

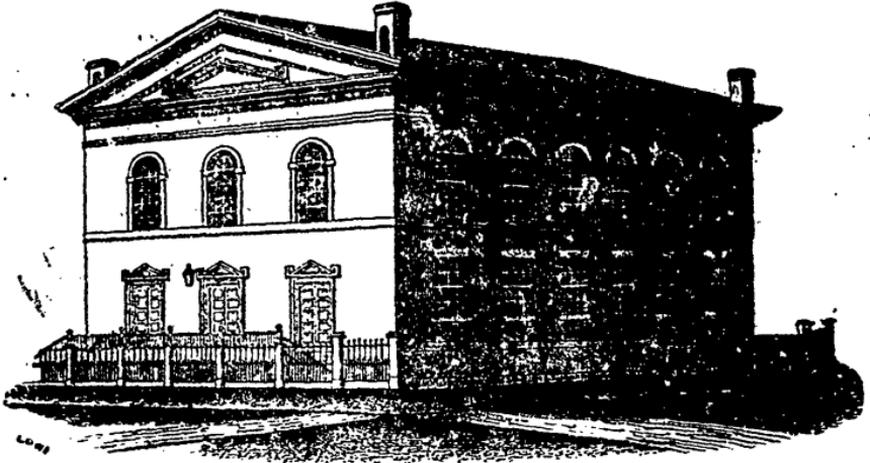
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

For the Province of Canada.

VOL. V.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1850.

No. 5.



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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

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

VOL. V. TORONTO, C. W., SEPTEMBER, 1850. No. 5.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"Dear mamma," said a little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! What can be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and try which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"Oh, dear mother, it is the little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is, in my opinion, something like beauty with-

out gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!'—without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and feelings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that *beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless.*"

"I DID NOT OBEY MY PARENTS."

The jail was a large, gloomy-looking stone building. The windows were made strong by great iron bars fastened across them. But the inside was the most gloomy. It was divided into very small rooms, only five feet wide, and eight long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door, the hinges grated frightfully on the ear.

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the judge said he must

go to the State Prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow! once he could play in the green fields, down by the cool spring, or under the shady trees around his father's house; or, when he was tired, he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself, or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But how different! shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. O, he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go the state prison, I am so sick. O! if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much!"

"And are you not ready to die?"

"O, no," said he, "I am afraid to die!"

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation, but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die."

I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lip trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek.

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O, yes sir; and a good woman she was. Many and many a time she has warned me of this."

"Then you have had good religious instruction, kind Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?"

"O yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

Said the dying man, "I can answer you all in one short sentence—I did not obey my parents!"

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him I came away, reflecting upon his awful condition, and the reason which he gave me for being in that dark and gloomy jail;—"I did not obey my parents."
—*Sunday School Advocate.*

GAMBLING.

Do you know what gambling means? I will tell you. Among men, it is playing cards, chess, checkers, and other kind of games, that the one who plays the best may get the other one's money. It is very wicked, and none but bad men do it.

But you say, "I shall never be a gambler." Perhaps you are one now. I have seen boys who would gamble as well as men. I do not mean for money; because they do not often have money to gamble for.

Did you ever see two boys play pins, that the one that could knock them across each other first, might have them both?

Did you ever see two boys playing marbles—"plump to keep," as they call it?

Did you ever see two boys throw up coppers, to guess which side would fall up, that the one that guessed right might have it? Such things are gambling.

All such plays are wrong, and no boy should ever play any game that he may get the pins, marbles, or money, or any thing that belongs to another.

I will tell you what a little boy said about this a few days ago.—There was a man in this place by the name of Green. He had been a great gambler, and won a great deal of money. But he knew it

was wrong, and he resolved that he would stop.

He left his wicked companions, gave back the money to those he had won it of, and went about telling how wicked gamblers were, and how many were ruined by it.

This little boy heard his father say to some company present, "I do not know whether this Mr. Green is a good man or not, or whether he would encourage his meetings."

"Pa," said he, "I believe he is a good man. I have been to hear him, and I have thrown away all my marbles, and I told the boys at school I shall never play marbles any more, for it leads to gambling."

