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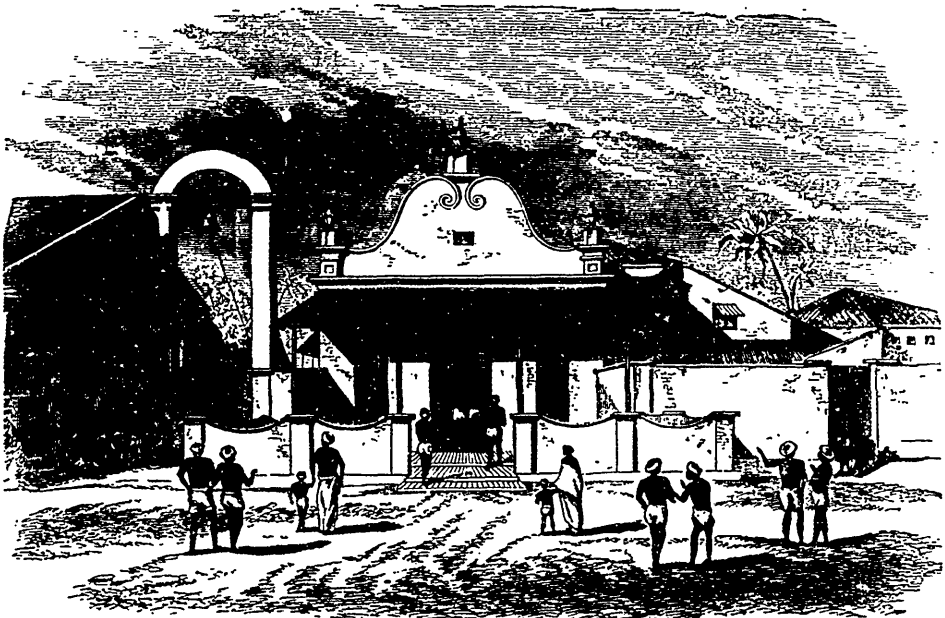
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Sunday School Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

OCTOBER 11, 1879.

[No. 19.



WESLEYAN METHODIST CHAPEL, AT GALLE, CEYLON.

THIS building was begun in July, 1819, and opened for divine service in the following January. It will hold more than three hundred people, and cost only two hundred and fifty pounds; but then it was erected when building materials were very cheap.

It stands at the corner of two of the principal streets in Galle; though, to tell the truth, all the streets are so very narrow that you might hardly notice the chapel, unless it were pointed out to you.

The buildings on each side are let to the Government for schools, and the upper part, in

which you see the windows, is the residence of the mistress.

Under the belfry is a gateway leading into a small yard, where is a school-room used as a class-room, and also the entrance to the vestry at the back of the chapel. There is a large verandah on that side, as well as in the front, where sometimes chairs are placed, if an overflowing congregation is expected; and you see there is nothing to prevent the preacher's voice from being heard outside, as there are no glass windows, but only bars of iron from the top to the bottom of the window-frames.

The inside of the chapel, with its whitewashed walls, and white panelled pulpit ornamented with red silk hangings, its pretty lamps, and

the white pillars supporting the tiled roof, is really an inviting spectacle. Altogether we are proud of our place, which is as strong as when it was first built.

Instead of pews, we have a few cane-bottomed forms, which are used as "reserved" seats for ladies, and plenty of chairs; and as they have been mostly presents, given at different times, we can show you as great a variety of Dutch and other kinds as can be met with in, perhaps, any building in Ceylon.

We have service in Portuguese once, English twice, and Singhalese once, on the Sunday, in addition to the English Sunday school, which, however, is a very small affair.

Though this is the only chapel we can boast of in the Galle circuit, we have twelve other preaching-places, and, as in most of these we have two or three week-night services, there is always plenty of work for the two ministers, the three local preachers, and the students, who have also open-air preaching as well.

The Portuguese are the most unsatisfactory of our congregations as to numbers; and yet there are hundreds in Galle who understand no other language. They are, most of them, very poor and degraded; but until another Missionary can be sent us from England, there seems no hope of doing anything for them.

The sad part is, ours is the only Missionary Society occupying Galle and its neighbourhood; so if we do nothing for them, no one else will.

A GAMIN.

(Concluded from our last.)

HOW to get up was the next question, but Jim made light work of this. His sharp eyes detected the well-worn marks by which the lads ascended and descended—little spaces between the bricks, whence the mortar had fallen or had been picked away. Jim rapidly climbed up, and then, by the aid of a stick which he grasped above, we too, made our ascent. The roof was dome-shaped, and adjoining and communicating with it was a large loft, used by dealers in china for packing their wares. This loft was closed, but a good deal of straw had dropped from it into the gutter, and was put into use by the lads, whom we saw lying there asleep.

