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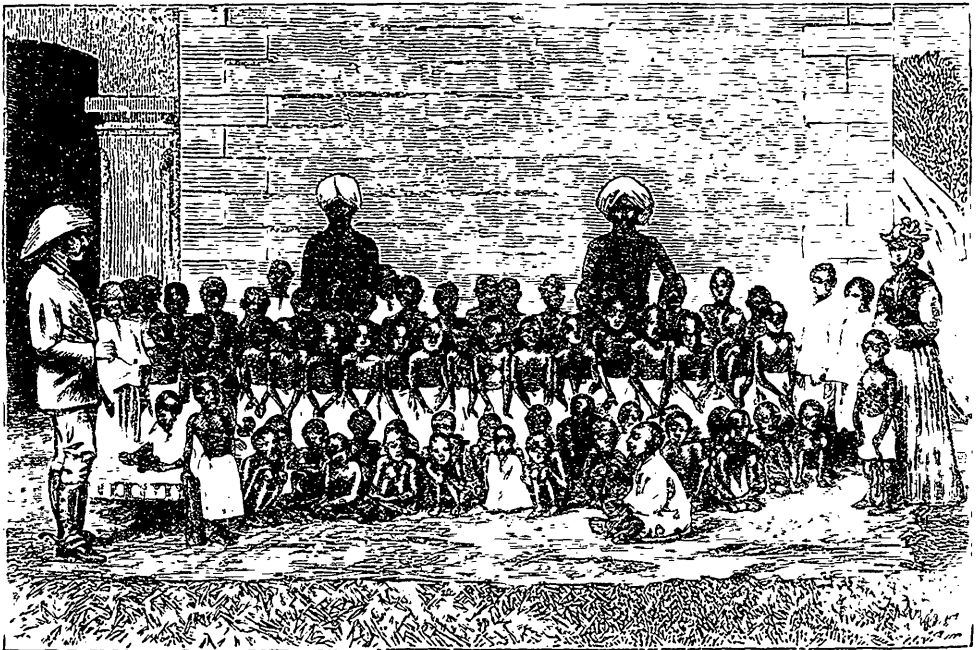
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The Sunday School Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

AUGUST 23, 1879.

[No. 16.



“SAVED FROM FAMINE.”

EAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—You have perhaps seen some very sad pictures of Indian famine children in the English illustrated papers. Here is a group of famine orphans that have been gathered from the Government relief camp, and placed in our Mission Orphanage at Hassan, in the Mysore Province.

I think you will agree with me that they look very clean and happy, although they have only been under our care for six weeks.

It was a fortunate thing that a travelling

German photographer visited our little town last week. All we English folks met together to inspect his specimens of photography, and gravely decided that it was an opportunity not to be lost, and we must be “done;” so one morning, early, before the sun rose too high, we gathered at the appointed place, and had the “station group” taken. After that, my wife and I said, “Why not try a group of our little orphans?” Accordingly notice was duly given to the catechist; the children received an extra good washing and a clean suit of clothes, and early next morning marched down to the back of the magistrates’ court house in a state

of very great excitement. Didn't they look with awe at the three-legged monster with one eye! And what trouble it was to two or three restless ones to keep their hands still! The bigger ones stood at the back, the middle-sized ones sat on benches, and the tiny ones squatted on the ground like so many frogs just ready to jump. I ran into the hospital in our compound, where there were about twenty weak and sickly children, and asked how many could walk down to have their picture taken. To my astonishment, fifteen of them cried out all at once, "*Nānu barut-tēne*"—"I'll come; and a very thin and staggering party they looked as they toiled along to join the stronger ones. Poor Basappa could hardly have got on at all, if I had not told two others to walk at his side; but even he got there in time, and sat on the form as dignified as any of them.

Now let us look into the picture a little. Perhaps you think they are all boys, because their heads are shaven; and as they are placed, you can't tell petticoats from trousers. The truth is, however, that half are boys and half girls, and this for the very good reason, that when these boys and girls become young men and young women, there will be a great many marriages amongst them, and the Missionary's wife will have a vast deal of work to do of a very delicate kind, the very thought of which makes me feel quite glad that I am not my wife. As it would be embarrassing to have several odd boys or several odd girls left over, we take boys and girls in equal numbers; and when our new orphanages are built, they will live in different houses in separate compounds.

