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The  
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

Vol. I.—NEW SERIES.]

MARCH 8, 1879.

[No. 5.



IN MISCHIEF.—(See next page.)

## IN MISCHIEF.

(See 1st page.)



**M**HIS little lassie has a somewhat guilty look, as if she felt she was doing something that was not exactly right. Bless her little heart! Let us hope it is not a valuable book she is tearing. We think, however, that any mamma would forgive a little girl who locks up in such a wistful, appealing way as this one. Blessings on the man who invented the untearable linen books with bright pictures, which so gladden the hours of the little folks, and make learning to read a perpetual delight instead of a tearful task. Children should learn, however, to take care of books, papers, their clothes, and every thing they have. We hope the readers of the S. S. GUARDIAN will preserve it, as the numbers for a year will make a beautiful book.

## A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

WHEN silent sinks the sun in the west,  
And Nature's children go to rest,  
Each beast and bird into its nest;—  
I sit and watch the rising moon,  
And with the shining stars commune.

Why are the countless stars so bright?  
What makes the moon so silvery white—  
Lighting up the darksome night?  
I ask the air—the trees—the sod;  
They answer low,—“ALMIGHTY GOD!”

He made the deep, deep sea—the land—  
The glorious sun that shines so grand!  
All—all made He, with mighty hand.  
Thus saith the soil, the air, the trees,  
The brook, and softly-blowing breeze.

Thou art the everlasting King,  
Who madest me and everything:  
And unto Thee my soul doth sing  
Praises, jubilant and high,  
Of love and peace and lasting joy!

c. t.

## JAPANESE LETTERS.

WE promised a short time ago to give in the S. S. GUARDIAN extracts from letters written by Japanese converts to our missionaries in that country. Through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. WOOD, Senior Missionary Secretary, we are now enabled to do so. The following letters were written to Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, who left Toronto about six years ago for Japan, by native Christians, who, through God's blessing on their labours, had been brought to a knowledge of the Christian religion. You will observe some little peculiarities of expression, but you must remember that the writers had only very lately learned the English language. Indeed the wonder is that they had so soon learned it so well. The writing in every case is very good. You will observe how exceedingly polite the writers are.

The first is a long and interesting letter by a young convert, who writes from Tokio, March 13th, 1878, to Mrs. Cochran, in Canada. He addresses her as “My dear Mother in Christ,” and signs his name, “Truly your Son in Jesus Christ.” After kind greetings and good wishes he says: “Dear mother, since you left here, I feel that something is wanted. Oh! I and the Church miss you a great deal. We appreciate more and more your work which you had done here for the Church. I remember that you had contributed a great deal to the joyfulness among our Church members, by singing hymns. We felt just as if we were holding happy family meetings.”

He speaks with regret of the removal of the Rev. Mr. Eby to Kofu, but says: “The command to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to all people of every nation, every province, and every village, is before us. The souls of the people in Kofu are equally precious as ours. I hope and will pray that many souls may be won to Jesus through their instrumentality.”

He speaks of a memorial dinner given on the anniversary of the death of another convert, and says that the next day the mother of the young man who had died was baptized, although she had long been a zealous Buddhist.

He then describes a Sunday-school held by Mr. and Mrs. Eby and himself. The scholars are from six to fifteen years old, and the attendance is from twenty-five to forty. On their tickets are written, in Japan, such texts as these: "Love your enemies," and the like. "Oh! it is very interesting," he says, "to see the little smiling faces and attentive looks when we speak to them." We hope our Canadian Sunday-school scholars will all deserve this praise.

Another letter, signed "Ever your faithful servant," thanks God that the dear master (Mr. Cochran) is in good health; "though," says the writer, "I was afraid of him that he should get sick by the account of the tiresome and sudden loneliness." "I will serve my dear master," she continues, "with all my strength, according to your command, even I am yet a greenhorn, but with all my heart."—She had evidently picked up a little bit of English slang. She then thanks her "dear mistress" for having been "so invariably kind, although I can never answer for it, and but only by my prayer and affection."—A little mixed, but the kind meaning is clear.

Another accepts, "with a great pleasure," an invitation to "attend to the Christmas-eve meeting, with full of joy and excitement." The particles are a little misplaced, but we don't think our readers would do as well in writing Japanese. It is really wonderful to think that these people a short time ago were heathens. What an encouragement it is to sustain the cause of missions which God has so abundantly blessed with His favour!

