, that for the past four months, as the room was required for the special services and prayer-meetings during the revival, the school has been irregular, and for a time, closed. It has again opened under the most favourable circumstances, and the attendance has considerably increased; and the Officers and Teachers confidently look forward to the time, they hope not far distant, when the enlarged room will be a place too strait for them."

The Terauley Street School numbers ten teachers, and an average attendance of sixty scholars. Both of these schools have shared in the gracious revival which has

recently taken place in the city, a considerable number of the scholars having been made partakers of the saving faith of the Gospel. In the Adelaide street school, as the Report states, all the teachers are members of the Church, a very pleasing circumstance indeed, and one which affords a good ground of hope for future usefulness in the discharge of their important duties. Several addresses were delivered at the meeting, and the exercises of the evening were rendered agreeably profitable by the efficient services of the choir.

On Wednesday evening, the meeting was held at Yorkville. The house was nearly filled, and all the exercises and associations of the occasion were calculated to afford the highest gratification to the large and respectable assembly. The speeches were appropriate, and the performances of the choir, many of whom were children belonging to the School, were exceedingly delightful. We cannot give a better account of the state of this School, than is presented in the following extract from the interesting Report which was read at the meeting:—

“The Committee are happy in being able to report, that the attendance of both teachers and children, in the morning as well as in the afternoon, is such as to afford peculiar satisfaction. But our greatest pleasure is, that while we are endeavouring to impress the letter of God’s word upon the minds of the children. He has been pleased to own and bless it to the conversion of

many of the children from sin to righteousness. It has been a year of wonders. We have now nearly all the Teachers, and many of the children, members of the Church. God has blessed us in many ways, and especially during the great revival which has been going on in the city, and here, in the conversion of many souls, through the instrumentality of that eminent servant of Christ, the Rev. James Caughey. We are encouraged to go forward with redoubled exertions, for our reward is with us. We magnify and extol the Lord for his abundant goodness and mercy in the blessings of the past, and we have good hope that we shall still increase both in numbers and usefulness, and that the living Church of our Redeemer will be augmented by very many from this School, such as shall be the crown of our rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

“The number of Teachers in the School is, males, 14; females 13; total, 27; all, excepting two, members of the Church.

“The number of names on the books is 180, and the average attendance is about 120.

“The number of verses recited during the past year is 43,299.”

We trust that these anniversary services will give an additional interest to these Schools, which have hitherto been so graciously owned by the Great Head of the Church in promoting the spiritual welfare of the youth of our city, and that, by the blessing of God upon the united efforts of parents, and guardians, and Ministers, and Teachers, and friends, the future may far exceed the past in the richness and abundance of spiritual gifts.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WESLEYAN
METHODIST S. S. SOCIETY.

Bytown, 17th May 1852.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.—Through the good providence of our God, we are again brought to the termination of another year of Sabbath School labour, and in resigning into your hands the trust reposed in us at the commencement of the past year, the committee of management would desire to record with grateful emotions the goodness of God, in having graciously preserved the lives of both Teachers and children, so that not one of our number has been cut off by the hand of death.

The object contemplated in the Establishment of Sabbath Schools, is both interesting and important, interesting because it relates to the young, who have claims upon our sympathies, which we cannot with impunity disregard; important, because during this season, pre-eminently Educational, our true relation to God, as the Sovereign of the unwise, and the atonement by Jesus Christ, are brought in direct contact with the mind, while most susceptible of permanent impressions; but it is not essential to discuss upon this occasion, the various advantages of Sabbath School instruction; these have become too generally known and valued, to make it at all necessary to enlarge.

The committee in rendering an account of their stewardship during the past year, would acknowledge with devout gratitude, the fostering care of him, without whose blessings all our labours will be in vain, which has been manifested, not only in the increasing interest awakened on behalf of the Sabbath School cause in general; the growing confidence in the suitability and adaptation of the means, to promote the great object

contemplated, but also in the positive good that has been accomplished.