With their heads upon the higher part of the roof, and their feet somewhat in the gutter, but in a great variety of postures, lay eleven boys huddled together for warmth. No roof or covering of any kind was over them, and the clothes they had were rags, which seemed to be even worse than Jim's. One big lad lay there who looked about eighteen years old, but the ages of the remainder varied from nine to fourteen.

"Shall I wake 'em, sir?" said Jim.

Horror-struck, and with our hearts almost bursting with compassion at this our first sight of so much misery and want, we said:

"Hush! let us not attempt to disturb them."

We felt so powerless that we did not dare to interrupt their slumbers. Already we felt oppressed with the tremendous charge of one poor little fellow, but to awaken these eleven, and to hear their cries for food and help, was more than we could bear; so taking another hurried glance at the boys, looking once again at the eleven upturned faces, white with cold and hunger, we hastened away, just as one of the sleepers gave an uneasy moan, as though he was about to awake.

Scarce a word was said as we descended the wall, and returned towards home; our heart was full, and Jim seemed to guess that we did not desire conversation.

Once he offered to lead us to another haunt, where, he said, even more boys would be found herded together for shelter out of doors; but we had seen enough, and did not venture to add to the sorrowful knowledge which already overwhelmed us.

We took our young charge into our own lodgings that night, and comfortably housed him. The next day some whole garments were procured, and he was arrayed therein, to his intense satisfaction and delight; and at our recommendation a tradesman in the neighbourhood gave him work at a few shillings per week, a Christian widow whom we knew consenting for a small sum to receive him as a lodger.

Two years passed quickly away, during which James Jervis earned golden opinions for honesty, truthfulness, and attention to business. He had learned to read and write, and above all to love

that Saviour who had given him a new heart, as well as kind earthly friends. In January, 1870, we sent him forth to Canada, a joyful emigrant and pioneer.

But still that awful night of discovery was not forgotten. Again and again, amid scenes of comfort and luxury, or while enjoying intercourse with valued Christian friends, we saw before us the upturned and pale faces of those eleven poor boys, their awful misery and destitution, and heard their mute appeal for help. And that was the cause of the opening of our "Home."—*Night and Day.*



TABLE MANNERS—THE LITTLE FOLKS.

IN silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat :
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate.

I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about.
With knife, or fork, or napkin-ring,
I must not play, nor must I sing,

I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen, not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good,

My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud.
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say "If you please."

The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil.
Must keep my seat when I am done,
Nor round the table sport or run.

When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot ;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all His wondrous love.

A CHILD'S FAITH.



AN intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten summers sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the

mind. His father approaching, discovered at a glance the character of the book,—

"What have you there, George?"

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the name of the work.

His father gently remonstrated, pointing out the danger of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effects of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room, and on inquiring the cause was informed that it was George burning the pernicious book.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burned that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

Here was a three-fold act of faith—a trust in his father's word, evincing love and obedience, and a care for the good of others. If this child exercised so much faith in his earthly parents, how much more should we, like little children, have true-hearted, implicit faith in our Heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.—*Little Christian.*"

"HONOUR thy father and thy mother," mean four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a wilfully disobedient son.

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

[LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.]

CHILD-LIFE IN EUROPE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I have been greatly interested in travelling through Europe in observing the characteristics of child-life in the different countries through which I have passed. I have seen much that was pleasant, but much also that was very sad. Parents everywhere love their children, but where the great mass of the people are very poor, even a parent's love can do little to lift from the young shoulders the heavy burdens which, all too soon, are laid upon them. The mass of children in Europe have to work, and work hard, at a time when the children of Canada think only of play, and of their school and story books. Now, learning to work does them no harm and is far better than all play; but the work is often too hard, especially for the younger children. It has sometimes made tears come to my eyes, as I have seen boys and girls who ought to have been at school, toiling along in the burning sun, or climbing a steep mountain beneath heavy loads, or sometimes harnessed, like a beast of burden, to a waggon or cart. At Naples it was worse than anywhere else. I saw young boys working hard, wearing nothing but a pair of short linen pants not worth a shilling. And they live in such wretched narrow streets, and eat such coarse cheap food, that I wonder that they live at all.

The quick hot temper of those Southern mothers often leads to cruel outbursts of passion that are painful to witness. I asked one woman in Naples the way to some place, and because her little child happened to get in her way she gave it a cruel slap that was quite undeserved. I saw another woman rush at her little girl, and seizing her arm with a panther-like fierceness, raise it to her teeth and bite it viciously. I thought it the most inhuman thing I ever saw.

I am sorry to say the Neapolitan children are not, as a rule, very well behaved. Many of them are bold, forward, and importunate little beggars. They will also throw flowers, boxes of fuseses, and the like into your carriage and refuse to take them back, so that one fee's bound, unless he wants to steal them, to pay for them. One pert and pretty little minx, about eight years old, fastened a flower in my coat as I sat in the park. I showed her that I had one, when taking it she tore it up, and insisted on my buying one from her. I had to appeal to a policeman for protection.