In another paper we may give some more of these interesting letters.

"You'll craze your mamma, Johnny dear,  
If thus you tumble things about;  
What makes you run and jump so high,  
With merry laugh and careless shout?"

"Dear mamma, in the years gone by  
Was there no time for mirth and joy?  
You are a good and kind mamma,  
Were ever you a little boy?"



## FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT.

AMBITION sleeps la'z, in your brain,  
Bright hopes may soon awake it—  
You see the goal, but ne'er a path,  
Then find a way, or make it.

To get the cocoa-nut's rich meat,  
The shell is hard—you break it;  
The fragrant leaf its odour holds  
Until you bruise or shake it.

Untrodden is the path you choose—  
You may be wise to take it;  
But look a head—all danger see,  
And then you may escape it.

A mountain, far too steep to climb;  
Well, then, don't try and do it,  
You may be able to go around,  
Or patiently dig through it.

A fence, you say, but ne'er a gate!  
What can you do? you wonder;  
Just scale the wall—mount if you can,  
And if you can't, crawl under.

Your way is muddy? Wait awhile—  
Let winds and sunshine dry it.  
Still, wait not for another rain,  
To see some comrade try it.

A river deep—you cannot swim  
No steamer there, you know it.  
Well, if there is no other way,  
Build your own boat, and row it.

Nay, lad, we know the way is hard,  
Down hill and up steep mountain;  
And oft you'll drink from muddy stream,  
For want of some clear fountain.

Don't hide your talent through a fear,  
But bravely go and stake it.  
Wear out, don't rust, to reach your goal,  
Lad, find a way, or make it.

THE very easiest and best way to get rid of a sin is to go and confess it to God; if a wrong has been done to any one else, then the wrong should be confessed to that one too. As soon as this is done you may be sure the load will be lifted from your conscience. Do not try any other way; for, by hiding your sin you become worse and may lose your own soul. Be brave, and own your mistake. GOD KNOWS IT ALREADY, and confession is much the best.

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## The Sunday School Guardian

Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1879.

### A TALK ON TEMPERANCE.

**B**OYS and girls, are you all teetotalers? You ought to be, every one of you. We want every reader of the S. S. GUARDIAN to belong to the "Cold-water Army." In the Sunday-school class books, now issued by the Methodist Book Room, there is a form of pledge printed on the first page. Ask your teachers to let you sign it, and ask God to help you to keep it. If you walk by that rule you will never become tipplers nor drunkards. And we shall soon have a generation of men and women who have learned to touch not, taste not, and handle not the unclean thing. Your lives will be happier, your bodies healthier, your souls safer, if you know nothing of the use of anything that can intoxicate. The drunkards in the community are fast dying off—killed by strong drink. If their ranks are not recruited by the boys and girls in our week-day and Sunday-schools, soon there will be a healthy happy nation in our beloved Canada, uncursed by the evil of intemperance. May God speed the day!

WINE IS A MOCKER,  
STRONG DRINK IS RAGING;  
AND WHOSOEVER IS DECEIVED  
THEREBY IS NOT WISE.

— Prov. 20. 1.

## LITTLE FOLKS' COLUMN.

### THE SWING.

THE little maid-en in the swing is hav-ing a splen-did time. How hap-py she looks! and her dog and dol-ly too. They all seem as pleased as can be. Her swing is a very safe one. You see she can-not fall out; and what a nice cush-ion it has! The ro-ses at her side look charm-ing and no doubt smell very sweet. Hear what a great poet says a-bout the swing:—

A fair maid-en in a swing,  
Like white dove up-on the wing,  
Doth be-fore my vi-sion pass;  
Laugh-ing as her gen-tle hands  
Close-ly clasp the twist-ed strands,  
At her sha-dow on the grass.



THE SWING.

## THE TERRIBLE RED DWARF AND THE CAVE HE LIVED IN.

(CONCLUDED)



HE Dwarf broke the seal and read the letter.

"His Majesty's will and pleasure is that the Dwarf and his retainers of every rank and degree shall do nothing, unless they can be doing good. The arrows must be flung away. The spears are to be

broken. The torches and firebrands are to be destroyed. These weapons will be wanted no more. His Majesty hath also sent a detachment of his Body Guard to render such assistance as may be needed to carry out this his royal desire and command."