But I have wandered from my subject. Their hair is taken off to make it easier to keep them clean; for they were in a sad state when they came to us. We shall now let the girls' hair grow; and then they will not be mistaken for boys, and will look prettier than they now do.

The lady at the side of the group is the Missionary's wife, who left her little baby at the Mission-house, and ran down just in time to be taken. The children on her side are all boys. In front of her is a small boy who is usually ready to laugh at the least hint; just

now he looks very grave. Behind him are two of the monitors or *maistries*, who are picked boys, clean and strong and obedient; they keep the little ones in order. We have three boy *maistries*, distinguished by red stripes on their left sleeve. There are four girl *maistries* on the outside of the girls' part of the group; they wear a red stripe round the collar and down the front of their jacket. The monitors have an extra allowance of food, and tin plates to eat it from, whereas the other children have only earthen plates. At the back are Samuel and Premaka, our catechists; the former is master of the principal orphanage, the latter is in charge of the hospital. On the left is the Missionary in his "working clothes." When he visits England for a holiday, or to beg a lot of money from you and your friends, he will have to wear black clothes and a "box hat," poor fellow! The little girl sitting on the cot is named Lakshmi. She could walk when she came to the Government camp; but some one probably lay on her poor thin leg one night, and the next day she could not use it. She was wild with grief when she saw her brother coming away to the Mission orphanage; so, hearing she was his sister, I had her carried along with the rest. Colonel Hay, the commissioner, saw her, and very kindly had that nice little cot made, sending her bread and butter and milk from his own table, and giving her warm socks for her feet, which were quite swollen with dropsy. She is now better, and may some day, we hope, be able to walk. Lakshmi wanted to come; so we had her carried down on her cot and placed at one corner of the group.

I could tell you something interesting about many of these children, but have not time to-day. Every morning and evening you would, were you here, see a long line of boys and girls, each with a small chatty (earthen pot) on the head, coming to our compound well. Then the gardener pulls up water and fills their pots, and when all are ready, up with them on their heads, and away they go to the orphanage. Others sit down in threes round the mill stones to grind the *rāgi* for their midday meal; and, as they grind, they will often sing some pretty

chant or chorus that they learnt when they had parents living, and a little hut that they called home. We have begun to teach them Christian hymns, and already several can repeat in Canarese, "There is a happy land." Every afternoon they spend about an hour in learning their letters. Two or three can now almost read the "first book." We have to be very careful not to go too fast, as they are not quite strong yet. We find that by waiting a little, and then giving them only a little work suited to their strength, they get to want more; and so, by degrees, they will be very useful children, and do most of the orphanage work themselves. At night they all stand up in their regular places for sleeping, then Samuel prays with them; and after that, they wrap themselves in their blankets and lie down and go to sleep.

In a few weeks we expect to have two hundred of these fatherless and motherless children under our care at Hassan. They are learning to work now just as though they were in their own villages, and when they are all grown up men and women, we expect they will form two or three Christian villages on land we are about to buy for them near Hassan. There are three hundred more orphans at Bangalore and Toomkooor, and many I believe in Madras, all under the care of the Wesleyan Missionaries. So you see, dear English boys and girls, God has given us all a great work to do, and we want you to help us. Out of the dark famine-cloud that has been brooding over Southern India we think we see some very bright beams shining forth to cheer the future of our Indian Missions. Send up hearty prayers, and send out all the money you can to help us clothe and feed and train these dear children.

A. P. RIDDETT.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

NOW many of us who nearly every day of our lives pray these words, help to answer the prayer? Help to broaden the boundary of Christ's kingdom by scattering His truths with a ready hand; by scattering the light of His example farther and farther over this sin-darkened world.

A CHEERFUL WORKER.

"I NOTICE," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well and as cheerfully as fine wheat." "Certainly," clacked the mill; "what am I for but to grind? and as long as I work what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honour is not in doing fine work, but in performing any that comes as well as I can."

LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 64.] **LESSON IX.** [Aug. 31.

PRACTICAL RELIGION; OR, THE CHRISTIAN'S CONDUCT.

Col. 3. 16-25 **Commit to memory verses 16-20**

OUTLINE.

1. Church life. v. 16, 17.
2. Home life. v. 18-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. Col. 3. 23.

1. Sing with praise in your heart.
2. Be thankful to God for his mercies.
3. Be obedient to your parents.

Find the account of a good mother in 1 Samuel.... An obedient son in Luke's Gospel.... A faithful servant in Genesis.

A.D. 54.] **LESSON X.** [Sept. 7.

THE COMING OF THE LORD; OR, LOOKING FOR THE SON OF GOD.

1 Thess. 4. 13-18. **Commit to memory verses 13-18**

OUTLINE.

1. The coming Lord. v. 13, 14.
2. Meeting the Lord. v. 15, 16.
3. Ever with the Lord. v. 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And so shall we be ever with the Lord. 1 Thess 4. 17

1. Do not sorrow over the dead.
2. Comfort those who are in trouble.
3. Be ready at all times to meet Christ.

Find what Christ said to the Sadducees about the resurrection.... What the angel said to the disciples at the ascension about Christ's return.

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 23, 1879.

THE LITTLE LOAF.

ONCE when there was a famine through out the land, a rich man sent for the twenty poorest children in the town to come to his house, and said to them, "In the basket there is a little loaf for each of you. Take it, and come back to me every day at the same hour till the good God sends us better times."

Eagerly did the hungry children fall upon the basket, and quarrelled and struggled for the bread, because each wished to have the best and largest; at last they went away without having even thanked the good gentleman. But Gretchen, a poorly but neatly dressed little maiden, remained standing modestly in the distance; then she took the smallest loaf which alone was left in the basket, gratefully she kissed the rich gentleman's hand, and went quickly home.

Next day the children were just as ill-behaved, and the poor timid Gretchen received this time a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the other. But when she came home and her sick mother cut the loaf open, many new silver pieces of money fell rattling and shining out of it.

The mother was not a little alarmed, and said: "Take the money at once back to the good gentleman, for it certainly got into the dough by accident. Be quick, Gretchen! be quick!"

But when the little girl came to the rich man and gave him her mother's message, he said kindly: "No, no, my child, it was no mistake. I had the silver pieces put into the smallest loaf to reward you. Remain always as contented, peaceable, self-denying, and grateful. She who would rather take the smallest loaf than quarrel for the larger ones, will obtain far richer blessings than even if money were baked into the loaf. Go home now, and greet your mother very kindly from me."—*Christian Weekly.*

LITTLE BEE.

