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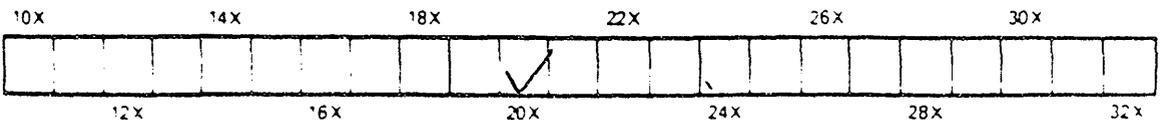
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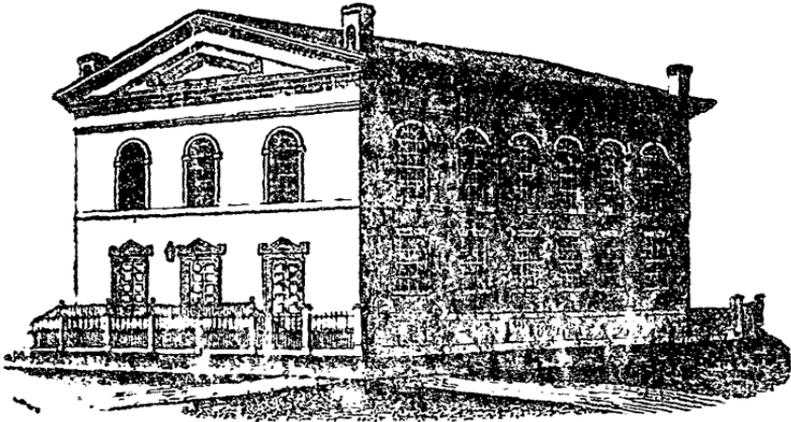
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

For the Province of Canada.

Vol. V.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1850.

No. 6.



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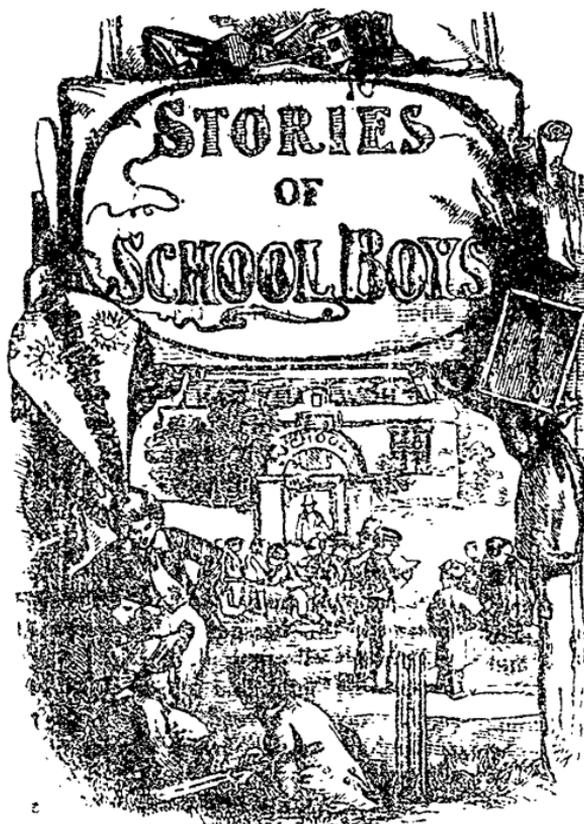
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

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

VOL. V. TORONTO, C. W., OCTOBER, 1850. No. 6.



REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

At the late anniversary of the Sutherland Athenaeum, (Eng.), Mr. W. Chambers gave the following brief account of his early straggles :

" I stand before you a self-educated man. My education was that which is supplied at the humble parish schools of Scotland ; and it was only when I went to Edinburgh, a poor boy, that I devoted my evenings, after the labours of the day, to the cultivation of that intellect which the Almighty has given me. From seven or eight in the morning till nine or ten at night was, at my business, as a bookseller's apprentice ; and it was only during hours after these, stolen from sleep, that I could devote myself to study. I assure you I did not read novels ; my attention was directed to physical science and other matters : during that period I taught myself French. I look back to those times with great

pleasure, and am almost sorry I have not to go through the same troubles again. I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in

Edinburgh, than I now find when sitting amidst all the elegancies and comforts of a parlour."