Your committee has to report: a few cases of hopeful conversion, and others have been awakened to serious enquiry about Divine things; how true is it, that God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty.

Though at times our hearts may have been ready to fail us in view of the very responsible place which we occupied, and the few who seemed willing to share it with us, yet the consideration that the Sabbath School cause is the cause of God; and that through the employment of this means, souls have been saved, and made meet to join the General Assembly and Church of the first born in heaven, your committee retire fully compensated for all the labour they may have bestowed on the interests of the Society.

Statistical Report of the Schools.

Number of Schools two.

	<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>
Number of Teachers,	16	12
Number of Scholars,	61	72
Avr. att. of Teachers,	13	41
Do. of Scholars,	38	48

	Volumes.	
Books in Possession.		
Number of Bibles,	88	
Do Testaments,	82	
Do Small Hymn Books,	31	
Do Library Books,	377	
Class Books No. 1.	27	
Do " 2.	24	
Do " 3.	34	
Catechisms " 1.	95	
Do " 2.	45	

CONCLUSION.

The committee feeling deeply the importance of imparting to the rising generation, an early know-

ledge of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in order to fit and prepare them for future usefulness in the Church, and sensible that no obstacles exist to prevent the full realization of this, but our own indifference to the work, would respectfully offer the following suggestions.

1st. The establishment of Bible classes in each School. Important as the Sabbath School confessedly is, and however well calculated to instil into the young mind a knowledge of God's word, yet we fear that much of this is lost to the Sabbath School Scholars, after they arrive at a certain age, when they think themselves too old to attend the Sabbath School. This is the most critical period of their history, and one which should be most carefully watched by those who would guard the best interests of their fellow men.

2nd. The formation of a weekly concert of prayer, by the Teachers of each School for one hour, on some evening most convenient to the whole, in order that they may unitedly implore the blessing of God upon their labours,

3rd. In taking our leave, we would earnestly commend to a place in your prayers the operations of this Society, and to enable it to extend those operations, would solicit an increased share of your liberality; to this you are urged by the highest motives that can influence the human mind. Thousands upon thousands of those who have cast in their lot with the people of God, were constrained to his service by means of the faithful teaching, and effectual expostulations of a Sabbath School; then let these institutions be improved, enlarged, multiplied and extended, till the earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as

the waters cover the face of the mighty deep. All which is respectfully submitted.

ALBION SABBATH SCHOOL.

The following communication was overlooked when the June number of the *S. S. Guardian* was published. The music and hymns referred to will be given in the next number :—

To the Editor of the Sunday School Guardian.

DEAR BROTHER,—If you think the enclosed hymns and music will be suitable for the *S. S. Guardian*, will you please to publish them when convenient. You will also please lay aside my package of *S. S. Guardians*, as usual, till called for, as I am making an effort to get the number of subscribers for another year.

Our Sabbath School still keeps progressing; the interest has been kept up all the winter. The attendance has been from 40 to 50, and now that the roads are good, we expect the attendance will be from 60 to 80.

Respectfully yours in love, &c

W. ROADHOUSE, Jr.

Sup. S. S.

Albion, May 11, 1852.

WIDE-SPREAD INFLUENCE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Sunday schools have greatly helped to keep alive and promote religion, in its general sense, among the poor. Every Sunday scholar has been a living, constant memorial of the Sabbath to parents, brothers, sisters, and neighbors. Sunday schools have been auxiliaries to Bible distribution. By their agency, also, the wants of the poor, the fatherless, and the widow, have been made known and relieved, the sick reported to ministers of religion, and the link of brotherly charity between the rich and the poor, in

many cases, kept from snapping asunder. Besides, with relative advantages, and beyond all others, Sunday schools have been the honoured instruments in the hands of the Chief Shepherd, in bringing many souls to Christ and to eternal life.



