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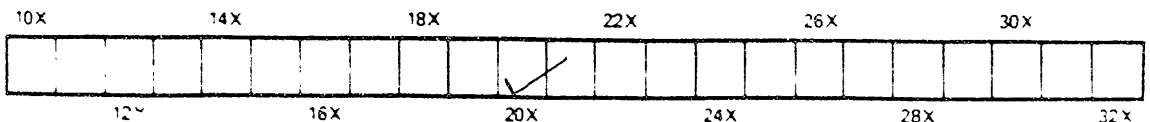
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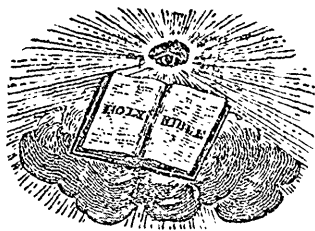
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VII.

TORONTO, C. W., JUNE, 1852.

No. 1.

ANOTHER VOLUME.

We now have the pleasure of presenting our young friends with the first number of the Seventh Volume of the *Sunday School Guardian*; and we are happy in being able to state, that we have a fair prospect this year of conversing with a much larger number of youthful friends through the medium of this little paper, than we had at the commencement of the year that has just closed. We intend to make provision for supplying all who may desire it, with a copy of the paper; and we trust that our friends will lose no time in sending their orders. In addition to the very low price of this paper, which places it within the reach of all, we hope to be able so far to improve the *Sunday School Guardian* as to render it one of the

most attractive and interesting papers of the kind; and a welcome and profitable monthly visitor to the youth of the families and Sabbath Schools of our Church. It has already been stated in the *Christian Guardian*, and we repeat it here, that single copies of the *S. S. Guardian*, addressed to subscribers, can now be obtained for one quarter of a dollar per year; and when ten copies are enclosed in one parcel and sent to one address, the price will be only one shilling a year. If our young friends will only think of it in season, and save the pence which they are accustomed to spend in buying foolish toys and sweetmeats, which do them no good, but often much harm,—they can obtain a paper for themselves, which will afford them much pleasing and useful instruction.

CONFERENCE SABBATH SCHOOL REPORT.

Your Committee, after a careful examination of the imperfect returns that have been submitted to them, have much pleasure in being able to report, that there are in connection with our work, in this part of the Province, 297 Sabbath Schools; 2,145 Teachers; 16,140 Scholars; 38,245 vols. in the Libraries; and had the returns been complete, we doubt not but a much larger number would have been reported.

We cannot but regard this as a highly interesting and deeply-important department of our work. Other Schools may impart useful and literary knowledge, but it is the especial object of Sabbath Schools to implant in the minds of our youth the germ of divine knowledge. From the returns that have been made, we believe there is an increasing desire to have our Schools Wesleyan in their character; hence the increase of those Schools in which our books and catechisms only are used; and we believe the thirty-eight thousand volumes that are principally Wesleyan in their character, which are circulated among our children, and through them in their respective families, cannot fail to exert a very powerful and salutary influence upon their minds, and we can say, "The fields are" not only "already white unto the harvest," but many precious sheaves have been gathered into the garner of the Church, and many of the children, during the past year, have been converted unto God, and especially in connection with that gracious work of God that has been going on for so many months in the City of Toronto.

Your Committee is convinced that our Schools might be carried on more efficiently in many places, if there could be more ministerial visitations to these Schools; but we are aware,

that such is the extent of our Sabbath labours, that it would be difficult: yet, we believe, in many instances practicable; and where it is not, the Teachers and some of the children might be occasionally met on a week evening, as our week-night appointments are not so numerous as they were formerly.

We would recommend increased attention to the circulation of our *Sunday School Guardian* as a very useful and interesting periodical, admirably adapted to promote the efficiency of this department of our work. The exceedingly low price of which will bring it within the reach of every family, throughout the vast extent of our work.

In connexion with our Schools, we are pleased to find that there are several Bible and Catechumen Classes—a very necessary appendage to our Sabbath Schools. In these Classes, the minds of our youth are directed to the evidences of the divine origin of our holy religion, its historical narratives, fundamental doctrines, and especially those to which greater prominence is given in our own ministrations, such as the universality of the atonement, justification by faith, the direct witness of the Spirit, entire sanctification, the possibility of falling from grace and perishing eternally, and the consequent necessity of being faithful unto death: and this we regard as being the more necessary, because the books that are circulated, and the influence exerted by other Societies, is in many respects of a contrary character.