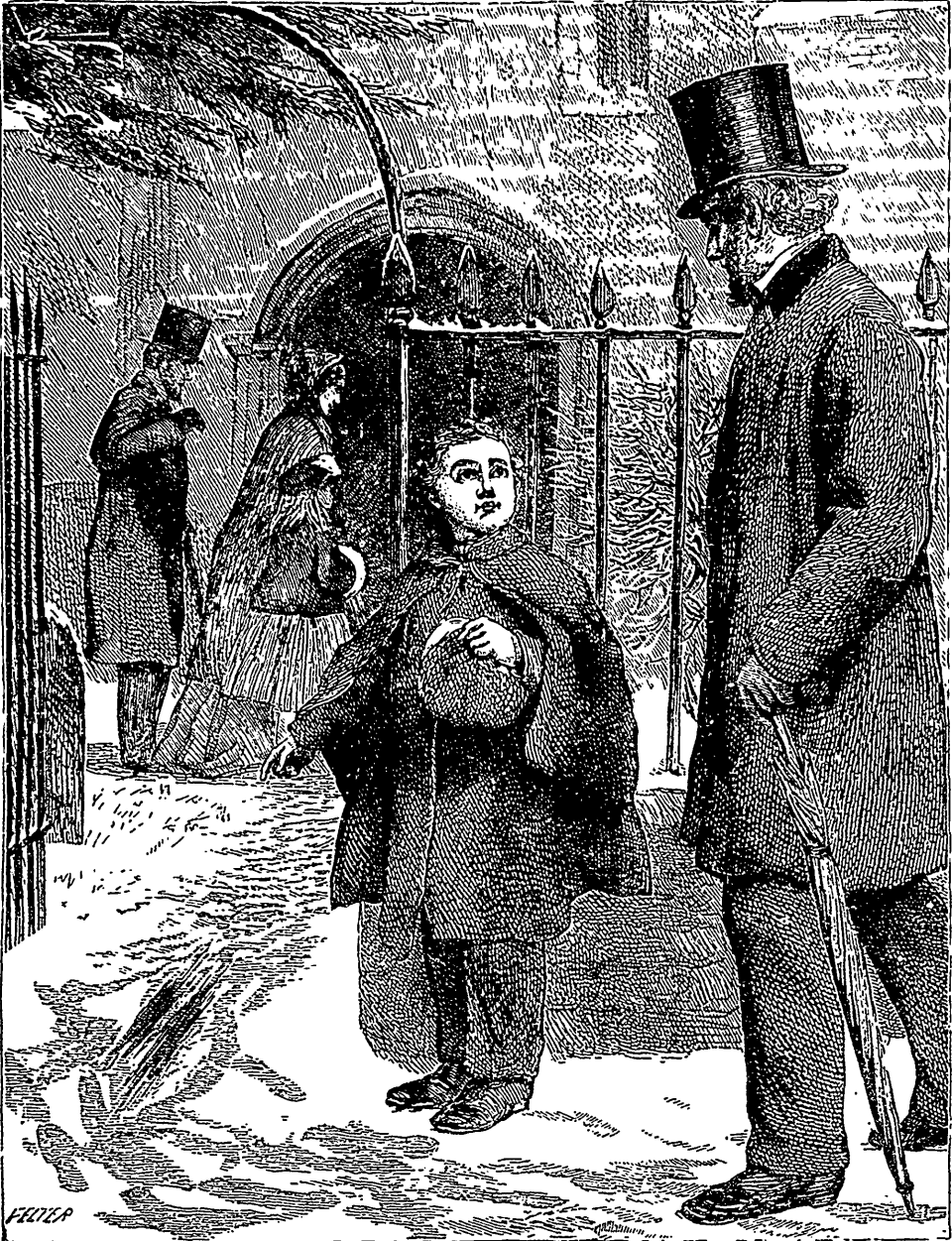
BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

COME out, little bee,
To the meadows so gay;
They're all spangled thick
With the bright flowers of May.
The fair summer buds
On every hand bloom,
The cups and the bells
Are rich with perfume.

Come out, little bee,
The clover is here;
The wild columbine
Is blossoming near;
And close by that knoll
Where the sunshine abides,
The white daisies grow
And the violet hides.

Don't sting, little bee;
You'll do quite as well
In gathering sweets
To fill up your cell,
If you just softly buzz
A good-natured song
To the beautiful flowers
As you hurry along.

Come out, little bee;
To the pleasant fields come;
Fill the dells and the groves
With thy musical hum;
The blossoms are brimmed
With honey for thee;
The summer is here;
Come out, little bee.



“PLEASE DON'T STEP THERE, SIR.”

A LAYER of snow was spread over the icy streets, and pedestrians, shod with india-rubber, walked carefully toward the village church on a cold Sabbath morning in February.

Walking somewhat hastily churchward, for

I was late, I noticed a bright-looking little lad standing upon the pavement with his cap in his hand, and his eyes fixed upon one spot on the sidewalk. As I approached him he looked up to me, and, pointing to the place, said ;

“Please don't step there, sir ; I slipped there and fell down.”

I thanked the philanthropic little fellow, and passed round the dangerous spot.

"Don't step there" was the theme of my meditations during the remainder of the walk.

A thousand times since has the clear voice of that kind-hearted child rung in my ear, reminding me of my duty to those around me, and urging me to repeat, wherever it promises to be useful, "Please, sir, don't step there."

When I see a youth entering the path of the Sabbath-breaker I would cry, "Don't step there!"