PETER JACOB'S STORY ABOUT HIS
FIGHTS WITH BLACK BEARS,

ONE day we were in the river, going from Louis St. Mary to the island of Macana, Lake Huron; and we saw a bear going into the river. We hid ourselves in the rushes till the bear had got into the middle of the river, and then we pushed out to him, and overtook him; and then this enormous black bear made sure sign for battle. One party said, that we must not shoot the animal in the drum of the head; because, if you kill animals by shooting them in the drum of the head, they sink to the bottom of the river directly.

We had four guns. I got at the bow of the boat, and made the first shot; and the rest fired one after another, and the bear got hold of the gunwhale of the boat, and almost pulled himself into the boat, and made the women and children scream terribly, and run from one side of the boat to the other; and all this time we kept firing at the bear. One say, "I kill him now;" and another say, "I kill him now." Well, then, at last, after we fired in all twenty times, or more, a daring French Canadian took up a large axe, and hit the animal on the

head, when he was almost but getting into the boat. The bear fell in the water, and then the man gave him another blow, which finished his life; and then the screaming women and children ceased.

Then, we got hold of the animal, and dragged it ashore. When we skinned it, we expected to find all the balls in his body; but, strange to say, we only found two balls, which had wounded him very slightly. This was accounted for by the animal being wet, and the balls glanced off. The men would not go any further, but would stay and eat the bear; and when they served the meat up, it was so tough, I could not eat it.

Another time we saw a bear swimming in the lake; and when we pushed after him, he ran upon a little bit of island with some willows in the middle of the island, where he took shelter. Being a young and middle-sized bear, my men began to speak about their bravery in killing the bear. One say, he would kill him with a tomahawk; another say, he would kill him with a scalping-knife. The bear was in self-defence, and in attitude of battle; his eyes were sparkling with fire, with fear, or with rage. Well, now, when a man would go near with his knife, the bear would run after him; then the man ran away with all his might, to save himself from his claws: the bear went back to his shelter in the willows. The island being small, he ran first at one, and then at another.

One of the men threw at him a bag with blankets in. The bear caught this up, and began squeezing it between his fore-paws, thinking he had got hold of a man; and in this attitude I made the first shot;

when he lets go the bag, and wheels after me, and I ran to save myself, and in the bustle tumbled over the rocks. I heard the report of a gun, when I looked round to see that I was safe, and had not the bear at my heels; then I saw that the bear had got hold of my other gun, which my man carried. The bear was biting the gun; and his teeth were so strong, that he left the marks of them in the iron; and I then gave him the second discharge of my double-barrelled gun, which weakened him so much, that the Indians easily finished him with their tomahawks. As usual, we soon skinned it; and being young, it proved to be very good meat,—as fine as any pigs'-meat. We came off conquerors; but not without many bruises on the feet and legs, by tumbling over the stones in running backwards and forwards.

In the battles of the bear, generally, the battlers do not come out so easily as we did; for I have seen many Indians come out desperately wounded by the bears. The black bear generally does not give the first attack, but goes away, if he is not molested; but when he is pressed to close quarters, then he is ready to give a good battle. I may here say, all animals will fight in close quarters; even a deer will give a good battle.

ONE SIN LEADS TO ANOTHER.

It was a beautiful day when little Lorenzo's school closed, and the boys were looking forward to a fine time during the long summer vacation. "Do not go near the pond, Lorenzo," said the fond mother, as he left the parental roof. But Lorenzo did not always remember the command, "Children, obey your parents." This was his first sin. Leaving home, he went down back

of the meeting-house, to the forbidden spot. This was the second. Finding some boys, among whom was Samuel G—, playing near the pond, he accepted Samuel's invitation to bathe. This was the third.

Soon the rest of the lads ran away to the school-house to meet their beloved teacher. Lorenzo climbed upon an old pair of stairs that were floating about in the pond, and jumped off. As he did not rise again, Samuel was frightened, ran to the shore, dressed and hastened to the school.