We would beg most earnestly to direct your attention to the importance of Bible and Catechumen Classes, in which the minds of our youth may be trained up for future usefulness in the Church, as officers and Teachers in our Sabbath Schools, or even as Ministers in our Church. Many of those who are now watchmen on the

walls of our Zion, can trace their conversion to God, as some of them did in our excellent love-feast on Sabbath morning, to the impressions made and the instructions received in connection with the Sabbath School. We regard this as a powerful auxiliary to the accomplishment of the great and glorious object for which God in his providence has raised us up, viz.: to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land.

And we trust that we shall yet more vigorously prosecute our operations, looking unto Him who has said, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that." As the cultivation of the useful productions of the earth is attended with much toil and care, so we believe the same application and care are necessary in disseminating the seed of divine life, and cultivating the plants of righteousness in the vineyard of the Lord. May the Lord graciously pour his blessings upon our seed, and his Spirit upon our offspring that they may grow up as the grass, and as willows by the water courses, that they may be all taught of God, and great may be the peace of our children, is the sincere and fervent prayer of yours in Christ.

Signed in behalf of the Committee.

JOHN GEMLEY, *Chairman.*

SAMUEL C. PHILP, *Secretary.*

Kingston, June 10, 1852.

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

SABBATH SCHOOLS AND THE S. S. GUARDIAN.

MR. EDITOR,—It is a source of great delight and thankfulness to observe in the public mind an increasing interest in the religious instruction of the young. This is important, considering the present state of our country, and the marked influence which timely efforts must

have in determining its future religious principles and character.

This is the time to work—now before corrupt principles, improper and inefficient institutions, become inveterate, or a general spirit of apathy seize the vitals of our yet unsettled population. While in a state of fusion, the metal may be cast and moulded at pleasure, and Canada is now capable of receiving an impress which time's corroding fingers, and vice's sweeping billows will fail to efface. If this be true in reference to the general population of our infantile Province, surely it is not inapplicable to the youth as a distinct class.

Much respect and anxiety have prevailed for Sabbath Schools. As they multiply, and their real worth becomes known, that anxiety for their advantages, and interest in their prosperity increase; while regret is begotten in those districts where they are not established.

But though these nurseries of piety are extending and exercising so benign an influence in the religious world, we are persuaded that much, by simple efforts, might be done towards perfecting their operation and accelerating their spread.

In many parts of the country numerous wants exist, and many defects are to be deplored. These arise, not usually from any want of piety or zeal in the conductors or friends of the individual school, but mainly from lack of acquaintance with an efficient system of conducting the school, and securing the regular instruction of the children. Many of our pious and beloved friends in charge of the schools, have not, in previous years, enjoyed the advantages they afford, and are necessarily deficient in that practical acquaintance with their working which is essential to uniform success.

Hence it is that many of our schools prove unsuccessful in accomplishing the good desired; others are a continual burden to officers, teachers and scholars, and many are entirely discontinued. From these and similar causes many populous neighbourhoods are entirely destitute of such institutions; and when recommended, ignorance of their working, timidity about commencing, and inability to conduct them, are the usual pleas for neglecting them. How then shall we obviate these slight difficulties, which prevent so much good?

We think some *plain, clear, and definite* instructions regarding the Sabbath School institution—the constitution of a school—the duties and responsibilities of the Superintendent and officers individually, with the necessary instructions for teachers and children, appearing from time to time in one or both of our periodicals, would tend very decidedly to remove embarrassment, improve the schools already in operation, facilitate the establishment of others, to lead to more uniformity.

The *Sunday School Guardian* would be a desirable medium for such necessary information. But it is not known very extensively in the country. This difficulty, however, could easily be removed by a slight effort on the part of our ministers and other interested friends. It is *prized* by our friends and *loved* by the children who have perused it—its present standing, its objects, and its remarkably low price commend it to a circulation even more extensive than our larger sheet. What Sabbath School cannot return ten subscribers at one shilling each? Our ministers might place it in the hands of almost every child, by simply recommending it and enlist-

ing the services of a few young persons as agents.