A GOOD LESSON FOR A LITTLE BOY, AND FOR A GREAT MAN.

One morning, upon entering the school a few minutes before the master made his appearance, some half-dozen beet me, and demanded whether I, with all my learning, could tell what the letters i. e. stood for. The question was proposed in the taunting tone of expected triumph, which I should well have liked to disappoint. But when I answered that I supposed it was for John the Evangelist, the unfucky guess taught me never again to be ashamed of acknowledging myself ignorant of what I really did not know. It was a useful lesson, especially as I was fortunate enough to perceive, early in life, that there were very many subjects of which I must of necessity be ignorant.—*Robt. Southey.*

LITTLE BELLA, THE HINDOO ORPHAN.

Among the lambs of Christ's flock many, we trust, will be found gathered from the Orphan Schools of Benares. The Rev. W. Smith, who has lately returned from that city, relates the following anecdote of one of them:—

Little Bella became seriously ill—so ill, that she was for a day or two insensible. While she was in this state her little school-fellows gathered beside her bed, and poured out their hearts in prayer to God that he would restore her, if it pleased him, to health, or take her to dwell with him. They had scarcely risen from prayer, when, to their surprise, she suddenly revived. Little Bella called for a Bible: and, on its being brought to her, selected a chapter, which she requested her school-fellows to read to her. They did so, and then taking the book herself, she in her turn beautifully read a few verses to them.—

Then bidding them kneel down, and putting herself in a praying posture, as well as she could in her weak state, she offered up a prayer with them in her own simple language. She concluded, and her school-fellows rose from their knees; but little Bella moved not; she remained just as she was in her praying position. They looked at her; but still she remained motionless. Her spirit was no longer there; it had fled to be forever, we trust, with her Saviour. Happy child, who didst breathe away thy soul in prayer to Heaven!

Mrs. Smith states that she has many times overheard these little orphan girls, when engaged in prayer together, putting up their petitions for the kind people who cared for their souls, and sent them out the Gospel. Thus do these dear children, out of the gratitude of their hearts, render the best return they can. And indeed what better return could they make? What richer reward could we obtain for any little offerings we may be enabled to give to God, than these poor orphans' prayers?

OF HOW MANY CAN IT BE SAID?

We have heard of a child of nine years old, who, it was said, never made her parents unhappy—who never did anything to grieve them. Of how many of our readers can this be said? She resolved, too, to do all she could to make everybody happy. Of how many can this be said? Her parents and friends all speak of her as being remarkably mild and obedient. Of how many who read this can their parents and friends bear a similar testimony?

Ought not all that is said of this child be true of every reader?—*Well-Spring.*

"I love Jesus better."

A little girl, between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed,

seeing her eldest sister with her Bible in her hand, requested her to read respecting Christ blessing little children. The passage having been read, and the book closed, the child said, "How kind! I shall soon go to Jesus—he will soon take me up in his arms, and bless me too—no disciple shall keep me away."

Her sister kissed her, and said,—
"Do you love me?"

"Yes, dear sister," she replied, "but do not be angry—I love Jesus better."

"It was right. She ought to love Jesus better than any earthly thing or human being. Others had loved her, but Jesus had done more—he had loved and died for her. Young reader, love your father, love your mother, love all around you, but, O! love Jesus more than all the rest!

"SAID" AND "DONE."

Once upon a time, on a Sunday afternoon, a lad was so lazy in his motions that he did not get to the church door till the congregation was coming out; and he said to the first man he met—

"What! is it all done?"

"No," said the man; "it's all *said*, but I'm thinking it will be a long time before it will be all *done*.
—*Dayspring*.

The Victorious Little Boy.