When Lorenzo's sister went home at noon, her mother said, "Where is your brother?" "I dont know," was the reply; "he has not been at school this morning." The father started at once for the pond. There lay Lorenzo's clothes on the white sand. Wading until the water was three or four feet deep, he stooped down and raised up the lifeless body of his son.

In sight of the spot, within the sound of Samuel's voice, was a workshop in which were some ten or fifteen men. Why then did he not cry for help as he saw his playmate sink? It was because, if he did this, he would show that he had been at the pond, and disobeyed his parents. So, rather than make known his own sin, he left his playmate to die.

A beautiful pond is that of E— B—, but sad and heart-rending must be the thoughts of Samuel G—, as he looks upon it and remembers, "The fact that I did not obey my parents caused the death of my early associate, Lorenzo D—," My young reader, beware of the first sin. You know not what will be the second. You know not what may be the terrible results of the first.—*Christian Penny Magazine.*

From the Sunday School Advocate.

BIBLE CLASSES.

A FEW WORDS TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE CHARGE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The time is approaching for re-organizing schools, and feeling a deep interest in the religious education of the young, allow me to make a few suggestions with regard to Bible Classes. My thoughts have been much upon this subject of late, for the reason that I find in some schools a want of interest in this department. And my convictions are, that in order to keep up an interest in Sunday Schools, in any place of importance, the larger scholars must be retained in the school.

When they have advanced so as to feel out of place with the younger members, let them be arranged in Bible classes, and good teachers secured who will make the lesson

interesting. Let the library be enlarged so as to embrace suitable books for older minds; and the exercises of the school varied to meet the claims and interest of all, young and old.

I sometimes think that our superintendents do not study variety quite enough. Let a few general questions be introduced, not clearly connected with the lesson, occasionally, and have all the school join in giving answers; and, if possible, induce the children to ask questions, and thereby draw out their views, and give them confidence. Where Bible classes are sustained as they should be, there will always be a supply of good teachers, and seldom any difficulty in raising funds to replenish the library, and meet all necessary expenses of the school

A S. S. TEACHER

Floral Cottage, May, 1852.



A Very Odd Grandfather.

"Grandfather, I want to ask you a great many questions," said Caleb. "I should like to ask you

about flowers and fruit, ships and mountains, and a great many other things."

"But why do you come to me, Caleb? Why not ask your brother

Robert, your sister Sarah, or your cousin Charles?

"O, because they would not be able to tell me. You have lived so many years in the world, and are so wise, and know everything."

"Know everything! You must have made a mistake somehow or other! Know everything! Why I do not know how much money there is in the Bank of England; nor who it was that built the pyramids; nor why it is that the needle in the compass always points to the north: and I am sure that I do not know half so much of God's goodness, and the evil of my own heart, as I ought to know."

"Perhaps not, grandfather; but then you know more than other people, for you have been over the wide sea, and seen everything."

"Seen everything! O, no! I never saw the Emperor of Japan, nor the inside of a burning volcano, nor a sea-serpent a hundred yards long: and, besides these, there are other things that I never saw, for I never yet saw a wicked person that was truly and lastingly happy, nor a wise man who did not love his Bible."

"Yes, grandfather; but I do not mean such things as those: You must have seen a great deal of the world, for you have been everywhere."

"Been everywhere. How came you to think so? I have never been to the bottom of the sea, nor to the top of the Ates, nor in the middle of the earth. I have never been in a lion's den, nor in the closet of the Queen's chief counsellors, neither have I kneeled down in my own, in a humble prayerful spirit, half so frequently as I might have done."

"Well, grandfather, whether you have been to those places or not,

you have been to others, and learned a great deal. Why you can do almost everything."

"Do almost everything." Why, if I could, I would heal all the sick, relieve all the poor, instruct all the ignorant, do away with slavery all over the world, turn all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and heathens into Christians, and make you Caleb, as happy as an angel."

