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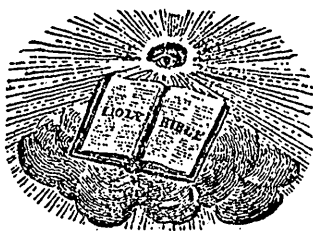
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VIII.] TORONTO, C. W., MARCH, 1854. [No. 10.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MISSIONS.

BETWEEN MAMMA, EMMA, AND MARY.

(Continued from page 110.)

Mamma.—But we are forgetting Captain Cook all this time. He sailed round part of the island of New Zealand, touched at several places, and then returned to England. He says the country in many parts was well cultivated, and the plantations fenced in; that the people were a handsome race.

Mary.—How long ago was it that Captain Cook made this voyage?

Mamma.—Eighty-four years.—Three years afterwards Captain Cook made another voyage to New Zealand, in a ship called the "Resolution." After being one hundred and seventeen days at sea, without seeing land, they reached New Zealand, and anchored at Dusky Bay. When the ship neared the shore, Captain Cook per-

ceived a man standing on the point of a rock, with a club in his hand, attended by two women, each bearing a spear. Instead of going on shore with a body of armed men, as he had done on his first visit, Captain Cook landed alone, threw towards the natives some trifling presents, went up to the man and embraced him, and thus at once dissipated his alarm. Presently some of the sailors from the boat and the two women joined them, and a friendly but not very intelligible conversation followed: one of the women talked so much, that a seaman remarked, that women did not want for tongue in any part of the world. They continued very friendly all the time Captain Cook remained. Before he left he laid out gardens, and stocked them with various seeds, planted potatoes, turnips, carrots, &c. There were no animals in New Zealand, so he gave them some sheep, pigs, and

gonts; but unfortunately the sheep died the morning after they were landed, from eating some poisonous herb. During this visit Captain Cook says of the people, "Their behaviour to us was manly and mild: they have some arts among them which they execute with patience, and they are very honest among themselves."

Mary.—Then I dare say, if all the Europeans had been kind to the New Zealanders, they would have been friendly in return.

Mamma.—Most probably they would; but the white people were not kind to them. It was more than thirty years after this visit of Captain Cook before any English people went to live there; and during this time many deeds of cruelty and injustice had been done by the English to the natives, who revenged themselves for the injuries, by murdering the English when they could; the massacre of the crew of the "Boyd" was a sad instance of their revenge.

Emma.—Will you tell us about it, mamma?

Mamma.—The "Boyd" left Sydney for England with seventy persons on board, besides five New Zealanders, whom the Captain promised to convey to their own country, as he was going to touch there on his way home. Among the New Zealanders was one whom the sailors called George: he was the son of a Chief. During the voyage George refused to work, saying, he was the son of a Chief, and, besides, he was ill: the Captain paid no attention to what he said, but twice had him tied up and severely flogged. The Captain told him he did not believe he was a Chief; to which George merely remarked, that he would see that he was when

he arrived in his own country: and so well did he disguise his revengeful feeling, that he persuaded the Captain to land at the place where his own tribe lived. On arriving, the crafty savage landed alone; and, after a short visit to some of his tribe, returned to the ship, and invited the Captain to come ashore. Three boats were accordingly manned, and the Captain landed his party, and proceeded with them towards a wood, which they had no sooner entered than they were attacked by the savages, and every one of them put to death. George and his friends then put on the clothes of the murdered men, went on board, and killed all on board, excepting five sailors, who got in the rigging, and a woman, two children, and a cabin-boy, whom George preserved because they had been kind to him. The five sailors were afterwards taken and murdered; the ship took fire, and burned to the water's edge. A short time afterward a Captain of a ship, hearing of the dreadful occurrence, at the risk of his life tried to rescue those people that George had carried on shore: he found all but the woman; the last he recovered was the little girl about three years old, who, when they asked her about her mother, looked very sad, drew her hand across her throat, and said the people had cut her up, and eat her like victuals. Now, who do you think were the brave people who would go and live with such savages as I have been telling you of, to try to civilize them and do them good?

Mary.—O, I can guess, mamma: it was the Missionaries.