In Switzerland, on the other hand, I found the children very polite and respectful. They set an example indeed that might often be followed in Canada. As I passed them on the highway or in the village streets, they would bow or curtsey, and say, "Gut morgen, Herr. Gut abend, Herr,—Good morning, or, good evening, Sir," very politely.

Nowhere have I seen better provision made for the education of children than in Switzerland. In some respects they are far ahead of us in Canada. Their kinder garten system,—the "Child Garden" as it means,—must make school the very paradise of the wee things just taken from their mothers. They have all sorts of games with toys and coloured papers, balls, sticks, cords and the like; and their very complete system of object-lesson teaching is more like play than work. The fine art teaching was also very superior. The specimens of drawing, modeling and carving done by youthful hands, were wonderful. Yet the country is very poor, and the school age is much shorter than in Canada. My heart has sometimes ached as I have seen boys and girls, and old women, stagger.



(See next page.)

ing along beneath big baskets of wood faggots, wine jars, vegetables, or loaves of bread, that I could hardly lift. The Swiss are very homely in appearance, and they wear such queer old-fashioned dresses that they look like little old men and women. But if "handsome is that handsome does," then they are much better than the bold, bright, black-eyed little vixens of Naples.

—◆—

"PLEASE REMEMBER THE GROTTTO."



YOU never saw such a scene as is shown in our picture on the preceding page in any of our Canadian cities or towns, did you? No. But if you had happened to be in the great city of London, England, on the fifth of August, you would probably have seen some grottoes of oyster shells with burning candles inside, and their builders holding out a shell, and pleading for pennies, by saying: "Please remember the grotto." This is a curious custom. What does it mean, think you? I will tell you. In the olden time it was believed that the Apostle James preached the Gospel in Spain, and that he afterward went to Palestine, and became Bishop of Jerusalem. The Jews, says the ancient legend, threw him over the walls of their city and killed him. Some Spanish Christians picked up his body, carried it to Spain, and placed it in a grotto in the city of Compostella. To this grotto thousands of people formerly made pilgrimages. The pilgrims wore a scallop shell in their hats as a badge.

Now the fifth of August is called St. James' Day, and that day is the beginning of the oyster season in London. Hence it came to pass that grottoes made of oyster shells were built and lighted to remind people of the shrine of the Apostle at Compostella. The begging of pence grew out of the fact that pilgrims from London to the shrine of the Apostle used to be obliged to pay a tax of two pence when they started, and two pence more when they returned home. The whole thing, you see, grew out of the superstitions of the people in days when

Roman Catholic priests taught them all kinds of nonsense in the name of religion.

The practice of grotto building is, however, dying out even in London. Here and there selfish boys and girls build them as a means of begging a little idle money, but children who respect themselves do not do it. The superstition being dead, there is no reason why its meannesses should be kept alive. Still, the grotto itself, when lighted, is a very pretty thing.

—◆—

LESSON NOTES.

A. D. 64.] **LESSON II.** [Oct. 12.

THE TYPES EXPLAINED; OR THE ONE OFFERING.

Heb. 9. 1-12. **Commit to memory verses 3-15.**

—◆—

OUTLINE.

1. The holy sanctuary. v. 1-5.
2. The holy service. v. 6-10.
3. The holy Saviour. v. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. Heb. 10. 14.

1. Remember that only Christ's blood can wash away sin.
2. Remember that he has died for you.
3. Prepare to meet him in heaven.

Find the account of the tabernacle and its courts.... Where it was set up in Palestine.... By whom the ark was taken captive.... By whom it was carried to Jerusalem.

A. D. 64.] **LESSON III.** [Oct. 19.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH; OR, THE ONE CONDITION.

Heb. 11. 1-10. **Commit to memory verses 1-6.**

—◆—

OUTLINE.

1. Faith defined. v. 1.
2. Faith illustrated. v. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For he endured, as seeing him who is invisible. Heb. 11. 27.

1. Believe in God.
2. Believe God's word.
3. Follow its noble examples.

Find and read the account of Abel.... Of Enoch.... Of Noah.... Of Abraham.... Of the city of God in Revelation.

LIZARDS IN INDIA.



IN India there is a great variety of the lizard tribe. Some are from two to three feet long. Their skin is almost impenetrable, and, in former times, was used to make gauntlets for soldiers. The Hindu writers, who almost always exaggerate to make their stories wonderful, say that these lizards were used to scale forts and walled towns. They say that they are so strong, and cling so close to walls, that the warriors used to take them by the tails, and place them against the wall. The lizard would then run up to the top, dragging the warrior after it, the warrior hanging on by the tail with his left hand, and fighting with sword in his right.