"Thank you, grandfather; I know that if you could do every thing you would do a great deal of good to every body. I never knew any body read so much as you do, you seem to have read everything."

"Read everything! Why I know next to nothing of High Dutch, very few words of Arabic and Chinese, and have never even read half the writing on the mummy cases in the British Museum. There are thousands of books that I cannot read, thousands that I would not read if I could, and thousands that I have not read, which I willingly would read had I the time and opportunity. I wish I had read ten times more than I have read of my Bible, Caleb; for then should I be a wiser man than I am, and most likely a much better and happier man."

"I wish I had read half as much as you have. I wish I was half as wise; but that I never shall be. If you do not know everything, you are able to find out every thing!"

"Find out every thing! I have never found out where the spectacles are that I lost a year ago, and know not where to look for them. I have not found out the missing ships at the north pole, nor yet made the discovery how to square the circle. And I am very sure, Caleb, that if I were to study for seven years together, I should never find out any other way to heaven than the way set forth in the Holy

Scriptures, even Jesus Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life. You have given me credit, Caleb, for a great deal more than you ought to have done."

After this playful discourse—for Caleb's grandfather loved a little joking—he answered all his grand-son's questions in a sober, serious,

and kind-hearted way, much to his delight. The time passed away very pleasantly, and as Caleb walked away, he said to himself, "I do love grandfather very dearly, for for he is one of the very best, very wisest, and very kindest men in the whole world; but still I do think that he is a very odd grandfather."



HORSE RACING.

Here is a picture of a horse-race, and it will be seen that one of the riders, a boy, has fallen from the horse and is lying apparently dead, while his poor afflicted mother is weeping over her unfortunate child. Such scenes often occur in connection with this wicked and cruel amusement. Not long since, and not far from this city, a man went out in the morning to attend a horse-race, and sitting on the fence to look he fell to the ground, and died immediately, and was taken home to his family a corpse. But his poor soul what become of that? Very few die right who die at such places. Christian men and women, and good children never go to the races. We should never go to places, or engage in any employment in which

it would not be safe for us to die, if God should be pleased to call us away suddenly: and we know not at what time we may die. The Saviour says "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh:" and none are likely to be found ready for death at the races; or would wish to die in such a place.

"I never complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented."—*Child's Paper.*

In vain will sinners call upon the rocks and mountains to hide them. Nature will not interpose to screen the enemies of her God.



THE WAGES OF SIN.

Solomon says "The way of the transgressor is hard." And here is a picture which illustrates the saying of the wise man. The man sitting at the desk is a Magistrate, and the person who holds the staff is a bailiff, who has just brought a boy before the Magistrate to be punished for some crime he has been committing. The boy is sitting upon the floor with his hands and his feet tied to keep him from running away, and the other boy, who stands holding his hat has been brought as a witness against him. Now what one of our young readers would like to be in such a situation? The boy has probably committed some crime for which he will be sent to jail, or some other place of punishment; or perhaps he will be hanged.

Let our young friends remember that disobedience to parents, idleness, Sabbath-breaking, and drinking intoxicating liquors, are generally the beginning of that course of sin which leads on to such sad consequences in the end; and all these should be carefully avoided if we wish to escape the miseries which they will sooner or later bring upon

us. The scriptures teach us to shun the very appearance of evil."

Evil Thoughts and Hasty Temper.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

LITTLE FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me" said a little boy, looking thoughtfully at his shaggy friend; "he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't." What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of every thing we have?



Memoir of ISABELLA R. KENNEDY.

Written for the S. S. Guardian,
By L. A. A.