Mamma.—You are right. Mr. Maudsen, a clergyman living at Sydney, saw many New Zealanders there: he was kind to them,

and they loved him in return. He wished to go to New Zealand, that he might teach the natives how to be happy, and try and do them good; but the Governor of New South Wales would not let him go: he said, he would be sure to be murdered, and his life was too valuable to be sacrificed.

Three Missionaries, with their families, were sent from England to go to New Zealand; but when they arrived at Sydney, they could not get a ship to take them there, so much were the Captains afraid of the natives. After waiting a long time, Mr. Marsden was obliged to buy a vessel, and the Missionaries sailed on their dangerous expedition; their wives and little children were left behind at Sydney. The natives received them kindly, from the love they bore to Mr. Marsden. Finding they were so kindly received, the Missionaries returned to Sydney for their wives and children whom they took back to New Zealand. On this voyage Mr. Marsden accompanied them, taking with him horses, cattle, sheep, goats, cats, dogs, pigs, and poultry; in fact, the ship was like a Noah's ark. When they landed in New Zealand, the natives crowded round Mr. Marsden, with many expressions of affection. They watched with great interest the arrival of the boats with the cattle. On seeing the cows and horses, they were much surprised, not having seen any animals so large before; but their astonishment was very great when Mr. Marsden mounted a horse, and rode up and down the beach. They had heard of horses, but did not think it was possible to ride upon them, because they had tried to ride upon their own pigs, and found them quite unmanageable: so they thought it

was impossible to ride on larger animals. The Missionaries soon managed, with some planks and an old canoe, to make a place to preach in, and divine service was held for the first time in New Zealand.

After this happy beginning things went on smoothly for a time. And now I must stop: the dangers and trials which the New Zealand Missionaries afterwards endured make too long a story for me to tell.

AFFECTING SCENE IN THE STATE PRISON.

We passed through the Auburn Prison, yesterday, in company with a friend who had never before visited the institution. Some eight or ten persons, gentlemen and ladies, were shown through at the same time. Among the number was a man who, we should suppose, had reached the age of 50 years. He wore a sorrowful and downcast look, and seemed to avoid all conversation with every one. Upon inquiring of the keeper whether he knew the cause of the old man's sorrow, we were informed that he had two sons in the prison—sent there for the crime of stealing a horse.

The keeper stated that the convicts, young men, had not been seen by their father since their confinement, a little over a year. The old man was apprehensive that he would not be able to recognize his sons in their convict dress, and requested the keeper to point them out to him as they passed along. One of the convicts was employed in the cooper shop and the other in the carpet room.

The cooper shop was visited first, where the old man's son was at work, the keeper asked him if he could point him out.

The old man gazed intently at one

convict, and then at another, until he became satisfied that he could not distinguish him from his fellow convicts. The keeper then pointed out the son, when the old man fixed his eyes upon him with all the love and feeling that only a parent's look could portray. It was evident that his feelings would have overcome him had he not nerved himself for the trial to which they were to be subjected; not a word passed between the father and son.

When the company entered the carpet room, the keeper at once informed the old man which was his son. As he passed along, the eyes of the two met, but quicker than thought the convict placed his eyes again upon his work. The keeper asked him if he knew the old man. His reply was that he "ought to know his father."

At the sight of his second son, the poor old man was so overcome that tears came thick and fast from his eyes, and it was with a trembling step that he passed from the room. After the company reached the prison hall, the old man solicited and obtained permission to have an interview with his sons. We had no desire to witness the meeting for we, had already seen enough to sadden our feelings for the day. We knew that bitter sorrow for the sins of his children was hastening the old man down to his grave.—*Auburn Daily Advertiser.*

SEEKING FOR AN HONEST MAN.

From Walks of Usefulness.

A few evenings ago, I was conversing with some friends on the strange conduct of Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, who went at high noon into the market place at Athens, with a lighted candle and lantern in his hand, and who, when asked what

he sought for, answered "An honest man!" When I went to bed, I first dreamed of Diogenes, and then supposed that I set out upon a similar excursion along the streets of——. I accosted the first person I met, and inquired "whether he had worshipped his God that morning.