In the gardens about the houses, where Europeans live, lizards, from ten to twenty inches in length, are very numerous, and quite harmless, though they are not at all pleasant looking, and are called by the ugly name of bloodsuckers. They have rough, triangular-shaped heads, large, strong and sharp spines, or prickles, along the back, very long tails and glistening eyes. They are generally of a greenish drab colour, but sometimes of a bright green. Some of them can puff out the breast with wind, like a pouter pigeon, displaying the most beautiful colours, red, green, yellow, blue, violet and almost every shade.

These lizards sit among the leaves of flowers of trees and shrubs, watching for insects; and when the beautiful butterflies alight upon the flowers, the lizards spring upon them and eat them up. But, like people who are very sharp in catching others, they are very often caught themselves; for a small snake will come gliding silently along the branches and twigs upon which they are lying, seize them quickly, and notwithstanding their powerful struggles, hold them until they are dead, and swallow them. I once caught three snakes in a few minutes, which had swallowed lizards twice as heavy as themselves.

I think I hear you exclaim, "Oh, how could a slender snake, with its little neck, swallow a thing like a solid triangle, with sharp, hard spines along its back, and its skin covered with scales?"

The snake is very cunning, and manages the matter most cleverly. It does not begin at the thin tail end, hoping to get the mouth prepared to swallow the larger body. If it did, the prickles and scales would wound it very much. But it first seizes the nose, stretches its mouth and throat, and then draws in the head. The body and tail follow very easily, for the spines are all stroked down as they enter its mouth. The snake then lies along the branches, looking very uncomfortable, till the lizard is digested, bones, scales, prickles and all, unless—for the snake has enemies as well—a kite should spy it; for then the kite would pounce down upon it, and eat up snake and lizard too.

LIZARDS IN HOUSES.

"ONLY think," some of you will say, "of lizards getting into the houses. I am sure I should scream if I saw one!" Then you would do a very foolish thing, for they would come in in spite of your screaming. Besides, you would find out that they could befriend you. It is not pleasant, to be sure, when you put on your clothes, to find a cold lizard struggling next your skin to get out of the sleeve or leg, where it had made itself comfortable until you disturbed it; especially if, in its flight, it discharge a liquid that blisters you for a day or two. But you may learn to like them. Some are most beautifully spotted and marked, and of very pretty colours. Others are of the most delicate white or salmon colour, and very nearly transparent; so much so, that you can see through their sides what they have eaten, and when they have had a good meal. They eat moths of all kinds, mosquitoes, cockroaches, beetles and other annoying insects that abound in the houses in India. Sometimes they run upon the walls and ceilings, calling to each other with a smacking noise not unlike a rapid succession of very hearty kisses. At other times they take up

their abode in a dressing table or study table, and afford you much amusement in observing their skill as hunters. They watch the insects flying rapidly about till they alight somewhere, then approach them as stealthily as a cat does a bird, taking advantage of every book, or pincushion, or brush, or other article on the table, to hide until within springing distance; and then, resting an instant, jump several inches, with unerring aim, and devour the prey. They become so tame, that night after night one will be found on your dressing table so accustomed to you as to pursue its business whilst you watch it. Another will hunt over your arm, hand, shoulder, etc., as you are writing, and every now and then raise its fine eyes to yours with a look that seems to say, "I know you won't hurt me." I have often watched them with interest.

But the thing that used to please me most was their killing scorpions. Scorpions, you may know, are from an inch to six inches long, with long grappling claws on each side of the head, not unlike a crab or lobster, and a strong tail, with a hard sharp sting at the end of it. This sting contains poison, and, though not fatal, inflicts a wound that for twenty-four hours or more is very painful. You may read something about them in Revelation ix. 5. These scorpions get upon one's clothes, towels, books, and almost everywhere, and are so irritable, that at the least touch they strike with their tails, and inflict a very painful wound. The lizard is often not much bigger than the scorpion, yet has no fear. Often have I wondered that a little thing like a house lizard, with such a delicate skin, should dare to attack so formidable a thing as the rough scorpion with its sting. But what it lacks in strength it makes up by



INDIAN LIZARDS.

quickness and ingenuity. When it sees a scorpion crawling along the wall, it runs quickly towards it. The scorpion then faces the lizard, curling its sting-pointed tail over its back ready to strike. The lizard runs quickly, first to the right, and then to the left, a few times, and the scorpion faces it everywhere. After a little fencing in this way, the nimble and cunning little lizard leaps directly upon the tail of the scorpion, and sits upon it, pressing down the sting. Thus holding its enemy's weapon, it begins at the head, and eats the scorpion gradually down to the last joint of the tail, and then goes away, leaving only the head and poisonous sting. My young readers will thus see how foolish it would be to "scream."