You inform us that the June number will commence a new volume—may we hope that such pleasurable efforts will be immediately made and important ends secured?

J. E. S.

Chinguacousy, May 28th, 1852.

WESLEYAN MISSION AT RICE LAKE, UPPER CANADA,

The *Juvenile Offering*, from which this account of the Rice Lake Mission is taken, contains, as the reader will see, a picture of the Wesleyan Mission premises; but not having the cut, we are unable to give it in the *S. S. Guardian*. But we have no doubt that the reading will be very interesting to our young friends without the picture.

This beautiful and flourishing Mission is situated on the shores of the Rice Lake, Upper Canada, among the Ojibway Indians, some of the scattered tribes who once peopled that immense country.

In order that you may know how much good has been done among these Indians by the Missionaries, I will tell you what they were in their heathen state, and what they were 6 months ago, (1851,) when a friend visited the Mission-Station.

Formerly the Indians were always roaming over the country in search of game for food, and wild animals, whose skins they sold to traders for guns, whiskey, and rum: they were very fond of these firewaters, as they called them, and would drink till they were quite mad; then, in their fury, seizing their weapons, they fought, and many were killed in these drunken fits. The state of the females was very wretched; the men were tyrants and the women slaves, obliged to do all the work and carry heavy

burdens; they were not allowed to eat or speak in the presence of their husbands. The poor children, neglected by their wretched mothers, often died from starvation.

When visited last summer, they were living in good houses, well furnished with necessary furniture; they had plenty to eat; during the year they had raised a great many hundreds of bushels of wheat, and oats and other crops, such as Indian corn, potatoes, &c. They had several fine teams of horses, yokes of oxen, milch cows, and plenty of young horses and cattle, a great many pigs, poultry, &c. They were preparing for their spring crops; and an Indian boy, twelve years of age, was seen ploughing by himself with a team of horses; he had ploughed several acres in a workmanlike manner. The dress of both men and women was becoming, both plain and neat. There is among them a strong religious feeling, and a desire to profit by the truth delivered to them by the Missionary. The situation of their village is very beautiful, on the borders of the lake, as you see in the picture. The chapel is built of wood. The house on the right under the tree belongs to the chief Podash, the flag-staff stands on his grounds, because he is the Chief of the tribe. The house next the chapel on the left is the Mission-house, where Mr. Brooking, the Missionary, lives; the next building is the school. A year ago some friends in England sent a few presents to this station; and amongst other things, there was a communion service for the chapel, of which they were very much in want. The Indians were greatly pleased with their presents, and have written a letter of thanks to the ladies, which I give you; it was written in their

own language, and translated by the interpreter.

LETTER FROM THE OJIBWAY
INDIANS.

Dear Sisters,—Wide and deep are the waters between us; but we shake hands with you in our hearts. The same Great Spirit made the white man and the red man; and we are glad you can look up to Ishpeming,* when the sun is up or the stars are shining, and pray for the poor soul of the red man in the woods of the far-off land, and our souls are made happy. We are the children of the same Father; and, wherever we are, He will hear our prayers and bless.

Our fathers were hunters and warriors; the swift-footed deer did not fly swifter than their arrows; the bear trembled when he heard their voices; the wolf smelt their trail and hid himself in the dark swamp; if an enemy crossed their path, he turned pale. The Ojibway rejoiced in his wisdom at the council fire. The clear spring, the broad river, the driving rapid, the roaring fall, in dark midnight or in broad sunshine, were heard when he spoke. The Ojibways were a great nation, and loved their brethren. Like a great elm, they filled the sky with their branches, and the earth with their roots; one ran towards the sun-rising, where the waves of Natawalege mingle with the waters Kechigume, one to where Kesust goes to sleep, one to the hot Shawahnoong, † and a strong one to Kewatenoonng. § The little trees grew in its shade, the Mohawk and the warriors in fur from the land of snow laid their heads in peace on its roots. The Ojibway loved his friend and hated his enemy; ere his tongue spoke, his hand struck the

* Heaven. † The Sun. ‡ South. § North.

limb that kicked the skull ; moving in the path like the tall pine in the morning winds, he enjoyed his forest freedom. The white man came with the Gospel and his arts, and our fathers, like a hunter in the lake at midnight, his canoe upset and his torch in the waters, found themselves in darkness. Glory, glory, glory rose on our midnight waters. Jesus of Righteousness, Jesus our Saviour, came to our help. Now, from the Rock we stand on, yonder are the plains of Canaan, yonder are the woods of Paradise, and the winds blowing off those shores smell of the sweet flowers planted there, and of the Rose of Sharon. We see and feel the happiness of heaven, and we sing—

*Jesus, ishpeeming, kaheshod,
Mee suh avh apane noyon,
Newahbunden kahnezhod,
Kuhya neen kaneezhabyon.*

“ Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He v hom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.”