He bluntly" told me he had not, upon which I replied,

"You are not a wise man! for you have neither thanked God for preserving you the past night, nor solicited his protection and direction during this day. God may thereby be provoked to protect you no more; and he may permit you to make some losing bargains in business to-day; for he who trusts to his own understanding in any matter is a fool, since he might have had the aid of infinite wisdom to teach him to transact his business with discretion; wherefore, friend, be wise, and consider these things."

After this I moved forward to a second person, of whom I enquired, whether he had read any part of the Scriptures to day."

"No," said he, "I have not seen a Bible since last Sunday."

"Then, friend," said I, "you have not obeyed the counsels of Wisdom, for she recommends waiting daily at her gates, and listening to her instructions."

He assured me he had no leisure for such matters:

I asked, "if he ever found leisure to attend to his business, or to keep his books."

"Yes, sure; for were I not to do that my family would suffer."

"Ah, but if you neglect the other, your own soul will suffer, and be ruined forever." He shrugged his shoulders and walked off.

I then stopped a man who was running along full speed. When he

stood still I perceived he was almost out of breath. I made bold to ask him, why he made such haste."

He said, "he was afraid he should be too late at market, and that his neighbours would have bought up every thing."

"No, friend, tell me, was you ever as much in earnest after God and eternal life?"

On hearing the question he was for running off, without making any answer, but I detained him till he confessed "he had never been much concerned either to seek God or obtain eternal life; that other pursuits engrossed all his attention."

"But," said I, "you can have no other pursuit of so much importance as to have the enjoyment of God's friendship, and the hope of eternal life."

"That may be all very true, but to market I must run just now," and away he went in great haste

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

The setting sun so beautifully illumined the stately trees before my lodging, that, though I was upon the eve of departure, I was induced to take a ramble in the adjoining park. A flock of sheep that adorned a rising mound seemed unattended by shepherd or dog, and it was not till my approach alarmed the timid animals that I saw among a group of trees, on my left hand, a youth amusing himself with a swing which was suspended from the branches of a large oak; he quickly slipped from his seat and came forward. "I am glad," I said, "that you have something to beguile the time away."

"I do not find the day long, lady; one thing comes quickly after another; I must keep my eye upon

the sheep lest they should tear their fleeces while rubbing against the trees."

"You count them all at night, I suppose."

"Yes, I fold them then."

"Do you know the good Shepherd, whose tender care is ever watchful over his own sheep, for whom he laid down his life; 'he who gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom?'"

His intelligent countenance beaming with delight, showed that he was well acquainted with this portion of Scripture. "Ay, lady, not one of his sheep will be lost; he will never leave them, nor will he suffer one of them to perish, nor can any pluck them out of his hand."

"You love reading, I think?"

"Indeed I do. I had a Testament given me by a lady last year, which is a treasure to me. I have not been able to read in it much this week, as I have weeding to do."

As he spoke, I observed a hoe on the ground near him.

"My kind father put me to school," he added, "he is the best of fathers. I love him, and will endeavor to please him as long as his life is spared to me."

"And you, I trust, will show that you are the best of sons; for I judge, this good parent has taught you to love your heavenly Father, the giver of every good and perfect gift, who is from everlasting to everlasting—who, having given his own Son to die for you, will, with him, freely give all things. I have a book which, I think, will please your father."

"Thank you; my dear father cannot read; but he takes great pleasure in hearing me read, and will sit listening, an hour together,"

The youth took this offered book with his left hand, and then I saw that the right sleeve of his working frock hung loosely by his side. "Have you lost your right arm?" I enquired.

"It was crushed by an accident while I was working in the mill."

"You had to undergo amputation?" I said.

"Yes, twice; first, in one part, and then higher up."

"How much you must have suffered!"

"It is all over now, lady; that trial is past, and, thank God, I can enjoy life; I am useful to my dear father; I can use this arm, and hold the hoe very well."

"And you can look forward," I said, "to those joys which 'eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

"I often think of heavenly glory," he replied; "the thought of being with Jesus cheers me onward; and I love to dwell upon the resurrection."

"There will be no broken limbs in heaven," I said; "your vile body will be 'fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself; you will be like him, for you will see him as he is, and stand complete in him. And now, farewell; we may not meet again in this world; God grant we may meet in a happier state. Let your occupation remind you to keep close to your Savior; look unto Jesus, and 'press toward the mark for the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' To this grace I commend you."