If that boy keeps his good resolution he will never become a wicked gambler. And if all boys should follow the example of this wise little fellow it would not be many years before gambling would be entirely stopped, and a great many saved from ruin.

TEMPER.

Bad temper is often the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs, than a dull, passive child, and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sulkiness,—a cheerful, good-tempered tone of

your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow, the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill-temper."—*Education of the Feelings, by Charles Bray.*

The Bit of Garden.

Few things afford more pleasure to children than to have a bit of garden which they can call their own. How pleasant it is to dig the ground—to sow the seed—to watch the little green plant peep out of the earth—to see the bud appear, and the full blossom unfold!

Every boy and girl has a bit of garden. That bit of garden is called the heart! The Bible tells us we must take great pains about this garden, so that the weeds of vice may not spread over it, and that the flowers of goodness may grow and flourish. Anger, sloth, pride, lying, and cheating, are weeds that cover all the garden of some children, so that good temper, kindness, and truth, cannot grow there.

There is much hard work to be done in a garden, or else there will be neither flowers nor fruit. So it is with the garden of our heart.—We must be at work every day, trying to pull up anything bad, to cherish anything good, and to make our garden clean and lovely. If

we are idle, the weeds will grow and cover the ground, and God will be very angry with us. But if we are active, and try to root up the bad things, and pray to God to help us, He will be pleased to see us at work in earnest. He will help us to make our garden free from the woods of vice, and pleasant with the flowers of virtue.

How one garden differs from another! One is covered with the nettle and the thistle; the grass grows in the path, the tangled weeds choke the few puny flowers that are fast dying; and everything seems to say, "How idle my owner is!"

Look at another garden. There are scarcely any weeds; the walks are tidy, the flowers are in blossom, the air is sweet with their perfume, the trees are laden with fruit; and everything says, "How active my owner is!"

Happy is the child that begins to work early and earnestly in the garden of his heart. It shall not be like that of the idler, but shall be clean, pleasant, and fruitful—a credit and a comfort.

The Willow, Poppy, and Violet.

A child held in his hand a slight leafless bough. It was like a supple green wand. But it had been newly cut from the parent stock, and life stirred in its little heart.

He sought out a sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often did he visit it, and when the rains of Summer were withheld, he watered it at the cool sunset.

The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downward, and around the head was a bursting forth of faint green leaves.

Seasons passed over it, and it be-

came a tree. Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth.—The cheering sun smiled upon them, the happy birds sang to them; but they drooped still.

"Tree, why art thou always so sad and drooping? Am not I kind unto thee?" But it answered not; only as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower; for it was a Weeping Willow.

The boy cast seed into the soft garden mould. When the time of flowers came, a strong budding stalk stood there, with coarse serrated leaves. Soon a full red poppy came forth, glorying in its gaudy dress. At its feet grew a purple violet, which no hand had planted or cherished.

It lived lovingly with the mosses, and with the frail flowers of the grass, not counting itself more excellent than they.

"Large poppy, why dost thou spread out thy scarlet robe so widely, and drink up all the sunbeams from my lowly violet?"

But the flaunting flower replied not to him who planted it. It even seemed to open its rich mantle still more broadly, as though it would have stifled its humble neighbours. Yet nothing hindered the fragrance of the meek violet.

The little child was troubled, and at the hour of sleep he spake to his mother of the tree that continually wept, and of the plant that overshadowed its neighbour. So she took him on her knee, and spoke so tenderly in his ear that he remembered her words when he became a man.

There was some who, like the willow, are weepers all their lives long, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies shone upon them in love. And there are others, who, like the poppy that thou reprovest, are prond at heart,

and despise the humble, whom God regardeth.

“Be not thou like them, my gentle child; but keep ever in thy breast the sweet spirit of the lowly violet, that thou mayest come at last to that blessed place which pride cannot enter, and where the sound of weeping is unknown.”—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

A SPOILED CHILD.