When I see a boy tempted to go with youths who drink, smoke, or gamble, I would cry, "Don't step there!"

When I see boys or girls commencing a course of disobedience to parents, I would say, "Don't step there!"

As on the path of life we tread,
We come to many a place
Where, if not careful, we may fall,
And sink in sad disgrace.

Some idle habit, word, or thought,
Some sin, however small,
May make us stumble in the path,
And, stumbling, we may fall.

Our fellow-travelers on the road,
We'll watch with anxious care,
And when they reach some dangerous spot,
We'll warn them—"Don't step there;"

TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.

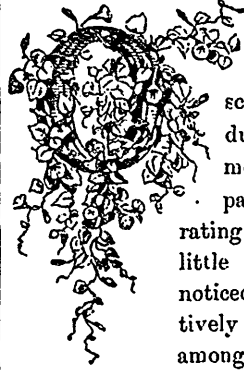
NEAR the foot of our street stood an Italian with a hand organ. Ten or twelve boys gathered around him, more filled with mirthfulness than courtesy. One, less noble than the rest, said to his fellows, "See! I'll hit his hat."

And, sure enough, he did. Catching up a snow ball he threw it so violently that the poor man's hat was knocked in the gutter. A bystander expected to see some manifestation of anger. The musician stepped forward and picked up his hat. He then turned to the rude boy, bowed gracefully, and said: "And now I'll play you a tune to make you merry."

Which do you think was the gentleman or Christian?

A GAMIN.

BY DR. BARNARDO.



ONE evening the attendants at the ragged-school, which we had conducted for three years, had met as usual, and at half-past nine o'clock were separating for their homes. A little lad, whom we had noticed listening very attentively during the evening, was among the last to leave, and

his steps were slow and unwilling.

"Come, my lad," we said, "had you not better go home? It is very late. Mother will be coming for you."

"Please, sir, let me stop!"

"No, I can not; I think it's quite time for you to go home now. Why do you wish to stop?"

"Please, sir, do let me stay. I won't do no 'arm."

"Well, but had you not better go home? Your mother will wonder what keeps you so late."

"I ain't got no mother."

"Where is your father?"

"I ain't got no father."

"You haven't got a mother or father, boy! Where do you live?"

"Doesn't live nowhere."

"Now, my lad, it is of no use your trying to deceive me. Come here, and tell me what you mean. Where do you come from? Where are your friends? Where did you sleep last night?"

In calling the child to our side, we never for a moment believed that his tale was true. Our own three years' experience among poor boys and girls had indeed revealed to us much of the privation and suffering which at an early age often fall to the lot of the children of the poor. We had encountered hungry, ragged, and some times ill-used little ones, but never before had we met with a genuine Arab boy.

We thought the race existed only on paper, and that the stories about their condition and

sufferings in London, 'which had attracted attention, were mainly furnished by the vivid imagination of certain writers, whose love for the sensational had overcome their strict regard for the truth.

We had laboured earnestly enough among the children of the labouring poor, but as yet knew nothing experimentally of the houseless and destitute, having only a generally vague impression that *homeless* little ones were for the most part orphans, and if very poor were taken care of by the Union.

Our readers will therefore easily understand the cause of the grave doubts which entered our mind as this poor boy stood before us, and repeated his almost incredible tale.

The schoolroom being now deserted by its recent occupants, we very closely scrutinized the little lad, and to this day remember his appearance. The small, stunted, spare frame, clad in miserable rags, loathsome from their dirt, and without either shirt, shoes, or stockings, the expression of shrewdness in his countenance, and the bright, restless twinkle of his eye, all served to excite our interest and pity. His face, too, was not that of a child, although he said his age was only ten; there was a careworn, old-mannish look about it, which, together with the sound of his thin, querulous voice replying quickly and glibly as we spoke, struck one, as it were, with a sharp and acute pain.

"Do you mean to say, my boy, that you have no home, and that you have no mother or father?"

"That's the truth on't, sir; I ain't tellin' you no lie about it."

"Well, but where did you sleep last night?"