The heightened color, the moist-

ened eye, and respectful attention, supplied his want of words, as he quietly said, "I thank you."

The shadows of evening had lengthened during this interview, and the rich glow from the west cast a still more brilliant tint over the landscape; this, though eminently beautiful, was shortly to fade away, but "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." M.

SURPRISE IN HEAVEN.

"What will my father say when he sees me in heaven?" said one who was careless during his father's life, but who entered the kingdom many years after that father was in the grave.

There are doubtless some among the readers of this paper, who have had the example and instruction of pious parents who are no longer dwellers on the earth. Perhaps their last hours were embittered by the thought that their dear child was an enemy of God, and that when they should next meet him, an impassable gulf would be between them!

Shall their fear be realized? Or shall they one day experience a joyful surprise in finding that the redeemed sinner last admitted through the portals of heaven was their unworthy child.

Reader, have you a dear father or a precious mother in heaven, and are you travelling away from heaven? Can it be that you have made up your mind never to meet them again? Oh, it cannot be! Resolve, in the strength of God, to begin at once the work of preparing to dwell with them in the glorious mansions which Christ has gone to prepare.

Every day you live impenitent increases the distance which separates

you from them, and adds to the difficulty attendant upon reversing your course, and diminishes the probability that you will meet them in heaven.—*N. Y. Observer.*

WHO CARETH FOR ME. WHETHER I BE
ETERNALLY SAVED OR LOST?

I am a young man; have always been in the habit of attending Church on the Sabbath. For nearly two years, I have been constant at a meeting, which I selected on first coming to this city. But who, belonging to this Church, knows whether I am a professor or non-professor of religion? How many of this large congregation have spoken to me upon this subject, or shown any desire to know my feelings upon it? Not one.

Often do I think upon the subject of religion, and long for sympathy, for a friend. Yes, many times in large cities, away from home, how I have wished for *Christian* sympathy and society! But, with one exception—a clergyman in Boston, whom I really love—who has ever invited me to either?

I have younger brothers, yes, brothers—who but the immoral careth for them? True, in Boston, there are now societies of the right kind, anxious to do good, and using sure means to do so.—*Puritan Rec.*

“Sister,” said a little one, whose mother’s grave had been white with the snows of one winter, “I think I ought to die. Do you think I am good now? I want to be good, for I want to die, and go where ma is. She will wonder why I do not come. I am her baby, and she has been standing by the gate, up in heaven, ever since she went there, and watching every baby that comes in to see if it is not me.”

THE DYING BOY.

The subject of the following lines was the little boy spoken of in “The Thistle Bow.” Flora was a young lady, who, when dying, promised that when he died she would come and meet him on “the other shore.” Soon after this his mother died, from whom he obtained the same promise; and also, that she would watch over him in “the Summer Land.” He died in the arms of his elder brother a few months afterwards.

He lay within his brother’s arms,
A pale and lovely boy;
His frame was wasted with disease,
And dim was now his eye;
He lay as in a tranquil sleep,
While love its vigils kept:
The strong man watched the fading rose,
And o’er the dear one wept.
But suddenly a brighter light
Illumed his sunken eye;
He pointed, as some lovely form
Was hovering gently by;
“They’r waiting for me there,” he said,
“Upon the other shore!”
One thrill passed o’er his wasted form,—
One smile—and all was o’er.
Oh could we but have followed him,
And seen him passing o’er
The stream to greet the waiting friends
“Upon the other shore;”
We might have seen an angel throng
With mother, Flora, stand,
Waiting to bear his spirit home
To the bright “Summer Land.”

They that will have heaven must run for it, because the devil, the law, sin, death and hell, make after that soul. And I will assure you, the devil is nimble; he can run apace, he is light of foot; he hath overtaken many; he hath turned up their heels, and hath given them an everlasting fall. Also the law, that can shoot a great way; have a care that thou keep out of the reach of those great guns, the Ten Commandments. Hell also has a wide mouth, and can stretch itself further than we are aware of. If this were well considered, then thou, as well as I, wouldst say, they that will have heaven must run for it.