Mrs. Brooking is the mother of our women. We kneel at our Lord's table ; and as He blesses us, we praise Him, and pray for the good Misses C. as we look at the cups we drink from. The leaf is falling, and the cold wind is blowing, the birds leaving our woods for the sunny south tell us that the winter is coming. We look on our children running to school, warm and happy : they are happy, and we are happy. The little boy shows us his jack-knife, and the little girl her thimble and scissors ; and we tell them not to lose them, and think of the good Mrs H. far away in England, where a great and a good lady lives called Queen Victoria. We learn them these names, and we tell them how happy the children in England are where these ladies live, and that the

way to be happy, as Mr. Brooking tells us, is to pray to Jesus and to God, to read and learn from the Bible the way to heaven.

Dear sisters, ask some of your little children to send some of their little books, after they have read them, that tell of the good boys and girls, to their little brethren and sisters on the shores of Rice-Lake, that they may learn to think and be like the happy children of happy England.

The Spirit of the sun-lit sky, and the driving tempest, the Spirit that folds his wings over the Christian when he prays, dear sisters, be with you, and your grateful Indian brethren and sisters on the shores of our sweet lake.

*Pachekokahlaugh, James M' Cree,
Interpreter.*

*Chief George Podash, otherwise
Keckeleetesh.*

*Chief John Crowe, Class-Leader,
otherwise*

Minwah-ben-wash-kinkg.

A FACT.

While travelling the P—— circuit in 18—, we organized a Sunday school, and sent for a five dollar library for one of the country societies. After the school had got into operation, one of the books, called the “Germes of Thought,” fell into the hands of one of the strongest Universalists of that country. His attention was arrested, the spirit of God applied the truth, and that man, once so strong in his infidelity, found no rest till he came forward in public, and, falling upon his knees, asked the people of God to pray for him. E. W. CADWELL.

Western Christian Advocate.

Example is philosophy in action.



MOVING TO A NEW COUNTRY.

FAMILY PRAYER.

“Sarah, what are you doing so long over that crumbled paper?” said her father authoritatively.— “Why don’t you help your mother to fold those clothes?”

“I was thinking,” said Sarah, “how a family could get along without prayers.”

Mr. Neal did seem a little embarrassed as he answered, “You will find many families in our country who live without prayer.”

“I hope ours will not be one of them” said Mrs. Neal; and this time there was decision in her voice, and Mr. Neal did not reply.

At length the preparations for their departure were all completed—the last adieus were bidden, and the family commenced their arduous journey.

Sarah found it was possible for her to tire of riding even the first day; and after travelling nearly a week, it was a pleasure to find the road so rough that she could keep up with the horses in walking.

The last half day of their journey there was a violent shower, and in spite of cloaks and umbrellas, both Sarah and her mother found themselves completely drenched with the rain. As the clouds rolled over, a fresh breeze sprang up, and by the time they came in sight of their new home, Mrs. Neal was shivering with cold.

“There is our farm,” said Mr. Neal, much more gaily than he was usually accustomed to speak; for, in truth, he had been for the last hour, watching his wife, by occasional glances, and the death-like pallor of her countenance was really alarming to him.

“Father,” said Sarah, “I see a nice new barn and a pig-sty—but where is your house?”

“A pig-sty, ha!” (and Mr. Neal laughed at Sarah’s mistake.)— “Why, that is where Walter and Andrew live, and I have a nice little pen in it for you.”

“O father! that is n’t our house,

is it?" and Sarah ended her laugh with a shower of tears.

But Mrs. Neal did not weep; she even brightened up at the sight of her home. It was a place of rest, and she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of her dear boys. For nearly a year had they been separated from her; and no mother will wonder that the log-cabin where they resided looked like a very palace in her sight.