Little children, readers of the *Sunday School Guardian*; whilst you are looking through its pages, hoping to find some pretty or entertaining story, stop a few moments and read the true history of ISABELLA. Isabella was the daughter of William and Evelina Kennedy, and she was 8 years, 7 months, and 24 days old when she died, which was on the 16th of June, 1852. When Isabella was well, she was a pretty, lively little girl, and so very good natured that she hardly ever got angry, and would bear very patiently, a great deal of what children mostly think imposition; and when too much tried, would weep, seemingly more in sorrow than in anger. She was, like most children are, thoughtless and careless sometimes, but had a very tender, pitying heart, and could not bear to hear a sorrowful story without weeping: but although she had a very good natural disposition, do not, my little readers, think that these good qualities would take her to heaven;—only the Saviour can take us there; and those

who love him will cultivate kind tempers, and improve their time in gaining all useful knowledge. She had several brothers and sisters, and a very kind father and tender mother, who mourned to see her sicken and die. She was taken ill on the 4th of April, with a severe attack of the scarlet fever, which left her very weak, and a large abscess formed in her neck, which, when lanced, discharged a great deal of matter; the complaint settling in her head also, made her quite deaf: but she bore it very patiently, and her friends hoped she would yet get well. Her limbs were all cramped and she was full of pain. Her mother attended her day and night, as she grew worse, forgetting her own weariness, if she might ease her poor child's sufferings for a few moments; and it was her mother's hand alone she thought could smooth her pillow, or move her poor pained body, for she got so tender that the least touch of the things around her distressed her; and there she lay, day by day, wasting away, whilst the bright spring opened the flowers, and the wild birds sang so happily, and the forests clustered in their

rich green ; but round their little sister, the kind hearts of her brothers and sisters gathered feelings that even the happy spring after the long cold winter, was not to them so beautiful as if she were well to share it with them. One of her little brothers loved her dearly, and used to bring her all the rare things he could obtain, scarcely leaving her, except for a short time, and then the first question was, "How is Isabella?" She felt this kindness so much, that she wished him to be always near her. As she grew worse, her mother talked with her about dying, telling her she feared she would never get well. She said she was afraid to die. When asked why, she answered, "Because she had done so many wicked things when she was well." Her mother then asked her, if she was sorry for having done them? She said she was very sorry, and was afraid she would not go to heaven. Her mother then told her, that Jesus would forgive her if she was sorry for her sins, and take her to heaven, and that it was the wicked one who told her that she could not go to heaven, for the Lord wished to save her. At another time, when speaking about dying, she said, she thought she could die if her sister H., or her mother, could go with her. Her mother then told her that she might die herself soon, and then it would be far worse for her—Isabella—to live and have no mother to take care of her. She might grow up a wicked girl and never go to heaven, but if she died now, she would be safe. After this, she seemed more reconciled ; and when again asked, if she was afraid to die ? she said, No ; and she was willing to go, for she would go to heaven. She told them once, that she feared that she would not see

them all in heaven, particularly her brother.

Once when their minister visited them, he enquired if she was afraid to die, she answered no. He then asked her if she thought the Lord loved her. She answered, she believed he did, and would take her to heaven. The last night of her life she requested to see her brothers before they went to bed, they had gone, but got up again. She shook hands with them all, bidding them farewell. Her mother asked, "Where are you going Isabella," she answered, "to Heaven," and so she did the next morning at ten o'clock, without a struggle, after so much dreadful suffering. After her death, some of her little companions came to see her with their teacher, they seemed very serious as they looked on her pale still features, so calm, so sweet, in death. May they ever remember her and prepare to die.

The Rev. J. Messmore preached a sermon from Job 16 Chap. 22 ver. "When a few more years have come I shall go the way whence I shall not return." He could say there was hope in her death. And we hope her brothers, and sisters, and companions will remember how she died and her little brother who loved her so tenderly, and mourned her death sorrowfully, will strive to meet her in Heaven.