From the Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.
King George, of the Friendly Islands.
 A SKETCH.

Continued from Vol. VIII. page 107
S. S. Guardian.

In the year 1836, the Missionary resolved to form a Branch Missionary Society for the Habai Islands. He accordingly reminded the people of the blessings they had received through the Gospel, and then

asked them what they were willing to do to help forward this good cause.

Shortly afterwards, one poor old blind woman was seen groping her way to the Mission-house; she had travelled four miles to bring her offering, which was a small piece of native cloth. Her gift was very trifling; but Jesus, who upon a former occasion "set over against the treasury," no doubt saw and approved of this first

offering to Christian Missions in Habai. Many followed her example, until there was a long list of articles subscribed, comprising yams, oil, fish-hocks, sacred clubs, and Heathen gods. His Majesty alone could present silver and gold; this he willingly did, by giving £1 4s.

The Missionary Meeting followed the collection: this was held in the large chapel at Lifuka, which was crowded upon the occasion: many of the people were there from the adjacent islands; also Josiah Tubou, the King of Tongatabu. At this Missionary Meeting His Majesty, George, King of Vavau and Habai, for the first time presided as Chairman, and thus manifested the deep interest he took in the diffusion of religious truth. Among the speakers were Peter Ve, the Native Local Preacher, who was the first to bring the glad news of a Saviour to the Habai Islands, Josiah Laujii, and John Mahe, who has since laid down his life upon the Missionary altar at Wallas Island.

• As the Papists have made several attempts to obtain a footing in Vavau, sometimes coming there in a French man-of-war, my readers will like to know how the King met and answered their request.

It was in the year 1837, when the Missionaries were away at the District-Meeting, that a vessel arrived at Vavau, having on board a Roman Catholic Bishop, and three Priests. The Bishop waited upon the King and said he wished to leave two or three Missionaries there. "For what purpose," inquired the King, "as I and my people have all turned to God?" "Because," replied the Bishop, "ours is the old and true religion; but that your Missionaries teach you is a new religion, and lately sprung up." "Why," said the King, "it is as old as this book," holding up the

Scriptures. He then begged the Bishop to leave the subject until the return of the Missionaries.

Upon their arrival from the District-Meeting, they accompanied the Bishop to the King's residence; when he again pressed the King to allow him to leave two of the Priests for two or three months, only to learn the language, stating that he might send them away when he chose.—"But," said His Majesty, "if you wish to leave them for a short time only, you can take them when your vessel leaves." Upon the Bishop's again begging him to allow them to remain, George said, "No, it is not my mind" (or will.) Thus, through the firmness of the Sovereign, were the infant churches in his dominions saved from Popish teachers and doctrines.

The disposition of King George is noble and generous. Sometimes the Missionaries have had to apply to him to give up some of his choicest men, to go as Teachers to Heathen islands, in order to spread the joyful news of a Saviour's love.

As a King or Chief is powerful in proportion to the number of his people, the parting with them is felt as a sacrifice. But King George has nobly given them up to go to Niua, Samoa, Rotumah, Feejee, &c.; and has declared, were he not King, there is no work in which he should be more delighted to engage, than to visit the distant islands as a herald of salvation.

The following anecdote is another proof of his generous disposition.

When Her Majesty's Ship the "Conway," Captain Belhune, visited Vavau, King George presented to the Captain a beautiful little canoe, with which he was so much pleased, that he gave him ten sovereigns. His Majesty had, perhaps, never possessed so much gold before; and now that civilization was following in the track of

Christianity, he had many wants, which could have been supplied by spending his money, when vessels anchored at the island. But King George reasoned not thus: he thought the money was needed to help forward the Gospel chariot, and he gave the entire sum to the Missionary Society.

FANNY FERN'S OPINION OF SUNDAY.