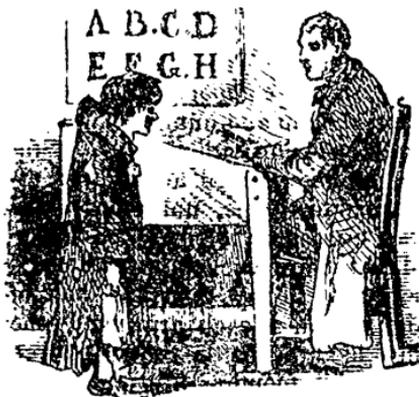
I had the following anecdote from a gentleman of veracity. A little boy in Connecticut of remarkably serious mind and habits, was ordinarily employed about a mechanic's shop, where nearly all the hands were addicted to the common use of intoxicating liquors. The lad had unbibed temperance principles, and though often invited could never be induced to partake with any of the shop's crew. At length, his teacher in the Sunday school, in conversation on certain non-resistant texts

of Scripture, had awakened his mind to that subject, and he very conscientiously avowed his determination to try to live in accordance with this great Christian doctrine. Three or four of the harder drinkers in the shop, somewhat piqued at such precious piety and scrupulousness of conscience, resolved to humble the lad, or at least put his new notions to the test. They resolved to force a dram of rum down his throat by some means. Seizing an opportunity when he was left alone in the shop with themselves, they invited him to drink. He refused. They then told him they should compel him. He remained calm and unmoved. They threatened him with violence. Still he neither seemed angry nor attempted to escape, nor evinced the least disposition to yield; but insisted that it was wicked, and he could not do it. They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while the third held the bottle ready to force it into his mouth. Still their victim remained meek and firm, declaring that he had never injured them, and never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him. The man who held the fatal bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck by the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that, as he afterwards confessed al- with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand.—Twice he assayed to lift the bottle, as he placed the nose of it in the child's mouth, but his arm refused to serve him. Not the least resistance was made in this stage of the proceeding otherwise than by a meek protesting look; yet the ringleader himself was overcome in his feelings and gave over the attempt, declaring that he could not, nor would not, injure such an innocent, conscientious, good-heart-

ed boy. Such is moral power.—Such is the strength by which evil may, sometimes at least, be overcome with good.—*American Paper.*

An Argument for Sabbath Schools.

The author of the "Convict Ship" says, "of 1065 prisoners who have in five different voyages, been conveyed under my superintendence to the penal colonies of Australia, fourteen only had been educated in a Sunday school."



RAGGED SCHOLS.

WE ARE ALL WRONG.

One day, a little boy came to the ragged school to have his name put down as a scholar. His dress was a very old coat, which had been made most likely many years before for a man, and now, when worn by the boy, its skirts dragged along the ground as he walked. He had no shirt, no shoes, no stockings; and instead of trousers, an old dirty apron was tied around him, outside the coat. The poor little fellow was covered with dirt from head to foot; plainly showing that his home was one of great neglect and discomfort as well as poverty.

The parents of this poor boy were not generally reckoned dishonest people; but they were well known as being very careless about their family, and very profligate. Their occupa-

tion was that of selling vegetables and fruit in the streets; and they might have obtained a comfortable living in this way, but for their sad habits of drunkenness. As it was, almost all they earned they spent at the public-house, leaving their children to wander in the streets, and to obtain food for themselves as they could.

You may think what a wretched home they had. A few shavings served for a bed; an old basket, turned bottom upwards, was the only table, and two old saucepans were the only seats the room contained. The parents themselves were always dressed in tatters, and covered with filth; and the neighbours around them—though, alas! many of them were very ignorant and debased—looked upon this family with pity and contempt.

It was hard work, no doubt, to make the son of such parents pay any regard to cleanliness, and to take any real pleasure in learning. After a time however, he was more decent in appearance, and in a few months was able to read. His teacher then gave him, as a reward and an encouragement, a New Testament; and he was told to take it home and to read it to his parents, if they would like to listen to him. He was to read to them the third chapter of John.

The boy had soon an opportunity of doing this; for, degraded as his parents were, they were proud of the success of their son, and pleased with the gift he had brought from school. They sat and listened and the child read:—

"There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Now, neither the father nor mother of the boy could read; and most likely they had never before heard this chapter read to them. If they had, they certainly had not listened to it as they did at this time; for, as soon as the boy had read the third verse, his father stopped him, and cried out, "You are surely reading wrong.—'Except a man be born again'—you must have read it wrong."