Little children remember it is sometimes best to die early, if Isabella had lived to be old, she might have forgotten God, and then her last words would not have been, "I am going to Heaven." And dear children ever pray that God may prepare you for life or death, as he sees best ; that you may meet by the stream of life, in the dwelling of Jesus, who supported Isabella in her sufferings, and carried her

safely in his arms of love and power through the dark valley and shadow of death; who is worthy of your love and confidence, who loves you best and pities you most, and whose heart is all tenderness towards little children, and all the world.

**An Account of the Happy Deaths of
Selina, Jane, and Cecilia,**

Who belonged to the Wesleyan Sunday-School, Madras.

ADDRESSED TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Dear Children,—We have printed the following account, hoping that by reading the good effect produced upon the minds of these dear children, whose deaths are recorded, you will be encouraged not only to continue your exertions for the Missionary Society, but also to feel an earnest desire to love and serve your blessed Saviour yourselves.

Selina was a little girl belonging to the Wesleyan Sunday School at Madras. Her attendance was regular. It appeared to her friends that, from an early period, her mind was turned to religion. The instructions she received in the school, and the portions of Scripture and hymns she committed to memory, were, it is hoped, blessed to her infant mind, in awakening and cherishing early religious impressions.

Private devotion was an exercise in which she delighted much; frequently she would be up before others at her prayers. In the morning she made haste to pour out her infant soul to God; and in the evening she never allowed anything to call off her mind from that duty, her sisters and play-mates would sometimes endeavor to engage her attention to their play beyond her accustomed hour for going to prayer; but she never yielded to their importunity, but gave them

a mild reproof, by telling them, "We must first pray, and then go to play, or God will be sorry" (meaning, angry) "with us;" thus affording pleasing proof to her friends, that the Lord had poured upon her a portion of the spirit of prayer and supplication."

Another incident, which shows clearly her early religious impressions, is related thus:—One of our Sunday-school Teachers, a friend of the family to which Selina belonged, while on a visit at the house, heard her repeat in sweet simplicity, before she retired to bed, the following part of a hymn she had learnt in the Sunday-school:

"I lay my body down to rest;
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
With cheerful heart I'll close my eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love."

He asked her if she understood it; she replied, "Yes, my Sunday-school Teacher told me, that if I would tell this hymn to God every night, He would raise me up in the morning." Shortly afterwards this lovely child was attacked by that fatal disease the cholera, which carried her away from this scene of sin and misery, to that world where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

During her illness, the Teacher, on another visit to the house, was seen by her, and she desired one of her attendants to call him near her; he went, and, struck with her ghastly appearance, and the state of extreme weakness to which she was so soon reduced, sat down by her bedside; when she observed to him, with great anxiety, "I have no shoes, and cannot come to the Sunday-school to-morrow. Will Mr. O——," meaning the Superintendent of the school "get angry?"

“No,” the Teacher replied, “Mr. O—— will not get angry with you, if the want of shoes is the real cause of your not coming to school.” It was evident, and she could not but know it herself, that she was dangerously ill. But still dear Selina was either unconscious of the nearness of the end to which she was rapidly advancing, or Jesus her Saviour, to whom she loved to pray and offer praise, had removed “the sting of death” from her tender heart. She seemed have been influenced rather by her delight in her duty to her Saviour, than by the sufferings of her dying frame or by the fear of death; for she begged the teacher even then to teach her to sing the last three lines of one of our Sunday-school hymns, beginning, “Come to Jesus just now;” and on his complying with her request, she said, “I cannot breathe so fast, and you repeat it very fast; tell Mr. O—— to come and see me, he will teach me slowly.” Before the Teacher left her, he heard her repeat, in a tone of real devotion, the Lord’s Prayer, and the first, third, fourth, and last verses of the Sunday-school hymn, beginning,—“Here we suffer grief and pain,” &c.