—Sunday should be the best day of all the seven; not ushered in with ascetic form, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manners. Sweetly upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood; blending with early song of birds, and wafted upward with flowers and incense to Him whose very name is love. It should be no day for puzzling the half-developed brain of childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say "Our Father." It should be no day to sit upright on stiff-backed chairs till the golden sun should set. No; the birds should not be more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight, or the trees to toss their little limbs free and fetterless. "I'm so sorry to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From under *your* roof, oh, mistaken, but well-meaning Christian parents; from the lips of *your* child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday schools, and finished off at night-fall by tedious repetitions of creeds and catechisms, till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child's shudders when the minister tells him that "Heaven is one eternal Sabbath." Oh, mistaken parent! relax the over-

strained brow, prevent the fearful rebound, and make the Sabbath what God designed it—not a weariness, but the "best" and happiest day of all the seven.—*Musical Times.*

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS.

Superstition in New Zealand.—There is a beautiful green lizard in New Zealand. The natives manifest great antipathy to this very harmless reptile. They call it an *atuu*, ("god,") and have an idea that if they should hear it laugh, a power which they think it possesses, they will die. They believe, also, that it devours the entrails of men, and causes all their maladies. When a sick man is asked what is the matter with him, he replies, "I have a lizard in my bowels."

The New Zealand Dialect.—Every word in the New Zealand dialect ends with a vowel; and there is no word expressive of gratitude in the language.

Seeking for the Saviour.—A man of Guzerat, who had become familiar with portions of the New Testament, but imbibed the erroneous idea that Christ was still somewhere on earth, attended the car-festival of Juggernaut last year. He informed a Missionary present, that his only errand in leaving home was to find the Saviour.—"Tell me," he exclaimed, with great emotion, "where I can find the Lord Jesus; and I will go to Him, wherever it may be."

FOR ENGLISH CHILDREN TO THINK ABOUT,

"Two hundred and fifty millions of females in eastern lands are passing on to a dark eternity, without God and without hope."

SOMEBODY HAS BEEN PRAYING.

Several years since, in a town about one hundred miles from Boston, the two churches were in a very languid condition. None for a long time had been converted; none were known to be concerned for their spiritual welfare. As to religious matters, there was a general apathy. But christian life was not wholly extinct. A few wept in secret places. Among these were four young men who were fitting for College, as candidates for the ministry. They met privately once a week, to pray for a revival. Their hearts were drawn out especially for a fellow student of great intellectual promise, whose opinions were skeptical, and whose influence upon the young people was manifestly pernicious.— Earnestly did they wrestle at the throne of grace in his behalf, and eagerly did they look for the answer. He knew nothing of their solicitude. None but themselves and God were aware of their meeting for such a purpose.

After a few weeks, one of the four was invited by this very young friend to take a walk, and during that excursion, the disclosure was made that prayer had not been unavailing—The Spirit of God had convinced the skeptic of his errors, and awakened a desire to know and practice the truth. He soon became truly broken in heart, and found healing in the blood of Christ. A revival ensued, in which the churches were quickened, and many sinners converted.

The information that this young student apparently the most hopeless case, had become a convert to Christ fell upon the ears of the people with startling effect. Like thunder in a clear sky, it was an anomaly, and took even christians by surprise. How could it be explained that a revival

had commenced, when there had been apparently, none of the usual antecedents of such a work?

An aged christian, who had witnessed many seasons of gracious refreshing, spoke upon the subject in a prayer meeting, and said,

“I have lived long and seen many revivals, and never knew such a blessing but in answer to prayer. Brethren, I am very certain that somebody has been praying. I confess that I have been very delinquent, and probably many of you can make the same confession. But, when the books shall be opened, you will find that what we see now was in answer to somebody’s prayers.”

Three of the little group are now in heaven. The survivor is the pastor of a new England church.

THE GRACE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

A clergyman once represented the conduct of awakened sinners towards God’s offers of gratuitous salvation thus:—

A benevolent and rich man had a very poor neighbour, to whom he sent this message, “I wish to make you the gift of a farm.”

The poor man was pleased with the idea of having a farm, but was too proud to receive it as a gift. So he thought of the matter much and anxiously. His desire to have a home of his own was daily growing stronger, but his pride was great. At length he determined to visit him who had made him the offer. But a strange delusion about this time seized him, for he imagined that he had a bag of gold. So he came with his bag, and said to the rich man, “I have received your message and have come to see you. I wish to own the farm, but I

wish to pay for it. I will give you a bag of gold for it."

"Let us see your gold," said the owner of the farm.