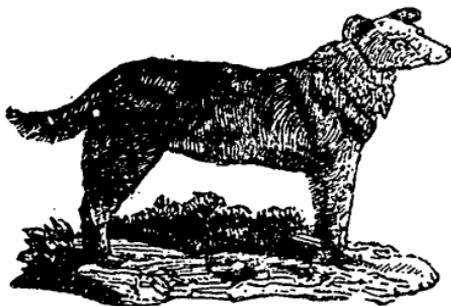
The tragic murder of Dr. Parkman, of Boston, by Prof. Webster, filled the community with horror. A chain of circumstantial evidence proved his guilt, and he was condemned to death. In his prison, petitioning the Governor for a milder punishment, he confesses the crime, declaring it was not murder from malice prepense, but manslaughter from uncontrolled momentary passion. He says, “I am

irritable and passionate; a quick-handed and brisk violence of temper has been a besetting sin of my life. I am an only child, much indulged, and have never acquired the control over my passions which I ought to have acquired early; and the consequence is all this!”

THE BIBLE.

Children, do you love the Bible? Remember this is a question of *vital* moment. You cannot love Christ without love to the Bible—you cannot delight in prayer without delight in the Scriptures—you cannot value holiness unless you value the word of God—you cannot be prepared for heaven, unless you bind the Gospel to your hearts. How ardently we long that *every* Sabbath School child, and especially every *elder* scholar, may daily consult, highly value, and supremely love the Bible!

NATURAL HISTORY.



A GENEROUS DOG.

My oldest son was crossing the fields in the country some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large and fierce dog, belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed, and ran for his life. He

struck into a piece of woods and the dog gained upon him, when he looked around to see how near the creature was, and stumbling over a stone, he pitched off a precipice and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down

upon him, and expected to be seized; and torn; when, to his surprise, the dog came near, perceived that the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about and went off for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within the reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there, or have dragged his broken limb along, and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog did not bring him help. He held up his leg, and it hung at a right angle, showing him plainly the nature of his misfortune, and the necessity of lying still. The dog went off toward the nearest house and barked for help. Unable to arrest attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety that the family followed him to the place where the child lay.

Now observe that this dog was pursuing this boy as an enemy; but the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress, his rage was turned to piety, and he flew to his relief. Here was true feeling, and the course he pursued showed good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. Very few men, not all Christians, help their enemies when they are down. Some do not help their friends when they fall. This dog was better than many men who claim to be good men. I do not say that he *reasoned* in this matter; but there is something in his conduct on this occasion that looks so much like the right hand of feeling and action, that I think it deserves to be recorded to his credit. As few dogs will read the record, I commend the example to all mankind for their imitation.—*Cor. Phil. Presbyterian.*

A N E C D O T E S.

THE PEASANT'S QUERY.

An elector of Cologne (who was also an archbishop), one day swearing profanely, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he was surprised at. 'To hear an archbishop swear,' answered the peasant. 'I swear,' replied the elector, 'not as an archbishop, but as a prince.' 'But, my lord,' said the peasant, 'when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop?'

HOWARD'S OPINION.

As he was standing one day near the door of a printing office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house opposite; and butting his pocket up before

he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, 'I always do this when I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain can also steal, or do anything else that is bad.'

ROWLAND HILL AND THE CAPTAIN

Once when I was returning from Ireland (says Rowland Hill) I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the Captain swore at the mate—then the mate swore at the captain—then they swore at the wind—when I called to them with a strong voice for fair-play. "Stop! Stop!" said I, "If you please, gentlemen

let us have fair play, it's my turn now.' 'At what is it your turn, pray?' said the captain. 'At swearing,' I replied. Well they waited and waited, until their patience was exhausted, and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience. 'Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?' 'Pardon me captain,' I answered, 'But I do, as soon as I can find good of doing so.' My friends, I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

THE CAPTAIN'S REQUEST.

'My lads,' said a captain, when about to take command of a ship, reading his orders to the crew on the quarter deck, 'there is one law which I am determined to make, and I shall insist on its being kept. It is a favour, indeed, I will ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I

expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads? are you willing to grant your new captain one favour?'—'Ay, ay,' cried all hands, 'let's know what it is, sir?' 'Well, my lads, it is this: that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do; I am determined to swear the first oath on board. What say you, my lads; will you grant me this favour?'—The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. 'They were taken,' one said, 'all aback.' They were brought up,' said another, 'all standing.' The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ships company answered, 'Ay, Ay, sir,' with their usual three cheers. Swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.