The little reader was sure that these were the very words; but this did not satisfy the father, who said that the teacher must come to tell him whether or not his son was right.

The teacher was glad to go to the miserable abode on such an errand: and when he got there, he took the Testament, and beginning to read at the same place, soon came to the words, "Except a man be born again."

Well, this was just the same as his son had read, and the man could no longer doubt that the exact words were in the book; but this only increased his difficulty. "How can a man be born again?" he asked.

The teacher then told him, that the new birth spoken of there meant a changed heart; that a person who had passed through such a change would no longer live for his own sinful pleasures, but for the glory of God. He said that, instead of the love of sin, new desires and affections would spring up in the heart; that there would be a love of holiness, and a constant fear of doing what is forbidden by God. He said also, that this change of heart and of affection would produce a change of conduct; that the man thus changed would forsake the sins which he had before loved, and become sober, honest, industrious, and frugal; and also, in all things would adorn the doctrine of God, through the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on account of what he had done and suffered.

These words made a great impression on the mind of this poor sinful

and ignorant man, he exclaimed, "We are all wrong;" The truth of the Gospel had touched his heart with power, and caused him to feel what a wretch he had lived through the whole of his life.

He looked around him, and saw everything to convince him that his own sins had brought him to pain and desolation, even in this world; and he felt that they were hurrying him on to eternal destruction. Like the jailer, of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles, his thought was, "What must I do?" No doubt, after this, he was shown the way of salvation more clearly; and his conduct gave great hope that he had experienced what it was to be born again. After several years, it was found that the sins he had once loved and followed had been forsaken, and that the word of God was the rule of his life. His wife too became an altered woman: she was now no longer neglectful of her children, and caring for nothing but her own sinful gratification, but desirous of learning the will of her Maker and Saviour, and of doing it.

You may be sure that such a change as this made a difference in many other respects. The money that they earned, and which once would have been squandered in sin, was employed in making home decent and happy. The children, as well as themselves, were comfortably clothed and fed; by degrees, their abode was furnished with tables and chairs, bed and bedstead; while cleanliness gave additional value to every new comfort they enjoyed. They were no longer "all wrong;" but had reason to hope, and others had reason to hope for them, that the Gospel, which had brought such a change to their dwelling, had also been the power of God unto salvation, because it was believed and obeyed. Do you not think, then, that these persons were proofs of God's mercy; and that they had great rea-

son to be thankful for the instructions received by their son at the ragged school?

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS:

HOW TO BE LOVED.—Who is lovely? It is that little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along—who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scowls, nor contends, never teazes her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls and precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around

you sun-shine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be loved.

THE MAGIC OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

What a good thing is a Sunday-School in a bad neighbourhood! It is like a gas light in some dangerous corner; it makes darkness visible. It is a "Washing and Ironing Society." It makes the people clean and tidy. It is a "Mechanics' Institute." It draws out the mind of the people. It is a society for "the reformation of manners," producing a more thorough change than could be effected by a thousand laws. It is a Society for "keeping holy the Sabbath day"—which, by a certain indefinable charm draws men from the abodes of sin to the house of the Lord. It is a society for "securing the salvation of souls," the great usefulness of which will never be known till the final reckoning day. Think of this, dear reader, and try to place a good Sunday-school in every bad neighbourhood.—*Baptist Reg.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A REMARKABLE DOG STORY.

A writer in the New York evening Post, relates the following almost incredible instance of the intelligence and affection of a dog:—

"I passed a day and a night, last week in a friend's house, under the Palisades, opposite Spitendevil's Creek, about nine miles from this city. A fine hound-like dog came into the room where we were sitting, of whom the family related the following instance of sagacity and canine affection, which had occur-

red a few days before. He and another dog were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. His companion, in pursuit of game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself. He remained in this situation *eight days*—during this time, his associate, Watch, fed him daily. Watch was observed to whine and show great uneasiness: he would seize upon every bone and piece of meat he could find, and hasten up to the

mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table cloth. He also went often to the master of his friend, and by signs endeavored to induce him to follow him. At length the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him: 'Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is;' the dog appearing to understand him, sprang upon him with so much force as to almost throw him down, and by other signs induced him to follow him to follow him. Watch elated beyond measure, conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly; in addition to his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders. He was soon liberated, and with care is on a fair way of recovery. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him lay around the place of his confinement."