As they neared the house, Andrew came out with a water-pail in his hand, and, seeing the wagon, he bounded up the rough path to meet them. "I knew you would be here to night," said he, as he leaped into the carriage, and tore away the veils of first his mother, and then Sarah, to kiss them.—Walter met them at the door, assisted his mother to alight, and led her gently in.

"Have you become dignified, sister?" said Andrew, offering his arm; but, before Sarah could take it, he had thrown it round her waist and was bearing her along, struggling and screaming, to the house.

"Come, Andrew, none of your pranks, my son," said his mother, smiling; but let us see some specimens of your cookery."

"Now for a nice supper," said Andrew, as he whirled his round table into the middle of the floor. Light wheat loaves, warm fritters, fried fish, caught from a neighboring pond, and a bowl of maple syrup certainly formed a nice supper, even without the roll of rich yellow butter which Andrew mysteriously took from a covered basket.

"That then was the errand that sent you across the woods so early this morning?" Said Walter.

"It was," replied the happy cook "And now, mother, let me set your

chair, and let us see you at the head of the table once more."

After the tea-table was removed, and the little furniture arranged neatly around the cottage, Mrs. Neal requested Walter to unlock the chest, and take out the large Bible.

Andrew sprang up, with a glance of triumph at Sarah, and arranged the stand, and laid the family Bible upon it.

"Husband," said Mrs. Neal, gently, "let us begin our first housekeeping in this country by imploring the blessing of God;" and she drew a chair toward the stand for him.

Poor man! how easy it would have been then for him to have returned from the path from which he had so widely strayed! Long after, when his soul was bowed with affliction, did he look back to that auspicious evening, and wish he could recall it. But a strange diffidence had taken possession of him. It had been so long since he had prayed he knew not what to say; beside, what right had his wife to dictate to him? And so he just answered, in a sullen manner, that he was tired to death, and walked into the back-room, and threw himself upon the bed.

Andrew and Sarah again exchanged glances, and then both of them looked at their mother, wondering what she would do next. Walter sat down by his mother's side as though he would gladly assist in bearing the cross that seemed all thrown upon her. Mrs. Neal opened the Bible, and, in a weak, tremulous voice read the eleventh and twelfth psalms. She then bowed, with her children by her side, and committed them all to the care of their Heavenly father; praying that they might each be enabled to

discharge the duties of this life, so as to come up, a family unbroken, in the kingdom of God.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
 Though thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
 —Sarah Neal.

"FATHER, I CAN'T TELL A LIE."

Christians have been praying in Boston; a morning union prayer-meeting at eight o'clock has been blessed of God, and many of the Churches and Sabbath Schools visited by the descent of the Holy Spirit. In one Church the Sabbath

School teacher asked a little girl if she had family prayer at home. She was obliged to answer, No. She said to her father, "My teacher asked me if there was family prayer in our house; and father, I could not tell a lie. That father was a Universalist; but his little daughter's appeal reached his heart. He was led to serious reflection, and publicly to join himself to the people of God. He has also become a missionary of Christ to others, and his labors have already been blessed in the hopeful conversion of three or four of his former associates.—*American Messenger.*



SAUL AND DAVID.

Here is a picture of Saul attempting to kill David. The history of this affair may be found in 1st Samuel, 19th chapter. If our young readers will turn to that place, they will learn that the reason why Saul wished to destroy David, was, he was jealous because he knew that the Lord had appointed David to be the King of Israel in his place, or after him, instead of

his own son, Jonathan. Young persons will find it profitable often to read the history of Saul and David. The history of Saul will show the folly and danger of giving way to those evil tempers which led him to attempt to commit the awful crime of murder. And the life of David furnishes a beautiful example of filial obedience and piety, which all children and young persons should strive to imitate.



THE OSTRICH

Is a bird very anciently known, since it is mentioned in the oldest of books. It has furnished the sacred writers with some of their most beautiful imagery, and its flesh was, even previous to the days of Moses, apparently a common species of food, since we find it interdicted, among other unclean animals, by the Jewish legislator.