TEMPERANCE.

A WEDDING INCIDENT,

The story is told of a temperance man, who, being at a wedding, was asked to drink the bride's health in a glass of wine which was offered him. He refused to partake of the intoxicating liquid, and said when he drank her health it would be in that which resembled her most in purity, and he knew nothing better than water, pure water! He then drank her health in a glass of God's beverage—sparkling water! The ladies assembled on the occasion immediately stepped forward, and making a respectful courtesy, thanked him for the beautiful compliment he had just paid the fair bride—when it was resolved that all intoxicating drinks should be banished from the room.

WHAT HE WAS AND IS

A correspondent of the London Teetotal Times illustrates the issue of moderate drinking by the following case:—

On a Sabbath in 1848, on leaving the Sunday School, I met an emaciated creature, staggering at every footstep. Taking hold of him by the arm, I kindly remonstrated with him on his unhappy condition. I soon found I had encountered a man of considerable natural talent, and who had evidently once moved in better circumstances. He boastingly avowed himself an Infidel, ridiculing all reference to the Bible and a future state of being. I earnestly but, affectionately said, "I have met with others who, like you, have ridiculed religion whilst they

were in health, but when death stared them in the face have wished me to pray with them; and in the last half hour of your life, death will make you think differently to what you now do." The awful look of despair, and gnashing of teeth, the clenching of the fist, and the fearful oath with which he exclaimed, "That death plagues me," I shall perhaps never forget.

In further conversation I endeavoured to move him by referring to his departed mother. He became affrighted, and, with a deep sigh, exclaimed, "Ah! I was once a happy man."

From answers to enquiries, I found he had been a member of a Christian church for seventeen years, but that during the last seven years he had been an unhappy "backslider."

"You may again become a happy man," I assured him. "No, never! sir; it is all over now," he replied. After pleading with him to become a total abstainer from drink, as a step towards the right way, he exclaimed, "I never will! Every morning when I awake, I am as miserable as a man can be until I get some drink, but when I've got it, then I am as happy as any man

in the world, and care for nothing."

On inviting him to accompany me to a place of worship, he said, "No, sir, I shall never put my foot within either church or chapel again." On handing him a tract he refused it and replied, "I do not wish to insult you, sir; but I shall not read either it or the Bible, nor will I let any one read to me. It is no use now."

When parting, I expressed a hope that he would, on reflection, adopt a new course of life. He shook my hand, and with a quivering lip exclaimed, "I thank you, sir; I know you wish me well, but I shall never alter now."

As I left him, I thought that I had never met with a more striking instance of the iron grasp with which intoxicating liquors seem, as it were, to "seal the ruin" of many of their victims. He was a man of superior abilities; he commenced life with a bright prospect of success; for many years he adorned a Christian profession; but he was a *moderate drinker*. The "bottle" and the "decanter" were in his house. Many of his Christian brethren had invited him to take "one glass" with them. Imperceptibly a love for drink was created.

THE MISCELLANY.

BUSINESS FIRST, THEN PLEASURE.

A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till all my work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first

thing, and in half an hour. After this was done I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit that I owe my prosperity." Boys, read and consider.

HIGH EXAMPLE.

Sir Robert Peel, for many years, and had set an example of using his own feet on the Sabbath, to the relief of servants and horses. He might be met frequently walking on that day with some of the female members of his family, mixing freely with the foot-passengers in their walks, and setting an example of a mode of exercise which does not involve the labour of others.

"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 were coming out; and he said to the first man he met:—

"What! is 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*.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A touching incident occurred recently at a steam-boat sinking on the Missouri river, near St. Louis. Among the persons who were swept overboard, were a woman and a boy about twelve years of age. A man on board, the steamer seeing the boy buffeting the waves just beyond the boat, threw him a rope, and called to him to take hold of it. The little fellow replied, "Never mind me—I can swim—save mother." They were both rescued.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The use of this epithet as applied to Americans, is said to have originated with General Washington. He was very familiar with Jonathan Trumbull, then Governor of Connecticut, a man of sterling worth and patriotic spirit, whose advice was much relied on in matters of moment. On one occasion when

an important movement was under consideration, Washington, before giving his decision, said, "I must consult brother Jonathan." The consequence was that, in pursuance of "brother Jonathan's" advice, the enterprise resulted favourably. Hence a by-word arose among our soldiers; thence it reached the British army, and finally brother Jonathan became a national epithet.