SYMPATHY OF BIRDS.

A gentleman of our acquaintance a week or two since, remarked an unusual collection of brown thrushes in a thicket contiguous to his residence. His attention having been drawn toward them for several successive days by their loud cries and eccentric movements, he was at length induced to investigate more closely the cause of this unwonted congress of his feathered tenants, and ascertain, if possible, the cause of their excitement.— Upon examining the thicket he discovered a female thrush suspended by one wing to a limb. Near by was her nest containing several half grown birds. From the attendant circumstances, he immediately concluded that the maternal bird must have become entangled before the progress of incubation was com-

pleted, and that some kind hearted neighbor had supplied her place in hatching and brooding her callow offspring. He withdrew a few rods, and the committee of relief immediately resumed the self-imposed duty of administering 'aid and comfort,' in the form of worms and other insects, alternating between the mother and her young—she, meanwhile, cheering them on, in their labor of love with the peculiar note which first led to the discovery of her situation.

Having watched this exhibition of charity for about half an hour, our informant relieved the mother bird. She immediately flew to her nest, expressing her gratitude by her sweetest notes. Her charitable friends, their 'occupation now being gone,' as the police reports have it, dispersed to their respective places of abode, singing as they went a song of joy.—*New Haven Herald.*

THE EWE AND THE LAMB.

The acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, all braying at the same time. Besides, the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and the lamb, who amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things that have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearing, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, naked, shrivelling—a most

deplorable looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud, tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight; it

returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten and a dozen times, before the reconciliation is fairly made up.—*Lay Sermons, by the Elrick Shepherd.*

MISSIONARY.

A HOTTENTOT GIRL.

A little Hottentot girl, nine years old, was asked how she and her young sister spent their time. She replied, "We often pray to our Saviour to own us as his children, to keep us from growing up as children of the devil. Then we sing verses together, which we learn at school. Sometimes we help old mother Lydia to work, and she gives us a piece of bread for our labour, for our parents are a great way off; and when they are at home we have to dig for roots in the field to

satisfy our hunger, for they are very poor, and have little to give us."

MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

The fetish tree, in Western Africa, is sometimes loaded with the mangled bodies slain in sacrifice. The sight caused the traveller Lander to faint.

The Cannibals of the Feejee Islands have been known to devour 28 human beings at one meal.

Mr. Bampton has seen hundreds of dead bodies around the temple of Jugernaut, in India, and the living using the dead bodies for pillows.

THE MISCELLANY.

One Good Word every Day.

A good word is one which does some one good: it may be a word of teaching, a word of warning, or a word of comfort; always a word of truth and love. Speak one such word at least every day.

Our days are few at best; certainly no one of them should pass by without an opening of the lips for God. Who can tell the effects of a single sentence, uttered with faith and prayer? It may reach to thousands; it may reach into eternity. As wave moves wave in the ocean, so one word of grace may reach from mind to mind, and thus be producing effects long after the tongue which uttered it shall have turned to dust. Never despair of being useful so long as you have the gift of speech. If you can say nothing else, you

may at least repeat some blessed text of Scripture; this may save a soul. That child, that servant, that visitor, that stranger may praise God in heaven for the truth heard from you.—"Let your speech be seasoned with salt." Keep the heart full, and you will have something to say. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Every day the ungodly are uttering fatal words, kindling bad passions, and destroying souls. Every day, therefore all Christians should be saying something for Christ. Many a time, through grace, a single saying has been blessed to the awakening of a soul. Pray for help to devise and utter such things, every day of your life, as may lead those who hear you to faith in your Redeemer.