The ostrich is generally considered as the largest of birds, but its size serves to deprive it of the principal excellence of this class of animals—the power of flying. The medium weight of this bird may be estimated at seventy-five or eighty pounds, a weight which would require an immense power of wing to elevate into the atmosphere; and hence all those of the feathered

kind, which approach to the size of the ostrich, such as the tuiou, the cassowary, the dodo, neither possess, nor can possess the faculty of flight. The head and bill of the ostrich somewhat resemble those of a duck; and the neck may be compared to that of a swan, only that it is much longer; the legs and thighs resemble those of a hen, though the whole appearance, at a distance, bears a strong resemblance to a camel; it is usually seven feet high from the top of the head to the ground, but from the back it is only four, so that the head and neck are above three feet long. From the top of the head to the rump, when the neck is stretched out in the right line, it is six feet long, and the tail is about a foot more. One of the wings

wit'out the feathers is a foot and hal, and being stretched out with the feathers is three feet.

The plumage is much alike in all; this is, generally black and white, though some of them are said to be grey. The greatest feathers are at the extremities of the wings and tail, and the largest are generally white. The next row is black and white; and of the small feathers on the back and belly, some are white and others black. There are no feathers on the sides, nor yet on the thighs, nor under the wings.

The ostrich is a native only of the torrid regions of Africa, and has never bred out of that country which first produced it. This bird so disqualified for society with man, inhabits, from preference, the most solitary and horrid deserts, where there are few vegetables to clothe the surface of the earth, and where the rain never comes to refresh it. The Arabians assert that the ostrich never drinks, and the place of its habitation seems to confirm the assertion. In these formidable regions ostriches are seen in large flocks, which, to the distant spectator, appear like a regiment of cavalry, and have often alarmed a whole caravan. There is no desert, how barren soever, but is capable of supplying these animals with provision; they eat almost everything; and these barren tracts are thus doubly grateful, as they afford both food and security.

The ostrich lays very large eggs, some of them being above five inches in diameter, and weighing upwards of fifteen pounds. These eggs have a very hard shell, somewhat resembling those of the crocodile, except that those of the latter are less and rounder.

The strength and size of the ostrich have suggested to man the

experiment of using them as animals of burden. Persons ride on them as represented in the picture.



THE MUTILATED PRAYER.

Mrs. Allen told her son James it was time he was in bed.

"Is it?" replied James, in a tone indicating that he did not know that this usual hour for retiring had passed.

"Yes, my son; it is nearly half-past eight o'clock. Go and bid your father good night, and take your little lamp, and go to your room."

James obeyed his mother, but not with his usual cheerfulness and alacrity. This was owing to two reasons. The first was the consciousness that he had not done right, in replying as he did to his mother's remark, "it is time for you to go to bed." He felt that in so doing, he had acted an untruth. He had been carefully taught not only to speak the truth, but to *act* the truth. He knew, that to convey a wrong impression by a tone or gesture, was as truly a deviation from the truth, as a formal statement of a falsehood. The other reason related to some occurrences of the day, which will be noticed in the sequel.

James stopped once or twice on his way to his chamber, and looked steadily upon the floor before him, as if buried in profound thought.

He was accustomed to say his prayers before he disrobed for the night; but on this occasion he departed from his usual course. He proceeded with great deliberation to prepare for bed; and when no further time could be thus employed, he knelt down by his bed-side, and in a low voice began his supplications. He was not accustomed to confine himself to a set form of prayer, except that he always closes his brief devotion with the Lord's prayer. He repeated it on this occasion with great propriety and apparent sincerity, till he came to the petition "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." When he came to the latter clause of this sentence he paused, and omitting the latter part of it, went on with the prayer till he came to its close. He then threw himself on his bed, but was much longer than usual in getting asleep.

Why did he omit the words "as we forgive our debtors?" I will tell you. In the morning, as he went to school, he found the countenances of his fellow-pupils changed towards him. They did not meet him with smiling faces and welcome him to their sports. On the contrary they were silent, and disposed to avoid him. When school began he noticed that the eye of the teacher was upon him, and that an expression of pain rested upon the teacher's countenance. This unusual reception had a very perceptible effect upon James. He felt uncomfortable and restless, and instead of fixing his attention on his lessons, kept wondering what was the cause. After a portion of the exercises of the school had been performed the teacher called James into his private room and said, "James, your behaviour in school has always

been very good, and your reputation for good conduct out of school has always been good heretofore. On that account I was very slow to believe anything to your disadvantage, but the evidence is so strong that I cannot set it aside."