Whether the Dwarf sent an answer to this letter or not, is not known. It is probable that he was too busy to do so. For he and all his band set to work in such downright earnest, that within a very few minutes every arrow was flung away, so that nobody could find one afterwards. Not a spear but was broken in pieces. Every torch and firebrand was buried. So that before the King's messenger left he had seen enough to take back a very good answer to his Royal Master.

By this time, too, the detachment of the *Body Guard* was stationed at the gates of the cave, and kept careful watch there, day and night. They were to challenge all who passed the outer gates, to enquire as to their errand—whither they were going, and for what purpose. Especially were they to search for arms that might be concealed, and for any forbidden and contraband goods. And, further, their orders were to put down, by force if needful, any offence against the King's good pleasure in this matter.

And wasn't the old shoemaker right, after that! The people *did* see. The terrible Dwarf was terrible no more. True, he was terribly busy, but not in the old way. He and all his band set to work to do all the good they could. Day and night his messengers went laden with good-will, and shining so brightly in their joy that you could almost see them, in spite of their invisible coats. Little wonder that the roses flourished again in Harry's garden and on Bessie's cheeks. Little wonder that Farmer Hasty kept his servants as long as—well, not so very long either, for they got married so soon. And nobody wondered even when Jack came home to live with his widowed

mother, and the Squire took him by the hand again.

Harry often sat with the wise old shoemaker after that, and many a talk they had together. It was on a summer evening, as he sat in the little cobbler's shop, that Harry found it all out.

"You promised that you would tell me some day how you knew all about the King and the Dwarf, old friend. I'm very curious to hear how it was."

"Well," said the old shoemaker, "it's soon told." And he got up from his stool and took down the wonderful Book with its great brass clasp. "I found it in my Book of Magic."

The old man loosened the clasp, and Harry saw in a moment that it was a Bible.

"Why, I might have found it there!" cried Harry, wondering.

"Of course you might, and many another wonderful thing besides that." And as the old shoemaker spoke, he turned over the pages, until he came to the third chapter of James's Epistle, and pointing at the fifth verse, he said—"There it is; read that, Harry."

And Harry read these words:—"Even so THE TONGUE is a little member, and boasteth great things. . . . The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. . . . For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but THE TONGUE can no man tame."

"But you see, Harry, there is one who is stronger than this terrible Red Dwarf," said the old man, as he took the book again. He turned to the fifteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the eighteenth verse: "*But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the HEART.*" "There it is, Harry; the HEART is the King. And nothing but a good HEART can make a good TONGUE."

"But however could you think about the King sending down a company of His Body Guard?" asked Harry.

"Found it here," said the old man, laying his hand on the Book—" 'tis all here. I'll show you that too. Look in the one hundred and forty-first Psalm, and the third verse. Those are the words of the King."

Again Harry turned over the pages, and then read these words: "*Set a Watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.*"

"So that's the secret, Harry. You see how it is—a good heart and then a good tongue. "*Create in me a clean heart, O God!*" said the old shoemaker reverently as he closed the Book.

"Amen," said Harry, earnestly. "Amen; and in *me* too."

And let all who read this, say the same—Amen, Amen; and in *me* too.

Keep thy  
Tongue from Evil,  
And thy  
Lips from Speaking Guile.

### JOHNNIE'S TRUNK.



JOHNNIE was not a very large boy when he was sent away a hundred miles or more from home, to school. The term was not very long, and he soon returned. After he got home he went to his mother and said:

"There, mother, is the key to my trunk; you may look into it, and see every thing there is there."

"What an idea!" said his mother; "what do I want to look into your trunk for?"

"Well," said Johnnie, "if there were such things in my trunk as some of the boys carry home from school with them, you would want to look into it."

It is very pleasant for a mother to have no anxiety about what there is in her boy's trunk; it is still more pleasant for the boy to be willing that his mother should know everything that his trunk contains. There are a good many trunks that need a little of mother's help about examining them.

How is it, my little friend, with *your* trunk, your box, your cupboard? Is there anything in it that you would rather mother should not see? Many a poor boy has gone far on the way to ruin when no one suspected his danger, when a careful look into his trunk would have revealed a saddening tale.

Children, let mother look into the trunk. What she may not see has no business there.