A HEART RENDING REPROOF

A short time since, a lady who had been remarkable for her thoughtlessness, requested a professedly pious lady to accompany her that day to visit another lady who was also professedly pious. The afternoon passed away and the subject of religion was not mentioned—probably for fear of offending the gay friend who proposed the visit. As the two neighbours walked towards home, the first-mentioned remarked that she had lost the afternoon, for nothing would have induced her to leave home, but the expectation of hearing something about religion; but she added, "I came to the conclusion that there is nothing in religion, or that my neighbours do not possess it, for if they did they would speak to me about my soul." She said she had been greatly alarmed about herself for several days, but had concluded that afternoon, that if religion was not worth talking about, it was not worth thinking of. "Never," said that pious neighbour, "shall I forget that look of despair and reproach. I felt that I had murdered a soul by my neglect."—*Am. Mess.*

SOWING A NAME.

We have seen a young child express the greatest surprise and delight on discovering in a flower bed its name written in the green of the young plants, the seed of which had been sown in that form by a fond father or mother.

But by and by, dear children, you will see your name or character, as it has been planted by yourself, springing up in the opinion people entertain concerning you, and it will be exactly as you have sown it. Be careful then how you sow. Do not spoil your own name by sowing foolishly or wrongly. Remember, every word and action is a seed put in, which will surely spring up and constitute your name in the world.

A GREAT LIE.

"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you.—You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."

A N E C D O T E S.

Fidelity of a Negro Boy.

During the American war, a gentleman with his lady were coming in a ship, under convoy, from the East Indies: his wife died whilst on their passage, and left two infant children, the charge of whom fell to a negro boy, seventeen years of age.

During the voyage, the gentleman, on some account, left the ship and went on board the commodore's vessel, which was then in company, intending, no doubt, to return to his children. During this interval they experienced a terrible storm, which reduced the

ship in which the children remained, to a sinking state. A boat was despatched from the commodore's to save as many of the passengers and crew as possible. Having almost filled the boat, there was but just room, as the sailor said, for the two infants, or for the negro boy, but not for the three. The boy did not hesitate a moment; but placing the two children in the boat, he said:—

"Tell massa that Cuffy has done his duty."

The faithful negro was quickly lost in the storm, whilst the two infants, through his devoted and heroic con-

duct, were restored to their anxious parent.

Queen Charlotte, who heard of this extraordinary circumstance, requested Hannah Moore to write a poem upon it, but she begged to be excused saying: "That no art could embellish an act so noble."

AN ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote, which contains an excellent lesson of instruction for the rulers of any nation, will apply to the result of almost any war that has ever been undertaken.

At the close of the American Revolution, George III., King of Great Britain, issued a proclamation, appointing a day of thanksgiving for the return of peace. A Shrewd country clergyman in Scotland, upon reading the proclamation, immediately proceeded to England, and having arrived at the royal palace, solicited a personal audience with the king. Being admitted with some difficulty, to the Royal presence, after making his humble obeisance to the Sovereign, he said: "May it please your majesty, I have received your proclamation, and wish to comply with its requisitions; but I have come all the way from Scotland to ascertain what we are to give thanks for. Is it that that your majesty has lost thirteen flourishing provinces?"

The good natured king, perceiving the humor of the man, replied, "No, mun, not at all."

"Is it then," said the Scotchman, "that your majesty has sacrificed the lives of a hundred thousand of your loyal subjects?"

The king again replied, "No, mun, nothing of the kind."

Again the Scotchman inquired, "Is it that your majesty has added a hundred millions to the national debt?"

The king again answered, "No, mun, for none of these things."

The Scotchman then said, "Will your majesty condescend to inform me explicitly, for what we are to give thanks?"

The king replied, "Why, mun, manifestly for this, that matters are no worse with us than they are."

The good man returned home entirely satisfied, and preached an excellent thanksgiving sermon on Isa. xxi. 18.

DON'T COMPLAIN.

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, because God had given him such weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who with levelled gun was aiming at him and attempting to fire; but the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself:—

"How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life and preserve to me my property!"

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbors of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner

soon after, he told him what he had done—"and if I catch him into the road again," said he, "*I'll do it again.*" "Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since, I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in the meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard and *I'll do it again.*" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

The celebrated Mr. Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of Nature; and the no less celebrated Robertson wrote on the necessity of Revelation, and the insufficiency of the light of Nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent in conversing on this subject. The friends of both were present; and it is said that Robertson reasoned with unaccus-

omed clearness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasonings, or not, we cannot tell; but at any rate he did not acknowledge his convictions. Hume was very much of a gentleman; and as he was about to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while, as he retired through the door, Robertson took the light to show him the way. Hume was still facing the door: "O, sir," said he to Robertson, "I find the light of Nature always sufficient;" and he continued, "Pray don't trouble yourself, sir," and so he bowed on. The street door was open; and presently, as he bowed along in the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with a light; and as he held it over him, whispered softly and cunningly, "You had better have a little light from above, friend Hume." And raising him up, he bade him good night, and returned to his friends.