"Down in Whitechapel, sir, along o' the 'aymarket, in one of them carts as is filled with 'ay; an' then I met a chap as I knowed this artemoon, and he telled me to come up 'ere to school, as per'aps you'd let me lie near the fire all night. I won't do no 'arm, sir, if you let me stop; *please* do!"

It was a very cold night, for although there

had been no snow or wet during the day, the sharp and biting wind seemed to penetrate every joint, no matter how one was wrapped up; and as we looked at the little lad whom the Lord had sent to us, and noticed how ill-prepared he was to resist the vicissitudes of the weather, our hearts sank as we silently reflected, "If all that this boy says is true, how much he must have suffered!" Then, too, for the first time, we asked ourselves the question, "Is it possible that in this great city there are others also homeless and destitute, who are as young as this boy, as helpless, and as ill-prepared to meet the trials of cold, hunger, and exposure of every kind? Is it possible," we thought "that at this moment there are *many such in this great London* of ours—this city of wealth, of open Bibles, of gospel preaching, and of ragged-schools?" Instinctively, too, we asked this question of the poor little fellow who stood beside us awaiting anxiously the result of our cogitation, and received the sad reply:

"Oh yes, sir, lots—'eaps on 'em! More'n I could count!"

"If I give you some hot coffee to-night, and a place to sleep in, will you bring me to where some of these poor boys are lying out in the streets, and show me their hiding-place?"

Hot coffee! We know not what visions of Elysium came before that poor boy's mind as we spoke of a warm meal, but a ravenous, almost wolfish expression appeared in his face, and nodding his head rapidly in token of assent, he obeyed with quickened step our directions to follow, and at once accompanied us to our rooms.

He had not much to say on the way, but kept up close behind, his little feet going patter, patter, patter, on the cold pavement, his few rags pulled tightly across his breast, and his wretched apology for a cap drawn over head and ears. Having arrived, he waited for awhile in the hall, and then, when coffee was ready, he was called in, and seated at the table opposite to ourselves.

(Continued in our next)



INDIAN DHOBY, OR WASHERMAN.

DO men wash in India? O, yes; and the man you see opposite is the Dhoby some of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Bangalore employ to wash their clothes. You see on the donkey the bundle of clothes he is taking to the tank to wash. Donkeys are very, very much despised in India, and as a consequence are invariably miserable-looking creatures. They are used almost exclusively in the Mysore by dhobies and others to carry burdens. You never see them attached to any kind of vehicle; and to ride one would be considered a very undignified thing. The late Rev. J. Stephenson, an excellent Missionary who lived a number of years at Toomkoo, and died in India four years ago, once bought a

donkey for his little boy. Well now, when the natives in Toomkoo saw Mr. Stephenson's little boy riding his donkey they were very much shocked, and came to nonstrate, and persuaded his father to sell it. They said that if he continued to let his son ride the donkey, he would lose their respect; and that would never do for a Missionary, would it?

You would laugh to see the dhoby washing. He has no *patent machine* or *tubs*, and they don't use *patent soap*, or washing powder; but they go to the tank and stand up to their knees in water, and after rubbing the clothes with common soap, they batter them on a big flat stone. But don't they make holes in the clothes, and knock the buttons off? They do indeed; and sometimes they do even worse things than these. One day last year, whilst preaching in a village near Shemoga, I saw a native wearing one of my best India gauze vests. I knew it at once, because of the initial-(S) in front. Upon inquiry I found that the dhoby had lent it out to be worn for several days by this dirty, unwashed rascal, and for his kindness

received a quantity of rice. It is not very nice to think of your clothes being worn by other people in this way, is it? And yet such a procedure is not at all uncommon. If you were to write to the Missionary ladies, they could tell you some strange things about the washermen. They form a caste among themselves, and I am thankful to say that some of them have been converted, and received into the Christian Church. The Rev. T. Hodson, Chairman of the Mysore District, has lately written the life of "Old Daniel" of Goobbee, which, when printed, will interest you all very much. "Old Daniel" was a dhoby, and was converted to God many years ago. After a consistent life amidst much trial and persecution, he passed away to his rest in 1875, leaving a good testimony that he is now with Jesus.—J. C. S.