The poor man opened his bag and looked and his countenance was changed, and he said, "Sir, I thought it was gold, but I am sorry to say it is but silver; I will give you my bag of silver for your farm."

"Look again: I do not think it is even silver," was the solemn but kind reply.

The poor man looked, and as he beheld his eyes were further opened, and he said, "How have I been deceived! It is no silver, but only copper. Will you sell me your farm for my bag of copper? You may have it all."

"Look again," was the only reply.

The poor man looked; tears stood in his eyes; his delus on seemed to be gone; and he said, "Alas I am undone. It is not even copper. It is but ashes. How poor I am! I wish to own that farm, but I have nothing to pay. Will you give me the farm?"

The rich man replied, "Yes: that was my first and only offer. Will you accept it on such terms?"

With humility, but with eagerness, the poor man said, "Yes; and a thousand blessings on you for your kindness."

The fable is easily applied. Mather has well expressed the difference between grace and merit, in few words. "God was a God to Adam before he fell; but to be a God to sinners this is grace. He was a God to Adam in innocency, by virtue of the covenant of works; but he is not a God to any sinner, but in the way of free grace."

—*Dr. Plumer.*

From the Sunday School Advocate.

A Word to Sunday School Teachers.

A year or two since I heard, from good authority, of the success of a labourer in Sunday Schools. The facts were as follows:—

She had received the charge of a class in a Sunday School, to which she was very much attached. The all-absorbing thought of her deeply-affected heart was the salvation of her scholars. To accomplish this great object, she thought no efforts too great and no cross too heavy; at the same time she resolved not to rest till the end was attained; and He who has said, "They that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again, rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them," listened to her fervent prayers, marked her anxious breast, and crowned her well-directed labours with his signal blessing. Having instrumentally brought to Christ all the members of her class, the superintendent was desirous to appoint her to another, and although this was painful both to teacher and scholars, yet, having learned to reverence her superiors, and submit "to the powers that be," she obeyed, and, through the favour of God upon her persevering, patiently and believingly, in well-doing, similar success attended her second appointment. But it pleased Him, whose "ways are not as our ways," to take this exemplary teacher from the Church militant to the Church triumphant; and the secret of her success was found in the faithful records of her diary, of which the following are quotations:—"Resolved, To pray for every scholar in my class, by name, every day, and not to rest till all are saved." Again, in the second appointment: Resolved, To pray every day for every scholar in my class, by name, and not to rest till they are saved."

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

Does not every Sunday School teacher seem to hear a voice from the Excellent Glory, saying, "Go thou, and do likewise?"

In a Sunday School, in which I received many divine impressions, never to be forgotten, was a youth, who experienced religion at seventeen years of age, and having been many years in the school, and knowing many of the scholars, and feeling much for their salvation, he was appointed teacher, first in the lowest class, in which he stayed till he removed higher. At length he found himself appointed teacher to one of the highest classes, and, through diligent efforts, was surrounded with the largest number of scholars of any class in the school. He was deeply interested in their spiritual welfare, and often prayed that this might be brought about, and at length, as he continued to pour out his soul to God for this purpose, his confidence increased, and he was led to believe that God would give him the desire of his heart. Two or three of them were hopefully converted to God; but there was one boy, of a passionate temper and peculiar disposition, who seemed to pay no attention either to the kind advice of his bereaved mother or the friendly admonitions of his prayerful and affectionate teacher.

At length the teacher was called to labour elsewhere; but although providentially removed from his class, yet his heart was bent upon the same point, and would often pray for his former scholars. Who can tell the joy of his heart, or the extent of his bliss, when one day he received intelligence, from a fellow-teacher, that this rebellious child, while upon the bed of death, had called to mind what he had neglected formerly. Through the Christian attendance of pious teachers, he had been brought to gen-

uine repentance, and led to trust his soul in the arms of Christ, in which he sweetly fell asleep, and passed to a fairer clime, where

"No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove."

Surely

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Do not these facts seem to say to this almost invaluable, but sometimes forsaken, class of church officers—the Sunday-School teachers: "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

DRUNKENNESS.