TEMPERANCE.

THE CHILD OF A DRUNKARD.

The Rev. Mr. Burton, in a recent report of his labours as minister at large in the city of Worcester, relates the following incident which was under his observation:—

"I have seen in this city, at the drunkard's door, his daughter of seven years, struggling to wield her father's large saw, to cut a stick for the even-

ning fire. He went to his haunts in the morning, and left the fuel uncut. This little girl cannot repeat the Lord's prayer, cannot read a word, knows not the letters. She is growing up in the midst of dirt, rags, and desolation. She sees terrible sights, she hears horrible sounds, and what shocking remembrances! Her infantile life has been nested as in the midst of serpents."—*Register.*

POETRY.



CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Mother, I've watched the closing day,
Till in the West it died away;
And when I could not see the sun,
The stars came peeping one by one,
Taught their gentle, twinkling lights
To guide poor travellers on by night.
The cows are milked and gone to rest
Upon the meadow's verdant breast:
And all around is calm and still,
Except the little rippling rill,
Mother, before I go to sleep,
I must ask God my soul to keep:
Pardon my sins for Jesus' sake,
And guard my body till I wake,
Dearest mother, then of you,
I must ask forgiveness too,
For every naughty word to-day,
You've heard your little darling say:
Forgive, dear mother; and believe,
I'll try no more your love to grieve.

ALL CAN DO SOMETHING.

A little boy, brim full of fun,
Running as hard as he could run,
Plunged in a pond, head over heels,
Among the fishes and silver eels.
His elder brother caught his hand,
And brought him safely back to land;
The second fish'ed his floating cap;
His sister cried at his mishap;
And all directly homeward came,
Dreading to hear their father's blame.
His kindness laid their fears at rest,
They told the truth,—and truth is best.

He heard their talk: then, smiling, said,
(Patting the first upon the head.)

"Your courage saved your drowning
brother,

Receive this book: and now another
I give the second for his aid.

But what for you, my little maid?

You nothing did—you only cried:

And yet, your right is not denied:

You little did, but that was good—

Your little was just what you could;

To you an equal gift is shared,

Your kind desire I now reward."

Thus, Christians, help poor dying souls

With all the means your power controls:

Stretch forth the hand, some burden bear,

Or raise your heart in fervent prayer:

The Lord of men, the God most high,

Approves you if you only cry.

Ragged School Magazine.

ANNA FELL.

Children, perhaps you never heard,
Of little Anna Fell,
Then listen to the simple tale
Which I'm about to tell.

Anna had once a happy home,
A father good and mild;
But he is gone, and she is left
The lonely widow's child.

They have no cottage by the rill,
With jessamine round the door,
And wild flowers scatter'd every where,
Like some whom we call poor.

But in the crowded city street
She and her mother dwell;
Their little room, so dark and damp,
It makes me sad to tell.

She sees the rich man's costly dome,
Where wealth and power abide,
And in the street his children pass
Her by with looks of pride.

Because her frock is old and worn,
Her bonnet faded too;
Alas! 'tis hard to suffer want
With plenty in our view.

But Anna is a happy child,
Far happier, it may be,
Than some who wear the jewell'd robe
Mid scenes of revelry.

For in the Sabbath school she learns
That Jesus blest the poor,
And that, far more than glittering gold,
He loves the heart that's pure.

And so she shares her mother's toil
From early morn till even,
Cheerful and happy, for she knows
That she shall rest in heaven.

And when at night she lays her down,
Upon her little bed,
She thinks that Jesus had no home,
No place to lay his head.

Children, amid your happiness,
Where love and plenty dwell,
Come, learn to love your Saviour's name,
Like little Anna Fell.

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