NEVER DESPAIR.

This life is a constant warfare.—The good triumph to-day, the evil to-morrow. But the young and the old should toil on, toil ever, and never say "die." Life is full of hope and happiness, if the purposes for which it is given are properly used. We want but little in order to make us really happy. We want much to supply all our imaginary wants, to supply the desires which arise from the foolish pride of the heart. There are too many in this age who sigh for wealth, large possessions and splendid establishments, and endeavour to make themselves miserable because they have them not. If you are unhappy *work*—toil on, be busy, be industrious, do something, and you will be somebody and be happy. The really industrious man is the really happy man. Idleness is misery—idleness is corruption. If the waters are stagnant, they are impure. If the air is confined, it is unfit for the lungs. Motion, action, are necessary to health and virtue.

The young man should never despair. He may think it hard to work, but work is a real substantial blessing. Labour, all useful labour, is honourable. Adam was a gardener. Eve was a dress-maker, and the great and good have ever been labouring men and labouring women. We know there are those who look upon all labour as degrading and we know too, that *such* people as those are wanting in common sense.

"I know that man will prosper," said a friend to us the other evening, of a young mechanic, "because he is at work in his shop early and late."

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." Franklin was diligent in business, and he stood unawed before kings.

Young man, never despair. Let no one despair; work on, work ever.— Gather up knowledge. Be virtuous,

do right, live temperately; "do good unto all men as you have opportunity." live "peaceably with all men" if you can; be generous and open-hearted and open-handed, and remember that the little a good man hath, is better than the *much* of the wicked. Let not avarice, or a desire for wealth, take possession of your soul. This desire is destructive to man's good.

O B I T U A R Y.



ABRAHAM WOODSWORTH, Toronto.

Died, on the 10th September, 1850, at Richmond Street, Toronto, Abraham, eldest son of Mr. Richard Woodsworth, aged 9 years and 5 months. His amiable, affectionate and dutiful disposition endeared him to his parents, and all with whom he was acquainted. Privileged with religious instruction from earliest childhood, he soon evinced a love for wisdom's ways, proving that they are indeed ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. He was for about 5 years a constant and very attentive scholar in the Sabbath School, at the Wesleyan Chapel on Richmond Street; he evinced great delight in reading and hearing the Scriptures, and never failed to mark and reprove sin whenever it was committed before him, particularly the profanity of youth, which seemed greatly to shock his tender conscience. So great was his desire for reading,

that, in order to gratify it, he relinquished the use of sugar in his tea, that with the allowance made him instead of it, he might procure food for his mind, and his first purchase was a Bible, which, with David, he esteemed to be sweeter than honey to his taste. In the course of last Spring the first symptoms of disease appeared, he was obliged to leave his school, and from that time he had been gradually drooping, though no serious apprehensions were entertained, until within about a month before his death; when his disease assumed a new aspect, and his sufferings from acute and incessant pain in his head became almost insupportable; but, although this agony was so intense as to draw from him the most distressing cries, he never gave utterance to any murmuring or impatient expressions. On one occasion, when a female friend sitting by his bedside, during one of those long and severe paroxysms which had rendered him quite unconscious of every one around him, began on his recovering a little to speak to him on the subject of his great sufferings, and to lead his mind to the contemplation of his compassionate Saviour, he observed, yes; all my sufferings are nothing in comparison of

what Jesus endured for me. In conversation with his father, he asked his father, do you think I shall die? His father replied, I cannot say, my dear, but I think you will not recover. His father attentively watched his countenance during this conversation to see the effect which such an announcement would have upon his mind; but not the slightest symptoms of alarm or dread appeared. He then said, are you afraid to die? To which he immediately replied, No, father, I am not afraid to die, for I shall then go to be with Jesus. On another occasion his father asked him, if he felt that his sins were forgiven? He said, Jesus Christ came to atone for our sins. Yes, replied his father; but do you believe and know that He has pardoned your sins? He said, I don't know that; I cannot say that I know that; but afterwards, he observed to his mother, O! mother what a glorious prospect there is before me; I shall die and go to heaven, and see Jesus and all those who are already gone to glory, naming several that he knew, and amongst them his aunt Betsey. As he drew nearer to the closing scene of his brief life he was mercifully relieved from much of his suffering and seemed to lie in a state of quiet. He would look upwards with great steadfastness and raise his hand and point with his finger as though to some object on which he was looking with delight; and he said to his mother, do you see those bright beings hovering above me? His