"What have I done?" said James in great astonishment.

"Do you not know to what I allude?"

"No, sir."

"Where were you last evening?"

"I was at Mr. Gordon's after tea, and when I set out for home, the moonlight was so pleasant that I walked around the square."

"Did you not stop at Mrs. Colt's garden?"

"No, sir."

"I have been told, on what I supposed to be good authority, that you did, and that you robbed her peach tree."

"Mr. Hedges, do you believe I am a thief?"

"No, I do not," said Mr. H., convinced by James' manner that he had been deceived.

"Have you ever had any difficulty, James, with Mr. Murdoch?"

"No, sir, he has always treated me well, and appears to be a very nice man."

"I can't understand it. Mr. Murdoch told me he saw you getting Mrs. Colt's peaches last night. I asked him if he was not mistaken, and he said he could not be, because he spoke to you and remonstrated with you."

"Will you please sir, let me go and see him immediately?"

"I will go with you as soon as school is out."

"Will you allow me to stay in this room sir, till school is out? I see that the boys have heard this story, and I cannot bear their looks."

"If you are innocent, as I believe you are, bear up under it, and the matter will soon be cleared up.— You may, however, study here if you choose."

After school, Mr. Hedges and James went to see Mr. Murdoch, who was very much embarrassed on being confronted with James, but still adhered to his statement. Mr. H. now entered upon a thorough investigation of the case, and at length it was discovered that Murdoch and another man had been detected by Josiah Ames, a young candidate for state's prison in some very disreputable conduct, and he had promised to conceal it, on condition that he should charge James Allen with a deed which he, Josiah, had just perpetrated. The iniquitous bargain was struck, and, as usual, the consequences fell on the heads of its authors. Josiah was taken up for theft, and Murdoch, who had been in the place but a few months, and by plausible conduct had made a good impression, was obliged to leave for parts unknown. Why Josiah desired that James should be charged with the robbery rather than any other boy, is no known.

As was natural, James was very indignant at the treatment he had received. The teacher and his parents exhorted him to forgive, as he hoped to be forgiven, and he promised to try to do so. "Do it," said Mr. H., "and do not content yourself with trying to do it." James however, did not do it. Such outrageous treatment, so unprovoked, did not deserve forgiveness, he thought.

Josiah had been sentenced to five months' imprisonment; James was conscious of being glad when he heard of it. That feeling of joy convinced him that he had not

forgiven Josiah. Hence when he came to pray, he could not ask to be forgiven as he forgave. So he left out the clause and passed on.

In so doing, I am not sure but that he did better than those who with unforgiving hearts, go through the prayer without thinking of the fearful condemnation they are invoking. He however soon found out that he had not done well.

The next day was the Sabbath—a day on which he was accustomed to read a great deal in the Bible. After church he read the following passage in the Bible, "And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." He stopped and reflected. He remembered he had taken away or left out a portion of the Lord's prayer. There were the words "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." "There is no getting away from it," thought James. He then read the two verses which follow the prayer. "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "There is no use in praying," said James to himself, "unless I forgive."

James was certainly right, consequently much that passes for prayer is not prayer, but rather imprecation.

James felt that he must settle the matter without delay. He was satisfied that he could not exercise forgiveness by a mere act of the will. I will go and ask God to give me a forgiving spirit. That will not be wrong. He did so. He besought God to give him a tender

and forgiving spirit. He then thought over the unfavourable circumstances in which Josiah had been placed—the son of a drunken father and a vicious mother—he thought of his present condition and his future prospects till he began to pity him. Then he thought of his own sins against light and knowledge, and he need he had of forgiveness. He next thought of the expression “for Christ’s sake,” and he felt that as he prayed for mercies for Christ’s sake, so he ought to forgive injuries for Christ’s sake. At length he kneeled down and repeated the whole of the Lord’s prayer, giving heed to every petition. The burthen that was upon his conscience was removed.—*New York Observer.*

Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity ; who aims at mediocrity will fall far short of it.

HAPPY LIFE.—Great efforts from great principles.

GOODNESS.—Perhaps *goodness* never yet possessed the human mind in any degree, without being attended by a large portion of tenderness.—*Fielding.*

PRAYER.—Prayer is a key which unlocks the blessings of the day, and locks out the dangers of the night.