A habit of drinking ardent spirits cannot be guarded against with too great care and assiduity. When once this most pernicious habit is formed, then farewell happiness and hope! The drunkard is already miserable; and he is prepared for every crime. The burning thirst for drink torments him; and he is in the direct road to beggary and death. In the south of Ireland, such is the conviction of the intimate connexion between drunkenness and poverty, that a common answer to the beggar is, "I am able to drink my money myself." Dr. Adams, of Dublin, on questioning the first twenty applicants for soup in the parish of St. Peter, found that eighteen of them had that morning paid for spirits to a greater amount than the value of the soup which they came to beg. Another gentleman of the same city, during the evening of a day on which one hundred and sixty beds had been distributed to the poor, in the prospect of cholera, found that in one lane forty of them had been sold, and their price converted into whisky!

He who anticipates calamities suffers them twice over.



For the S. S. Guardian.

DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The following particulars of the death of an interesting child, given to me to be forwarded for publication in the *Guardian*, may not be found to be uninteresting to your readers in general, and especially to the juvenile class, furnishing as they do an interesting illustration of the early development of the influence of religious training and example; and although a number of circumstances have combined to prevent their earlier publication, they will not, on that account, be any the less interesting.

The subject of these remarks, Elizabeth, daughter of Alpheus Millmine, died on the 20th of Nov. last, in the township of Caistor, aged three years, two months and five days. About three hours before her departure she appeared to have a foretaste of heaven, exclaiming under its influence, "Ma, I am going home." For two days previous she had been incapable of speaking

sufficiently audible to be heard.— About half an hour before her spirit quit the clay tabernacle her countenance, before beaming with the smile of innocence, became radiant with heavenly joy, and clapping her little hands she exclaimed, "Oh! I see such a pretty body on my hand," repeating the word "pretty" several times; and with emotions which language cannot express, gazed on those around her as if anxious that they should understand and feel as she did. To her eldest sister, who sat holding her and weeping, she said, while earnestly looking her in the face, "Sarah, don't cry, it is so pretty." Her Father standing by, said, "My dear, the Angels are around you;" she said, "Yes, pretty Angels; I can't tell how pretty;" and with her expiring breath exclaimed, "Pa, come; Ma-ma come;" and to the surrounding mourners on whom she looked, imploringly said, "come, come, come;" and, when utterance failed, there still sat visible on the motioning lips the effort to say "come." Un-

der similar emotions the poet exclaims :—

"Come let us ascend, My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above ;
If thy heart be as mine.—If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

Who in Jesus confide, We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet we soar, To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

And how forcibly do such instances remind us of that deeply interesting scene in the Saviour's life, when "they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that

brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.' And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

WM. HAW.

Smithville, Feb. 25th, 1854.



POETRY.

DO THEY MISS ME ?

[The following lines were written in California by a young man, and addressed to a sister :—]

Do they miss me at home ? Do they miss me ?

'T would be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, "I wish he were here !"
To feel that the groan, at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam !
Oh yes ! 't would be joy beyond measure,
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long ?
And is there a chord in the music,
That's miss'd when my voice is away ?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay ?

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasure's are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlour,
And the stars in the calm azure sky ?
And when the " Good nights " are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whisper'd " Good night, while they weep ?

Do they miss me at home ? Do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night ?
And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them,

That orly my presence can light !
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
Are pleasure less hailed than before,
Because one is missed from the circle ?
Because I am with them no more ?

THE SISTER'S REPLY.

We miss thee at home. Yes ! we miss,
Since the hour we bade thee adieu,
And prayers have encircled thy pathway
From anxious hearts loving and true,
That the Saviour would guide and protect thee
As far from the loved ones you roam,
And whisper, when e'er thou wert saddened,
'They miss thee—all miss thee at home.

When morning awakens from slumber,
We catch from her lips the first kiss,
And fold in a wandering zephyr
To be wafted to him whom we miss ;
And when we have joined the home circle
And replaced the still vacant chair,
In each eye rise the gathering tear-drops
For him we were wont to see there.

The shadows of evening are falling,
O, where is the wanderer now ?
The breeze that floats lightly around us,
Perchance may soon visit his brow ;
O hear on thy bosom a message,
We are watching—Oh, why wilt thou roam ?
The heart has grown sad and dejected,
For we miss thee—all miss thee at home !

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