While the Teacher was away, the child asked twice if Mr. O—— had come, and was answered, “He is expected soon.” On the teacher informing Mr. O. of the request of Selina, he went immediately, and arrived at the house a little after she had asked for him a third time; and when then she was told he was come, she opened her eyes wide, and straining them, looked eagerly around, though with difficulty, until she saw him come up to her. Unable to speak, she, with anxious and welcoming look, fixed her attention upon him for a few moments, and

then gathering all her remaining strength, turned herself quite round on the bed, and clasped his hands eagerly in both her little hands, which had now become cold: in this position she held his hands for a while, during which he endeavored to speak to her of Jesus and heaven, but received no answer; and perceiving her sight and hearing were fast falling, he requested her friends to send for him as soon as she became sensible or recovered her speech, which, he said, he expected she would do shortly before she expired. An hour after he was gone, she did revive. The Teacher said to her, “Do you love Jesus?” To which she replied readily, and in a firm voice, “O yes; but Jesus loves me more.” After this she was observed to be in silent prayer, for her hands were clasped together and her lips moving. Only a short time before she expired, the dear little child exerted herself, and tried once or twice to speak; her friends were unable to distinguish clearly what she faltered out, but they thought she wished that they should go to prayer with her. The Teacher accordingly knelt down by her side, and prayed; and when he came to the conclusion, to the astonishment of all present, she distinctly, and with solemn earnestness, repeated with him, “Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.” No sooner had she uttered “Amen,” than the last severe pangs came upon her, from which she sank into a state of insensibility. She appeared calm for a few moments, and then all was over: the spirit had returned to God who gave it, and to that Saviour whom she loved so much. Thus died this lovely child, after a short but painful illness of twenty-four hours, aged six years five months and seven days.



For the Sunday School Guardian.

FAREWELL SISTER.

Farewell sister, thou art going
To a world so bright, so fair,
Where none but holy angels
Are ever singing there.

Thou art going to a city,
Far, far from mortal sight,
Where the streamlets and the fountains
Are ever clear and bright.

The sun is ever shining
In a bright and cloudless day ;
The flowers are always blooming,
And will never fade away.

In the midst of that glad city
Is a throne of spotless white,
'Round which the happy angels
Ever hover with delight.

We know thy spirit flutters,
And longs to take its flight,
And ever live with Jesus
In a world so pure and bright.

We feel sad that thou art going,
But we would not have thee stay ;
We hope again to meet thee
In a never-ending day.

J. R. F.

THE HEATHEN AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Some of the Pagan Africans visit the burial-places of their departed relatives, with offerings of food and drink. Mothers have been known, for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, this annual oblation to their children's graves.

"DAUGHTER, I bring thee food,—
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright,
The orange in its gold,
Fresh from the favourite tree,
Nuts in their brown and huskey fold,
Dearest, I spread for thee.

"Year after year I tread
Thus to thy low retreat :
But now the snow-hairs mark my head,
And age enchains my feet.
O, many a change of woe
Hath dimm'd thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth !

"There came a midnight cry,
Flames from our hamlet rose ;
A race of pale-browed men were nigh ;
They were our country's foes :
Thy wounded sire was borne,
By tyrant force, away ;
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,
While bathed in blood I lay.

"I watch'd for their return
Upon the rocky shore,
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,
And the long rains were o'er ;
Till seed, their hand had sown,
A ripened fruitage bore ;
The billows echo'd to my moan,
But they return'd no more.

"Yet thou art slumbering deep ;
And to my wildest cry,
When vex'd with agony I weep,
Dost render no reply.
Daughter ! my youthful pride !
The idol of my eye !—
Why didst thou leave thy mother's side,
Beneath these sands to lie ?"

Long o'er the hopeless grave,
Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save,
That Pagan mother wept.
O for some voice of power,
To soothe her bursting sighs !
"There is a resurrection's hour,
Thy daughter's dust shall rise."

Christians ! ye hear the cry
From Heathen Afric's strand :
Haste ; lift salvation's banner high
O'er that benighted land.
With faith, that claims the skies,
Her misery control,
And plant the hope that never dies
Deep in her tear-wet soul.

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