Love them that hate you, and you will be happier than they are.



POETRY.

I HAVE NO FATHER THERE.
I saw a wide and well-spread board,
And children young and fair
Came, one by one,—the eldest first,—
And took their station there.

All neatly clad and beautiful,
And with familiar tread,
They gathered round with joy to feast
On meats and snow-white bread.

Beside the board the father sat ;
A smile his features wore,
As on the little group he gazed,
And told their portions o'er.

A meagre form, arrayed in rags,
Before the threshold stood ;
A half-starved child had wandered there,
To beg a little food.

Said one, “Why standest here, my dear?
See, there’s a vacant seat
Amid the children, and enough
For them and thee to eat.”

“Alas for me !” the child replied,
In tones of deep despair,
“No right have I amid your group ;
I have no father there.”

Oh, hour of fate, when from the skies,
With notes of deepest dread,
The far-resounding trump of God
Shall summon forth the dead.

What countless hosts shall stand with you
The heavenly threshold fair,
And, gazing on the blest, exclaim,
“I have no father there !”



An Epitaph at Chichester, England.

Here lies an old soldier, whom all must applaud,
Who fought many battles at home and abroad ;
But the hottest engagement he ever was in,
Was the conquest of *self* in the battle of *sin*.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The happy days of childhood,
Oh ! could they come again—
When round the garden walks we play'd
A rosy, gleesome train !
When oft our sires, with smiling looks,
Forsook their grave employ,
To gaze upon our infant sports
And mingle in our joy !

The merry laugh of childhood,
How cheerily it rung,
As to unfro the shuttlecock
With battledore we flung !
Or, haply caught at "hide and seek"
Gave forth that joyous scream
Which oft comes back in manhood's hour,
And startles in our dream !

The simple prayer of Childhood—
How rev'rently it rose,
As by our mother's lap we knelt,
Before we sought repose !
Where, with her hand upon our head,
We raised our hearts to heaven,
To seek our God and Saviour there,
And have our sins forgiven.

The pleasant home of childhood,
Alas ! no longer ours !
New feet trip o'er its gravelled paths—
New fingers crop its flowers !
We envy not their gaiety,
Which once was all our own—
But only wish their youthful glee
May have as blithe a tone.

The much-loved friends of childhood,
How are they scatter'd now !
Some sleep beneath the church-yard sod,
And some the ocean plough,
Some pass us in the crowded street,
With hearts and looks estranged,
And few, too few, remain to us
Unchangeable, unchanged !

Dear, lovely scenes of childhood !
How oft, at close of day,
You fit before my mental eye,
In fancy's bright array:

And as you gently glide along,
With mingled joy and praise,
I say Adieu, sweet happy days,
You cannot come again !

From the Christian Intelligencer.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE INFANT SON
OF REV DR. ABEEL.

My beloved is gone down in his garden to gather
lilies.—*sol. sod.*

Death came into our garden
To cull a little flower ;
A few brief days he tarried,
And roamed about the bower ;
He paused before our Lily,
And deemed it no sacrifice
To have the blossom grafted
In the trees of Paradise.

He told us how the angels
The earth in triumph trod,
To gather up a garland
To crowd the Lamb of God :
So there came a fairy legion,
A bright embassy down,
And pleaded for our fair one,
To deck that radiant crown.

There were valley lilies gathered
From every clime and land,
From every tribe and kindred,
Among that shining band ;
They sought in every nation,
And the chaplet that they wove
Was unfading and enduring
As everlasting love.

And as our sweet one faded,
And his patient eyes grew dim,
They sang a song of triumph,
And thus they welcomed him :
"Come little meek sojourner
In a land of sin and strife,
Come, and bloom beside the waters
Of everlasting life."

"No fierce north blast can wither
In this fair Jerusalem ;
No ruthless hand can sever
The floweret from the stem.
Then come, we are impatient
To bear thee to our bower,
While a ransom'd throng await thee,
Thou little humble flower."

And the fair round cheek waxed paler
And shorter grew the breath,
Till each little hand was folded
In the cold embrace of death.
We will say, though sorely stricken,
"We know that it is right ;
Even so, our heavenly Father,
For it seemed good in thy sight."

Newark, N. J.

ANNIE B.

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