mother asked him what they were like. He said they are like men and women flying about: the room is full of them: do you hear that sweet music? His mother said, No, I do not hear anything. He said oh! it fills my ears. During the whole of his illness, as long as he could bear to be moved, he always insisted on being carried into the parlour during the time of family worship; and shortly before his death he said, I should like once more to go to the Sabbath School and to Chapel. The whole of Monday the 9th, he lay very quiet, and spoke but little, except occasionally to say O father! O mother! He was evidently sinking rapidly; and about one o'clock on Tuesday morning his ransomed spirit quitted the poor clay tenement and was borne to the arms of that gracious Saviour whom he had loved and believed in.

My dear young readers, listen to the warning voice which sounds to you from the grave of poor little Abraham. May it lead you to follow his example; to give your young hearts now in the days of youth and health to Jesus Christ, and then if it be the will of God to afflict you and call you to an early grave, you will know the blessedness of having, like Abraham, no fear of death, but a joyful anticipation of eternal glory; and like him you will leave behind you a sweet testimony; that those who have loved and watched over you on earth, may anticipate a joyful re-union with you in the realms of eternal glory.

F. R.

P O E T R Y.



THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT. ;

Little birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet,
All the summer night,
With their old ewe mothers,
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds.

And their soft sweet voices
Sing our hush-a-bies,
While the room grows darker
As we shut our eyes.

When we play at evening
Round our father's knees,
Birds are not so merry,
Singing on the trees ;

Lambs are not so happy,
Mid the meadow flowers ;
They have play and pleasure,
But not love like ours.

But the heart that's lov'ng,
Works of love will do ;
Those we dearly cherish,
We must honour too ;

To our father's teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey.

For when in His childhood.
Our dear Lord was here,
He too was obedient
To His mother dear.

And His little children
Must be good as He,
Gentle and submissive,
As He used to be.

Children's Magazine.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Said a bright little daughter, " This garment, dear papa,
To colour will make it look richer ;
So to do it up pretty, to please you and ma.
I've got some good rum in my pitcher.
And I am sure this will give it a rich dazzling hue "

And people will ask where I had it,
So I'll hasten away and my industry show,
And get a large portion of credit."

Said the father, with wonder. his face looking blue,

" Your knowledge is small, my dear daughter ;
For to colour good red, I most sure never knew

That rum was much better than water."
" But, dear papa, I've been told," the philosopher said,

" By mother, who sure ought to know it,
'Tis the rum gives your nose such a bright dazzling red,
And this is the reason I do it."

I AND, WE.

" Cork, May the 6th, year ninety-four,"
(Thus wrote a captain—now no more—
To let his owners understand
Why he was then in Erin's land ;
For he had his departure ta'en
From Falmouth bound direct for Spain.)
" Good sirs, upon the first of May,
I got the Ego under way ;
I sail'd along the English shore,
Weather'd the Wolf a league or more ;
I found the wind none of the best—
I shaped my course about south west—
I saw a vessel heave in sight—
I made all close to have a fight—
I ran up on his weather side—
I many skilful tactics tried—
I fought him for an hour or so—
I made him strike his colours low—
I sent my prize to Plymouth Sound—
I steer'd then as by order bound—
I found the wind draw forward more—
I braced sharp up to keep of shore—
I found the gale increasing fast—
I reef'd the sails, secured each mast—
I tried, but found she would not stay—
I wore, but she made much lee-way—
I prick'd our course upon the map.
And found great danger of mishap :
So call'd all hands, who soon began
To try their best in many a plan ;
But all in vain, for, truth to say,
WE lost the ship in Bantry Bay."

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