Mother, there is no danger of your being too watchful in these evil times; and if you want to know the road your boy is taking, look into his trunk. There are other places besides Jerusalem that need to be searched with lighted candles. There are chambers and imagery as vile and foul as anything which the prophet discovered, and those who dig and search will sometimes be astonished at what they find.

### LESSON NOTES.

B. C. 1023.]      **LESSON XI.**      [March 16.  
DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE; OR, COMMUNING WITH  
GOD.

Psalm 84. 1-12.      Commit to memory verses 8-12

#### OUTLINE.

1. The place of peace. v. 1-4.
2. The place of strength. v. 5-8.
3. The place of blessing. v. 9-12.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Psa. 84. 4.

INTRODUCTORY.—This psalm was either written by or for the sons of Korah, and is one of twelve with this inscription. If not written by David himself, it was doubtless by one of his attendants who was strongly attached to him.

1. Make God's house your delight.
2. Make God's praise your business.
3. Make God's service your glory.

Find when and by whom the first tabernacle was built.... When and by whom the first temple was built.... When and by whom the second temple was built.... In John 2 how long the third temple was building.

B. C. 1048.]      **LESSON XII.**      [March 23.  
THE ALL-SEEING GOD; OR, ALWAYS WITH GOD.

Psalm 139. 1-12.      Commit to memory verses 1-6.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The all-knowing God. v. 1-6
2. The ever-present God. v. 7-12.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou God seest me. Gen. 16 13.

INTRODUCTORY.—This psalm is supposed to have been written toward the close of David's life. "In none is there a more perfect development of the noblest and most spiritual elements of David's nature." It is the expression of a heart humbled by experience, purified by trial, renewed through grace, and confident in its acceptance. May we cultivate the same spirit.

Remember always that—

1. God knows your thoughts.
2. God hears your words.
3. God sees your acts.

Find in 2 Chronicles what Hanani the seer said to Asa the king about God's eyes. Find in 1 Chronicles what King David said to his son Solomon about what God knows of our hearts and thoughts.

## CATCHING THE TIGER.

THERE are many ways of catching tigers. The picture below shows one way: it is with a looking-glass trap. The tiger sees his reflection in the glass, and his curiosity leads him to examine the strange object. Perhaps he sets



CATCHING THE TIGER.

up a roar, when the tiger in the glass gives back a roar of defiance. Resenting this insult the real tiger makes a spring at the sham tiger in the glass, when the heavy trap falls upon him and he is caught.

I will tell you a still more ingenious plan for catching the noble beast. It is practiced in Oude, and in some of the other provinces of India, where they manufacture a very sticky kind of bird-lime, by means of which numbers of those ferocious animals are destroyed.

The first thing is to find out the tiger's lair. This discovered, a few hundred broad tropical leaves, covered on both sides with the bird-lime, are spread about. The hunters then retire to a safe distance to await the appearance of the tiger. By-and-bye he comes sauntering along to where the bird-lime is strewn, and presently a big leaf sticks to his paw. When a vigorous shake will not release it of the clammy thing, he tries what a whisk at the side of his head will do, and succeeds in smearing an eye. By this time each paw is furnished with an unwelcome slipper, and perhaps his tail is fastooned with several likewise. He now loses his temper, becomes furious, bites at the limed leaves, and

rolls among them till both eyes are blinded, and his body covered with a network of leaves—a leafy coat-of-mail, not weapon proof. At the sound of his terrible roars the trappers rush up, and dispatch the blind beast with a shower of bullets.

Now, is not the fate of the tiger very much like the consequence of a lie? For just as the first leaf sticking to the tiger was followed by another and another, till he was covered with them, and fell helplessly into the hands of his entrappers; so the first lie is followed by another and another, till the poor victim falls completely into the power of Satan, the her-n-wait for souls—*Selected.*

## PUT SOME SALT IN IT.

“MOTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt, and sometimes a great deal.”

So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood “looking on.”

“Well, Annie, I will make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out.”

“O mother, it doesn't taste a bit good,” said she after she had tasted it.

“Why not?”

“You didn't put any salt in it.”

“Mother,” said Annie, a day or two afterward, “Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother, and pulls his hair, and acts real hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke rough to me, and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice, mother?”

“Perhaps you didn't put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do; and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in it, or else it won't taste good.”

“Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.” (Col. iv. 6.)—*Evangelist.*